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WALES.

A NATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR THE ENGLISH SPEAKING PARTS OF WALES.

EDITED BY

OWEN M. EDWARDS, M.A.

VOL. III.

WEIRGLODD WEN.
(The home of the elder Michael Jones.)

1896.

WREXHAM: HUGHES AND SON, 56, HOPE STREET.

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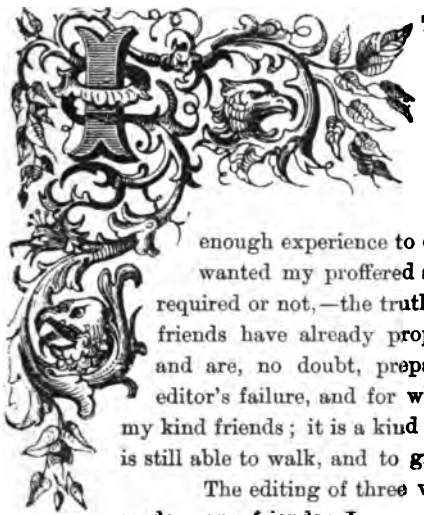

IT will be noticed that, in this number, all serials and every series of articles are brought to an end. Some have been running from the first or second number of WALES, many have run through the second and third volume. It was my aim from the beginning to arrange that everything continuous should have FINIS as its last word in the last number of the third volume. I thought that three years would give me enough experience to decide whether my countrymen in the English parts of Wales wanted my proffered service. And it is very soon found out whether a magazine is required or not,—the truth goes straight to a publisher's or editor's pocket. Some of my friends have already prophesied that my country has given the verdict against me; and are, no doubt, preparing for me those gorgeous eulogiums which embitter an editor's failure, and for which he sighed in vain when struggling on. I do not blame my kind friends; it is a kind of "the whole duty of man" to abstain from kicking one who is still able to walk, and to give him a cheery word as you pass him when he is down.

The editing of three volumes of WALES has given me unalloyed pleasure. I have made many friends; I am not aware I have made any enemy. I have been treated by contributors with the greatest kindness and forbearance possible,—they all know that I am a busy man,—because their only object in contributing was to serve Wales, and their modesty prevented them from telling me what in most cases would have been true, that they know how to serve Wales better than I do. I do not know how other editors fare, but I know that the editor of WALES has been treated as a chairman of a meeting, or as the Speaker of the House of Commons is treated, with a respect which determines not to see his faults.

My friends tell me that vanity is not quite the most prominent of my feelings, but I am vain enough to believe that I have been the means, entirely through the efforts of those who have so generously helped me, of doing some little good. I have made no princely fortune by the venture, and none of the contributors to WALES have become millionaires within the last three years. But we have all the consciousness that we have, to the extent of our ability, served the best interests of our country.

WALES has brought many minds together that are otherwise separated by religion, politics, sentiment, interests, and even by that imaginary division called "racial difference." Its pages have appealed to all; and I have been told by men of very different ways of thinking, who at first sight seem to have nothing in common, that they were surprised when they realized upon how many points we all agree. WALES has, I believe, brought some to take an interest in Welsh history and in Welsh life generally; it has been of some help to those who were already students of everything relating to our mountains.

The reception accorded WALES has been cordial beyond my expectations. It has made me feel that, whatever other work and pleasure are to be sacrificed for its sake, it must continue. And I am not without a feeling of certainty in my own mind the reception that will meet it in 1897 will be heartier than ever.

In 1897 the price of WALES will be lowered, and its size somewhat diminished. This is done in deference to a very general desire to bring it within reach of the farmer, the artisan, and the labourer. It will be more fully illustrated; its articles will be shorter,—rarely exceeding two pages,—and the life described will be more modern and of more general interest. The important questions of to-day,—in so far as they are not the exclusive property of political parties or religious sects,—will

be more fully treated. The aim will be, not only to relate the history of Wales and to explain its literature to the English-speaking Welshman, but to help the efforts that are being made to teach the Welsh people to make their homes and their surroundings more beautiful. Our villages, our homes, our public buildings are far from what they ought to be.

Some special features of the new volume are the following,—

MEN WE MEET,—talks about important subjects, of present interest, with some of the leading men in Wales.

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"THE HOUSE OF THE WITHERED SAPLING,"—Owen Rhoscomyl's new and powerful romance.

I know that the friends who have helped me so well will continue their support, and make WALES still more widely known at its lowered price, and in its new character.

OWEN M. EDWARDS.

ON THE SEVERN SEA.

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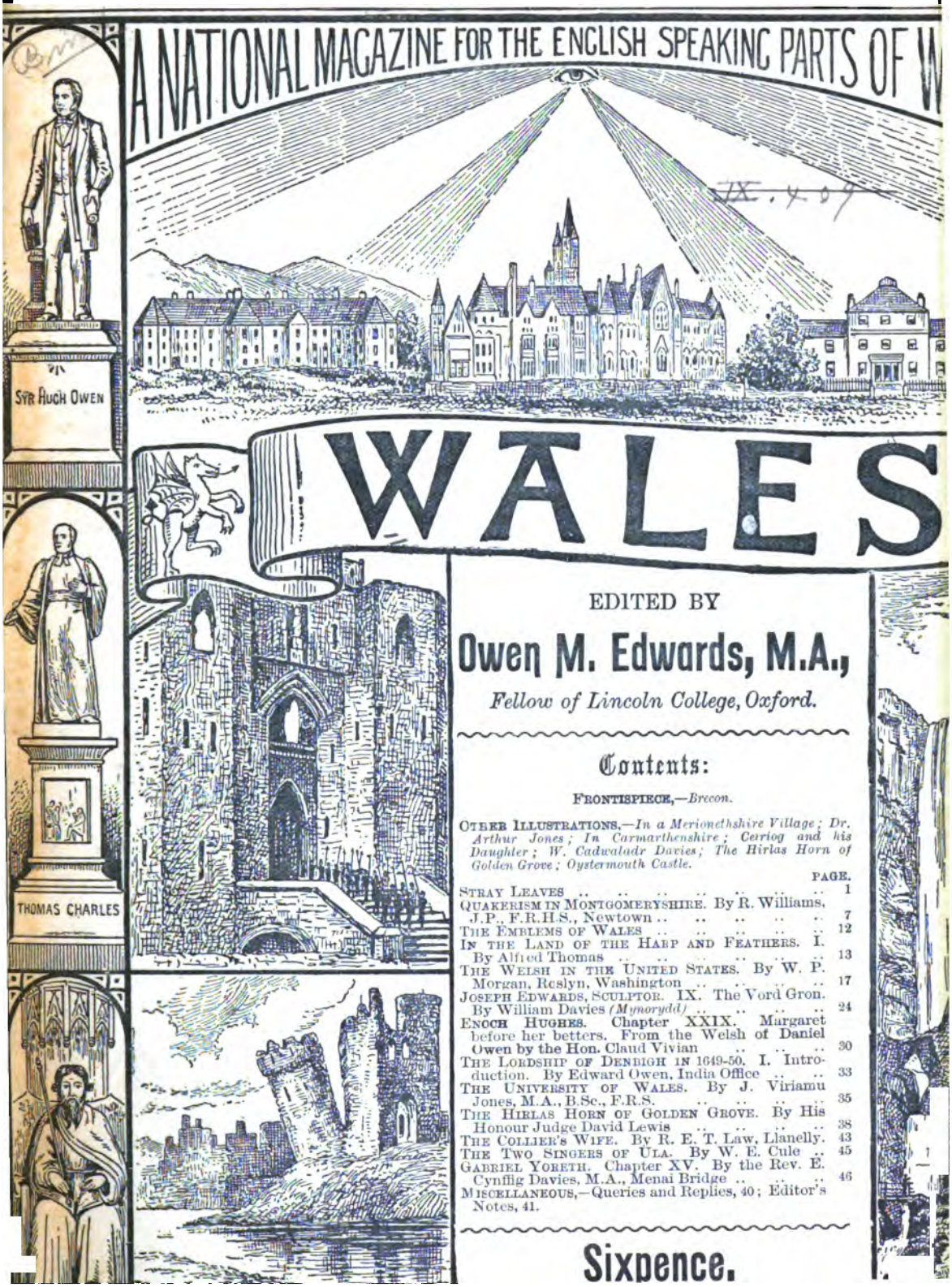

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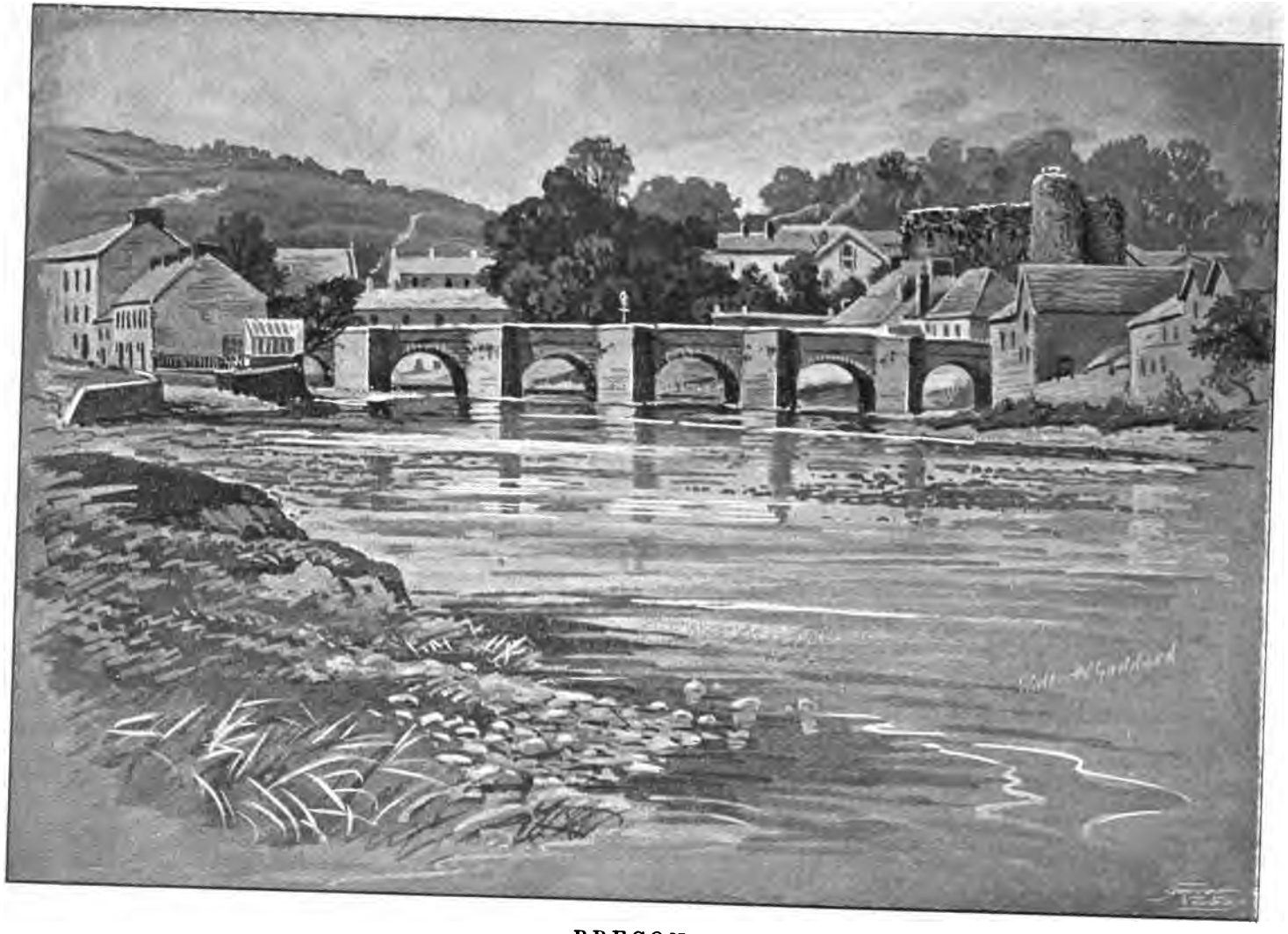

BRECON.

WALES.

VOL. III.] JANUARY, 1896. [No. 21.

STRAY LEAVES.

YESTERDAY I had a long conversation with men interested in the establishing of small circulating libraries in country districts. I hoped that every Parish Council in Wales would provide a library among the first things it would do. In some parishes this has been done; in others the majority of the electors have rejected or postponed; and in many, I regret to hear, no attempt whatever has been made at establishing a library.

I have only heard of one objection,—"These times are very hard times; a library is quite desirable, but we cannot afford it." In my parish there was practically no opposition. One cantankerous person forced a poll upon us, and so put us to expense by raising an outcry against expense. We began with close upon four hundred volumes; and many, though ardent supporters of the library, had made up their minds to have to pay heavy rates. It was found, however, that the whole cost of adopting the act amounted to fifteen shillings. Four hundred volumes came from people living within the parish as gifts, one third of these were taken out by readers within the first week, and it does not appear that, when the tiny expenses of the first year are paid, a rate will be necessary at all.

When I enter a Welsh farmhouse or cottage, I generally see a little library. That is a sure sign to me that the occupant pays his rent and his rates, and meets his obligations, with perfect punctuality. I would give unlimited trust to a man who buys and owns his little stock of books, though they have not been made a necessity to him by an early education. That man has given pledges to fortune; he has made himself one with the spirit of honesty and responsibility which breathes into the lives of men the possibility of living in harmony together. I, for one, would give that man unlimited credit.

There is cause to fear that, in some directions, the Welsh peasant is degenerating. At one time he spent his long winter evenings in profitable and pleasant enjoyment. He deftly carved spoons and drinking vessels, he made rush-lights, he made and adorned his own oak furniture, and all to the merry sound of the spinning wheels of his wife and children. All these occupations are gone, or rapidly going. The skill of the individual and the use of the little picturesque factories and fulling mills in the mountain gorges,—they have all been ruthlessly crushed out of existence by the mighty machinery and huge steam factories of our age.

Political economy is triumphant, the greatest possible heap of goods is produced at the lowest cost imaginable. But what about the education of the individual? Can no means be found of getting the peasant again to delight in technical skill? He and his wife and his children have forgotten the useful work which made Welsh homes so pleasant. And wives who once wove and spun,—they talk all day and they run to the nearest shop and buy wretched cotton stockings, which have no warmth and which lose their colour, on credit.

Was the peasant farmer or labourer

literary in those days? O yes. It is true that he did not read weekly and monthly dreadfuls and shockers,—reeking of the low beer den of the towns, suggestive of blasphemy and indecency. He had his riddles, his poems, and his stories,—with style made graceful by the touches of many centuries. And though his books were few, he read them thoughtfully.

Now that we have local government, it is the duty of the leaders of every district, by means of lectures and libraries, to call the peasantry back to a delight in skill and in pure literature.

In one direction, at least, Wales had much in common with Scotland,—the patriotic feeling was very strong, especially at the end of the last century. The Stuarts and the Hanoverians ignored Wales; the result was that its separate life, united with that of England by the Tudors, became strong again. This revival found a historical justification in Theophilus Evans' *Drych y Prif Oesoedd*, a book that has moulded the beliefs of more than one generation of Welshmen. Much of it was made into songs; and there is nothing so healthy as a good vigorous patriotic song.

LLYWELYN AB MADOC.

To whom belong yon massive shield,
And shining javelin?
Yon ponderous sword who dares to wield,
Amid the battle's din?
Behind the shield, a shoulder strong,
Before it, blank dismay,—
The hero bold of many a song,
Llywelyn leads to-day,

A brave and honourable chief,
Breathe not another's name;
His exploits rash transcend belief,
Through Cymru rings his fame.
Who scorns the humdrum rites of peace?
Who wastes the Saxon land?
And every hour his ranks increase,
Llywelyn leads our band.

To whom belong yon helmet red?
A fierce wolf on its crest;
Yon shining breast-plate, broadly spread
O'er a reproachless breast?
And whose the angry prancing steed,
White as the mad sea froth?
Llywelyn brave to-day doth lead;
Relentless in his wrath.

Llywelyn the long-armed is he,
Of high untainted blood;
Vehement leader of the free,
And lord of hill and wood.
Forth to the fight a prince renowned,
Goes, eager for the fray;
From hill to hill the bugles sound,
Llywelyn leads to-day.

His javelin's deadly thrust I sing,
His keen-edged Spanish blade,
His flitting shield, like eagle's wing,
His helmet, wondrous made;
His war-horse, confident and strong,
His faultless war array;
The hero brave of many a song,
Llywelyn leads to-day.

OWEN GEORGE.

In Marie Trevelyan's new book, "The Land of Arthur," one finds legend written down as real history, and the bardic lore manufactured in modern times is placed at the beginning of our history instead of at the end of it. The old Celtic deities,—Hu Gadarn, Dyfnwal Moelmud, Lludd Llaw Arian,—are given a location, and often a date. Venerable traditions rise up again before us in the majesty of confused inconsistencies, and one is slightly exasperated by spellings like Caractacus and Maelgwyn. Marie Trevelyan knows what is interesting, and puts what she knows well. But she has been at the mercy of modern authorities, from whom, with the exception of two, it should be the prayer of every student of history that he should be defended. Rhys' *Celtic Britain*, Grant Allen's *Anglo-Saxon Britain*, and Elton's *Origins of English History*, should be consulted by beginners when reading the early history of Britain.

When a Welsh author trusts his chronicle, or believes that a god was a living man, he is ridiculed without mercy. But modern English historians can place implicit trust in the legends of the Anglo-Saxon chronicles, or speak seriously about "the landing of Hengist and Horsa," without hearing any protest at all. I have more than once seen a Welsh writer being corrected by a reviewer who had to depend for his own facts on J. R. Green's *Short History of the English People*.

The distinguished Englishman, whose initials will be found at the end of the next

paragraph, has put Judge Lewis' statement about the Nant Eos cup into rhyme. By the way, I am exceedingly sorry to hear of Judge Lewis' illness. I hope that the sunshine of Egypt will give him perfect restoration, — to dispense justice, and more particularly to discover interesting facts in Welsh law and interesting relics in Wales. For the photograph of the Golden Grove Hirlas Horn I am indebted to him; and he has called my attention to other interesting relics of antiquity.

I am collecting photographs illustrating Welsh village life of the last century, and would be very grateful for photographs or pictures of village corners, old farmhouses, spinning wheels, old furniture, and of everything relating to the good old times.

IN A MERIONETHSHIRE VILLAGE.

THE CUP OF NANT EOS.

In the mountains of Wales there's a beautiful vale
Called after the name of the sweet nightingale,
"Nant Eos" its name,—
For in Welsh 'tis the same,—
A valley not only of beauty but fame.
If that vale you go up
You must see the famed cup,
And not only see it, but take bit or sup;
And, whatever the ailment by which you are tried,
As soon as you've got its contents well inside,
It's medicinal power or virtue is such
That, as sure as king's evil is cured by a touch,
All your pain will be gone, whether little or much.
Neither plasters, nor pills,
Nor black doses, nor squills,
Are such foes to all ills
As whatever the food be that goblet which fills.
For 'tis made of the genuine wood of the cross,
And therefore of blood it will cure any loss;
You may keep it for weeks with no money to pay,
If you only deposit a watch by the way,
As a pledge that you'll bring it back safe some day.
My old uncle and I
Once determined to try
Its effect on a woman, old, weazened, and dry,
Who in Monmouthshire dwelt and was likely to die.
So we took it away
On a cold winter's day
And we soon were assured
This old woman was cured.
And yet I much doubt
If in these wicked days any soul takes it out,
Though my faith in that cup is still steady and stout,
For where doctors are found
Far and near to abound
Who in order to make their own nostrums go down
Condemn the old cures with a laugh and a frown,
All medical skill is reduced to a chaos
And none cares to drink from
The cup of Nant Eos. G. D.

In these days of the rise of sympathy with local and provincial peculiarities, it is curious that Welsh life is not described successfully, if at all, in the English

literature of the day. One who knows Irish or Scotch life immediately gains the ear of the English public, if he can only spell correctly and put his stops in the right places. But Welsh literature continues to be untranslated, Welsh life still undescribed, though with characteristics much more distinct than those of either Irish or Scotch life.

Pictures, photographs, and descriptions of Welsh village life are sadly wanted. A chat with the loafers of a village during a warm summer's day, or an evening in a corn kiln in some of the more mountainous parts, would reveal many interesting traits of life and thought. The series of Welsh village idylls, of which the first will be found in this number, will be read, I know, with great interest.

There are many English words that I cannot spell, and many English words that I can. If I have been able to spell *whiskey*, *wagon*, and other words correctly once in my life, it is beyond my power to prove it. English orthography is much more arbitrary and illogical than Welsh, but still there is a stigma attached to incorrect spelling of English,—except where perpetrated by the aristocracy as reported by *Punch*,—which is not attached to variations in spelling Welsh. But, gentle reader, please understand that I can spell *consonant* as fashion and derivation require; the error in a note of mine in a recent number was a typographical one. When I make a slip, I am quite as ready to own it as the learned and reverend gentleman who, after preaching a sermon and leaving the pulpit, went back again and remarked,—

"Eh—eh—I had forgotten one thing I wanted to tell you. You will please bear in mind that, whenever I mentioned Aristotle in my discourse, I meant St. Paul."

Dr. Arthur Jones.

Two little books* reached me by the same post, and they represent two tendencies in Wales at the present time. The writers belong to the same religious fold, they are both enthusiastic and active men, and they owe much of the happiness of their lives to their association with the country that surrounds Bala Lake.

The first is a vigorous and interesting address on religious unity, containing passages of great beauty. A few extracts will show the direction taken by the writer.

"The desire merely to swell our numbers has led to that iniquitous system of prosyletizing which is so painful to witness. To some, this unholy rivalry may seem very good churchmanship; it is very bad Christianity."

"The prosperous church is that which adds most and fastest. Adds what? 'Adds to its faith, virtue; and to virtue——.' No, no, adds to its numbers! Drum them up, play

* Christianity and Churchmanship, an essay towards comprehension. By M. O. Evans, Wrexham H. R. Allenson, 30, Paternoster Row, London. 6d.; cloth, 1s.

Y Tadau Anibynnol. 1. Y Parch Arthur Jones, D.D., Bangor. Gan L. D. Jones. S. Hughes, Bangor 4d.

them in, handshake-and-smile them into the kingdom of heaven, get a crowd, mind the statistics; go on adding, advertizing, census-making. O the blasphemy of it."

"We have a million more scholars in our Sunday schools than in all our day schools put together. Now, when we find that ninety eight per cent. of these drift into 'the world,' and that only two per cent. are drafted into 'the church,' is it not evident that we ought to bend our energies to the working of this mighty instrument?"

"The best service to Wales has invariably been rendered by those who placed the claims of Christ above those of any ecclesiastical system."

"A hundred years ago, Vicar Lloyd, of Llanfair, sang in sweet strains of the Lord's goodness and mercy,—

'And though the goodness you resist,
Can even spare a Methodist.'

The divine long-suffering could no further go. The Methodists often returned the compliment with interest."

"Education is the foremost question in Wales just now; it may be said to be the only national question, and we already rejoice in a national system of education in a somewhat rudimentary stage. This is the hour of our own wild Wales."

IN CARMARTHENSHIRE.

In the market.
The Towy.

The postman.
Coals!

In the good old days of honest persecution there was not much quarrelling about religion in Wales. The martyrs burnt in Wales during the Marian persecution were Englishmen, and they were burnt by the English government. The Welsh Jesuits were, possibly, the only Welsh religionists who suffered torture, in addition to death, for their faith.

But, within this century, the religious zeal of many a landlord has, without a doubt, carried terror into the peasant homes of many a district. Our century is more refined than the fifteenth and sixteenth. There is no rack now, no torturing irons, except in the Tower of London or the Antwerp old prison; and these are there only as historical relics. But we have persecuting minds among us still. When one spoke about Dr. Service to the late Professor Nichol, he would say,—

"We don't burn heretics nowadays, we starve them."

In Wales, as is well known, dissent is very wide-spread. Roughly speaking, the rich go to one church; the people to another. They are very good friends, though they do not meet on Sundays. They have different ideas about the other world; but hope, not quite faintly, that they may meet there.

In the country districts of the east English midlands, rich and poor go to the same church. But it seems that the barrier,—impassable save on the eve of a general election,—is supposed to exist up above. A clergyman of latitudinarian views, a greater authority on political economy than on theology, preached a simple sermon, and in it cast grave doubts on the existence of a place of eternal punishment. Two yokels had a talk as they were leaving church.

"Parson did say as there was no 'ell, didn't he?"

"Yes, 'e *did* say there was no 'ell."

"Yes. And where shall we poor folk go to then?"

Mr. L. D. Jones' series of little biographies might seem to work in the direction of perpetuating sect boundaries. He aims at raising the Independent heroes into life again; and, if his followers will be as successful as he has been with Dr. Arthur Jones, he will undoubtedly succeed. A sketch of the history of the Independents at Bangor is followed by a very racy account of a preacher of great power who had a keen sense of humour.

The Calvinists have given their heroes every chance of becoming immortal. L. D. Jones, one of the most tolerant of men, has taken in hand the task of getting the ordinary reading public to take an interest in the mighty Independent dead.

Who can translate the word "doniol" in its latest meaning? It is a word characteristic of this little book, as it is of the persuasion it describes.

There are numerous stirring scenes in the history of Wales, especially in the picturesque annals of the Welsh border. As an example of renderings that would be acceptable, I am glad to be able to give one of Dr. James Williams' latest pieces. Welsh history is waiting for the poet who will do for it what has been done for Scotch or Spanish history.

DON HERNANDO PEREZ DE PULGAR.

Very splendid is thy glory,
  Don Hernando de Pulgar,
Through the blood-red stream of story,
  Shining like the polar star.

Chosen knight of Calatrava,
  Battle-proud he sought amain
Vengeance for the sin of Cava,
  Fatal to the realm of Spain.

Round the fates of doomed Granada
  Pitilessly pressed the foe,
Whiles the summits of Nevada
  Sparkled in their robes of snow.

"Nay, but by those silent mountains,"
  Quoth Hernando on a day,
"I will see Granada fountains
  Dash Granada streets with spray."

Gat he lance and Moorish raiment,
  Stripped it from a Saracen;
"Let him sue," laughed he, "for payment
  When I come to camp again."

Rode he through the city gateway,
  Golden-lettered prayers it bore,
Mosqueward turned his bridle straightway,
  Stayed him at the curtained door.

"*Domine Sabaoth fave!*"
  Nailed amid the arabesques
Stood a clerkly written *Ave*,
  Labour of Toledo desks.

Roll of Alkoran the holy
  Hid he in his turban green,
Campward spurred he back, and lowly
  Laid it down before the Queen.

"Captains, each unto his station,
  Now Granada yields," quoth she,
"Now our Lady's salutation
  Gives us heart of victory."

Legris and Abencerrages
  Sank beneath our Lady's ire,
Each Pulgar throughout the ages
  Hath his stall within the choir.

J. W.

It will be seen that Alfred Thomas' second series of Welsh idylls begins in this number. One series has already appeared; and it is to be hoped that the idylls will soon appear in the form of a book. We are sadly in want of descriptions like these.

QUAKERISM IN MONTGOMERYSHIRE.

By R. Williams, J.P., F.R.A.S., Newtown.

THE Society of Friends obtained numerous adherents in Wales at a very early period of its history, although at the present day it might be difficult to find fifty in the whole Principality. In Montgomeryshire, where Quakerism once extensively prevailed, it has been for nearly fifty years as extinct as the Dodo.

George Fox, the founder of the sect, paid at least two visits to Wales, namely, in 1656 and 1667. During the latter visit he came to Welshpool, and preached at the house of Charles Lloyd of Dolobran, in that town. But the first to introduce Quakerism into Montgomeryshire appears to have been a poor man in a mean habit from South Wales, named Morgan Evan. On his travels he came in 1657 to Llanfair Caereinion, where he converted to his views Richard Davies, a young man from Welshpool, who was then working at Llanfair at his trade of felt-maker or hatter,—probably the first Montgomeryshire Quaker, and certainly one of the most notable. Richard Davies subsequently became an ardent and successful apostle of the new doctrines, travelled much in England and Wales, and in his last years wrote his well known *Autobiography*,—a quaint, curious, and often amusing work, which throws much valuable light upon the religious history of Wales, and of Montgomeryshire in particular, at that period. Soon after his conversion Richard Davies visited his parents at Welshpool, where the report that he had gone mad had preceded him. Even his own mother seems to have had some difficulty in persuading herself that he was not distracted. The next day he went to "the Steeple-house" where, for brawling in church, he and a companion of his were seized and taken to prison, and they remained there that night, but were discharged next morning. After this he went about for fifty years preaching in Welsh and English in various parts of the country, often suffering terms of imprisonment for not conforming to the harsh laws then in force. His book contains many curious glimpses of prison life in those days. He died at his own house at Cloddie-cochion, near Welshpool, on the 22nd January, 1708, and was buried in the Friends' burial ground there.

About the same time,—1658,—a Quaker named Roger Pritchard, who had been in Ireland, also settled down at Llanfyllin. Soon afterwards we read of an old woman at Montgomery, named Ann Hamon, wife of Thomas Hamon, "who had received the truth." She and her family stuck very faithfully to their profession, and gave an immense amount of trouble to the authorities. For over twenty years they were regularly presented at the Great Sessions, and fined "for absenting themselves from divine service in church." For this offence the penalty was £20 for every month during which the offender should forbear to go to church to hear common prayer and divine service. At last, in the records of the Great Sessions held at Llanfyllin in March, 1683, the following presentment by the bailiffs of Montgomery occurs,—

"Wee present Robert Evans and Hanna his wife, Richard Evans, Mary Hamon, Rebecka Hamon, and Ann Hamon, for being Quakers and absenting from Church for twelve mounths last past and upwards, whom wee have seuerall times formerly presented for the same offence. Wee also continue our common and true presentment that there are noe other either popish recusants or Phanatiq Dissenters, and that there has been a constant care to prevent any such to inhabite or intermeddle within the said Towne . . . . . the persons above mencioned are meane [poor] persons, and live in two small howses in the confines of our Libertyes and parish, and remote from the Towne. They have been alsoe prosecuted in the Spirituall Court, and labour under excommunication."

After this not much notice was taken of them.

In 1662, by means of Richard Davies's able advocacy, an important accession was made to the ranks of the Quakers in Mr. Charles Lloyd of Dolobran, near Meifod. Mr. Lloyd was a considerable landed proprietor of an ancient family who had received a University education in Oxford, was a county magistrate, and had been in nomination for the office of sheriff. His

example was followed by a number of his neighbours until it was reported abroad "that most of that side of the country were turned Quakers." Charles Lloyd, and about half a dozen others, were immediately taken before Edward Lord Herbert of Cherbury, —grandson of the great Lord Herbert of Cherbury,—and sent to prison, at Welshpool, for refusing to take the oath of allegiance and supremacy because "they could not swear at all" as being contrary to Scripture. The names of the others were Hugh David, Richard David, Cadwaladar Edwards, Ann Lawrence, and Sarah Wilson. To these were shortly added William Lewis and Margaret his wife of Cloddie-cochion. Five years before this, Richard Davies had attempted to preach at the house of this William Lewis,—who was his near relation, —but the latter had taken him by the arm, led him out of the house through the fold and through a gate that opened to the common, and shut the gate after him. After Lewis's conversion to Quakerism, his house was used as a Quaker meeting house for over forty years. The prison at Welshpool was an abominable place, and the jailor was needlessly harsh and cruel to his Quaker prisoners. Charles Lloyd was placed in a little smoky room, and had to lie upon a little straw. Here his devoted wife, Elizabeth, daughter of Sampson Lort, Esq., of Pembrokeshire, a noble woman, joined him and shared his bed of straw. The indignities they had to suffer in this loathsome hole were such as will scarcely bear to be described. Two of the friends,—Edward Evans and Humphrey Wilson,—died there from illness contracted through the coldness and insanitary state of the prison.

The other offences besides those already mentioned, for which Nonconformists, and especially Friends, were prosecuted and imprisoned were (1) refusing to pay tithes or church rates, in consequence of which their goods were constantly distrained upon and sold for anything they might fetch; (2) holding and frequenting meetings contrary to the Conventicle Act of 1664. That tyrannical law decreed that only five persons above sixteen years of age, besides the family, were to meet for any worship. For the first offence on the part of him who officiated the penalty was three months' imprisonment or a fine of £5; for the second, six months' imprisonment or a fine of £10; for the third, *transportation for life* or a fine of £100. Those who permitted conventicles,—meetings for religious worship,—to be held in their barns, houses, or outhouses, were liable to the same forfeitures, and married women taken at such meetings were to be imprisoned for twelve months unless their husbands paid forty shillings for their redemption. A single justice might enforce the Act, without a jury, on the bare oath of an informer. A subsequent Act imposed a fine of five shillings on every hearer for the first, and ten shillings for the second offence; £20 each on the preacher and the owner of the house where the meeting was held; and *£100 on any magistrate who neglected to inflict the penalties at the request of an informer.* Of these fines, *one third was to go to the informer.* These last provisions produced a crop of informers among the vilest characters, whose sworn information few magistrates could afford, or had the courage to disregard.

For one or other of these offences Charles Lloyd suffered about ten years' imprisonment, either at Welshpool or Montgomery. The gaol at the latter place was so full of Independents, Presbyterians, Baptists, and Quakers, that the thieves and felons had to be sent up to the garrets. During this time his cattle were driven away, and his house plundered and partially destroyed. His noble wife died in 1665, and was buried in the Friends' burial ground at Cloddie-cochion, where also four of their children were buried. At last, in the year 1672, Charles Lloyd and twelve others,—including four women,—were discharged from Montgomery gaol by the king's letters patent. Well nigh ruined in estate, he after a few years left Montgomeryshire and settled down at Birmingham, where he spent the remaining fourteen or fifteen years of his life; became an ironmaster, and founded Lloyd's bank, and where his descendants acquired great wealth. Two of them became bishops of the Church of England, namely, the late bishop of St. Andrews and the present bishop of Salisbury. Dr. Wordsworth, bishop of St.

Andrews, in his *Memoirs*, published a few years ago, relates that his mother,—Charles Lloyd's descendant,—who had been brought up a Quaker, was baptised and married the same day. Charles Lloyd died at Birmingham, October 27th, 1698.

Thomas Lloyd,—Charles Lloyd's brother, —while he was at the University, hearing of his brother's imprisonment, came to see him, and in the words of Richard Davies, "received the truth and was obedient to it, took up his daily cross, and followed Jesus, came to be his disciple, was taught by him and went no more to Oxford for learning." In other words, he became a Quaker. For a time, he and Richard Davies were about the only Friends in the county who were out of prison, and Friends who came from Radnorshire and other counties to visit the prisoners were taken up as vagrants and put in prison.

But Thomas Lloyd's turn soon came to endure his share of persecution. He was in prison altogether for about eight years. After his discharge he lived for some years at Maesmawr, near Welshpool, and used to meet other Friends to worship at the house of William Lewis at Cloddie-cochion.

On one occasion, in March, 1675, they were assembled together, when David Maurice of Penybont, a county magistrate, one of the most active and violent of the persecutors, suddenly came upon them with fourteen or fifteen armed men and ordered them to depart. Thomas Lloyd asked that they might be permitted to remain fifteen minutes longer. To this Maurice assented, and he and his followers sat down in the meeting. Thomas Lloyd then proceeded to define briefly the principles and defend the mode of worship of the Friends. Maurice then fined him £20, the house £20, and each person present five shillings, and shortly afterwards issued warrants of distress, under which four cows and a mare were taken from Thomas Lloyd, and six cows and two oxen and two heifers from Lewis,—at whose house the meeting was. The justice's clerk also took without warrant a horse from Thomas Lewis, and another from Charles Lloyd, and the parish officers of Meifod, by warrant from Maurice, took from Charles Lloyd ten young beasts for being at the meeting, and for the same offence David Jones of Broniarth had a brass pan taken from him for his own fines and three cows and an ox to pay the fines of others who were supposed to be too poor to pay for themselves. This Maurice was a thoroughly bad man, and not long afterwards miserably perished in a brook near his own house. Philip Henry in his *Diary* refers to his death, and as "it was in the daytime, and he was not drunk," it created a profound impression, and was considered by many as a judgment from heaven.

Similar persecution was going on in other parts of the country. In July, 1677, upon the information of the parsons of Trefeglwys and Llanidloes, the mayor of Llanidloes, with constables, came to the house of John Jarman, in that town, where a meeting of the Friends was being held, and committed seven of them to prison, and fined others, whose cattle were seized for their fines, namely, John Potts, one cow and six young beasts; Griffith Jarman, five young beasts; John Roberts, a cow; John Jarman, a cow; and David Owen, a horse. These are only examples of what was continually going on. The same year a Friend named John Burnyeat visited Machynlleth, and held a meeting there. An informer named Oliver Maurice of Drain-llwydion caused a disturbance at this meeting, and afterwards obtained a warrant from Mr. Pugh of Mathafarn, a magistrate, and meeting Mr. Burnyeat and another Friend named Thomas Ellis on the road, seized their horses, saddles, and bridles, and compelled them to travel on foot. Burnyeat's mare died within an hour and a half, and Ellis's horse died in the informer's hands shortly afterwards. The same magistrate fined several other Friends at the same time. Lord Powis, though a zealous Papist and royalist, was friendly to the Quakers, and caused a letter to be sent to Mr. Pugh, saying he was very angry with him for such proceedings. This, which was not the only instance of Lord Powis' kindness to the Friends, had the effect of stopping further fines in that quarter.

John Rhydderch, a Quaker, who lived in the parish of Hirnant, was sued for tithes by the clergyman of that parish, but some error seemed to have been made in the

proceedings, and in this instance the parson got the worst of it. After incurring much expense, his attorney in the end sued him, and obtained judgment against him for his costs, so that for a time he dared not leave his house for fear of arrest. This was a case of "the biter bit."

About 1681, Charles Lloyd and Thomas Lloyd, at the invitation of Bishop Lloyd, St. Asaph, had a public discussion with him in the Town Hall at Llanfyllin, and which lasted two days, on the points in difference between the Friends and the Church of England. This discussion, although, as might have been expected, it convinced neither side, increased the respect of the bishop for the Friends, and he is said to have used his influence to obtain the release of several of them from prison.

Harassed and impoverished by persecution, Thomas Lloyd and a number of his co-religionists in Montgomeryshire and Merionethshire, at last made up their minds to turn their backs upon the land of their fathers, and to seek a home for themselves and their families in the far west, where they might worship God according to their consciences. A voyage to America, two hundred years ago, was a serious matter,—a very different thing from what it is now. After a tedious voyage of eight weeks, Lloyd and his companions landed at Philadelphia, then (1683) a small hamlet of three or four little cottages, surrounded by a dense forest, but now one of the finest cities of the world, and containing over a million inhabitants. Thomas Lloyd speedily attained distinction in his new home, and was appointed by William Penn deputy governor of Pennsylvania. His wife died soon after their arrival, and was the first person interred in the Friends' burial ground at Philadelphia. William Penn spoke at her grave. He, himself, died July 5th, 1694. Some of the leading citizens of Philadelphia, at the present day, are proud to trace their descent from Thomas Lloyd and other Montgomeryshire Quakers.

Another Montgomeryshire Quaker of some note was John Goodwin, who lived upon his own freehold farm of Esgirgoch, near Staylittle, Trefeglwys. He built there a small meeting house, which, I believe, is still standing, but now forms part of the farm house or buildings. There is also close by a small burial ground or "Quaker's garden," where many of the old Friends were buried, but, as usual, there is nothing to distinguish their graves. The last burial took place there in 1850, being that of Richard Brown, of Llanidloes, the very last of the Montgomeryshire Quakers. John Goodman himself, after travelling and preaching much for over fifty five years, died in December, 1763, in the eighty second year of his age, and was buried in the Quakers' garden at Llwyn Du, Llwyngwril, Merionethshire. A member of his family was the last to be buried in the Friends' burial ground at Dolobran.

Many, perhaps most of the Quakers in this county were well-to-do persons,—freeholders and respectable farmers or tradesmen. The localities where they appear to have been most numerous were Welshpool, Meifod, Llanwddyn, Hirnant, Llanidloes, Llangurig, Trefeglwys, Machynlleth, and Montgomery. There were at one time twelve families at Llanwddyn alone professing Quakerism. There were a few also here and there in Llandrinio, Carno, Aberhavesp, Newtown, Cemmes, Darowen, and Llanwrin. The Vicar of Meifod, the Rev. Randle Davies, wrote a book in excellent Welsh against the Quakers and other dissenters, who were numerous in his parish, and were to be found even in his own household,—his sister-in-law and his own daughter being of their number. By his will, he gave to his daughter, Prudence Davies, "£30 and one heifer, on condition she shall forsake the Quakers' meetings and resort constantly to some parish church for divine service and the participation of the blessed sacrament of the Lord's supper," adding that if she should be so imprudent as to marry Joseph Davies the smith,—a Quaker,—that lived in the village of Meifod, he revoked all former legacies to her, and she should have only one shilling. But married they were, notwithstanding this.

The revolution of 1688, and the accession of William of Orange and Mary brought a large measure of relief to Nonconformists of all sects. One of the earliest acts of parliament passed during the new reign was the Toleration Act, which received the royal assent on May 24th, 1689. This

practically put an end to religious persecution, but somehow or other, presentments for absenting from church were still made at the Montgomeryshire Great Sessions for five years more, and the act appears to have been disregarded in other respects in several instances. The Friends obtained further relief by the passing of an act in 1695, permitting them to make a solemn affirmation instead of being sworn. The payment of tithes and church rates was still enforced against them, and resisted by them. Persons now living can remember the goods of old Richard Brown, of Llanidloes, being sold for church rates.

On leaving Montgomeryshire, Charles Lloyd transferred, under some family arrangement, his Montgomeryshire property to his son Charles Lloyd, who followed his father's example in adherence to Quakerism, and Dolobran continued for nearly a hundred years to be the headquarters of the Friends in Montgomeryshire, where their monthly and quarterly meetings were regularly held, though the Lloyd family there became insolvent. Fortunately the minute book of these meetings from 1690 to 1713 is still preserved, and lengthy extracts from it have been published in the *Montgomeryshire Collections* (Vol. XI., p. 87) of the Powysland Club. They contain most interesting and business-like particulars relating to marriages, the recording of meeting houses, burial places, discipline, and other matters. Extracts from the Journal of John Kelsale, a schoolmaster at Dolobran, between the years 1722 and 1734, have lately appeared in WALES, containing many interesting particulars relating to Quakerism in Montgomeryshire. Houses were recorded for worship at Llanidloes, Montgomery, the Queen's Head, Oswestry, Llanwnog, Dolbachog (near Staylittle), Newtown, Aberhavesp, and other places. We find from these records that the meeting house at Dolobran, which is still standing, and wherein William Penn is said to have worshipped and preached, was built in 1701. The yearly meetings held in Montgomeryshire were attended by large numbers of Friends from the adjoining counties. One was held at Llanidloes in 1706, at which Richard Davies was present, being the last he attended. Another was held at the same place some years later. One was held at Newtown in 1708 in a barn, and another in 1713 in the old town hall, which stood in the middle of Broad Street. The following Friends were appointed by the Dolobran monthly meeting to attend this meeting, namely, Charles Lloyd, William Reynolds, Robert Griffith, Richard Lewis, John James, Thomas Oliver, Joseph Davies, John Goodwin, Edward Jennings, and John Kelsale. The houses of Mary Morris and John Edwards, at Newtown, were also recorded about the same time. John Kelsale gives an account of a yearly meeting held in the town hall at Welshpool, in 1734, which was largely attended, and at one of the public meetings there were present, "among many others, the Lady Charlotte [Herbert] and four justices of the peace."

But, owing to a variety of causes, Quakerism began to show signs of declension. Many of its adherents emigrated after their Friends to Pennsylvania, where they gave Welsh names to localities, by which they are still known. During the fifty years which followed the passing of the Toleration Act, the Friends, like other Nonconformists, whose zeal was no longer fanned and purified by persecution, lapsed into a state of spiritual drowsiness and lethargy. Their meetings became dull, and some even slept at them. Thus at a monthly meeting, held at Dolobran, in 1705, Friends were desired "to be faithful in keeping up their week-day meetings, and to be diligent and faithful in meetings, and bear a faithful testimony against sleeping and sleepers in meetings." A spirit of worldliness also crept in, which caused the love of many to grow cold, and led them to forsake the faith of their fathers, and to seek ease and respectability in the Established Church. Even the grand-daughter of Richard Davies,—Tace Eudon,—must need "go to the priest for a husband,"—that is, be married in church,—much to the regret of the faithful, who, for her so doing, deemed it necessary to disown her. Matrimonial alliances outside the pale of their own sect proved fatal to the Quakerism of not a few. Two of the descendants of Charles Lloyd became, as

already mentioned, high dignitaries of the Church of England. The Methodist revival came, too, like a mighty whirlwind, and gathered to itself well nigh all that was earnest and spiritual in the land, and the Friends who still remained faithful to their sect did so, in many instances, rather from loyalty and reverence for their forefathers rather than from conviction.

In 1780 the Dolobran estate was sold, and the doors of the old meeting house, where the monthly and quarterly meetings had been held for so many years, were closed. These meetings were then removed to Esgirgoch, Llanidloes, and other places, but were held with less and less regularity until they ceased altogether about the year 1834, when the very last was held at Llanidloes. The few Friends who still clung to their faith, disheartened by defections from their ranks, and other discouraging circumstances, dwindled away, until at last there was left but one solitary survivor,—old Richard Brown, of Llanidloes. When he died, forty five years ago, Quakerism, after an existence in this county for nearly two hundred years, flickered out and died with him. The Friends' little meeting houses at Dolobran and Esgirgoch are still standing, and their tiny burial grounds, or "gardens," as they called them, may still be found,—but without any gravestones or other memorials of the dead who peacefully rest within them, —at Meifod, Llanwddyn, Cloddie-cochion, Llangurig, Staylittle, Dolcaradog, and one or two other places, perhaps, but these alone are the touching memorials left to us of a once numerous religious community. Its members may have been often narrow, bigoted, and mistaken in their views; but for two centuries they made a noble protest against religious tyranny, and have left us a fine example of patient endurance for what they believed to be the truth. They forsook relatives, friends, country, and all that was dear to them in this world; braved the jeers and scorn of their neighbours; suffered without a murmur the most cruel persecution and wrong; and shrunk not from fines, imprisonment, loss of goods and worldly ruin, or even death itself, in sturdily maintaining their principles, and to preserve a conscience void of offence towards God. Would that we had more of that heroic spirit which animated them, made their lives sublime, and secured for the story of their sacrifices and sufferings lasting prominence in the history of religious liberty.

THE EMBLEMS OF WALES.

THE following letter was written by the late Clwydfardd to Mr. Edwards Tirebuck, September 6th, 1893, from Abergele,—

"I thank you for your remarks on our deficiency and carelessness concerning our national emblems and symbols, and I feel sorry that, in North Wales, the old Welsh harps, known by the name of 'triple harps,' have been greatly reduced in number during this century.

"I can recollect that, twenty years ago, all the principal inns and hotels kept a proficient harpist to play on the Welsh harp for the diversion of visitors, highly appreciated by ladies and gentlemen who frequented their establishments in those days. And on the first of March,—St. David's Day,—you might see nine or a dozen harps competing for a prize; but now you cannot find a Welsh harp and harpist of proficiency, I believe, in North Wales, excepting at Newtown in Montgomeryshire.

"I am happy in informing you that it is not so in South Wales. You may find several harps and harpists there in the neighbourhood of Abergavenny; and we, as a nation, are highly indebted to Lady Llanover for her kindness and intrumentality in the promotion of both harps and harpists.

"As to the leek, we have the following record published in the *Iolo Manuscripts*, p. 451,—'In the year 1346 the battle of Cressy was fought, where the Welsh acquired fame for their great achievements in support of Edward the Black Prince. It was at this time that Captain Cadwgan Voel called to the Welsh, desiring them to put leeks in their helmets, the battle being in a field of leeks; and when they looked about they were all Welshmen in that locality except 130, and it was from this circumstance that the Welsh took to wearing leeks;' and you will still find them worn in many places on St. David's Day, and at the national Eisteddfod by a few zealous patriots. And you will also see both emblems and national symbols carved on the bardic chairs. But I admit we ought to make a greater demonstration of our national emblems and symbols.

"Accept my humble thanks for your worthy and kind regards,

"Yours respectfully,

"D. GRIFFITH."

IN THE LAND OF THE HARP AND FEATHERS.

A SERIES OF WELSH VILLAGE IDYLLS.

By Alfred Thomas.

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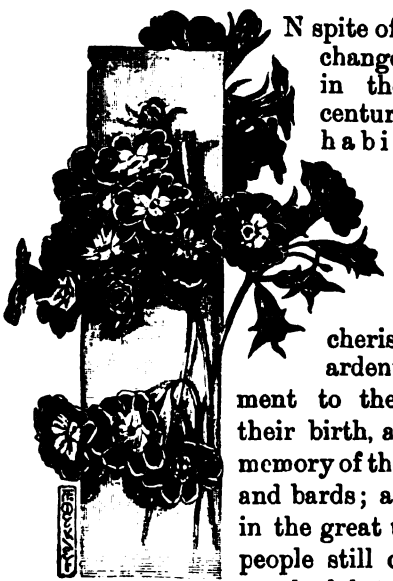
I.—THE ANXIETY OF LEWIS HOPKIN "WAVER" CONCERNING THE "UNPARDONABLE SIN," WITH A DISSERTATION THEREON BY GOMER SHINKIN, WHO IS "WANTED," BUT NOT BY THE POLICE.



IN spite of the many changes effected in the present century, the inhabitants of Wales are yet a distinct and remarkable race. They cherish a most ardent attachment to the land of their birth, and to the memory of their princes and bards; and, except in the great towns, the people still cling with wonderful tenacity to the language of their remote ancestors.

Even in those districts where English and Welsh are used indiscriminately, Welsh is always the language selected by a person who wishes to reach the hearts of his fellows. It is the language used by the people in their times of trouble and of triumph. Its grand cadences can be tenderly sympathetic on occasion, as well as joyfully exuberant in the hour of victory, as witness the magnificent "March of the men of Harlech" in the vernacular wording. It is a language such as the ancient Greeks might have been proud of; and, indeed, it resembles the language of that classic race in some important particulars. Cymraeg is a poem among languages, and is worthy of being preserved for that reason alone. As yet, however, it is far from dead, and the old language of Britain exerts a sweet power over multitudes in our colonies, and in the vast continent of America, as well as at home. There is magic in its music still, and to the miserable Vandal, whose desire is to destroy that which he never built up, let the Welsh with one accord cry "Hands off! Hands off! The language of a noble race shall never perish."

The reason which prompts me to dilate upon the Welsh language at some length in this place is, that a newspaper, which will be found to have played an important part in the life-story of one of the Wengroes villagers, was printed in both Welsh and English. I refer to the *Caerllyn Merlin*, which was a great paper in the locality in my time. Its price was sixpence, and it was severely respectable. The "new journalism" of the present day was undreamt of by the wildest enthusiast, and the creditable production of the *Merlin* was regarded by its editor as the primary mundane event of each week.

As I have previously hinted, I took in the *Merlin*; at least, a small farmer of my acquaintance shared the paper and its cost with me, and we thus managed to get the news of a sixpenny paper for threepence each. It required a little contriving of this kind for the poorer people to revel in the luxury of a newspaper in those days.

Wengroes is situate in probably the most romantic part of a romantic county; and on a Tuesday evening, as I took my usual walk through the fields to Job Gower's farmhouse to get the *Merlin*, I had to pass by the ruins of a castle, that for strength, size, and grandeur, must have stood unrivalled in its time. The wealth of architectural science lavished on it, with no unsparing hand, is abundantly manifest in its ruins. Though hoary and dilapidated, and battered by the ravages of time and war, it still rears its tall towers proudly to the skies, adding dignity to a powerful

landscape, and seemingly conscious of its great past, in its present magnificent decay.

I always looked forward with pleasure to my weekly visit to Job Gower's farm. Job was always chatty, and gloried in the possession of a vast store of knowledge of a kind not taught in schools. His was experience education. He could tell one why a certain kind of potato was more suitable than another for our soil, and his advice was reliable. Most of Job's knowledge was what we should now term technical; but grand words had not penetrated as far as Wengroes in Job's life-time.

I had scarcely entered the farmhouse door, on a certain Tuesday evening, when I was received with even a more boisterous welcome than usual. The whole family were assembled in the kitchen, and Job sat in the centre of an animated family group, though some of the youger children ran forward, so as to escort me in triumph to the "cornel," where their father was sitting, *Merlin* in hand; having apparently been engaged in weightily reading something from the first page of that journal. This was no ordinary proceeding upon his part. The first page of the *Merlin* consisted of advertisements,—staid and sober, perhaps, but still advertisements,—and Job looked upon all such as mere waste of good paper. Job's abhorrence of advertisements was well known; and down in the village they had a joke, that when in Caerllyn, on a particular market day, Job had entered the sacred precincts of the *Merlin*,—in itself a daring act, — to enquire whether they couldn't let him have *his* copy of the paper without the advertisements, "as I don't care for them!" The perpetrators of this libel upon poor Job were, however, lacking in wit sufficient to state what he was supposed to have suggested should occupy the space thus left blank.

"Well, well!" Job said, peering over his spectacles; and as soon as the joyous uproar of the children subsided enough to allow him to speak to me, he continued,—"I never believed in advertizements, and never could see much in 'em. There's Jones' the draper's, now; it's bin in the *Merlin* every week for ten years, *what for* I don't know; you can see his shop any day you happen to go down Market Street in town,—"town" was Job's way of referring to Caerllyn,—an' his place is twice as big now as it was then. Nobody would miss his shop if he didn't put it in the paper. But here is *something like a advertizement* on the front page this week. There's some sense in it. It's about Gomer Shinkin, I do believe. Our Mary Ann saw it now jest when she was foldin' it up for you. Now you jest lissen to me," said the old farmer, as he adjusted his spectacles. "This is a advertizement if you like, and from London, too."

He then commenced to read an advertisement from the "personal" column of the *Merlin*, in a deep sonorous voice. For the first time in my life I wished Job Gower further, or that he could read better; because, before he was half through, I could see that what he was reading was a legal advertisement of great importance. All things have an end, and at last Job finished, quite proud of having once seen an "interesting advertizement," which appeared to concern a man whom he knew intimately. My fingers itched until I had the paper in my hand, and then, as soon as I could decently do so, I bade Job and his family good-night, and hurried home as quickly as possible, so as to catch Gomer at supper.

I ran through the fields, skirting the old castle at a tremendous rate; and just as I entered the village, I nearly upset poor old Marget Morgan, who happened to be coming along as I turned an abrupt corner. I humbly apologised, but I have reason to know that it was all over the village next day that "the tacher was larnin' to race." Not an enviable reputation in Wengroes, I can tell you.

However, I was well rewarded for my haste, for when I arrived home I found that Gomer had only just come in for his supper. Gwenny was busy preparing the table, but my heated condition did not fail to attract her attention, for she said,—

"You mustn't run through the fields like that, or else you'll ketch cold. You ben't afraid of ghosts, be you?"

I smiled this off, and said that there was something important in the *Merlin* that I wished them both to see; and that was what made me hurry.

"Then, they've decided at last on the minister they're goin' to have at the

Baptist chapel at Caerllyn, I s'pose," said she; "that *must* be it. I hope it's Mr. Roderick. He's such a good man."

Even in my excitement I could hardly suppress a smile at Gwenny's quaintness. Her idea of important news was always items concerning ministers, and the column devoted to that purpose in the *Merlin* bore splendid impressions of Gwenny's thumb each week. I had to confess, however, *this time* it had nothing to do with ministers; and the way Gwenny's face dropped,—showing that there could be no further attraction for her in the news I had brought, was delicious.

"It's about———!" I had scarcely uttered these words when Lewis Hopkin entered the room. He had knocked, but getting no reply, and hearing our voices he had lifted the latch; and was in the back kitchen almost before any of us were aware that he was in the neighbourhood.

It will be remembered that Lewis was the latest convert of Wengroes. He was now making rapid progress in his learning, and I had been told a few days previously that he had commenced to read the New Testament. He was a flannel-weaver by trade, though if one had asked him for his address he would have given it as Lewis Hopkin, "Waver," Wengroes,—and a letter so directed, and sent through the post, would have found him, too.

Lewis Hopkin's face was full of anxiety, as he stood before us with his *new* New Testament in one hand, and his hat in the other. He was about to speak when Gomer broke in with,—

"We're all glad to see you, Lewis!" There was a suggestion in Gomer's manner, however, that he couldn't altogether understand the strange sight of a man entering the kitchen suddenly, at nine o'clock at night, with a scared look on his face, and his fingers between the leaves of a Testament. I think Gomer's first impression must have been that Lewis had taken leave of his senses.

"O—h! Gomer, bach. It's the text,—it's the text," said Lewis, in an affrighted voice. "I had jest read it at eight o'clock, an' I knew if I could only ketch you in to supper, you would explain it to me,—if so be as there *is* help for such a wretch as I. Oh, Gomer! jest look at it. The fearful curse seems to burn through the paper. Is it,—is it in *your* Testament, too?"

Here he handed his Testament over, and pointed out a passage to Gomer, who read aloud that awful warning in Matthew,—"*The blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men.*"

Poor Lewis Hopkin! He was not the first man by any means that has been seriously frightened when reading this, and a somewhat similar passage in Mark's Gospel. Was not the immortal Pilgrim sorely troubled on account of the same text? Bunyan's little-read *Grace Abounding* is however full of sweet comfort to those who think that they have been guilty of this sin.

The doubtful look vanished from Gomer's eyes in an instant; and I could see that he no longer questioned the new convert's sanity. Those who have been able to read ever since they can remember, can have no conception of the terrible blow that this Scripture must have been to a man, who, a few weeks previously, was unable to read at all. How tenderly Gomer treated him, too. He was kindness personified, and his words acted as a balm to the bewildered conscience of the poor soul who had so instantly run to him for advice on the subject,—

"Well, Lewis bach," Gomer began, "on the whole, I'm glad you didn't miss it,—the text, I mean. It shows you are tryin' to understand what you read, and you did very right to come for help as soon as possible."

"Oh! but do you think there is ralely *any* hope for me?" Lewis groaned. "The text is *so* plain, you see; an' I've been a awful bad man, wurse than you know."

"I can set your mind at rest on that point, at wunst," said Gomer. "All who have committed *that* sin, hate and revile Jesus, an' I'm sure *you* don't do that. No man has ever done it, who fears he has, or who is in the same state of fright as you are, about it. Lewis Hopkin!" Gomer continued, warming to his subject, "you have never committed that sin, and I don't think you ever will. God leaves a man alone after he has sinned agenst the Holy Spirit. I'm very glad you can read, now; for it's a great blessin' to search the Scriptures for oneself. When you get

home to-night, sit down and quietly ponder over the sixth of John. It's bin a comfort to many afore you, and will be for many more, agen. Before you go though, have a bit of supper with us now an' welcome."

If the truth must be told, Lewis was not in a condition to do otherwise just yet, than to simply obey the wishes of the man whose master-mind had so effectually quelled the agony of doubt which had seized him. The reaction had now set in, but coming so rapidly after, it rendered Lewis as weak as an infant for the time being. Nor was it altogether what had been said that had soothed Lewis. It was Gomer's brotherliness that proved so convincing. There was no cant about Gomer, and after we had drawn up to the table, he gave thanks, and at once changed the subject. Lewis and he were soon deep in a discussion concerning a man from the locality, who had lately blossomed out into a poet.

This then, was my opportunity if I intended to acquaint Gomer with my news, for supper was now in an advanced stage. After one or two ineffectual attempts to get a word in edgeways, I made a bold plunge, and commenced to read the advertisement, which was as follows,—

NOTICE.

GOMER JENKINS, SEAMAN OF CAERLLYN.

JENKINS, GOMER. If GOMER JENKINS, who, when a young man, followed the occupation of a Seaman, and became acquainted with RICHARD ROBERTS, then also a Seaman, will communicate with the undersigned, he will hear of SOMETHING TO HIS ADVANTAGE.

FURTHERMORE: ANY PERSON who may give such information as will lead to the discovery of the aforesaid GOMER JENKINS, who is about 60 years of age, if living, and supposed to be at present engaged as a working miner; will be *LIBERALLY REWARDED.*

FAITHFULL, SHARPE & Co.,
SOLICITORS,
LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, LONDON.

London Agents for BROXHOLM & ALLEN of SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES, Solicitors; Executors of the Estate of RICHARD ROBERTS, ESQUIRE; Deceased, late of SYDNEY.

For an instant or so, I believe Gomer Shinkin thought that he had a second case of brain trouble to deal with. The look of astonishment on the good man's face, however, soon gave way; and, before I had finished, the tears were trickling down his cheeks, and the first words he uttered were,—

"Well, well! poor Richet is gone then. One by one the dear friends of my erly days pass away. Now one here, and then one there; an' these trubbles are harder to bear as one gets older. The Lord knows best, tho'; and it is well with Richet to-night, for a better man never breathed. We've not seen each other for many long years, but I humbly thenk God for Richet, for I was a wild boy at sea, till little Richet Roberts, who I used to make fun of, showed me that religun is a reality. Poor Richet! an' to die in Australia, too, so far away from home and frens. If I had the money," said he, turning to Lewis, "if I only had the money, Lewis, I'd bring him all the way back, an' put him to rest in Wengroes buryin' ground. I would, indeed; an' get Sam Williams, the stonecutter, to put up a nice headstone, too. Richet deserved it——."

"But *sir!*" said I, breaking in; only to be stopped at once with,—

"What's the matter with you, Ivor bach! Ben't you well? *My* name is Gomer Shinkin."

"Yes, yes, *sir*,—Gomer, I mean," said I, in some confusion, "it looks as if the estate would yield sufficient to enable you to honour the memory of Mr. Roberts to your heart's content."

This was a phase of the question that had not entered his head for a moment; and, after some questioning, I found that Gomer had a sort of general notion that, if the London solicitors named in the advertisement were applied to, they would be able to give him all the particulars concerning his friend's death; but he scouted the idea that he was to benefit pecuniarily in any way. In this opinion Gwenny also concurred, so I gave in. Gomer then gave utterance to a short prayer, specially commending Lewis and his trouble to the Divine care; and thus concluded a memorable evening. Lewis went home with a lighter heart than he had brought, and the man who had eased his burden went to a night's duty at Wengroes level in his customary way.

THE WELSH IN THE UNITED STATES.

By W. P. Morgan, Roslyn, Washington.

To give a detailed history of the Welsh in the United States would, I am afraid, mean the presentation of an article too prolix for average magazine reading. In treating such a subject we must take into it those of Welsh lineage, born in America, and those whose connection on one or the other parent's side gives them claim to recognition in such an article. Of the latter, it may be said they are the most difficult to obtain information regarding, for the Welsh have commingled with all nations in this great republic to such an extent that, where the name is not preserved and suggests evidence of Welsh extraction, the means of securing data becomes too remote.

A moderate estimate of the number of Welsh people and their descendants in the United States would, I think, be upwards of 100,000. Inceptive with American history, the Welshman seems to be identified with the country's progress in a greater or lesser degree, and in that much mooted claim to "the discovery of America," we find him given more than a passing consideration by disinterested American historians. In Caradock's "Historie of Cambria" it is stated that Madoc, son of Owen Gwynedd, Prince of Wales, set sail westward in 1170 with a small fleet, and after a voyage of several weeks, landed in a country entirely different in its inhabitants and productions from Europe. It was supposed that Madoc landed in Virginia. The Rev. B. F. Bowen in his "America Discovered by the Welsh" adduces some very interesting and important facts in support of this claim. Chief among these is the existence of a tribe of Indians towards the headwaters of the Missouri known as the Modocs, and the repeated appearance in their language of words, the sound and meaning of which are identical with Welsh pronunciation and interpretation. Mr. James C. Strong, who spent six years among the Indians, states in his "Wah-kee-nah and her People," —1893,—that among the tribe of Mandans there is that in their traditions and language which leads to the belief that they were descended from the Welsh voyager, Prince Madoc, and his followers. The evidence in support of this supposition is the hair and complexion and the frequency of blue eyes among them, and the close resemblance of many words in their language to the Welsh. Speaking of this similitude of words, Mr. George Catlin says,—"Almost any theory would be more credible than that such affinity was the result of accident."

The foregoing, with a multitude of other related facts, admit the Welsh with the Spaniards and Norwegians to a claim in such distinction as the discovery of the New World has resulted in. Even in Mexico we find peculiar coincidences in connection with the Modoc theory. In General Wallace's novel,—"The Fair God," —we read the description of the search for the white god, Quetzal, and of his return in a large canoe from "Tlapallan" which latter words requires no serious distortion to give us the Welsh for distant land or place. There are many words in the Aztec language that not only bear a close resemblance to Welsh in sound but in meaning.*

If we trace the Welsh people from their earliest settlement in the United States, we would probably commence with the Welsh Quakers who came over in 1682, and were located in Pennsylvania. True to their love for the native mountains of Wales, it would seem they passed by the fertile valleys of the Hudson and Mohawk, and settled in the higher and more mountainous districts of Pennsylvania; and we find in this latter state a large number of Welsh names,—Brynmawr, Carnarvon, Glenmawr, Maldwyn, Nanicoke,—slightly corrupted, —Pencader, Pennyan, and Bala. In Maine we find a Milford, Bangor, and Monmouth; and in New Hampshire, Conway. In many

* It is almost a pity that Thomas Stephens has succeeded so well, in his lately published *Madoc*, in destroying the beautiful legend of the discovery of America by a son of Owen Gwynedd. —Ed.

instances towns were named after their founders, and we may readily ascribe to Welsh settlement the towns of Lloydsville, Jenkinstown, Morganstown or Morganza, Pricetown, Rees's, and Watkins. Further to the west we have Brecon and Radnor in Ohio, Monmouth in Illinois, Wales and Cambria in Wisconsin, Parry and Powell in South Dakota, and Swansea in the State of Washington.

The first Welsh settlement, we are told, did not prosper; possibly from a lack of effort on the part of the colonists to accommodate themselves to a new condition of things, and perhaps from a multiplicity of causes. It would be well here, maybe, to note the failure at first of the Welsh settlements in Patagonia. It has only been within the last two decades that the colonies there have progressed beyond the point of self support; and this despite repeated assistance from the Argentine government.

The Welsh settlers of Pennsylvania seem to have become dissatisfied with their surroundings, and an exodus to points further south and west followed towards the close of the last century.

To enumerate all Welshmen prominently identified with American history would be far too great a task, but if we commence with the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, making thereafter brief reference to the Welsh and Welsh Americans of prominence, we may accomplish the work within a reasonable space.

We are told that the captain of the Mayflower was a Welshman named Jones, and that among the passengers were a number of Welsh people whose descendants in the United States to-day are persons of prominence and influence. Among the Puritans who left England after the Restoration, to avoid persecution and to seek religious liberty and peace in America, we find the names of a number of Welsh people. Roger Williams,—the founder of the State of Rhode Island,—is popularly supposed to have been a native of Conwyl Cayo, though as late a work as that of Mr. Oscar Strauss's,—"Roger Williams," 1894,—doubts the accuracy of this point as the place of his birth. At Oxford the following record is entered,—"Rodericus Williams filius Gulielmi Williams de Conwellgaio, Pleb. an. nat. 18, entered at Jesus College, April 30th, 1624." This is the Williams whom more than one genealogist has described as the author of religious liberty in America, and Mr. Strauss in rejecting him bases his grounds for dissenting on the Oxford entry, which has Rodericus, not Rogerus. Be that as it may, Williams succeeded in getting "George Fox digged out of his Burrowes;" and, after all, his name suggests Welsh extraction however remote. The first Baptist church in America was erected by Williams.

In the literary field of colonial days we find the names of several Welsh contributors. Jonathan Edwards, the celebrated divine, came of a Welsh family. David Lloyd, a noted jurist, and Dr. Ellis Pugh, author of the first Welsh publication in the States, were both natives of Wales. Welshmen were active in the Declaration of Independence, and the names of seventeen men of Welsh lineage or birth are to be found as signers of the manuscript; among them we find Thomas Jefferson, Francis Lewis, William Williams, Francis Hopkinson, Button Gwinett, Richard Henry Lee, Arthur Middleton, Lewis Morris, and William Floyd.

Robert Morris, to whose financial aid the success of the war of the revolution may be largely accredited, was born in Wales. Not only did he furnish the money to conduct the war with, but at its close contributed liberally to the relief of the distress that followed. Of Morris it was said that his own credit was superior to that of the government itself, but, for all that, he died a comparatively poor man. He was one of the delegates appointed to the Continental congress, and in 1781 was appointed secretary of finance.

Daniel Morgan, of revolutionary fame, came of Welsh stock, and was born in Pennsylvania in the year 1736. When seventeen years of age he moved into Virginia, and followed the employment of a teamster. When General Braddock marched to the Monongahela, he accompanied the expedition with supplies. For an alleged insult to a British officer, we are told, he received five hundred lashes; and this punishment he bore without

flinching. The veracity of this I am much inclined to doubt, in fact doubt the severity of the punishment as I do the ability of any man to bear it without giving evidence of the fearful pain suffered. The officer, becoming convinced of the injustice of the charge, apologized to Morgan in the presence of the whole regiment. We find him later commissioned an ensign in the provincial army, and shortly after, or about the year 1775, he became acquainted with George Washington; and from that time on his services won for him distinction and renown. He was given command of a number of expeditions against the Indians, and popular tradition tells of his numerous deeds of daring. Congress appointed him captain; and in a very few days afterwards he was on the march to Boston with ninety six men,—the nucleus of his celebrated rifle corps,—enrolled. A month or so later found him in the van of Arnold's expedition to the St. Lawrence and in the siege of Quebec. When Arnold was wounded, Morgan assumed command and fought desperately, but was taken prisoner. Being exchanged he was commissioned colonel in the Continental army, and from that time we are told Washington considered Morgan's rifle corps the right arm of his forces. To his military skill and fighting qualities may be attributed the capture of Burgoyne in 1777, and for this exploit he received the commission of Brigadier. On the seventeenth of January, 1781, he defeated the British at Cowpens in South Carolina, and for that achievement he was awarded the thanks of a nation and a gold medal by Congress. From that time he appears on account of enfeebled health to have lived quietly, though Washington desired him placed at the head of an expedition against the Indians in 1791. In 1794 he commanded the troops in Western Pennsylvania, designed to secure power over the whiskey insurgents. The same year he was elected to Congress, and served two sessions. He died July, 1802, at Winchester, Va.

Rev. David Jones, chaplain of St. Clair's regiment, was a character of the revolution whose aggressiveness as a soldier in connection with his ecclesiastical duties might well have earned for him the title of Fighting Parson. Born in Newcastle, Delaware, of Welsh parentage, in 1736, he was educated for the ministry, and was at one time the incumbent of a Baptist church at Hopewell, New Jersey. Upon the breaking out of hostilities with Great Britain, he was appointed a regimental chaplain and accompanied the army northwards. A sermon characteristic of the man was preached by him to the soldiers at Ticonderoga, at a time when the enemy was hourly expected. This address, which has since been published, was full of originality, and was delivered with a fiery eloquence that essentially bespoke his Cambrian blood. He passed through two campaigns attached to General Gates' command, and in 1777 was chaplain to General Wayne's brigade. He narrowly escaped death in the Paoli massacre, but he survived, and later passed through the battles of Brandwine, and Monmouth, Germantown, Whitemarsh, and Valley Forge. Until the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown he followed, or rather pushed with vigour his combined duties of preacher and soldier. So ardently did he prosecute his work as a soldier, that General Howe, commanding the British forces, at that time holding Philadelphia in possession, offered a reward for him, and sent a detachment of soldiers to effect his capture. The Britons' efforts were futile however, and Jones continued preaching and fighting until the war closed, retiring then to his home in Virginia. On the appointment of General Wayne to the command of the troops in the northwest he again accompanied them as chaplain; and on the breaking out of war with Great Britain, in 1812, the old hero was again at his post, serving under Briwn and Wilkinson until hostilities terminated; and this at the age of seventy six. He died in 1820, at the advanced age of eighty four years.

Charles Lee was a character of the revolution whose nature may best be described by the appellation given him by the Indians,—"Boiling Water." He was born in Wales in 1731, his inherent restlessness and love of adventure bringing him to this country in 1756 as an officer of the British army. He served through the French and Indian wars, and afterwards returned to England. Returning to this country again

he served under Burgoyne as a colonel; and then for a while we find him wandering through the Old World, a welcome visitor at all courts of royalty on account of his skill as a soldier. As an aid he served for a while Poniatowski, the Polish chief. Crossing again to America he resigned his allegiance to Great Britain and settled in Virginia. On the organisation of Washington's forces he was one of four chosen for a major-generalship, and accompanied Washington to Massachussets. He was commander-in-chief at the defence of Charleston, and was there successful in repulsing the enemy. On the retreat of Washington across the Delaware he was in command of a detachment of troops, and had orders to support the retreating general. These instructions, it appears, were observed by Lee in a desultory manner, with the result that he was captured by the enemy. The following summer he was exchanged for General Prescott, and was soon first in command at Monmouth; on this occasion he was severely criticised by Washington for an apparently unwarranted retreat. The rebuke stirred Lee's hot blood and his retort to the General resulted in a court martial, the finding of which suspended Lee from command, and this being confirmed later by Congress, he left the army in disgrace. Although his brilliant record up to the affair at Monmouth may have militated much against his conduct then, it is to be regretted that a life so full of honours and possibilities should, in its prime, be chequered by the lack of discipline and by the irascibility of the man himself. Lee died in Philadelphia at the age of fifty one.

General Morgan Lewis, son of Francis Lewis, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, was an officer of eminence during the revolutionary period. Commissioned quarter-master general in 1776, he accompanied the American army to Quebec as an aid-de-camp to General Gates. After the surrender of General Burgoyne at Saratoga, General Lewis received the sword of the defeated general. At the inauguration of Washington he commanded a volunteer corps, and met and escorted the greatest of Americans to his seat as president of the country. He was elected assembly man from Dutchess county, and afterwards was appointed a judge of the common pleas. In 1791 he was made attorney-general of the state, and the year following was given a place on the bench of the Supreme Court. In 1793 he was Chief Justice. In the gubnatorial election eleven years later he defeated Aaron Burr, and was elected governor of the State of New York. To General Lewis is accredited the establishment of a common school fund, and when we see in the schools of the Republic to-day, the most advanced, thorough, and progressive educational system in the world, we cannot enlarge too much upon this distinguishing act. The introduction of artillery into the American army was his work. He declined the secretaryship of war on the breaking out of hostilities with the mother country in 1812, but accepted the position of quarter-master general. In 1813 he commanded an expedition to the Canadian frontier, and under him the capture of Fort George was effected. The painting by Trumbull, commemorative of the English surrender at Saratoga,—now hanging in the capitol at Washington,—shows prominently the figure of General Lewis. His portrait also adorns the wall of the governor's room in New York City. He was the first president of the St. David's Society in New York. On the 7th of April, 1844, at the great age of ninety years, the worthy old hero passed to his rest, and a stricken nation buried him with all that sorrow which his probity of character and services to his country commanded.

Brigadier General John Cadwallader, famous for his duel with General Conway, was another Cambrian who won distinction in the revolutionary war. He fought at Monmouth and Brandwine, and was a member of the convention of '75. He died in Philadelphia in 1786.

If we can believe the chroniclers, no less than fourteen generals, and seven colonels, and a number of other American officers in the war of the revolution, were of Welsh descent, while the race was ably represented in the navy by Commodore Hopkins.

The highest office within the gift of the American people, that of president of the United States, has been occupied by seven who claimed Wales as the land of

their forefathers. Presidents John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, William Henry Harrison, James Monroe, John Quincy Adams, and James A. Garfield are said to have possessed Welsh blood.

Thomas Jefferson, third president of the republic, came of a Welsh family who emigrated from Carnarvonshire and settled in Virginia. He was probably, after Washington, the most eminent of all those who have attained to the distinction of chief executive; believing that the world is governed too much, and that "that government is best which governs least," his efforts were to promulgate the doctrine, so familiar to all Americans, of Jeffersonian democracy.

Of later years, the blood of Cambria has still maintained prominence in the progress of the country.

General George H. Thomas, who never knew defeat, was of Welsh lineage. He served through the war between the United States and Mexico, and in the War of the Rebellion rendered gallant service to the Union cause. His success in the defence of Nashville, against General Hood, in 1864, won for him a high place in American generalship.

William Henry Seward, secretary of state under President Lincoln, and whose assassination was planned and attempted simultaneously with that of Mr. Lincoln, was of mixed Welsh and Irish origin. He was elected governor of New York state in 1838. The purchase of Alaska, from the Russian government, was negotiated by him while secretary of state.

George Washington Williams, author of "The Negro Troops in the Rebellion," and "History of the Negro Race in America," was of Welsh parentage on his father's side. He served through the war in the Union army, and was appointed minister to Hayti by President Arthur.

William Dean Howells, the novelist, comes of a Welsh family, his father being a native of the little town of Hay, in Breconshire. Senator John P. Jones, of Nevada, is also a native of Hay; and from his views on the coinage question, and his advocacy of silver, he is probably one of the best known men in America to-day.

The late George Jones, of the *New York Times*; John M. Francis, of the *Troy Times*, ex-minister of the United States to Austria; Thomas Buchanan Read, the poet; Judge Noah Davies, of New York; George B. Roberts, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and one of the shrewdest and ablest railway officials on this continent; J. P. Morgan, of the great banking firm of Drexel, Morgan, and Co., New York City, are Cambrians prominent in American commercial and professional life.

Rev. W. C. Roberts, D.D., moderator of the Presbyterian Assembly, is a native of Wales, as is also the Rev. D. Parker Morgan, D.D., of New York. Of the latter divine, a recent number of *Leslie's Monthly* stated "he is the most scholarly Welshman in the United States."

The founder of Yale College, Elihu Yale, was born in Plas Ial, in Denbighshire, and it is but a short time since that we read an account in our American papers of the erection of a monument to his memory, in his native land, by the alumni of Yale.

Jefferson Davis, president of the late confederacy, came of Welsh stock. His grandfather emigrated from Wales, and settled in the eastern states; and of three sons, one of them,—the father of Jefferson Davis,—settled in Virginia. Whatever opinions we of the North may have acquired, or whatever views we may hold of Jefferson Davis as the leader of a rebellious faction, we are compelled to admit the genius of the man as a military leader and statesman, and his executive skill. We are told his disinterestedness and personal bearing endeared him to all classes of the southern people; and with his action in leaving the United States Congress to give his services to his country in the war with Mexico, who can accuse him of selfish motives, when, in the war between the North and South, he led a people who believed and fought for what they considered to be their rights? The deeds of daring and bravery, recorded of Union soldiers, are not more numerous than those recorded of the boys in gray; and the battle of Chickamauga, with its 16,000 slain on either side, told that brave men formed the ranks of both armies. It was Greek meeting Greek.

Commander William A. Morgan, who died at the Mare Island hospital, San Francisco, in October of this year, was a native of Monmouthshire. He entered the American navy in 1861, at the breaking out of the rebellion, and saw active service throughout the war. He continued in the service until placed upon the retired list a short time prior to his death. He commanded the Behring Sea patrol for several years, and his record was thirty-four years' continuous service, he having in that time passed from a midshipman to commander.

Governor Evans, of North Carolina, Governor Richards, of Wyoming, and Hon. Arthur Thomas, ex-governor of Utah, are men whose positions as governors of their respective states, and their able and successful handling of important state matters during their administration, stamp them as officials of high executive ability.

It will be found that many Welsh people have distinguished themselves in the mechanical field in the United States. The high pressure steam engine was the invention of Oliver Evans, a Philadelphia boy of a Welsh family. The first steel steamboat was built by James Rees at Pittsburg, and run upon the Ohio river; and the first iron manufactured in the latter city was by a Welshman named George Lewis. Probably the largest locomotive works in America,—at Providence, Rhode Island,—are owned by Messrs. Parry and Williams, both of Welsh origin. A process for saving gold in the amalgamating furnaces and smelters is patented by a native Welshman living in one of our western states. The invention is one that saves thousands of dollars annually to every furnace operator, and it has already earned a competency for the inventor.

It cannot be said that the Welsh, in general, are confined to any particular section of the United States. It is true there are Welsh colonies, and true that Welshmen are more numerous in some localities than others; but I have met them in almost all capacities, and in almost all parts of the country, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Not to speak of the sailor from Cardiff, whom we meet when a Welsh collier touches our Atlantic metropolis, we find the Cymro there in all fields,—professional, mercantile, or mechanical; as miners in the coal pits of Pennsylvania; ironworkers in the rolling mills of Pittsburg, Wheeling, or Youngstown; farmers in Ohio, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Dakota, or as homesteaders in the sparsely settled districts of the far west; lumbermen in the pineries of Michigan; cowboys on the ranges of our western states; as gold and silver miners in the wilds of the Rocky snd Sierra Nevada mountains, or as fishermen of the silver Chinook salmon in the waters of Puget Sound. And as the occasional Welsh merchantman glides in from the Pacific, and enters the placid waters of the Sound, we can, in imagination, stand upon the dock at Seattle, and when within hailing distance, respond to the greeting again of the Welsh sailor,—"Sut yr ydych chwi, Cymro?" by "Kla-how-ya nika Cymro six,"—the language of the native Indian.

By far the larger number of Welshmen in the States are to be found among the coal fields; and from observation, I am convinced that a cropping, or indication of coal, augurs the presence of a Welshman. There is hardly a coal mine of any importance in the country in which they are not found employed. In the collieries of Pennsylvania they are prominent in the operation and management of mines; and in the State of Washington, speaking now from a personal knowledge, fully fifty per cent. of the mines are under the management or superintendency of native Welshmen. The state inspectorship has, for the past six years, in both districts, been held by them against candidates of all nations. I might note here that Mr. John H. Price, the state secretary, is a native of Monmouthshire.

As a rule, our people take readily to American manners and American customs; but from this it should not be concluded they become devoid of appreciation of the many meritorious customs and institutions of the mother country. The eisteddfod, with all its modern features, is held yearly in at least a dozen American cities; I say modern features, for, if I am correctly informed, the pristine ritualism of the eisteddfod has become obsolete even in

Wales. The cities of Utica and Remsen, New York; Scranton, Plymouth, Wilkesbarre, and Pittsburg, in Pennsylvania; Niles, Canton, Cleveland, Cincinatti, Akron, and Columbus, Ohio; and Racine, Wisconsin, hold their eisteddfods with unfailing regularity. We need hardly recall the World's Fair eisteddfod, that brought together the singers of Wales and the Welsh Americans from the Gulf of Maine to the Gulf of California; an international contest it was, and well did Wales maintain her claim to supremacy in the musical world. The eisteddfods in America are liberally patronized by lovers of music outside of Welsh circles, and the occasion of an eisteddfod, in many localities, is an event of no small importance; it is no unusual thing for railroads to make reduced rates and run excursion trains at such times. Nor is the United States without its Welsh musical celebrities. Mr. James Sauvage, the baritone; Mr. William R. Williams, Thomas Davies, and others, are singers whose services are always in demand, and are general favourites with the American public. Mr. D. C. Protheroe, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, is the author of a number of very meritorious compositions. I might here properly refer to the fact that the first font of music type was brought to this country as far back as 1786 by Isaiah Thomas, a printer of Worcester, Massachussets. He was the first printer in America to use movable music type, and some of his work may yet be found in what is known as the Worcester collection.

There are quite a number of Welsh churches scattered throughout the country where services in the native language are conducted. They may be found in the city of New York; Utica, and Remsen, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania; Youngstown and Cincinatti, Ohio; there are two in the city of Milwaukee, Wisconsin; and the counties of Waukesha, Racine, Jefferson, and Iowa, in the latter state have several. Probably the most westerly in the United States is that of the Welsh Presbyterians at Seattle, Washington.

Of the Welsh societies, that of St. David's is probably the most important; it has a strong membership, composed chiefly of well-to-do Welshmen and Welsh Americans. Primarily the object of the order was to give assistance to Welsh people in their search for a livelihood in a new country, but its cardinal feature of late years is benevolence, exemplified annually at its recherché banquets to the tune of five dollars per plate. The Cymrodorion Society had its origin in the World's Fair, and has for its object the advancement of art, music, and poetry, in Welsh circles.

In concluding this sketch of the Welsh people in America, a sketch which, at its best, I am afraid, is desultory, I consider it incumbent upon me to make especial reference to an eminent Cambro-American, the Hon. Thomas Lemuel James, of New York City. To me he appears as the one Welsh American who has given time, study, and research, for the assignment of the Welsh to a just standing and recognition in American history. Mr. James has contributed interesting articles on the Welsh people and on their eisteddfods to such representative American magazines as the *Cosmopolitan* and *Leslie's Monthly*. We owe much to him for his work in this direction, and the readers of WALES will, I am sure, heartily accord him a full appreciation of his efforts. Mr. James comes of Cambrian stock, and was born in Utica, N.Y., in 1831. At the age of eighteen years he was associate editor of the *Madison County Journal*, a Whig organ; and as he had, prior to this, been connected with the *Liberty Press*, an anti-slavery paper, he may be looked upon as a journalistic prodigy. He was appointed inspector of customs by President Lincoln in 1861. In 1876 he was made deputy collector of customs. President Garfield placed him in his cabinet, and he was appointed postmaster general in 1881, which position, however, he resigned, after the assassination of the president. His magazine contributions on the railway mail system are interesting, and show a thorough familiarity with this intricate and extensive system. He retired from political life some years ago, but as president of the Lincoln National Bank of New York City, and as an officer in several other business and social enterprises, he is still an excellent example of the active American.

It has been shown in the foregoing that Welshmen have given their blood, their services, and their wealth, to the preservation of their adopted country; let us not gather from this that their affection for the mother country is alienated, but, rather, that patriotism is better exemplified in the love of an adopted country than by a hatred of any other. In this vast country of seventy million souls, the Welsh people, from a stand-point of numbers, are a small factor, but, let us hope, with just a tinge of the egotism of Giraldus Cambrensis, that the material is good, and that, on the whole, our people rise above the level of mediocrity.

JOSEPH EDWARDS, SCULPTOR.

By William Davies *(Mynorydd)*.

IX.—THE VORD GRON.

TO follow the certificate described in my last article, it occurred to me I could not do better than introduce Mr. Edwards' connection with "The Vord Gron," as further showing his relation to Welsh movements. I had found a packet of papers and memoranda on this subject kept together, and requested a gentleman, who was closely connected with the "Vord," and on terms of friendship with Mr. Edwards, to prepare an article based upon these papers, and he has kindly furnished me with the following highly interesting account.

Joseph Edwards and "Y Vord Gron."

From what has already been written, it will be seen that Joseph Edwards was not a man likely to be attracted by popular movements. His mind was that of a mystic, his habits those of a recluse. He loved contemplation rather than action; he dreaded the noise and bustle of every-day life, and he generally shunned the busy haunts of men. He lived for art, and loved the beautiful. A superficial critic would have said that his mind was more Teutonic,—or, rather, more German,—than Welsh, for it revelled in mystic abstractions, although it would, perhaps, be more correct to say, that his ideals in art were based on his study of the great Italian masters. What is certain is, that his devotion to art, passionate and life-long as it was, did not prevent him from paying close attention to those problems of the mind which have fascinated the thinkers of all ages and all countries. This bent towards idealism prevented him from remaining a mere skilled artisan, and converted him into an artist; it also contributed a spiritual basis to his art.

His rough notes and jottings show that he was, throughout his career, a student of philosophy and religion, and in his daily conversation he was apt at quotation from such exponents of the ideas of the age as Tennyson and Browning.

Though he left Wales at an early age, and rarely visited it afterwards, he had a close affinity with the dreamers of dreams and the seers of visions in his native land, and it may be that the fact that his infancy was spent in Morgannwg, the home of the school of old Iolo, determined the future cast of his mind, even more than his reading of German and other metaphysics in after years. It is certain that he had personal relations with Taliesin ab Iolo, and that will perhaps account for the reverence he always displayed for bardism, as expounded in the pages of the Iolo MSS. Two or three years before his death, he borrowed the Iolo MSS., bound in cloth, from a friend of his, for the purpose of verifying his memory of some bardic mottoes; he retained the book for a very short time, and returned it bound in half calf, with the observation that such a book ought to be returned by a borrower in a better condition than that in which he received it.

Cymmrodorion Society.

I think the Cymmrodorion Society must have the credit for bringing Joseph Edwards back, as it were, to Wales. It brought him into contact with his fellow-countrymen, and,

mainly, with Hugh Owen, who was afterwards his constant counsellor, and for whom he formed a personal attachment which verged on the superstitious. The Cymmrodorion medal, which he designed at the request of the council, of which he was a member, will, I understand, form the subject of a future article.

After joining the Cymmrodorion Society, Wales and its interests never seemed to be absent from his mind, and he began to conceive the idea that Wales was to be the home of that transcendentalism which had possessed his soul, and which, he fondly believed, was destined to mould and transform the religion and philosophy of the world. The Welsh race had been entrusted with the secret of poesy, and the

CEIRIOG AND HIS DAUGHTER.

order of bards, if once infused with the spirit of modern thought, would become the agent of a higher and more spiritual civilization, which would supersede the superstitions of the churches, and emancipate the human mind from every law, except that of the good and beautiful. The perfect state was not to be found in concrete human institutions, but in constant aspiration towards moral and intellectual excellence.

"In this new garden of spiritual philosophy," he says, in one of his pencil memoranda, "you find the lilies of faith grow most beautifully. They diffuse their heavenly perfume in the night as well as the day, and they make the heart glad with the aroma of purity. Others, if they like, may keep away from this holy place, and contaminate their minds with unspiritual, unpoetical, and unheroic thoughts, but we, with God's aid, will cultivate these heavenly lilies, and cherish the wise and the good, the true and the great, in everything. It is, however, not faith only we delight in. No! We delight no less greatly in science and in art, too. The light of nature is to us a light divine, and the glories of the universe are to us truly enchanting. We, with the ideal, desire only to sanctify the real, and make our days on earth as bright and happy, wise and great, good and enlightened as possible."

A literary peasantry would appeal to him as approximating to his ideal state of society, and the bardic order possessed, in his eyes, a sanctity as representing a life of intellectual activity, apart from ecclesiastical dominion, on the one hand, and from commercial materialism on the other; in other words, the "something Hellenic," which Matthew Arnold discovered in the Celtic character as making for the graceful and refined in art and literature.

In the revival of Welsh learning, he recognised the association of the ancient literary tradition with modern culture.

Welsh Nationalism. Welsh nationalism was to him essentially literary; the intrusion of the political element would have been to him an offence, and would have lacerated his delicate soul. He would have denounced the latter day Welsh nationalist, with his political shibboleths, as a mere copyist of foreign ideals and methods, and he would have regarded as spurious a nationalism which *divided*, rather than *united*, the nation.

Welsh unity. His heart was set on Welsh unity, and while he had no sympathy with churches and political parties, because they all tended to divide, he regarded with peculiar sacredness such societies and institutions as the eisteddfod and the Cymmrodorion, which, by their very existence, emphasised the idea of the essential unity, as well as the literary and artistic aspirations of the Welsh people

The Cymmrodorion Society had not long been established, or, rather, resuscitated, and one of its first cares was to increase the literary and educational value of the national eisteddfod, which was at that time beginning to feel the flow of the tide

Eisteddfod reformers. of popularity. There was also a small band of eisteddfod reformers in Wales, led by Ceiriog and Estyn, who followed the national meetings year after year, and advocated measures which scarcely interested the so-called bards, but which commended themselves to the more enlightened and influential supporters of the ancient institutions. These reformers opened their campaign at a provincial eisteddfod at Towyn, about 1873, when Estyn secured the support of Ceiriog and Mynyddog to a series of proposals, which, at the time, were denounced as revolutionary, but which now form part of every eisteddfod programme. But other evils and abuses still remained, chiefly the misapplication of eisteddfod surpluses and the wholesale creation of bards and ovates at the gorsedd without any test of proficiency.

At the Mold and Bangor Eisteddfodau of 1873 and 1874, steps were taken to organize the reformers, and, at the suggestion of Ceiriog, it was resolved to establish a society similar in its ritual and organization to the freemasons, for the purpose of reforming the eisteddfod, and promoting the moral and intellectual advancement of the Welsh people.

***Bye-Gones* Nov. 2, 1887.** The Oswestry *Bye-Gones* for November 2nd, 1887, contains an

account of the order, of the first full meeting of its members, held in connection with the proclamation of Wrexham eisteddfod, on the 11th November, 1875.

The Vord Gron.

"The Vord Gron (July 6, 27, 1887.) It is only this week, in the quarterly issue of *Bye-Gones*, that I noticed the appeal of your correspondent, "Berwyn," for further information respecting the Vord Gron, the literary guild established by my dear and much lamented friend, Mr. Ceiriog Hughes. If not too late, I now append a printed circular issued to the 'comrades,' after a meeting of the Vord at Wrexham, and also a copy of the probatory rules, which, perhaps, will be considered too lengthy for publication. The society was vigorous for about two years, and effected, I believe, some good; and I remember some interesting gatherings in London, under the hospitable roof of the late Rev. Robert Jones, vicar of All Saints', Rotherhithe. Mr. Jones' patriotic enthusiasm, Estyn's acquaintance with ancient British lore, and Ceiriog's mastery of masonic ritual, combined to produce the symbolic phraseology which was so distinctive a characteristic of the Vord Gron. The death, within a short period, of Sir Hugh Owen, the Rev. Robert Jones, Mr. Joseph Edwards, the sculptor, Mynyddog, and other active members of the fraternity, greatly discouraged Ceiriog, and after a while, the work of eisteddfod reform was taken up by, and the Vord was merged in, the less mysterious, but more comprehensive, 'National Eisteddfod Association,' which had no more loyal supporter than Mr. Ceiriog Hughes.—W. CADWALADR DAVIES."

The most flourishing branches of the order were the Cemmes Vord,—held under Mynyddog's roof,—and the London Vord, which met alternately at the residences of Miss Edith Wynne and the Rev. Robert Jones, of Rotherhithe. Joseph Edwards was appointed the treasurer, and never was officer more delighted with the honour conferred upon him. From the following memorandum in his handwriting, it appears that he acted as treasurer of the London Vord before being elected to a similar post for the general body.

Y VORD GRON.

July 12, '75.

On Monday, July 12, '75, at six p.m., I went, by appointment, to the house of Miss Edith Wynne, 18, Bentinck Street, Manchester Square, to meet the Rev. Robert Jones, M.A., of Rotherhithe, Mr. W. Cadwaladr Davies, and "Mynyddog." when Miss Wynne, myself, "Mynorydd," and Mr. Erasmus Jones were initiated as members of a new Welsh fraternal society, called "Y Vord Gron," which is established for the furtherance of similar objects to those of the "Freemasons" and other societies.

The Rev. R. Jones was in the chair, and I was appointed treasurer. . . . (The subscriptions received there amounted in all to £7 10s.)

The certificate of Mr. Joseph Edwards' election as member is signed by W. Cadwaladr Davies, and on the back thereof is written in pencil,—

"Agorwyd y Ford i gariad fyw
A chauwyd y Ford yw chadw fyth."

This is not in the handwriting of Mr. Davies, nor is it in Mr. Edwards' own handwriting, nor in the Rev. Robert Jones' or Ceiriog's. There is some similarity between it and Mynyddog's handwriting, but he would not have written "yw" for "i'w." It was a couplet frequently quoted at these meetings, and it referred to the opening and closing ceremonies at each lodge meeting, which were very solemn. When the lodge met at All Saints' Vicarage, Rotherhithe, the proceedings ended with a sumptuous supper, and the feast of reason and flow of soul would not cease until it was time to rush for the last train.

Proposal for magazine.

There was talk of starting a magazine, but the never-failing subject of conversation was Mr. Joseph Edwards' design for a certificate to take the place of the provisional certificates of membership, which were then issued. The following is a memorandum, — a rough draft in pencil,—of our sculptor-philosopher's ideas with respect to the project of a magazine, which, however, came to nothing,—

"A suggestion about a quarterly magazine, to be called 'The Pan-Kymryan Record, and Vord Gron Gazette.'

"The first article in it might be 'The Universe.'

"The second article 'The Kymryan Race;' with other contributions, all more or less bearing on Kymryan topics and Vord Gron aims.

"The whole of the articles to be treated in the largest and most strictly scientific way possible.

"The publication to represent the best type of the Kymry in every part of the world where they may dwell, and to be the organ, as far as practicable, of all the most

enlightened societies in Wales, England, America, Australia.

"The great object of the periodical being to aim always at high central truths, which include all other truths, and to raise thereby the character of the Kymry, wherever they may be, to the noblest mental state attainable in the present phase of civilization, and to render them fairly entitled to be considered earnest lovers of everything most high, most holy, and most true; most just, most generous, and most wise.

"Why should we not have an 'order,' in the 'Vord Gron,' of a truly Pan-Kymryan

W. Cadwalade Davies.

interest and bearing? The Olympic festival, which lasted for more than one thousand years, for example, was originally only of a local character in Greece, and soon grew to be a Pan-Hellenic institution."

The following copy of a letter to Ceiriog, on the design for a certificate, is also interesting,—

"Robert Street, Hampstead Road.

"My dear Ceiriog,

Letter to Ceiriog.

"I feel bound to offer you an expression of my heartiest regret at having been so long silent on the subject of the design you wished to have for the Vord Gron. The delay, however, has been really unavoidable from various causes, and I feel therefore assured that you will make the kindest allowances for me.

"Even now, for want of time, I am unable to forward you an adequately indicated sketch; but I shall try, without further delay, to express in words what I have thought should be adopted, in order that you, and the rev. comrade you mentioned, might quietly consider the matter.

"My aim, of course, has been to attain to something new, and in fair keeping with the present state of knowledge, without losing a particle of the beauty of poetry as interblended with the light of science.

Description of proposed certificate.

"Now before this can be properly attained, I think we must mount up gladly from the so-called real Vord Gron to a great ideal one, with a bright symbolic star of Arthur at its head, as our imaginary future,—not past,—king of the kings of mind; which bright star should be accompanied by twelve others round the table, respectively of the princes, so to say, of science and religion, poetry and prose, justice and prudence, temperance and fortitude, valour and clemency; with those of two imperial princes, as it were, in the vice chairs, supporting the king of kings, and representing respectively the universe without us and the universe within us.

"In the centre of the face of this table round, adorned, as stated, with the stars named, I would introduce the symbol of the Holy Spirit, and immediately above this symbol I would inscribe the name of the Triune Deity as 'I [Z] N' in our own bardic characters and language; while immediately under the symbol I would introduce in the same characters the words 'I /\ N' and '/\ N I /\ N' as equivalents of noumena and phenomena, and as one of the special meanings of the Nôd Cyvrin. Encircling these again on the face of the Vord, I would have the words 'Truth, wisdom, love, and all things most excellent.'

"Immediately above this ideal representation of our Vord Gron, I would introduce the Nôd Cyvrin itself, in a new way, as

three rays of divine light, emanating from a new symbol of 'the high and mighty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy,' and whose throne and essence are a spiritual light of mind.

"To each of these rays of the Nôd Cyvrin I would give a seven-fold meaning, in accordance with Newton's seven-fold division of light. These meanings, so far as I have at present considered them, might be approximately indicated by either of the following three groups of words,—

The Creator, the Redeemer, and the Sanctifier;
The Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit;
The Eternal, the Temporal, and the Divine;
The Ideal, the Material, and the Spiritual;
The High, the Pure, and the Holy;
The True, the Beautiful, and the Good;
The Wise, the Gentle, and the Charitable.

Deity, Noumena, and Phenomena;
Substance, Force, and Matter;
Evolution, Law, and Order;
Wisdom, Truth, and Love;
Science, Philosophy, and Religion;
Experience, Reason, and Exactitude;
Poetry, Sanctity, and Joy.

The Eternal, the Organizer, and the Perfector;
The Infinite, the Absolute, and the Unconditioned;
The Inductive, the Deductive, and the Profound;
The Sublime, the Valiant, and the Beneficent;
The Truthful, the Industrious, and the Upright;
The Far-Seeing, the Strict, and the Clear-Sighted;
The Soul-Stirring, the Bright, and the All-Embracing.

"Immediately under our ideal table round I would have the words, 'The Order of the Vord Gron,' the three latter words being on a graceful band, introduced for artistic effect; while under this band I would have the old motto of the 'Vord Gron' itself, 'Cadair Arthur,' namely, 'Nid da lle gellir gwell.' Close to this again would come another old and splendid eisteddvodic motto, 'Deffro! mae'n Ddydd,' to be followed closely by 'Gair Cyswyn Urien Rheced yn Aberllychwr a Thaliesin yn Ben Athraw, er budd Gorsedd fe allai, sef,—

'Myn y Gwir ei le.'

All, thus far described, are intended to be enclosed within a bright circle of gold. Above this circle may be introduced the entire essence, as it seems to me, of the whole Bible, in those brief commandments respectively by the three persons of the Trinity. The first of these is from where the Great Creator himself says, in Genesis i. 3, 'Let there be light,' now meaning, doubtless, the light of mind through science in all directions.

"The second is the commandment, of so great a meaning, given by our Divine Redeemer in John xiii. 34, and elsewhere, 'Love one another,' and the third is the commandment of the Holy Spirit, where He says, in Rev. iii. 19, 'Be zealous;' that is, doubtless, in all things most high, pure, and enlightened, most great and good, glorious and free.

"Under the above mentioned circle of gold might appear the following words,—

The Order of
The Vord Gron,

co-operating with the eisteddfod and gorsedd for the promotion of all practicable improvements connected with the Kymry in all parts of the world.

Member.

Initiated.

"By the time you may attend a meeting of the Vord in London, I hope to have a very simple artistic sketch of all I have stated ready. Meanwhile, with best wishes for your most lasting happiness,

"I remain,
My dear bard and comrade,
Yours very faithfully,
JOSEPH EDWARDS.

"J. Ceiriog Hughes, Esq."

ENOCH HUGHES.

By Daniel Owen,

Author of *The Autobiography of Rhys Lewis, Gwen Tomos, &c.*

Translated from the Welsh by the Hon. Claud Vivian.

CHAPTER XXIX.

MARGARET BEFORE HER BETTERS.

JONES and Enoch went into the parlour, as has been said, and Enoch shut the door.

"Pardon my mistake," said Jones, "I thought you were calling me, and that you wanted to talk with me about last night's business."

"That was natural enough," said Enoch, in great confusion. After a short silence, Enoch added,—"Have you spoken of the matter to anyone, Mr. Jones?"

"No fear, Mr. Hughes," said Jones, "it would never do for a policeman to talk of everything he sees and hears here and there. No,—no fear."

"Did you say nothing to your wife?" asked Enoch.

"To my wife, Mr. Hughes? No. I would never say anything to *any woman* unless I wanted to save having to pay the town-crier," said Jones.

"I am glad to hear that; but I am extremely unlucky," said Enoch.

"Don't bother yourself about the matter, it's only a common case, Mr. Hughes," said Jones. "You would be surprised if I were to tell you all I know about things that happen in respectable families which the world never knows anything about. A policeman, sir, sees and hears more than anyone thinks; and I always say that anyone in business,—especially if he keeps a house,—ought not to be without a wife. Human nature is human nature all over the world, sir."

Enoch looked straight into the policeman's eyes, as though trying to guess the true meaning of his words, and as he could not get satisfaction, his heart gave a turn in him, and he said, feelingly,—

"Mr. Jones, you do not presume to suggest anything as to the purity of my character, do you?"

"I have known you for years, Mr. Hughes," said Jones, "and I should be sorry to suggest any such thing; I should be very sorry, indeed, to be obliged to believe what that hulking servant said last night, namely, 'that you were an infernally bad man,' but we policemen see so much that, at times, we almost lose faith in everyone, and almost get to say that there is not one upright person,—not one. At the same time I make an effort to believe the best of every man till he is proved to be guilty."

Though doing his best to appear brave, Enoch felt sure that Jones looked upon him as a guilty man. As the reader knows, he was a man of weak nerves, and he was overcome by his feelings, and broke out crying copiously, whilst at the same time he felt that Jones looked on his tears as tears of repentance and not as tears of innocence. The fox saw that the goose was in his clutches, and said in a hearty kind of way,—

"Mr. Hughes, don't be a fool, you need'nt fear a bit that the story will go further on my part."

After repossessing himself a little, Enoch said in almost a joyful tone,—

"Can I make a friend of you? Can I trust you, Mr. Jones, if I tell you all?

Jones undid three buttons of his blue coat, showing a piece of an old worn out waistcoat, and buttoned them up again as a sign of his capability to keep a secret, and said,—

"When anyone trusts a secret to me, sir, I put it here,—(pointing his finger to his breast,)—and keep it there under lock."

Then Enoch narrated the whole story connected with Margaret,—the hard world he had had with her, how much he had been obliged to suffer and bear with from her,—he mentioned her bad temper and her worrying, and that he had, for the sake of peace, acted the hypocrite, and praised her,—in a word he told everything, without omitting mention of Miss Trevor, and how his kindness to Margaret had led to the sight that Jones himself had been a witness of. The only thing Enoch left out in the story was his barricading the door of his bedroom,—he was ashamed to mention that. After finishing his story, Enoch felt like one who had obtained a great relief. He said to Jones,—

"Now what advice can you give me? I will give you anything, Mr. Jones, if you can help me out of this bother."

During the narrative Jones listened attentively and with great interest. He had never heard such a story in his life, and he could scarcely keep from laughing. He didn't know, if he was to be hanged

for it, which of the two to marvel most at,—the stupidity or the solemnity of Enoch Hughes. Jones knew from the beginning that Enoch was as innocent as a child, and he was not on that account less interesting in his sight. He had seen a few geese in his time; but Enoch, he thought, was the fattest goose he had ever seen, and already the smell of the fat was in his nostrils. After pretending to weigh the matter seriously in his mind and putting his head on one side reflectively, for a few moments, Jones said, impulsively,—

"I flatter myself, Mr. Hughes, that I know when a man is speaking the truth. I have had a bit of experience in that way, and truth is to be seen on the face of your story. I am very sorry indeed for you, Mr. Hughes, and if I can do anything to get you out of this mess I will do so with pleasure. To an honourable man nothing is more precious in his sight than his character. Money is nothing in comparison with the character of a man. Everyone knows, at least everyone guesses nowadays, that there is something between you and Miss Trevor; and it is possible a bother like this may do injury to your future, and change your programme entirely. Without mentioning your connection with the chapel,—you know best about that,—a thing like this cannot help affecting your business and your position in the town. Who knows, sir, what that wretched lump of a girl will say? I'll tell you another thing, Mr. Hughes, it is no odds what a man's character is, most people will believe the worst story about him, and the worse the story the more ready are some people to believe it. But I must say,—pardon me for saying it,—that you are yourself partly to blame in this matter. There are some girls, like some horses, that nothing suits but the whip; that is the only thing that brings them to themselves. There are some horses that it won't do at all to give oats to. You must keep them on hay. So to speak, Mr. Hughes, it is very evident to me that you have given Margaret too many oats. If, when she first showed her bad temper, you had shown her the door, and threatened to make the front of your foot and a particular part of her body acquainted with each other, I have no doubt in my mind that she would have been a very fair sort of woman by now, and that you would have had no row or trouble with her at all. Instead of that you have given her every delicacy, so that now nothing will do for her but to get you for a husband or damage your character. She is a woman of forty by now, I will warrant, and it is difficult, as you know, to lick tricks out of old horses. But will you trust the matter to me, Mr. Hughes? I wish heartily to be of some service to you, will you put your case in my hands, Mr. Hughes?"

"You are extremely kind, Mr. Jones," said Enoch, "and if you can help me to get out of this trouble, I will pay you liberally."

"Don't mention pay, Mr. Hughes," said Jones. "There are some people,—I don't suggest that you are one of them, remember, nothing of the sort,—but there are some people who think that pay is before the eye of every policeman at all times. They are mistaken, sir. I don't say, remember, Mr. Hughes, that I would not take pay, and honourable pay now and then for helping this and that person out of a mess, but I have never asked for pay,—never in my life, though a policeman's wages, as you know, are small, too small, a lot, when you think of their duties,—many of which are unpleasant enough,—and especially when he has a biggish family to keep as I have. But there's no need for me to speak like this to you, Mr. Hughes. My great object now, as a friend and neighbour, is to be of some service to you in your bother. I don't say I can succeed, but I have had a bit of experience in matters like this. Will you, Mr. Hughes, let me go about it in my own way?"

"I will put myself in your hands, Mr. Jones, as you are so kind," said Enoch.

"Very well," said Jones. "I have an idea. Is the girl about? Is she up?"

Oh yes,—long ago,—she's in the kitchen," said Enoch.

"Is she able to read and write?" asked Jones.

"She can't read a word," said Enoch.

"Very good," said Jones. "You stop here till I call for you; and if the idea succeeds, and if I call you into the kitchen, remember to look fierce and determined, *if you can*."

Jones opened the parlour door, and shut it behind him; and as he walked along the long lobby in the direction of the kitchen, the door of which was wide open, he said, in a loud voice, so that Margaret could hear, - "It's no use you talking, Mr. Hughes, the law must take its course."

Margaret was knocking about and making a noise, and her ancient bad temper, which she had kept under for so long, was boiling up in her. She had a big brush in her hand when Jones' words fell on her ears. She stood still suddenly, and the wild, ugly, disagreeable, and threatening look she had would have made any man less courageous than Jones hesitate. But Jones did not fear an attack, and he did not intend to make one. He walked into the kitchen composedly, but determinedly,—locked the door, and put the key in his pocket. Then he sat down on the table, and fumbled in his pockets for paper. Whilst fumbling he pulled out a pair of bright handcuffs,—(Jones was not accustomed to carry handcuffs, but it

happened to be inspection day, to-day,)—and placed them leisurely on the table, and also in the same way he put his staff there. All this Jones did before uttering a word or looking at Margaret, except through the corners of his eyes. He saw that his "idea" portended well, for Margaret was as though frozen to the floor of the kitchen, and her face was white with fear or rage. After taking the crumples out of an old letter, on the table, and putting a point to his lead pencil, Jones raised his head, and glaring like a lion at Margaret, said,—

"Now for the law on the subject. Your name is Margaret Parry, isn't it?"

"You know well enough what my name is," said Margaret, trying to appear bold.

"Very good," said Jones. "What is your age, Margaret Parry?"

"What business of yours is my age?" said Margaret.

"Margaret Parry," said Jones, "do you know that you are in the hands of the law? And that you must answer all questions before appearing before the magistrate, at ten o'clock, this morning? What o'clock is it now,"—(looking at the clock.)—"Oh, there's plenty of time."

"What's the law got to do with me," said Margaret, leaning more heavily on the brush.

"What's the law got to do with you, indeed?" said Jones. "Don't you know that you have broken the law called the Act of Parliament for the prevention of cruelty to animals?"

"What do I know about that?" said Margaret.

"I am not going, remember," said Jones, "to interpret for you. You will have a man to interpret for you, when you go before the master of the Plâs. Answer me, what is your age?"

"I am thirty five," said Margaret, reluctantly.

"And the rest?" said Jones. "Tell me the truth, Margaret Parry. Are you not forty five?"

Margaret did not answer a word, and Jones said,—

"I knew; very good," and as though speaking to himself, whilst writing, added,—"I—Margaret—Parry—aged—forty—five—years—last—birthday—&c. Very good. Now, Margaret Parry, listen to me. After having seen and heard what took place in this house last night, between eleven o'clock and midnight, it was my duty, as a policeman, to enquire into the matter, inasmuch as it was according to the law of Great Britain and Ireland a breach of the public peace. Now, after talking with Mr. Hughes, I am acquainted with all the details, and after I have had a few words with you, Margaret Parry, we shall be ready to bring the whole case before the master of the Plâs in the Town Hall. But to begin with, sit down, Margaret Parry, for you will have to stand up more than enough when you get to the Town Hall. I understand you have been in the service of Mr. Hughes, grocer, of the Cross Shop, for some years. In the course of that period,—be careful now how you answer the question,—in the course of that period have you ever had any wrong done you by Mr. Hughes?"

"I never said I had ever had any wrong done me by Mr. Hughes," said Margaret.

"Very good. But let me put that down in writing," said Jones, making a note of something on the paper, and gabbling something in English. Then," said he, "what the deuce did you mean by calling Mr. Hughes, in my hearing last night, an infernally bad man? Your case is settled already. You are guilty of defamation of character, a law that was made in the time of George the Fourth, and the punishment for breaking which is two years' imprisonment with hard labour. But that is only a small part of the charge against you. In the course of the time you have been in Mr. Hughes' service you have been guilty of disobedience,—and not that only, but of trying to tempt your master to make use of words which you could make an illegal use of afterwards, and you have also compelled him to purchase your proper behaviour with presents, and have even refused a rise in your wages, and indeed the wages that were due, with a special object,—in plain words you have presumed to think, and not only think, but as good as say that Mr. Hughes had his eye upon you with a view to making you his wife. The idea! An ugly, unsightly, old hag like you daring to think,—daring to imagine that a gentleman like Mr. Hughes, a young man who could get the handsomest lady in the town as a wife,—a rich young man, good looking, and respectable,—the idea, I say, of a man like that spending one single second in thinking of you! You must have gone cracked,—clean cracked in your senses, woman. And when I remember what you looked like last night with a spoon in your mouth, I am sure that you are cracked, and on that account I am inclined to pity you. Margaret Parry, listen to what I am going to say to you now. Your master knows that he can, for the abuse you have made of his kindness, put you in gaol, and this under an Act of Parliament called the Act of Toleration for the High Court of Chancery. But it is lucky for you that you have a tender minded master. Mr. Hughes does not wish to imprison you, and my advice to him is to put you in Denbigh asylum. But Mr. Hughes is against doing that, if you will promise to behave yourself in the future and sign an agreement. It appears that you, on particular occasions,—when the moon is on the wane for instance,—you allow an evil

spirit to take possession of you, and the asylum is the only place to cure people like that. I have taken many a one there, and they know how to deal with them there. To begin with, they bind them hand and foot, and put them into the pump trough and pump water on them for an hour and a half, and so on every day till they come to themselves. But Mr. Hughes is a merciful man, and I don't want to take you to the asylum, and he is ready to give you one more trial. Now, Margaret Parry, are you ready to promise,—if Mr. Hughes forgives you,—to be obedient to his orders,—not to give way to the evil spirit there is in your heart,—to look after his house and keep it tidy,—and beg Mr. Hughes' pardon for your imagining that you would get him as a husband, and for calling him an infernally bad man? Remember that it is necessary for you to be in one of three places,—a good and repentant girl in the Cross Shop,—in gaol,—or in Denbigh asylum. In which of the three places are you for being, Margaret Parry?"

There had been signs of repentance and fright for some time on Margaret, and she said, sadly,—

"I'd soonest stop here, and I'm sure Mr. Hughes won't turn me away."

"Very good," said Jones, "but there must be an agreement made," and he opened the door, calling loudly for Mr. Enoch Hughes.

Enoch came in flabbily and nervously,—so nervously that Jones longed in his heart to give him a good swearing at.

THE LORDSHIP OF DENBIGH IN 1649-50.

By Edward Owen, London.

I.—INTRODUCTION.

THE following is a copy of the survey of the Lordship of Denbigh taken shortly after the execution of Charles I. and the establishment of the commonwealth. It is probably the last survey of the lordship prior to its final disposal by the government, and it affords a last glimpse into the administration of a large crown property, the course of which can be faintly followed for over three hundred years before it disappears, as it were into private life, where it is necessarily lost to our view.

In the eighth year of Edward III.,—1335,—the lordship, which was then in the hands of the crown, was minutely surveyed, which survey is partially printed in the appendix to Mr. Seebohm's recently published volume on "The Tribal System in Wales." At that period it comprised the entire commotes of Kimmerch, Uwchaled Isaled, Uwchdulas, and Isdulas. The present document shows how that magnificent property had been diminished by sales and grants during the intervening three centuries.

It is probable that the area of crown land in Wales,—that is, land directly administered by royal officials on behalf of the king or queen or prince of Wales, and the revenues of which may be regarded as part of the public revenue of the kingdom,—was as considerable at the death of Elizabeth as it was at the death of Edward I. By 1650, it had greatly decreased. Within the next ten years it almost reached a vanishing point. To-day it is quite insignificant compared with its extent six hundred years ago. Of its many dismemberments, the most important was that in favour of the city of London. Yet, I have no doubt, it will come as a surprise to almost everyone of my readers, that, not so very long ago, a large proportion of the entire area of Wales was the private property of the citizens of London. The most momentous, and certainly the most gigantic, transaction in connection with the land of Wales, is also the least known circumstance in the whole range of Welsh history. Hundreds of thousands of acres in Wales,—in the aggregate more than the area of many an entire county,—changed hands; but the fact has escaped the notice of all our historians, though the social and economic changes to which it gave rise must have been of supreme importance, and its consequences may even be discerned in the agrarian troubles of our own day.

In the year 1628-9, Charles I., finding himself, thus early in his reign, reduced to great financial embarrassment, applied to

his well-beloved citizens of London for aid, and in consideration of a large sum of money to be paid at once, as well as of sundry previous loans, the king conveyed to them "in free and common socage," as the grant expresses it, large tracts of land situated in every county in Wales, save Glamorgan.* I believe that the city of London does not own an acre of land in Wales at the present day, at any rate, none that passed to it under the comprehensive grant of Charles I. Indeed, unlike its policy in the matter of its Irish estates, I believe, it hastened to dispose of its acquisitions in Wales, and managed it so effectually that all had passed into other hands in the course of the next twenty years. But the precise steps by which the corporation of London, and a few obscure individuals, who had also benefitted by the steadily accumulating misfortunes of Charles, disposed of such an enormous area are at present unknown, though it is hoped that further researches will bring the details of these momentous transactions to light. Though a considerable portion of the lordship of Denbigh is included in the various grants of Charles I., what was probably the larger and wealthier moiety had already met with exceptional treatment. The lordship was granted by queen Elizabeth to her favourite the earl of Leicester who, with the consent of the queen, entered into a composition with such of the tenants of the lordship as were rich enough to purchase the privilege, whereby their "customary" holdings,—a sort of quasi freehold which the old Welsh holdings, both free and servile, tended to become,—were converted into tenancies in free socage, *i.e.*, into freeholds,† and in the case of these holdings there remained with the crown only small reserved rents.

After the execution of Charles, commissioners were appointed to survey the royal estates with a view to their sale, and it is the survey then taken of the remnants of the great lordship of Denbigh that is now presented to the reader. What had been spared by Charles was sacrificed by the commonwealth. Practically the whole of the remaining crown lands were sold in the ten years of the interregnum, at the rate of ten years' purchase. The Welsh landowners regarded the visitation of the commonwealth commissioners with considerable suspicion, and their royalist proclivities probably assumed a deeper tinge from the fear they not unnaturally entertained of the retaliatory policy of the new government. Those of them who held under leases for varying periods of years granted by previous rulers completely ignored the commissioners. At Conway, the latter hardly dared to hold an enquiry, and they pathetically observe that they could not show themselves in the streets without danger of assault. They appear to have executed their difficult and invidious duties with perfect fairness, and in all cases where lands were alleged to be held under still existing leases they make record of the fact. Their account of the devolution of the piece of land called Maenllwyd illustrates a practice that seems to have commenced in the reign of Henry VII., and was largely developed by his successors, namely, the issue of leases in reversion. In 1593, Henry Lloyd, alias Rossindale, obtained a lease of these premises for thirty years, to date from the year 1602, in which year a still earlier lease, no doubt, expired.* Lloyd's lease would therefore expire in 1632. In 1611, James I., leased the same property to John Eldred and William Whitmore, probably hangers-on of the court. This lease was for a period of sixty years, commencing from the expiration of Lloyd of Rossindale's lease in 1632, and therefore itself terminable in 1692. The next day after the royal grant to Eldred

* All existing obligations were, of course, reserved by the grant, as was also the payment of various small sums from certain properties, which, as "crown rents" or "treth y brenin," are still paid to the crown in different parts of the Principality.

† On another great Denbighshire estate, in the lordship of Bromfield and Yale, the tenants had managed to obtain by purchase from queen Elizabeth better terms than had previously existed. In Norden's survey of 1620, the presentments of the various members of the lordship specify that "The persons under named are the Prince his highnes tennantes by leases or customarie tennantes within ye said mannor, and do hould the messuages landes and tenements uppon their severall names sett downe, and doe respectively pay for the same the severall rents uppon thir names appearinge by leases for 40 yeares, and so for 40 yeares to 40 yeares and doe pay two yeares rent and a ffyne uppone the taking of their leases, according to the composition made betweene the late queene Elizabeth of famous memorie, and the tennants of Bromfield and Yale in the ffourth year of her said late happie raigne."

* A number of leases, some for life, others for periods of years, ranging from twenty to forty, of small portions of the lordship of Denbigh, were granted in Henry the Eighth's reign, but I cannot trace one of the parcel of land in question, probably because,—as in the subsequent lease to Eldred and Whitmore,—it is included in a larger area. Does the name still exist? And what is the correct modern form of the commissioners' Klickiedie?

and Whitmore, these worthies conveyed their interest therein,—so far, at least, as related to Maenllwyd,—to Lloyd, whose tenure therefore became extended to 1692; thus having in 1650, as the commissioners observe, forty two years from that date to run. In their turn all the properties leased to Eldred and Whitmore were included in the grant of Charles I. to the city of London, though why this latest lease is not mentioned by the commissioners, I cannot conjecture.

The article in the extent relating to the castle is interesting. The outer ballium was being encroached upon by houses, and it appeared to be nobody's business to arrest the encroachment. The area of the piece of ground referred to creates a difficulty. It is probably the same as that mentioned in a survey of the reign of Henry VIII.,—"And within the said castle a fair large Green, wherein standeth a chapel to serve the castle;" and also in a later survey of the year 1562, where it is called "the green within the castle, being a fair large lawn, containing in length 84 yards, and in breadth 70 yards, and a ruinous chapel upon the green." But this would not give anything like seven acres.

The spelling of the manuscript will be strictly adhered to in the Welsh place names.

THE UNIVERSITY OF WALES.

An address delivered before the Welsh National Society of Liverpool, on November 18th, 1895.

By J. Viriamu Jones, M.A., B.Sc., F.R.S., Principal of the University College of South Wales and Monmouthshire, and Vice-Chancellor of the University of Wales.

I.

THERE is safety, when addressing a Welsh National Society, in choosing an educational subject for the subject of discourse. This is true in Wales, and none the less true out of it; for no Welshmen are more ardently Welsh than many who live elsewhere than in the mother country.

It would be an interesting task to trace the origin of the devotion to things educational which has characterised the Welsh people during the past thirty five years,—a devotion ever increasing during that time. This devotion has, doubtless, been, in part, due to general causes simultaneously affecting other parts of the empire. Educational reform is a very natural result, for instance, of extension of the franchise. The historic connection between them is more than fortuitous. The Reform Bill of 1832 was promptly followed by the first government grant to elementary education; the Reform Bill of 1866 by the Education Act of 1870; the Reform Bill of 1883 by Free Education and the Technical Instruction Acts. Indeed political issues lead very straight to an educational moral.

We live in a democratic age. Equality of rights for all men, equality of opportunity for all men,—these are the phrases of the platform, and they embody the tendency of our legislation. Side by side with these democratic ideas, or, perhaps, inside and interwoven with them, we have a universalisation of the idea of intellectual competence,—the recognition that everyone has a right to have an opinion and to express it. But with this right, as with all others, there goes a corresponding responsibility. The growth of freedom is the growth of responsibility. There is no Cæsar to bear the burden of empire. The citizens of this country will be the makers of its progress; they will, too, be the fathers of its mistakes. The destiny of this great empire is in their hands, How shall they play their part, discharge their responsibility, answer to this call, if each one has not trained intelligence? Each one has a right to an opinion. Yes! we gladly respond. But each has the corresponding duty to see that his opinion is a well-founded result of investigation and thought. From that duty he cannot escape; and how shall he fulfil it adequately if his training be not

such as to have equipped him intellectually for the task?

We are led, then, to education as, perhaps, the chief problem of the time; and to education not in the narrow sense,—the education of the few,—but in the widest sense,—the education of all.

Such considerations as these, with many others that might be mentioned, have done much to arouse the community, as a whole, to a sense of the importance of educational reform and progress, and have exercised a constraining and directing influence on the educational policy of our legislators.

But in Wales there have been, I think, certain special causes contributing to a warmer glow of educational aspiration. The religious revival of a hundred years ago was an awakening of national life. It developed a spiritual life that found a natural outcome in a real reverence for knowledge, a reverence that penetrated to the humblest homes; and many and pathetic are the records of noble self-sacrifice on the part of Welsh parents to secure for their sons this gift of knowledge at a time when it was hard to reach, by reason of the absence of educational opportunity in their country. This reverence for knowledge, with the advent of a true democratic ideal,—the only true democratic ideal,—the ideal of a state in which all should be cultivated citizens,—has given rise to an intense longing for intellectual opportunity, for the means of acquiring knowledge from a complete educational system; and so the history of Wales during the last twenty five years has been little else than the history of its educational progress. Without an appreciation of these springs of action in our national life, it would be difficult to understand the hold which, in my experience, educational questions have on the people of Wales, and the feeling that finds expression when colliers and artisans give gladly the small sums they can afford,—sums not small to them,—for the establishment and development of the Welsh colleges, and for the maintenance of students of their class; and when they influence their representatives on our County Councils to make large grants for educational purposes. These things warrant one in saying that, in respect of education, we are not merely aiming at a national life,—we have begun to live it.

It is my purpose to-night to relate one chapter in the educational advance of Wales. The foundation of the University College of Wales, Aberystwyth, the work of the Departmental Committee of 1880, the foundation of the University Colleges of South Wales and Monmouthshire, and of North Wales, and the steps leading up to intermediate education legislation have been often told. My subject to-night is a still newer one,—PRIFYSGOL CYMRU,—the University of Wales. And I cannot, in the time at my disposal, go back to the period when the University was a vague and shadowy ideal in the minds of prophetic and patriotic men, the great men who laid the foundations of other institutions that have made it possible. I must restrict myself to an account of the movement which resulted in the practical scheme to which the crown has given effect.

For this purpose I must take you back to an August morning in the year 1887, when the Cymmrodorion section of the National Eisteddfod met in London to begin a three days' discussion on Welsh education. The main object of the address with which that discussion opened was to show how every part of the Welsh system of education,—whether as considered elementary, intermediate, or higher education,—stood in need of an organisation of a completing kind, binding together what was then more or less separate and individual educational work; and that a properly constituted University of Wales would precisely provide this organisation, so necessary to give unity of purpose and consolidation of result to Welsh educational effort; and that such a University was necessary, not merely to "crown the educational edifice,"—to use an oft-repeated phrase,—but to introduce symmetry, order, and good arrangement to those parts of it already in existence. We could have put up for a time with an incomplete edifice; we objected strongly to an untidy and disorderly one. I confess I do not think the architectural metaphor an appropriate one. I have used another that seems to me truer, taken from a department of science

to which I have given some attention. Scatter iron filings on a sheet of card-board, they will fall irregularly without trace of ordering. Bring a magnet beneath the card-board, and they will arrange themselves in curves so harmonious and beautiful and mysterious, that one never wearies of watching. "That's the tale; the application?" The iron filings are the educational institutions of Wales; and the University, if it plays its part aright, is the magnet that shall link them into orderly system.

In regard to elementary education, the paper to which I have referred pointed out that the relation between the University Colleges and the teachers in elementary schools was not nearly so close as it ought to be, and advocated the proposal that the University Colleges should be placed by the education code in the same position as training colleges, as regards the reception of grants for the training of elementary teachers, provided that satisfactory arrangements were made for instruction in the theory and practice of teaching by the appointment of the requisite additional staff and the provision of the necessary opportunities of practical teaching. This proposal involved the pursuance, by students in the training department, of a University scheme of study in the non-technical parts of their work. Now it was clear that the examinations of the Education Department were not the most suitable that could be devised for teachers trained at the University Colleges, and that it would be necessary to ask the Department to regard as a substitute for it the certificate of the college obtained by the candidate after fulfilling a prescribed course of study, or, better still, the certificate of the three colleges combined for purposes of examination. But what was this combination of colleges? What but University organisation? It naturally implied the formation of the Welsh University. It was claimed for this method of bringing the colleges into relation with elementary teachers, that it was easy to apply, that it was economical, and that it would mark a distinct advance in the education of teachers, for there is a breadth in University education which a professional college must always fail to reach, however excellent be its teaching. It was further urged, as a collateral advantage, that the scheme, successfully carried out, would bind together the higher education and the elementary education of the country. The University becomes a familiar thought to the teacher, and therefore, also, to boys and girls in the elementary school.

At the close of the discussion, the Cymmrodorion Section passed the following resolution,—

"That in the opinion of the Cymmrodorion Section of the National Eisteddfod, the University Colleges of Wales ought to be placed in the same position as Training Colleges as regards the reception of grants for the training of teachers in elementary schools, provided that satisfactory arrangements are made for instruction in the theory and practice of teaching by the appointment of the requisite additional staff and the provision of the necessary opportunities for practical teaching."

The discussion and suggestions have been fruitful. They came before the government with like suggestions made from other parts of the country, and notably, I believe, from Liverpool. In the result Day Training Colleges have been established on the lines laid down. The training department was opened at Cardiff in 1891; and since then similar departments have been established at Aberystwyth and Bangor; and I think I am right in saying that from 220 to 230 teachers were in training last year in the University Colleges of Wales.

But my present purpose is to lay stress on the fact that the need for the University of Wales definitely emerged from the proposal that teachers in elementary schools should be trained at the University Colleges.

THE LAST LLYWELYN'S MEMORIAL.

In the February number of *Cymru'r Plant*, prizes to the amount of five pounds will be offered to children under seventeen years of age for collecting towards the proposed memorial to our last native prince.

THE HIRLAS HORN OF GOLDEN GROVE.
(Photograph by H. A. Chapman, Swansea.)

THE HIRLAS HORN OF GOLDEN GROVE.

By His Honour Judge DAVID LEWIS.

THIS historic drinking vessel belongs to the Earl of Cawdor, and is now kept at Stacpole, in Pembrokeshire. According to tradition, it was presented by Henry VII. to Dafydd ap Evan of Llwyn Dafydd, just after the landing of Henry, then duke of Richmond, in Pembrokeshire, while on the march in the course of which he fought the battle of Bosworth, and gained the crown of England. There is a description and illustration of the horn as it was in 1684, done by one Dinely, in his account of the Beaufort progress. This was an account of the progress through Wales and the Marches of Prince Henry, the first duke of Beaufort, who had just been made by Charles II. lord president of those districts. Dinely's account is full of historic interest. He was an enthusiastic antiquary, very fond of pedigree and tombstone literature, and was, so far as I have been able to test his accuracy, in spite of a fondness for stories savouring of the marvellous, a keen observer, whose accounts, when they are founded upon his own personal observation, may be almost without hesitation relied upon. His description in the Beaufort progress is as follows,—

"Among other remarkes at Golden Grove are seen ye drinking horn above exhibited, beautified with silver artifice, being the first vessell Henry Tudor, earle of Richmond, afterwards king of England (by the name of Henry VII.), drank out of after his landing at Milford Haven, in

Pembrokeshire, in order to the marrying the Lady Elizabeth and deposing Richard III. This horn was presented by himself to this noble family, now earles of Carbery, where it hath remained ever since, and is kept among the noble earle's choicest raritys. The foot is of silver, and in form of a mount, upon which stands a dragon and greyhound of the same mettall, in imitation of the supporters of the royal armes of Henry VII., which follow on the other side, shewing the dexter side a red dragon,—the ensign of Cadwalader, the last king of the Britains, from whom, by a male line, he derives his pedigree, according to the laborious Sandford's genealogy of kings, p. 434,—and on the sinister side a greyhound argent, collar'd Gules, which he gave in right of his wife, the queen Elizabeth of York, descended from the Nevils by Anne, her grandmother, the daughter of Ralph Nevill, earle of Westmoreland, and wife of Richard, duke of York. The portcullis upon the lipping or rim of the mouth is in token of his descent, by his mother, from the noble family of the Beauforts. To this device on his mausole, or royal sepulture, at Westminster, is added this motto,—*altera securitas*; as who should say, as a portcullis is a further security to a gate, so his mother corroborated his other titles. From this device he instituted a pursivant at armes, and named him Portcullis, as from the leading supporter ye red dragon had been instituted by him also ye pursivant called Roug Dragon. The roses on the rim I suppose to speak the union of the two houses, Lancaster and York, by his marriage. Those, among other devices, are often repeated in and about Henry VII.'s chappell, Westminster, as a Crown in an Hawthorn Bush, to commemorate his being crown'd with King Richard's formerly usurp'd diadem in Bosworth field, which was sayd to be found there, after the victory, in a bush bearing haws. This is seen also painted in the glass of the stone gallery of the ancient abby of Lacock,—belonging to Major Sharington Talbot,—in the county of Wilts. The red dragon, also, is seen upon a banner in the hand of an angell on ye south east of the foot of his monument, at Westminster, in commoration of it, painted upon white and green silke in his standard at Bosworth, and afterwards offered up, — among other trophies of his victory,—at ye cathedrall of St. Paul's, London."

In an account of the meeting at Tenby (1851) of the Cambrian Archæological Society,* there occurs the following statement about the horn, which was in the temporary museum of the society, made by the then Earl of Cawdor,—

"The Hirlas, or drinking horn, was presented by Henry VII. to Ievan ap Dafydd Llwyd of Llwyn Dafydd, in the county of Cardigan, Esq., and is preserved at Golden Grove. This exquisite work of art, which is figured in the frontispiece to Lewis Dunn's Heraldic Visitation, Vol. I., consists of a large horn, with silver circles, resting on a stand formed by the king's supporters, the greyhound and red dragon, also of silver. The stand is extremely graceful, and the design appears to betoken foreign influence. The mountings of the horn are of later date."

The illustration shows that the horn,—and its mountings,—in the time of Dinely looked very different from what they do now. I believe a modern goldsmith has stated that the present mountings must have been put in considerably later than the reign of Henry VII. I don't know whether anything from inspection of Dinely's sketch could tell the date of the mountings when he saw the horn; that is to say, how long before 1684 they were executed. Dinely was, in these matters, apparently a man of knowledge. I feel pretty sure that if the mountings that then were had been of much more recent date than 1684, he would have noticed and observed upon the fact. I believe it is the opinion of the present Earl of Cawdor, that the present mountings were put on by one of the Vaughans, who became a duchess of Bolton I forget her husband's name. It was "Charles Paulet."

* Arch. Camb., Vol. II. M.S., p. 338.

QUERIES AND REPLIES

QUERIES.

LXXXVII.—What are the chief authorities for the modern economical history of Wales, and how can they be got? SON OF TOIL.

Cardiff.

LXXXVIII.—Can any of the readers of WALES inform me where I can obtain the poetical works of the late John Blackwell (*Alun*)? And the price? An answer will greatly oblige

North Fleet, Kent. CYMRO.

[Alun's poetical works are published, in paper covers, for one shilling, by Isaac Foulkes, 18, Brunswick Street, Liverpool. Perhaps someone will inform us whether copies of the older edition can be got.—ED.]

LXXXIX.—Has anything been written on the poets of Cwm Tawe and Bro Morgannwg? If so, how can I obtain the works? J. J.

Swansea.

[In one of the old volumes of the *Traethodydd*, about 1866, I believe, there are most interesting articles on the poets of Cwm Tawe by the Rev. T. Levi. Much of the poetry of the Vale of Glamorgan will be found in the Iolo MSS., and in Cadrawd's *History of Llangynwyd*,—both at your library.—ED.]

XC.—"I have somewhere seen a list of unidentified Welsh battlefields. I remember that it included *Bryn Derwyn*, where, according to O. Jones' *Cymru*, a fierce battle was fought in 1254 between Owen Goch and Dafydd ab Gruffydd, and their brother Llywelyn, "ein Llyw ola." Is the site still unidentified? There is an old farm-house of the name,—around which earthworks are visible,—in the Severn Valley, just below Abermule Station, and within sight of the old castle of Dolyforwyn,*—

" . . . . rocky Dolvoryn,
Sabrina's early haunt."—DYER.

Can this be the place?

XCI.—*The Honourable Society of Cymmordorion.*—In an address by the printer,—of an edition of Vicar Prichard's "*Canwyll y Cymry*,"—to the reader, reference is made to "*Aelodau y Brif, a'r Anrhydeddus Society y Cynbrodorion ym Mhrif-Ddinas Brydain fawr*," and to W. Vaughan, Esq., M.P., Dr. Thomas Lewelin, R. Morris, Esq., T. Jones, Esq., Dr. Powell, T. Evans, Gent., &c., &c., Presidents of the said society, as having rendered him valuable assistance in preparing the work for the press.

When was the society of Cynbrodorion established? Is it identical with that now known by the name? Is it possible to have an article giving some account of its history?

BRWYN.

* Said, by Dugdale, to have been erected by their grandfather, Dafydd ab Llywelyn, circa 1245.

REPLIES.

79.—Mead is certainly not fabulous. It was drunk, and is drunk still. A few days ago, a peasant, in a mountainous part of Wales, brought me honey, and said,—"I would have brought mead, also, had I not known that your head is weak." I copy the account of "Metheglen," given in Fuller's *Worthies*.

"Some will have this word of Greek extraction, from *μέθυ αἰγλήεν*, contracted *αἰγλῆν*. But the British will not so let go their 'none countriman, Mathew Glin,' but will have it *purum potum Cambricum*, wholly of Welsh original. Whencesoever the word is made, the liquor is compounded of water, honey, and other ingredients, being most wholesome for man's body. Pollis Romulus, who was an hundred years old, being asked of Augustus Cæsar by what means especially he had so long preserved his vigour, both of mind and body, made answer,—Intus mulso, foris oleo,'—'By taking metheglen inward, and oil outward.'

"It differeth from mead, *ut vinum a lora*, as wine from that weak stuff which is the last running from the grapes pressed before. It is a most generous liquor, as it is made in this county, insomuch that, had Mercator, who so highly praised the mead of Egra for the best in the world, I say, had he tasted of this Welsh hydromel he would have confined his commendation to Germany alone, and allowed ours the precedency. Queen Elizabeth, who, by the Tudors, was of Welsh descent, much loved this her native liquor, recruiting an annual stock thereof for her own use. And here take, if you please,

"*The Receit thereof.*

"First, gather a bushell of sweet-briar leaves, and a bushell of thyme, half a bushell of rosemary, and a peck of bay leaves. Seethe all these, being well washed, in a furnace of fair water. Let them boil the space of half an hour, or better, and then pour out all the water and herbs into a vat, and let it stand till it be but milk-warm; then strain the water from the herbs, and take to every six gallons of water one gallon of the finest honey, and put it into the boorn,* and labour it together half an hour, then let it stand two days, stirring it well twice or thrice each day. Then take the liquor, and boil it anew; and when it doth seethe, skim it as long as there remaineth any dross. When it is clear, put it into the vat as before, and there let it be cooled. You must then have in readiness a kind of new ale or beer, which, as soon as you have emptied, suddenly whelm it upside down, and set it up again, and presently put in

* That is, the wort, or boiled liquor.

the metheglen, and let it stand three days a working. And then tun it up in barrels, tying at every tap-hole, by a pack-thread, a little bag of beaten mace and cloves, to the value of an ounce. It must stand half a year before it be drunk."

A STRICT ABSTAINER.

Reply to query 79,—*Mead*,—John Phillips, in Book II. of his poem "Cyder," published in 1708, has the following lines,—an evident reference to mead,—

". . . . . the Britons squeeze the works
Of sedulous Bees, and mixing od'rous Herbs
Prepare balsamic Cups, to wheezing Lungs
Medicinal, and short-breath'd, ancient Sires."

Of course I do not put this forward as positive proof that mead was a real drink, but it may, at least, be considered as supporting the belief.

BRWYN.

In reply to query 83, I beg to enclose the following extract from the "Cambrian Register," Vol. I. (1795), page 104. D. MORRIS.

2, *Priory Terrace, Cardigan.*

"There have been frequent enquiries instituted with regard to the different routes which Charles the First took, whilst he traversed the kingdom in various directions during the civil war, many of which have been settled with accuracy. The certainty would be no less curious and interesting to ascertain the different stages of Richmond's march through Wales, on his way to Bosworth. Two of his resting places are well authenticated, which I shall here mention, as an inducement to such as may be possessed of ampler means of information to add to the catalogue. David ap Evan, of Llwyn Dafydd, in the parish of Landissilio Gogo, Cardiganshire, entertained Richmond and his followers one night, which the earl acknowledged by several presents, particularly a drinking horn, richly mounted on a silver stand, which was afterwards presented to Richard, earl of Carbery, and is now in the possession of John Vaughan, Esq., of Golden Grove, Carmarthenshire. The following night, Inon ap David Llwyd, Esq., of Wern Newydd, in the parish of Llanarth, Cardiganshire, received the earl in a style of hospitality suited to the high rank of his guest."

N.B.—Readers who may have books to sell to those who inquire for them, will please, in all cases, state the price.

A number of queries and replies have to be held over. Some will appear as articles. I am very grateful to those who work so hard to make this page interesting.

EDITOR'S NOTES

Address,—O. M. EDWARDS, LINCOLN COLLEGE, OXFORD.

THE following letter was written by Sir Lewis Morris to Joseph Edwards. I print it here by the writer's kind permission,—

89, CHANCERY LANE,
Nov. 13, '79.

MY DEAR MR. EDWARDS,

Mr. Hugh Owen's clerk has just brought me the certificate which you have been kind enough to send me, and I write at once to say how very fine it seems to me as a work of art, and what great pleasure it gives me to receive it from the artist with his own explanation of its meaning written with so much poetical instinct and grace. It will make a very beautiful object to be framed and hung, I hope, in many a humble farm house in Wales from which the son of the house has gone to Aberystwyth to win knowledge, and then further afield for fame like you and I.

I sincerely hope now that we are surmounting our very annoying and irritating troubles of the past year, and that the Institution will do good work, and be worthy of your very beautiful certificate.

With many thanks for your present and kind regards.

Very truly yours.
LEWIS MORRIS.

Mr. Joseph Edwards.

The following translation of Islwyn's *Millenium* is by Mr. R. L. Davies, the secretary of the Newport Eisteddfod,—

Hail the day!
When nations shall in majesty arise
From their house of long bondage, as erstwhile
Their God rose from the dead, with cruel death,
And all their foes, for ever under foot.
Beneath the banners of redemption, conquering, free,
The race of Israel will in peace march on
Through gory sea, into the promised land
—The Canaan of their rights, from Egypt's thralls
Like to their prototpye of yore.

The elements themselves will then be tamed,
A thousand years the waves will rue their rage,
And will cast off the wind's tyrannic yoke.
The waves will weep upon the ocean's marge
Tears of liquid pearl in deepest penitence
For ages of oppression towards the shore.
The church shall then have fruitful cause for joy
And wipe all tears away, in surest hope
Of the Almighty's smile, and e'er enjoy
The radiance of His face as noontide sun,
And live on wonders,—live on God Himself,
Like skies that span across a sea of rays.

"Since writing the article on *The Welsh People and their National Emblems*," writes Mr. Edwards Tirebuck, "I have discovered that the carving of a castle in stone over the entrance to Denbigh Market Hall represents the coat of arms of that

town. I had mentally noted the carving of the castle, but not knowing that to be the arms of the town,—I had always associated a Bych with it,—the fact had not its full significance for me. It is only just to acknowledge the presence of that heraldic emblem,—purely local though it is. One still wishes, however, that some entirely national emblem had been worked in stone along with the rose, thistle, and shamrock,—or, indeed, in place of these."

I have in preparation a number of illustrated descriptive

OYSTERMOUTH CASTLE.

articles on Welsh historic scenes. Most of the Glamorgan castles will be described, and the famous battle sites of Wales. The interest in Welsh history has evidently been aroused; almost every week I get a number of queries about unidentified sites. Mynydd Carn is a puzzle to many, myself among the number. In English history there is the same uncertainty about sites. Who can point out the exact site of Cloveshoe, of ecclesiastical celebrity?

Where is Deorham, the site of one of the most important battles between the West Saxons and the Romanized Britons of the west? And where is Fethanlea,—the site of the battle which determined that Northumbria, and not Wessex, was to be the first dominant power after the fall of the Roman *dux*?

Bryn Derwyn, the scene of the early victory of the last Llywelyn, is somewhere on either side of the Eifl range. Will any local antiquarian give us an account of the exact site? I feel certain that Mr. Hamer Jones' interesting surmise, in the Queries page, is not correct.

It is one of the most difficult parts of the teacher's work to give a child a living idea of geography. Mr. Darlington told me that the best way is to get a lot of sand, and to teach the children to form out of it the figure of their native country or district. The children under my charge are now busily engaged on new Arans, new valleys of the Dee, and new Berwyns. The sand is already a great success.

Might I appeal to amateur photographers to send me bits of typical Welsh scenery and of places of historic importance? I know that photography has become the pastime of many, and a most pleasant pastime it is. The following illustration is a view of the summit of the Garneddwen, one of the highest points reached by a railway in Wales. The view is taken from Bryn Tynoriad, the birthplace of Ieuan Gwynedd.

THE COLLIER'S WIFE.

By R. E. T. Law, Llanelly.

YES, you are right; it is a weary life. Before I married Jim I was at home with my father, on his small farm in the very Welshiest part of Pembrokeshire, and Jim was working in the slate quarry not far from my home. Of course you remember when the quarry stopped, and all the men had to go away to look for work.

Well, Jim went to the hills, and soon got work in a colliery. In a very short time he earned very good wages, very much more than the gaffer earned in the quarry. So we got married, and now I'm a collier's wife. Yes, it's a weary life; and, for many, a sad one. I often long for the trees and the sea that we could see from the old homestead, around which all the memories of my childhood linger; and I see the shadows of the trees now, when I go home in summer, just the same as they were in the moonlight, when Jim and I used to roam in our happy days.

Yes, it's a weary life; but we hope to go back *there* to end our days. But we don't know,—it's a sad life for me. Maybe and when you come here again next year, I can't say whether we shall be here. It's such a dangerous mine, and no one knows whether to-morrow is to dawn on the collier. Why, only last week, I was lying awake on my bed one night, wearily waiting the first streak of grey, listening to the footsteps in the street.

Yes, my husband works at night. He is a timberman,—a roofer,—and he generally comes home about six in the morning; but I could hear the footsteps nearing my house. I know it's only the policeman

that occasionally walks through our street by night until the men come home; but I know his step. It wasn't his step that I could hear. I was so glad when the sound passed the house, and died away in the distance,—the far end of our street. I don't know who it was, but it frightened me. I dream and fear, and when Jim came home safe and sound I was glad. But I never tell him my fears. He went away again the next evening; but I could get no sleep. I was almost dozing, though, when I heard the sound of a horse's hoofs, ringing clear and sharp on the street. I've often had to listen to it in the dead of night, and the collier's wife knows only too well that that sound brings the tidings of death to many a humble home. My breath failed me. I was afraid. Nearer it came. Ah! it slowed, that sound. I heard some men get off the cart; they walked a few steps on to the pavement, as if to see the numbers on the door.

They went back again, and the horse walked on. Oh! the throbbings of my heart. They were slowly coming nearer *my* home, my Jim's home, and I had almost given up hope that I should see him again. We are not even allowed the consolation of seeing his pallid features once cold death has marked him for her own. More often than not we would not recognise, in the disfigured shape shown us, him we loved. Death is so cruel,—sometimes.

I could bear it no longer, this suspense. I got up and looked through the window. There was the cart nearly up to my door, and on it I could see the dark cloth, which often covers the only remains of a faithful loving heart. Oh yes, a collier can love. I was mad. The cart had stopped, and there came a knock at my door,—my Jim's door! I screamed. One's often weak in the time of sore trouble, and we have only lived a few years together. Oh! death is cruel!

The door opened. We always leave it open. My Jim comes in early.

Someone came in and called my name. I only moaned. She came up to me, and I saw it was my next door neighbour who had seen the cart stop, and who was full of compassion. Yes, she had gone through all the fears that I had. We all live in fear here. She helped me dress, and we went down together.

I found the overman there, and he seemed surprised to see me. I thought it was because of my deathly whiteness; but, oh! joy of joys, he spoke, told me not to fear. They always tell us the truth; it's less cruel. So I believed him at once. He had made a mistake. They had given him the wrong number. My house was No. 24, and the cart ought to have gone to No. 34.

I burst ont crying, but a leaden load was off my heart. My Jim was safe.

The cart with its still burden went its way. I was happy now; but poor Sarah Price had lost a good husband.

Yes; she comes from Pembrokeshire, too.

I have many friends here in Aberdare, quite a colony from my home, and we get happy times when we all relate our memories about home.

I was joyful, but then I knew it was one step nearer to my fate. We are all living almost in readiness to hear of some explosion or some accident; we are living in the midst of death, and that death in its most deadly form. There are many poor mothers down home who have seen the coffin containing the last earthly remains of their best sons brought home to be buried; a sad home-coming, surely.

Not long ago, my Jim's partner had to be taken home to his last resting place. They were working in the same place and were talking, when all at once, the large stone which they were sounding crashed down, and poor Will never said a word. Jim did'nt go to work for more than a month after that, and now he says "Good-bye" to me every time he goes to work.

But sad and weary as the collier's life may be, yet he's working in a grand place. I've been to London. I saw nothing wonderful there. The valleys and rocks in Pembrokeshire, and old Precelly top in a mist are, I think, ten times more wonderful than anything I saw in London; for I can see the hand that made all these big houses, streets, and other strange sights in London, while I know that the only hand that was used to form the sights of nature is invisible.

But I've also been in the depths of the coal mine that my Jim works in, and nothing can ever come up to the wonderful sights I've seen down there. These, again, are the works of nature's hand, and to see the black line of coal, with stone on top and stone below, glistening in the light of the collier's lamp, and casting rays of jet,—truly a black diamond,—with its imprints, so curious and lovely, of fern, and footprints, and leaves,—that's beauty, if you like; and I felt so safe down, down in the regions of the deep, because I had my Jim. It seemed so safe, trusting to the hand of the Creator for life. We see it clearer the more the danger. Why, since I've been down the mine, I feel that I can trust my Jim's life much easier to Him above, who cares for the widow, and who is a Father to the fatherless.

THE TWO SINGERS OF ULA.

A PARABLE.

TWO bards in Ula's realm appeared
For one all glorious purpose given,
Each with the gift of song revered,
And each with equal fire of Heaven.

One stood before the throne, attired
In cloth of gold and rich brocade,
And when the weary king desired
He struck his harp, and lightly played.

Yet, seeking but his ruler's smile,
He gave his song alone to please,
With courtly art and courtly guile
He hushed his soul's sublime decrees.

No higher love, no truth he taught,
No Heavenly message fired his lays;
With venal harp and voice he sought
The monarch's gift, the courtier's praise.

And though his heart anon would turn
To nobler aims, he held it wise,
Because the Truth was cold and stern,
To veil the truth from kingly eyes.

And thus he barred the lessons given,
His coward fears that trust betrayed;
He saw a greater gift of Heaven
In cloth of gold and rich brocade.

The other bard of Ula's race,
Arrayed in robes not rich nor fair,
Stood lowly in the market-place
And told his noble message there.

Though poor his garb and strange his lay
And rude the simple harp he strung,
He taught the people day by day
With flashing eye and glowing tongue.

Then manhood strong, and earnest youth,
From city mart and meadow soil,
All wondering, heard him speak of Truth,
And sought it in their daily toil.

Yet when he told, in accents hard,
Of virtue scorned and evil crowned,
The soldiers of the royal guard [frowned.
Gripped close their spears, and grimly

But when of hope that conquers death
In solemn notes he taught their ears,
The scoffers stood with bated breath,
And strong men turned aside with tears.

And when he led their souls above
With songs of Heavenly passion, then
They spoke of Faith, and Peace, and Love,
And lived them to their fellow men.

They made the nation's tear-drops start,
Those mystic songs from living strings,
They found a home in every heart
And every household,—save the king's!

Thus all waxed old; moons came and passed,
The changing years unchanging fled,
Till through the realm 'twas told at last,
In whispered words,—"The King is dead!"

Then one who mourned, with garments riven,
Gazed on the dead, nor thought it wise
That he, who knew the truths of Heaven,
Had viled them from the monarch's eyes.

The people stormed at set of sun
The palace gates, and passed within;
"The king is dead,—the old is done,
Let now a better age begin.

"Passed is the reign of worldly lust,
Of hope by selfish power betrayed,
One man hath raised us from the dust,
'Tis his to rule the realm he made."

One name they loved, and one alone,
It swayed the heart of Ula's race;
They crowned him on the vacant throne,
The singer of the market-place.

But when a robed minstrel cried,—
"*I* am the bard!" they knew him not;
He wandered to the desert wide,
His claims despised, his songs forgot.

W. E. CULE.

GABRIEL YORETH.

A STORY ILLUSTRATIVE OF WELSH THOUGHT FIFTY YEARS AGO.

By the Rev. E. Cynffig Davies, M.A., Menai Bridge.

CHAPTER XV.

NORTH WALES.

IT was a matter of joyful surprise to a young family at Coalford, in North Wales, to hear the name of Mr. Gaybrey John announced to be in their place of worship on the following Sunday, and they resolved to make a request, in the proper quarters, that he should become their guest during his stay at Coalford; and no less pleasing was it to Gaybrey to find that it was his lot to spend three weeks under the roof of Mr. Arthur Jones, son of Mr. Idris Jones of Havod-y-bryn, Abervale. Mr. Arthur Jones had become an agent to one of the largest mines in the district, and was quietly gaining for himself a position of much influence. Gaybrey found at Coalford a congenial sphere of labour for the three weeks he spent in the service of the English chapel of that town, and a congregation in close touch with the earnest tone of his preaching. For the sake of perfecting his knowledge and practice of the Welsh language in the dialect of North Wales, he continued the method he had advisedly chosen at Runnyvale, by attending the services in the Welsh chapel once or twice a week, and by visiting the members of that chapel in their homes. He became deeply attached to the pastor of the Welsh church, Mr. Mostyn, whose genial disposition and good-natured humour, and gentle bearing, were sufficiently in evidence to grace a town of wider dimensions than Coalford.

"You have now met Mr Mostyn several times, what is your opinion of him?" queried Mr. Jones of Gaybrey.

"I can hardly say as yet," replied Gaybrey, "but there is one thing in which I differ from the general estimate formed concerning him; his keen intellect strikes me much more than his proverbial humour."

"My impression of him in that respect is much akin to yours. His demeanour varies perceptibly in accordance with the status of the company he meets; with children he is pre-eminently playful, with the poor his good humour knows no bounds, but when dealing with his equals or superiors in position, his intellect seems to acquire a keen incisiveness and a sparkling lucidity, not apparent before, far beyond what could be expected from his surroundings. Trained for the bar, and called for the pulpit, and endowed with qualities for either, he can hardly be said to be recognised at his right and full value by the public and the churches of his denomination."

"Is it not the case that exuberant humourousness is in danger of militating against the effect of serious impressiveness in the pulpit?"

"We were speaking last evening of the respective dangers and responsibilities of various callings, referring to the cares of my vocation during violent strikes; and when I feel that duty calls me to make underground inspection at rare intervals, the history of Mr. Mostyn at Coalford causes me to conclude that a faithful minister of the gospel is often surrounded by difficulties and dangers, far more trying than any physical misfortunes, to which one in my

position may be exposed. It would have been easier for Mr. Mostyn to bear, if his house were set on fire, or his limbs mangled by assassins, than that his life should be embittered, and his usefulness blighted by wicked calumny."

"I could not help forming the conclusion," said Gaybrey, "that Mr. Mostyn has been as much tried as gold in a furnace, for there is a certain maturity about his ideas, which is, as far as I have observed, the result of a hard won victory, and yet your reference to him whets my curiosity to hear the history of the good man."

"He has been in the neighbourhood for many years. Not long after he came here he had occasion to appoint deacons in his church. One of the aspirants for the office, being excessively chagrined at his not being elected, resolved upon an unworthy course of retaliation, which meant the ruin of the pastor's usefulness and happiness. By means of his sister, who used to go to Mr. Mostyn's house every day to assist in household matters, the man concocted a base reflection on the character of the minister. So cleverly planned and announced was the baseless story that Mr. Mostyn had no possibility of self-defence before him. In resolving to live down the slander a weaker man would have lost all heart whilst seeing his pastoral prospects crushed, and a large number forsaking his church."

"What was the character of those who left him?" asked Gaybrey.

"Upon the whole they were the more worthless part of his congregation, and the most substantial men and women in his audience stood by him firmly, yet sorrowfully. Those who have reason to doubt themselves, very often transfer to others what they ought to fasten upon themselves."

"What became of the calumniators, and how did the matter end?"

"An immense piece of rock fell upon the chief offender whilst following his occupation in a distant gallery in the mine, and the ghastly event became to the minds of not a few a literal fulfilment of the words of our Saviour,—'on whomsoever the stone shall fall, it will grind him to powder,'—and the unfortunate man's sister did not enjoy an hour of health after her brother's fearful death."

"Where is she, what became of her?"

"She has gone to her last account. I saw her on her death-bed, and heard her agonizing confession of the wicked intrigue. Her last words kept ringing in my ears for days. There were two of us present with Mr. Mostyn at the death scene, when he prayed for her soul at its departure. I shall not forget how he pleaded for the woman dying, and offered thanksgiving to Him who defends the lives and character of his servants."

"According to what you say the wrong was only recently removed, and the good pastor has been cheerfully engaged in spreading peace and joy, whilst abiding himself under the shadow of a cruel calumny. It is a matter of astonishment how he succeeded to maintain his position, to say nothing of gaining ground."

"His manly good sense," said Mr. Jones, "his clear grasp of mind and inflexible resolution, helped him to measure and meet the difficult. Moreover an invisible hand seemed to touch and bless everything he undertook to perform, and each successive event in the affairs and occurrences of the neighbourhood brought some weight to balance in his favour. For instance, at the time of a virulent cholera, as I have been told, he went from one stricken house to another with almost reckless daring, bringing light and hope to the entrance of death to those who were going through. His integrity and love of right never became so undeniable to some as when he gave friendly legal advice to the poor, free of charge, and in many ways he won for himself wide respect."*

On the second Sunday after Gaybrey's arrival at Coalford, a larger concourse of people attended than was usual; and amongst the number of strangers was Jack Wilson, a well-known character in the neighbourhood, whose wife and children were most faithful in their devotion to the English cause; but Jack Wilson himself had not been to a place of worship for upwards of twenty years. When he came to Coalford about twenty-five years before Gaybrey's visit, he was often made a butt to the playful fun of his companions, on

* This incident is founded on fact.

account of his being obliged to use two languages at the same time, to express his somewhat rugged ideas. Being an Englishman by birth and early training, he had partly forgotten his native tongue before he had fully acquired a Welsh one. By the time we meet him at Coalford, he has regained more copious command over the vocabulary of his native tongue, through the influence of his good English wife and their intelligent children. As soon as he heard Gaybrey's voice a visible tremour seized him, and his whole bearing bespoke signs of profound mental excitement, and as the service went on he manifestly exerted great effort to regain composure. Under the roof of his hosts Gaybrey referred to the incident; "I was afraid our service this evening would be interrupted. There was a person with a wooden leg, clearly under the influence of some deep emotion, for some time at the commencement of the service."

"I observed it," said Mrs. Jones, "poor Jack Wilson has not been to a place of worship for many years, and I conclude that memories of early days crowded upon him when he heard your voice, that is, when the first words came from the pulpit. He made me apprehensive of a scene."

"If you feel inclined you may come with me to-morrow," said Mr. Jones, "to see him at the bank of one of our coal-pits, where he keeps account of the out-put, that is, the number of loads of minerals brought from the mine to the surface. He was at that post before I took charge of the concern, and my predecessors were really glad to get him a place out of the underground galleries. In nearly every mine or slate quarry there are one or two persons who are called unlucky, on account of their incessantly meeting with accidents, and poor Jack Wilson was counted in that class. I am afraid he could not calculate upon his fingers the number of times he has been carried home on a stretcher, or helped to return to his family by the assistance of two or three of his companions. In spite of the fact that he has lost a limb and an arm, and that his body has been otherwise disfigured, none of his natural bravery and daring has diminished. But his strong emotion this evening is, to me, incomprehensible, and his usual health does not appear to be below par."

On the following day, Gaybrey called to see Jack Wilson's family, the eldest son, Alfred, being about the same age as Gaybrey, and in many ways remarkable. Jack Wilson was much pleased to see Gaybrey calling, and said,—

"I had heard last week that there was an Australian gentleman to be preaching at Hill Street yesterday, and I wished to listen to you, Mr. John, for the sake of some of my acquaintances who have been to the land of your birth for many years; and your voice reminded me of one of them so forcibly that I was nearly overcome by my feelings."

"There cannot be anything in that," said Mrs. Wilson, "it was only your fancy, dear Jack," and turning to Gaybrey, she said,—

"My husband has not been to a religious service for so many years, that all was so new to his feelings last evening."

"I hope you will henceforth let the friends at Hill Street have the pleasure of seeing you amongst them every Sunday. Many besides your wife and children would be pleased at your coming," said Gaybrey.

"I wish from my heart," answered Wilson, "that every member of my family and all my friends should connect themselves with religion; but their religion, I am sorry to say, cannot be anything to me. You do not know the life Jack Wilson led in his youthful days. I am excluded from the real comforts of true religion; yet I shall be glad to be among your hearers whenever you preach here."

"Nothing can keep you apart from the advantages of the blessings purchased by the life and death of Christ save your own will," replied Gaybrey, with quiet and kindly emphasis.

"There he is again," said Tom Wilson, to himself, "the very image of Gabriel Yoreth." And then he said aloud,—"Many a time have I heard others speak in the calm firm way in which you spoke now. Yet I feel there is a great barrier cast across my path to prevent my going in the direction conscience bids me."

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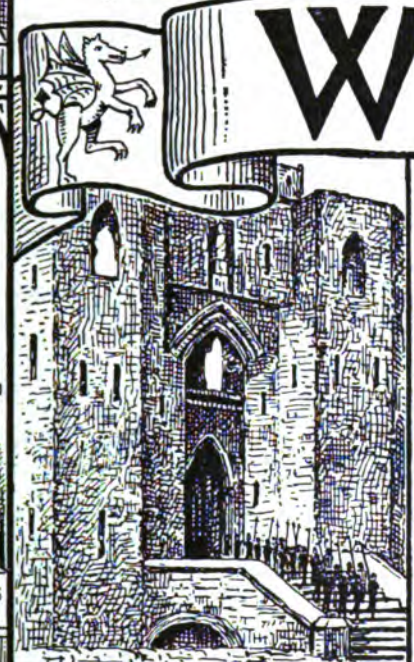

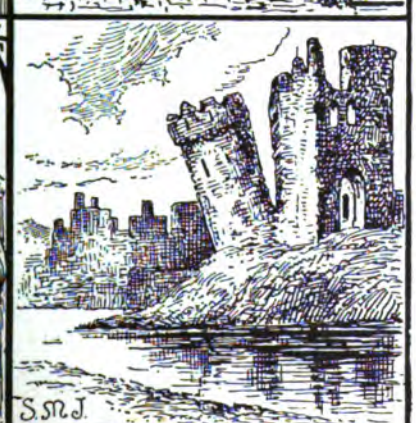

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A DAUGHTER OF ANGLESEY.

WALES.

VOL. III.] FEBRUARY, 1896. [No. 22.

STRAY LEAVES.

ANGLESEY.

A BARE and rugged island, ridged and low,
  Running in furrows like a great ploughed field,
  Hedgeless, and treeless, save for trees that yield
One-sided to the strong sea-winds that blow,
Against which men with sturdy steps and slow
  Make head, and find no shelter and no shield.
  Yet those who love thee, Mona! find revealed
Each day new charms to make affection grow.

The almond-scented gorse's golden flood,
The skies at sunset streaked as though with blood,
And Snowdon's calm, impassive mountain-range
Athwart blue straits, though not thine own. But strange
And well! good gifts are oft as much possesst
By others, as by those in whom they rest.

SIONED PRYCE.

I CONGRATULATE the University College of North Wales on securing Professor Gibson as its professor of philosophy. Mr. Gibson has had a brilliant career as a graduate of the Universities of Dublin and Cambridge, and has been a very successful teacher at the University of St. Andrews.

Professor Gibson's appointment marks a slight departure from the custom of the Bangor Council. Hitherto the two professors of philosophy,—Henry Jones and E. Keri Evans,—have been pupils and assistants of Caird, and have, I believe, based their philosophy and their method of teaching upon his. I should be the last man to under-estimate the influence of the Hegelian philosophy as taught in his Glasgow lectures by Mr. Caird, and the last man to undervalue the influence of the great philosopher on all who have the good fortune to sit at his feet. The philosophy course at Glasgow, when I was a student at that University, was to me the ideal university course, and many of us look back to those wonderfully suggestive lectures, delivered at eight o'clock on winter mornings, as the foundation of most of our knowledge and thought. And we, old Glasgow, know well that Caird, when he left to become Master of Balliol, let his mantle fall on a worthy successor.

But there is much to be said for the Bangor departure. It is better on the whole, perhaps, to get a man who has specialised on the history of philosophy rather than a man who preaches one philosophic creed, however suggestive that may be. This is especially the case in these days of examinations, when the much-examined man is expected to have an elementary knowledge of everything.

I have heard tell of setting a steel hammer in motion in order to kill a fly. Some time ago a professor of abstruse learning was sent to examine an intermediate school. While examining a girls' cookery class he remained under the impression that he was examining a chemistry class, and he reported that the apparatus used were of a most primitive type, taken apparently from the kitchens of the children's parents. The tale was told me by a local governor,

who now proudly knows that he has clearer ideas than a professor of abstruse science about the division of the sciences.

The Calvinistic Methodist College at Bala, the first to apply to the University of Wales for recognition as a theology college for the purposes of the degree examinations, issues a very interesting calendar. The college is open to all,—of all creeds, whether men or women, and whether candidates for the Christian ministry or not. The favourite forms of exercise among the men seem to be walking or boating, for both of which Bala provides abundant facilities.

The Council of the University College of North Wales, on the petition of a number of county school head-masters, have determined, for one year at least, to offer a travelling scholarship to college students during the last year of their course. I hope the finances of the college will allow this most excellent movement to be continued. Residence abroad should be indispensable to head-masters at least. It is high time that the barren method of cramming rules of gender, and calling it learning a language, should be discontinued; and our county teachers should acquaint themselves with the more rational and efficient methods of continental schools. Professor Spencer has written a most suggestive little pamphlet on this subject, to which I mean to return again.

It is to be hoped that no undergraduate of the University of Wales will believe his education to be complete until he has spent some time in some such place as the Rhine valley, in the towns of the old Italian republics, or the University of Paris. I hope to be able to offer a series of articles before long on the best way, and on the many ways, of spending the last year of one's education abroad.

One is often asked,—What will be the market value of a degree of the University of Wales? It is not a question that can be answered without asking others. Value for what? Value for whom?

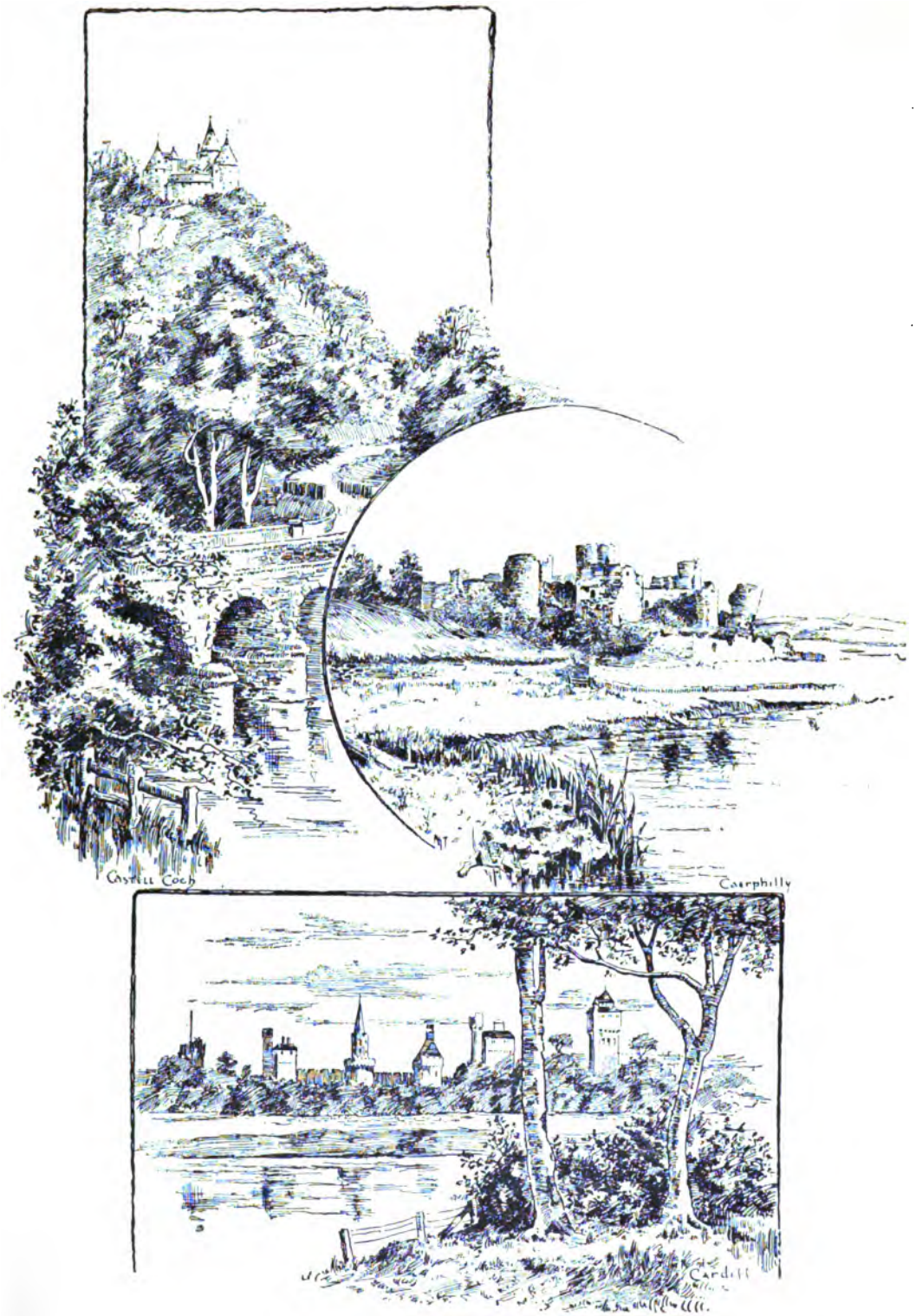
It will be in a very short time, it is devoutly to be hoped, an indispensable qualification for the head-mastership of every elementary school. Our schoolmasters need a wider field and a broader training, as well as a better and higher *esprit de corps*. All this will come from a University training. I am stating here, not my own opinion only, but the opinion of many elementary schoolmasters it has been my privilege to know.

But for higher posts, a Welsh degree, in itself, will have very little value out of Wales. The Welsh county schools will, and rightly, go to University of Wales men, as the great majority of them have already gone to Welsh University Colleges men. But for wider fields of fame, the Welsh degree will not rank higher than that of the Victoria University, of Durham University, or of Dublin University, if as high as some of these.

Wales has two institutions peculiarly its own,—the *seiat* and the Eisteddfod,—the characteristic outcome of its religious and its literary life. They are the expression of self-government, in two important directions, by a peasantry. Wales will probably be able to give to other nations one, if not both of these. The Eisteddfod has been accepted by many towns in America as a settled institution. Wherever Welshmen congregate in considerable numbers, they bring an Eisteddfod with them; and sometimes, when their number is small, they teach their neighbours, Irishmen or Germans, to help them. It is pleasing to note that, while Wales is fostering its own University at home, it is introducing its Eisteddfod,—the university of a literary peasantry, — into other countries.

Melbourne had an eisteddfod in December last. Among its patrons were the governor-general, the prime minister, and more titled people than I thought the whole of Australia possessed.

The pieces for the chief choral contest were Mendelssohn's "O Great is the Depth," and Gounod's "By Babylon's Wave." For children's choirs "Nos Galan" was one of the pieces set. A Welsh hymn, a Welsh air, a Scotch air, and an Irish air were also



THREE GLAMORGANSHIRE CASTLES,—Castell Coch, Caerphilly, and Cardiff.

subjects for competition. The subjects for poetry had as much to do with Australia as with Wales,—"The Federation of the whole World," an Australian national anthem, "The Pioneer," "The Emigrant's visit to his old home." The prose subjects included "The Story of the Making of Melbourne," "The Model State-Citizen,"—in Welsh,—and a tale illustrative of gold-digging life.

The bards and druids and ovates, it seems, are to appear at the next Eisteddfod in the soft glory of harmonious colours, and in robes that will be artistic as well as gorgeous. While Professor Herkomer is draping the Gorsedd of the Bards of the Isle of Britain in beauty, Professor J. Morris Jones is showing, in a number of vigorous and most interesting articles in *Cymru*, that the Gorsedd of the Bards of the Isle of Britain is a sham gorsedd, and that the bards are sham bards. He shows that the Gorsedd has no possible connection with druidic times, and that the modern Gorsedd is a growth,—with very artificial fostering,—not dating further back than Tudor times. Professor Jones' wide knowledge of mediæval Welsh poetry gives authority to his utterances; and the illustrations he gives, in the January number of *Cymru*, of the ways in which bards have tried to prove the antiquity of the Gorsedd, are exceedingly amusing.

It is with regret that I see the veil torn off the truth relating to mildewed forgeries and hoary frauds. Fraud and forgery have played a very important part in the history of the world. The history of Europe would not have been what it was had it not been for the pious churchman who forged the "donation of Constantine." And, in time, forged history becomes poetical and sham institutions become picturesque. That is the reason, possibly, why they die so hard.

The pretty story of the Welsh discovery of America has been disproved by Thomas Stephens with an elaborateness and minuteness that could not have been surpassed had the possession of every foot of American territory depended upon the conclusion. Professor Jones argues as carefully as if the salvation of every individual bard depended upon his success in showing wherein the truth really lies. The characteristic mingling of bitterness and humour will, however, make Professor Jones' articles a part of our living literature, and not an evanescent onslaught on a pretty old fraud.

I have had no reason to believe that the Welsh, even the most ardent frequenters of the Eisteddfod, have any particularly firm belief in, or profound respect for the Gorsedd. Ritualism,—ecclesiastical or literary,—can never find a home in Wales. The mountains dwarf cathedrals, and make ceremonies look flimsy and mean. Dafydd ab Gwilym's protest is ever ready in a Welshman's heart,—Nature is his only temple. Gorsedd and procession are regarded by the crowds of by-standers with amused curiosity just as children's games would be regarded. The more sonorous the nonsense, the greater the amusement.

The services of the three Llanbrynmair brothers to Welsh social and literary progress have not yet been adequately described. Would not a volume of selections, prose and poetry, have a very ready sale? Their Welsh is excellent, and whatever they wrote is interesting. The following translation of J. R.'s "Pilgrim" is by Mr. R. Bryan.

BEHOLD a pilgrim hoar
On Jordan's gloomy shore,
The lamp he bears aglow
Illumes the stream below,
The rays reveal the distant land,
And throngs of angels on the strand.

He treads the path of woe
With weary steps and slow,
And mid the surge of night
The lamp he bears alight;
The throngs beyond the billows high
Behold the pilgrim drawing nigh.

And lo! the Saviour there,
Amid the throng so fair,
He bids the swelling tide
A little while subside.
The pilgrim lands upon the shore,
And lamp or sun he needs no more.

A REFORMER'S LOVE AFFAIR.*

A bit from Howell Harris' Diary, 1744.

THE Lord enabled me through many trials in the course of this year, which I mostly had from the opposition the devil made to my present intended marriage with a daughter of a certain gentleman in Radnorshire,—namely, John Williams, Skreen, Esq. About seven years to this time, her father sent his son to ask me to discourse at his house. I complied with his invitation and discoursed there, and the word was attended with a blessing to her heart ever since, choosing rather to bear the reproach of Christ than to enjoy the riches of the world. When her relations understood that we intended to join in matrimony, I soon found that they were furiously enraged against me. I heard of her brother threatening to shoot me, and her father said he would send me to the army if it was only that I might not have his daughter; and also Mr. V. of T—b—d resolved to have me and our societies demolished. One day a constable, and a man with him, came to take Jamy, my man, to be a soldier, and to take me also, but could not find me then. All my concern, at present, was lest I should dishonour the Lord by taking any wrong step in my own defence. My soul was filled with power and courage, and plainly saw that the work was the Lord's, and that my life lost ten thousand times over was nothing to his glory; then all my enemies were as nothing in my sight, and I felt vast power coming to my soul to go to the magistrates to speak to them, and cried,—"Lord, now stand for thy glory, exert thy power, and let the world know that thou art with us." I had uncommon power with God, and was raised above all fears, so I went to the magistrates about Jamy, my man, not valuing my own life so that I may glorify Christ, and be faithful to his cause.

In this trial the faith of my intended wife also was exercised, the Lord gave her courage, and animated her faith to say with triumph that she was willing to go with me to war, and even to death, for Christ's sake. But the magistrates determined to take me also the following day, they were so enraged against me, especially on account of my present intention of marriage. But in the meantime a brother came from north, and said that the mayor of Bristol refused to send any of the Methodists away. Thus when the wind blows and thunder rolls, the Lord will appear to rescue his people from the hands of all their enemies. Opening the Book on Dan. vi. 13, my soul was sweetly drawn up in praise, thanksgiving, joy, and love. It is sweet to see all in God's hand; Christ is in the cross; the cross is necessary to try and purge his children.

Although this trial being over, yet still trials were left upon me. A messenger came and, as I found, I was sought for to be slain and shot. All were against me, roaring like lions and tigers to destroy me, but my faith was kept above water, and I had a peculiar tenderness for her, seeing her in spirit as a lamb among wolves, had freedom to cry that she should be brought hence, from among them. I had admission to God's presence to ask if I should go for the license, and I had great liberty in prayer. The Lord did shine upon me, then we settled about our marriage, then I went towards Garth. Mr. G——er came along with me to Brecon, praying all the way,—"Lord, thou knowest all things, thou knowest I go only on conviction that it is thy will and not mine," and the license was granted. After this I had a call to Pembrokeshire; my soul was drawn out in prayer, crying,—"Lord, send me where thou wilt." There was no room for reasoning, but I was persuaded that the Lord calls me there. What is ten thousand marriages when He commands? So I left that affair then wholly to him to bring about in his own time.

And when I returned I was soon acquainted that her relations were fully

* In the following pages of this volume abundant illustrations of the reality of Howell Harris' passionate convictions will be found. It will be shown also that his fears for his life were not at all without foundation. All passions, holy and otherwise, were roused together at the end of the century.

enraged against me, having orders to take me, and that her father had entered a caveat against the license, but in the midst of all, my soul was made to love and bless God, rejoicing in the honour of being thus dishonoured for his sake. I felt great freedom and love in prayer for her father that the Lord would incline his heart to consent that I might have her in such a way as may not stumble any one, otherwise let me not have her at all, and soon after I was surprised with the news that her father had stopped all proceedings against me, and that the license was free. At this I was humbled that the Lord had not left my enemies to triumph over me, and that he had manifested his own power in the trial.

IN THE LAND OF THE HARP AND FEATHERS.

A SERIES OF WELSH VILLAGE IDYLLS.

By Alfred Thomas.

[Copyright.]

II.—GOMER ON THE "BETTER LAND;" AND A LETTER FROM LONDON.

THE little ruse I practised upon Gomer and Gwenny when I went to live with them, so as to enable me to pay for my lodgings in peace, was wonderfully helped by quite a little series of events which seemed to lend colour to my tale about the friend in Australia. The very first night I lodged with them, Gomer had referred to his friendship with Richard Roberts, possibly for the purpose of drawing me on to give him any information I might have learnt from books concerning the colony in which the enterprising Richard had settled down as a sheep farmer.

Both Gomer and Richard were but indifferent correspondents, and from what I could gather, even what little communication did pass between them, was conducted in a most curious manner. That Richard was alive, Gomer occasionally received indisputable evidence, and in this wise. Captain John Gwynne, a worthy old-fashioned master mariner who traded from Caerllyn to Sydney, was the recognised medium entrusted with all their communications.

Captain Gwynne was the embodiment of the rough-looking, blunt, adventurous old salt, of the kind one used to delight to read of,—surreptitiously,—when at school; an additional relish being added to the daring act if the prohibited book could be perused during class hours, beneath the master's very nose. What a number of sober, middle-aged gentlemen would be astonished, on casting a look backward to-day, to discover what brave and bold buccaneers, and all the rest of it, they imagined themselves cut out to be, at the mature age of twelve. Time, however, alters many plans, not the least notable amongst them being the day-dreams of school days long since departed.

Captain Gwynne was a skipper of few words, and less writing. He considered caligraphy as an accomplishment all very well in its way for young ladies, and drapers' clerks; but beneath the dignity of a man of his importance. At sea, he posted up his log book, conscientiously, as a sort of "whole duty of man," viewed from the standpoint of a sailor. Having complied thus far with a disagreeable duty, the Captain bothered himself very little about "writing" in general.

The result was that when he arrived home, and had news to communicate, poor

Gomer Shinkin received astonishingly brief notes "in blacklead," from the old sailor. Some of these equalled, if they did not rival the famous "chops and tomato sauce" of the renowned Mr. Pickwick. For example,—

"Have come home. See me on the Quay, Friday."

Or

"Mr. Roberts sends wool. Come and fetch it."

These peculiar communications were taken as a matter of course by Gomer, who knew of the Captain's contempt for letter-writing. Luckily for me, the letters "from a friend" corresponded wonderfully in general appearance with the above eccentric compositions; though once or twice, when I accompanied Gomer to see the Captain on his return from a voyage, I passed a dreadful quarter of an hour from fear that my little secret would be laid bare.

On one occasion the pair approached dangerously near the point at which I must have been found out.

"Thank you," said Gomer to the Captain, "thank you for the letters, an' tell Richet it's very kind of him to send us presants; but tell him not to rob himself, on any account, for Gwenny and I have anough for our wants."

"Don't you vex yourself about that, Gomer," replied the Captain," Mr. Roberts has enuff an' to spare, an' as many sheep as there's oysters in Sydney Harbour. What's a little like that to the likes o' him? He's rich, you know! It's only a drop in the ocean to him. Why man! he's not been on the ranch himself for years, an' has a offis fit for a lord in Sydney. As soon as he knows I'm in Sydney Harbour, he sends for me, an' he ses, ses he,—'Glad to see you, Gwynne. How are you?' Well an' hearty, well an' hearty, Mr. Roberts, ses I. Then he asks all about you, an' all about the old home at Wengroes, till he's tired of askin' questions, an' I'm near as tired of ans'ering them. At last, he says,—'Take this little present home for Gomer, an' let him have it when you can, with my kindest regards to him an' Gwenny, an' they're to send to me if they ever want anything.' Them's Mr. Roberts' words, Gomer, an' he hands me a guinea for my trouble. Fancy an old bachelor like him tho', sendin' his regards to Gwenny, too!'"

"You need'nt be afraid," continued the Captain, "that you'll ruin Mr. Roberts. Why, some of the fellers out there are thinkin' of makin' him mayor of Sydney!"

I trembled for fear that my little device would be discovered, but a misunderstanding on the Captain's part saved the situation. All through, Gomer was referring to the money received monthly from me, but the Captain thought he was speaking of the wool, a bag of which was generally the present that Richard sent home for Gomer. Mr. Roberts knew Gomer's principles too well to send him money. As it was, the money "from a friend" would never have been retained, only for the difficulty in returning it to the supposed sender.

Gomer was now more than ever confirmed in the belief that the money came from Richard, and that the Captain had given his own wife instructions that a certain amount was to be forwarded to Wengroes each month.

* * * * * *

It was only on the Saturday previous to the evening on which I had seen the advertisement that Captain Gwynne had sailed for the Antipodes, so that no information could be gained from that quarter, for some time to come, regarding Mr. Roberts' death.

On the morning following the memorable evening, I rose early, and was in the garden when Gomer returned from work. Dirty and begrimed though he was, his sterling honesty shone through it all, for this nature's nobleman was a living proof that,—

"For a' that, and a' that,
His toils obscure and a' that!
* * * * *
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that!"

It had been my intention, at first, to draw Gomer into immediate conversation on the all-important advertisement. There was something, however, in his manner that entirely prevented me. Love is the currency which prompts the noble actions of the honest poor, and not gold. Gomer would sit for hours, and listen to stories of great and heroic men; and was himself never tired of recounting the brilliant deeds of

Scripture heroes, and especially of the Greatest of them all. Boundless love was a theme upon which Gomer was always ready to enlarge, but boundless wealth was a subject in which he took no interest. Riches, as such, had no attraction for the senior elder of Wengroes, and it was evident that the subject of the advertisement required skilful handling, lest Gomer might refuse point-blank to declare himself as the person advertised for. A "fortune" is a delicate subject to talk about, when the prospective recipient has no great desire for it.

After breakfast, however, Gomer went to the front room, and raising the cushion of the old horsehair sofa, he took the *Merlin* from underneath, and was soon deeply engaged in its perusal. After poring over it for some considerable time, —for English was a language full of difficulties to him,—Gomer laid the paper on the table, and turning to me, said,—

"What a grand place Heaven must be, Ivor bach! As I get older I fancy that now an' agen I get a dim notion of its beauty. Sometimes I think that, when a Christian is nearing the pearly gates, the Lord tells all his relatives an' fren's in the Better Land a little bit before, so that they may stand close to the entrance, ready to give him the first grand shout of welcome. Nothin' is too good for God to do, an' Heaven is not only a place of rest, it is home as well. It's anough to make a man cry with joy to think of the everlastin' home in Heaven.

"They tell me," he continued, "that there are some people who preach that there is no God, at the street corners in Caerllyn, on a Sunday. Poor fellows! Have they ever heard of a better Heaven, and no *man* would have thought of makin' it a home, too!"

It is useless to attempt to describe the intense feeling that Gomer put into the above words. When he spoke in this way, the effect was to conjure up before one's eyes a vivid panoramic accompaniment thereto. His faith was so stupendous, that at times, his words seemed electrical. He would be a daring man who ventured to tackle the elder at such moments, for "See that ye refuse not him that speaketh" seemed engraved on his very countenance.

That Gomer had a deep and sincere regard for his old friend, Mr. Roberts, was now unquestionable. I carefully suggested that it was his duty to send to the solicitors for all particulars. By degrees I gathered sufficient information about the past life of the two friends to enable me to write a tolerable letter, which Gomer signed reluctantly,—though with some ceremony, writing being then a fine art,—with the result that the following letter was received by return of post,—

LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS,
LONDON,
July 29th, 184—.

FAITHFULL, SHARPE & Co.
SOLICITORS.

SIR,

In re RICHARD ROBERTS, Esquire, Deceased.

With reference to your letter on this subject, we have to state that we are acting in this matter as the London Agents of Messrs. Broxholm & Allen of Sydney, New South Wales, who are the Executors of the Estate of the gentleman referred to above.

It would appear that Mr. Roberts has left his fortune, the bulk of which is sunk in Real Estate in Sydney, to Mr. Gomer Jenkins, the person advertised for.

We gather from your letter that you are probably the gentleman required, As it is necessary however that you should proceed to London to be interviewed by our Mr. Faithfull, who will interrogate you as to your *bona fides*, we would suggest the advisability of your doing so as soon as convenient.

Looking to your age, and also to the fact that the property to be handed over under the Will is very considerable, it would seem to us desirable that some known respectable gentleman from your village should accompany you to London. For instance, the Rector or the Schoolmaster of your Parish would appear to us to be the persons best qualified for the purpose.

It is hardly necessary to add that the whole of the expenses incurred in the visit of yourself and the gentlemen you may select to accompany you, will be charged to the Estate of the late Mr. Roberts, in any case.

We trust to hear from you as soon as possible.

Yours faithfully,

FAITHFULL, SHARPE & Co.,
SOLICITORS.

G. Jenkins, Esquire.

"The Rector!!" Poor lawyers. They didn't understand Welsh Nonconformists in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

THE UNIVERSITY OF WALES.

An address delivered before the Welsh National Society of Liverpool, on November 13th, 1895.

By J. VIRIAMU JONES, M.A., B.Sc., F.R.S., Principal of the University College of South Wales and Monmouthshire, and Vice-Chancellor of the University of Wales.

II.

AGAIN, when we considered intermediate education, the same need emerged. You will remember that we were in the days when the Intermediate Education Act was talked of, but not passed. The epoch making report of the Departmental Committee of 1881 had established at once the deficiencies of our educational system, and the keen desire of Wales to have them remedied. After the issue of that report, no one questioned the necessity of remedial legislation. A Welsh Intermediate Education Bill immediately came within the region of practical politics. Nevertheless, Wales was a long time getting it. The first bill was promised in 1884; it was introduced by Mr. Mundella in 1885, and it died in its infancy with the government that had fathered it. Two bills were introduced in 1887, one by Mr. Mundella, after discussion with the Welsh Liberal members, and one by Mr. Kenyon. The question had then obtained a position which made it independent of party politics; and the Conservative Government undertook to deal with it in the following year. The Government was unable to redeem its promise. In 1889, however, a bill was again introduced by Mr. Stuart Rendel (now Lord Rendel), accepted with certain modifications by the Government, and, supported by both political parties, became law before the end of the session.

Now the discussion on the Cymmrodorion Section that I am calling to your mind took place in 1887; and one of the important points we had to consider in connection with the bills was the nature and constitution of the authority to which the work of inspecting and examining the intermediate schools should be committed. In Mr. Mundella's bill there was provision for an annual grant from the Treasury to each County Council, not exceeding in amount the sum raised by rate by the County Council for the purposes of the intermediate schools within its jurisdiction; and the amount of the grant to be so made was to depend on the merit of the schools as ascertained by such annual inspection and report as might be required by regulations to be framed from time to time by the Education Department.

The Senate of the University College of South Wales and Monmouthshire had, at the request of the Welsh members of Parliament, considered the matter, and had forwarded to them the following resolution,—

"In answer to question eight in the schedule of questions submitted by the Educational Sub-Committee of Welsh members of Parliament, the Senate of the University College of South Wales and Monmouthshire is of opinion that, for the general control of intermediate education, it is desirable that there should be established, in addition to the Welsh Education Commission and the County Boards provided by Mr. Mundella's bill, a National Education Board. The Board should contain representatives of Her Majesty's Privy Council, the Welsh colleges, the head masters of intermediate schools, and the County Boards. The Senate welcomes the attempt made in Mr. Kenyon's bill to place the educational system in the hands of central Welsh authorities, but considers it inexpedient to separate North and South Wales for the purposes of the bill. The National Education Board, as above constituted, should have the control of the schemes of instruction to be pursued in the schools, and have power to frame schemes for their inspection and examination, to award, on the results of such inspection and examination, such money grants as may be provided by the bill, and generally to perform the more strictly educational functions in connection with the system of intermediate education. The Board should be brought into close connection with the Welsh University when it is constituted."

In the event this scheme has been, with slight modifications, adopted; and in all the county schemes power is conferred on County Councils to contribute to the expenses of the Central Intermediate Education Board. Furthermore, the

Treasury has signified its willingness to accept the reports of such a Board in regard to the condition of the schools for its purposes in connection with the distribution of county grants. The constitution of the Board has been formulated; and has, I believe, received the assent of the Charity Commissioners and of the Privy Council. It has not, however, yet been laid on the tables of the Houses of Parliament.

Now I had the privilege of pointing out, in our 1887 discussion, that here again the necessity for the University really met us; that the best plan would be to make the Intermediate Educational Board part of the University organisation; that practically in England, at the present time, the schools are examined by the Universities; and that it would only be a more definite and outspoken expression of the same system to make the Board broadly constituted, as indicated in the above resolution, a department or special delegacy of the University.

This view commended itself to the Section, and, subsequently, to a representative educational conference summoned by the Cymmrodorion Society, which met at Shrewsbury, in January, 1888. In my opinion it still remains the best plan that has been proposed. The constitution of the University Court, and the proposed constitution of the Central Intermediate Education Board, are so similar, that it seems hardly worth while to bring both bodies into existence. County Councils, colleges, and schools, are sufficiently represented on the University Court to make it capable of discharging all the functions assigned to the Board; and the power to undertake the inspection and examination of schools is specifically conferred on the University in its Royal Charter. Therefore I still urge, in the interests of unity, simplicity, and economy, the plan brought forward eight years ago. It was difficult then, for there was no University. It is easy now, for the University ideal has become fact.

The third ground on which I advocated the foundation of the University in the discussion, eight years ago, was that the existence of the University is essential to the vitality of our colleges. It is certainly part of the ideal of any University institution that its professors should be leaders in the departments of scholarship or science which they profess, and that, as such, they should help to frame the courses of study leading to graduation. Colleges incorporated in a teaching University have this opportunity. Originality of thought has fuller encouragement, and new educational methods have freer play than can possibly be the case in a college of which the students have no other avenue to a University degree than examination by a wholly external examining body like the University of London, however excellent be the conduct of its examinations. An atmosphere of intellectual independence is of the essence of true academic life. The true scholar must breathe it as his native air. And this is not the language of mere theory. It has its immediate practical application on the scientific side. The trained student of science, entering on manufacturing pursuits, should do so with free enquiring eye, ready to believe that it may have been reserved for him to make a discovery of immense value to the industry to which he is devoting himself. I believe that this freedom of spirit is far more likely to be developed and fostered in a teaching University than in a college bound to teach on certain rigid lines laid down by an authority in which it has no part. That, then, was the third, and perhaps chief, ground on which I advocated the foundation of the University. I held and hold that, for true intellectual development, Wales must be mistress of its own destiny in matters of academic study and method.

As a result of our discussion, the Cymmrodorion Section passed the following resolution, which was proposed by Professor John Rhys, and seconded by Sir Lewis Morris,—

"That it is the opinion of this meeting that definite action should be taken to impress on Her Majesty's Government the desire of the Welsh people for the establishment of a Welsh University."

And it was further resolved later,—

"That in the opinion of this meeting, a conference of the representatives of colleges, intermediate schools, and elementary schools, should

be summoned in a convenient place in the near future, and that the Society of Cymmrodorion be requested to take the initiative in convening it."

This conference was summoned by the Cymmrodorion to meet at Shrewsbury, in January, 1888. It sat for two days, and passed the following, among other resolutions,—

"(*a*) That in the opinion of this conference it is expedient that the provision for intermediate and collegiate education in Wales and Monmouthshire should be completed by a University organisation, and (*b*) that the inspection of state-aided intermediate schools should be committed to the Welsh University, due provision being made for the representation of such schools on its executive body; (*c*) that the executive committee should be requested to make arrangements to enable the members of the conference to meet the Welsh peers, and the members of Parliament for Wales and Monmouthshire, at an early date."

The conference with members of Parliament took place on March 16th, 1888. The views of the Shrewsbury conference were laid before them; assurance was given that they would receive careful consideration, and Lord Aberdare, speaking from the chair, expressed complete approval of the proposals submitted.

In the early part of July, 1888, a conference, representing the three University Colleges, met in London, and passed the following resolutions,—

"That this meeting, representing the three Welsh University Colleges, is of opinion that the time has come when these colleges should conjointly apply to the Government for a charter for the establishment of the University of Wales."

"That an application be made to the Government for a charter to constitute a University for Wales on the same general lines as the charter already granted to the Victoria University, with such modifications as may be required by the peculiar conditions and circumstances of Wales."

In the course of this London discussion, a difference of opinion revealed itself. It was held by some that the degree examinations of the Welsh University ought to be, like those of the University of London, open to all comers; by others, that the degrees of the University ought to imply, not only success in examination, but adequate training for a definite qualifying period in a constituent college of the University, as is the case in all the Universities of England and Scotland, the University of London excepted.

However, in the event, the above resolutions were passed, and it was determined to present them to the Lord President of the Council. They were so submitted on July 15th. They were courteously received, but clearly the Government was, as yet, unconvinced. We were, however, invited to prepare a draft charter for submission to the Government in the future.

After this there was a period of delay, owing to the difference of opinion on the nature of the University, to which I have alluded. We rightly felt that further thought and discussion would result in substantial unanimity.

On the one hand, it was urged that the University ought to be responsible for the good teaching of every graduate as well as for examining him; that the University degree ought to be a guarantee of good training as well as of a successful exhibition of knowledge in particular examinations; that in connection with all examinations there is a danger of that disturbance of the mental digestion, commonly called "cram," and that this danger is minimised, if the examining body insist beforehand that the person to be examined shall have had sufficient teaching of such quality as to make "cram" on his part a superfluity of naughtiness.

On the other hand, it was pointed out that there would be a large number of meritorious students too poor to afford a collegiate training, who would lose the stimulating hope of graduation, if a qualifying period of study at a constituent college of the University were made a condition precedent to admission to the University examinations.

The rejoinder was that such students should be provided for by a scheme of scholarships; that their real need is University education, which is only to be obtained at a properly equipped college; and that to offer them anything else is to give them stones for bread.

It was also argued that the University of London already made provision for such students; and that the Government would be little likely to establish another University to do the same work.

But the difference of opinion was there, and it was well that the solid weight of

argument in favour of a teaching University was left to produce its effect before any further step was taken.

There was no new conference until November 8th, 1891, when, as a result of a resolution passed by the Court of Governors of the University College of North Wales, representatives of the three University Colleges, and of the Joint Intermediate Education Committees of the Welsh counties, met at Shrewsbury. It was then found that opinion in favour of a teaching University had greatly ripened; and the first resolution of the conference was as follows,—

"That the University of Wales shall be a teaching University, *i.e.*, that no candidate shall be admitted to a degree unless he shall have pursued such a course of study at one of the Colleges of the University as the University Governing Body may prescribe; and that the teachers, or any one or more of them, in each faculty in each college of the University, shall have a substantial share in the original framing and any subsequent modification of the curriculum and scheme of examination."

This resolution was passed unanimously. After that, progress was assured.

The next resolution was as follows,—

"That the colleges in the University shall be the University Colleges at Aberystwyth, Bangor, and Cardiff; and such other colleges as may hereafter, with the sanction of the Crown, be recognised by the University Governing Body."

The third resolution was,—

"That powers be sought, enabling the University to give degrees in arts and science, and subsequently in such other faculties, including theology, medicine, law, and music, as may be sanctioned from time to time by the Crown at the request of the Governing Body."

The fourth resolution was,—

"That it is desirable that provision should be made in the charter for the encouragement of University Extension Lectures."

The fifth resolution,—

"That it is desirable that the University should have the power of undertaking the inspection and examination of intermediate schools and other educational institutions, and of granting certificates of proficiency in connection therewith."

The sixth resolution,—

"That in order to secure the speedy establishment of a University on these lines, a committee, consisting of four representatives from each of the bodies composing the conference, — the representatives to be nominated by the respective bodies, —be appointed to prepare a draft charter of the University, and to submit the same to a subsequent meeting of this conference."

The Draft Charter Committee, so constituted, met many times, and completed its task of preparing a draft charter, on the lines laid down in the foregoing resolutions, by the end of 1892. The draft charter was presented to the conference on January 6th, 1893, and, after full discussion and with slight alteration, it was adopted by that body.

Meantime, in the autumn of 1892, the Government, aware of the steps we were taking, appointed Mr. O. M. Edwards, of Lincoln College, Oxford, to report on the condition of the colleges in relation to the proposal for University organisation. Mr. Acland, to whom Wales owes much in matters of education, had announced in November, 1892, at the opening of the library of the University College of Wales, Aberystwyth, that it was the intention of the Government to ask Mr. Edwards to prepare such a report. The report was not published, but I have heard, on the best authority, that we have every reason to be grateful to Mr. O. M. Edwards for the service rendered by it to the cause we had in hand.

The Government was thus prepared for our petition, praying that Her Majesty should found the University of Wales by a Royal Charter in conformity with the draft charter accompanying it. This petition was presented soon after Easter, 1893, and after the usual formalities, the charter received the royal signature on the 23rd day of November, 1893.

It is not for me to-night to apportion praise to the many workers in the cause. All members of the Draft Charter Committee and Conference bent themselves in single-minded endeavour to secure for Wales a University suited to her needs, and capable of being made, by faithful effort, her intellectual crown. But I should, perhaps, be guilty of omission, were I to leave some names unmentioned.

First and foremost comes the name of the late Lord Aberdare, who was chairman of conference and committee. Lord Aberdare was commander-in-chief of the Welsh

educational army; and his election to be first chancellor of the University was but an outward recognition of a leadership long since inwardly felt; it was the salutation of those who had followed him to victory. We had marched under his guidance confident in his wisdom, and helped at all turns by the influence he so rightly possessed. He passed away in ripe old age, full of loving care and consideration for all sorts and conditions of men, leaving us the legacy of a great example. It is good to know, from his own assurance, how glad it made him to be chancellor of the University he had done so much to create. He lived to see the framework of Welsh education completed. He had a large share in its making, and his name will be freshly remembered with each telling of the tale in years to come.

I must mention, too, William Rathbone, who, though an Englishman, is one of the best and most generous friends of Welsh education, and who would now be senior deputy chancellor of the University, but that, with a modesty and self-depreciation we deplored, he declined what would have been the unanimous request of the University Court; and Isambard Owen, whom this society knows well for other services to education in Wales; one who, were he not a physician, might have been a great lawyer, so nice is his appreciation of a difference, and so perfect his gift of expression, and who is now senior deputy chancellor of the University; Cadwaladr Davies and Ivor James, the secretaries of the conference, of whom the former is one of the honorary counsel, and the latter the registrar of the University; my brother, Brynmôr Jones, who turned our draft charter into a model legal document, and who is now honorary counsel to the University; and Maynard Owen, a brother of the Deputy Chancellor, who, as solicitor, piloted the draft charter through the mysterious regions of the Privy Council Office.

The record I have given to some extent explains the nature of the University which has been established. But there are some points in its constitution of which I should wish to make special mention. The first is the representative character of the Governing Body,—the University Court. The charter recognises that the University is matter of concern to the community as a whole, and, with a view of rendering the popular interest in the proceedings of the University vital, and securing to the University the services of able and representative men cognisant of the circumstances of all parts of Wales, it directs that the County Councils of Wales shall nominate twenty six members of the Court,—rather more than one fourth of the whole body. The Courts of Governors and Councils of the Colleges, themselves largely representative of the public bodies of Wales, nominate twenty one more. So that there is ample guarantee that the University Court shall be equipped with all necessary knowledge of the educational requirements of every part of Wales.

In the next place, there is the most ample recognition that the University is matter of concern as much to the women as to the men of Wales. Wherever, without exception, in our charter and statutes, words importing the masculine gender are used, they are to be interpreted as importing the feminine likewise.

In approaching the charter, statutes, and degree resolutions of the University of Wales, it is necessary to abandon the view of University functions, that makes of the University a mere examining body,—a view which is apt to rise in the minds of those who are familar only with the work of the University of London. In founding the University of Wales, we have endeavoured to bring into existence a University which should do much more than this. The objects of its founders have been,—

(i.) To ensure that all the students of the University should receive good teaching and thorough training, before proceeding to graduation. In other words, the University is to concern itself with the education of its students, and not merely with testing their knowledge by examination on particular occasions.

(ii.) To give the teachers of the University such freedom in their treatment of the subjects they profess as will enable them to give the students the best that is in them.

(iii.) To give the students, as far as may be consistent with the duty of the University to guide their studies, freedom of choice as regards the departments of learning to which they will devote themselves.

(iv.) By these means to make of the University a real force for the advancement of learning in Wales; to enable both teachers and students to breathe a freer intellectual atmosphere, remote from the attitude which our past relationship with the University of London tended to foster, the attitude in which studies are looked upon as so much preparation for examinations. Such an attitude is one of irreverence to the knowledge that is being acquired; and the new University ought to do much to wake in us all the sense that the duty and dignity of a scholar lies in free effort to prepare for original thought on his part in the department of his choice, and for the devotion of his trained powers to the efficient transaction of the affairs of life.

The charter has established a teaching University. I suppose that, sixty years ago, such an adjective would have been a superfluity. Before that time, I imagine, it had not entered the mind of man that there could be a University that does not teach. But the adjective is not without meaning since the establishment of Universities discharging only the function of examination, Universities of which the University of London may be taken as a type.

Under the provisions of the charter of the University of Wales, the Senate of the University, consisting of the heads of departments in the constituent colleges, is charged with the preparation of a general scheme of University study to be submitted to the Court for its approval and sanction. Each constituent college is entitled to propose, for the consideration of the University Senate, special schemes of study, which must, from the conditions of the case, fall within the general scheme; and the Senate may approve them or refer them back for amendment in any specified particular or particulars. If, and when the Senate approves the schemes so presented to it, it will forward them to the Court for its consideration; and the Court, by its sanction, may make them schemes of University study. It is not required of the Court that the schemes of study in all the colleges shall be identical; but the charter strictly charges the Court, in case of divergence, to preserve equivalence.

Further, all candidates for degrees must, during a certain period of years, called the "qualifying period," pursue, in a constituent college of the University, an approved scheme of study called a "qualifying scheme;" and every candidate must, before admission to a degree, satisfy the University examiners, in examinations corresponding to his qualifying scheme. It is prescribed by statute that the qualifying period of study shall not be less than three academic years.

The charter provides that the examinations of the University shall be conducted by external and internal examiners, but that no candidate shall be held to have satisfied the examiners unless he had satisfied the external examiners.

To enter into the details of the degree regulations would lead me too far; and it is not necessary for me to do so, for they are now published in provisional draft, and speak for themselves.

I have told the history of the foundation of the University at some length, because it is an admirable record of work in which all parts of Wales joined hands together to achieve an object long present as ideal in the minds of Welshmen. Achievement has waited on action, perhaps, sooner than we dared to hope; and herein there is a lesson which I believe we are learning. The foundation of the University has brought together the North and the South, has done much to obliterate a traditional divergence, and has, I believe, quickened the determination of Welshmen to let no local jealousies or small considerations introduce divided counsels and unworthy discord into their pursuit of noble national aims.

And I have told the story for another reason,—because I hope new efforts may result from seeing how a great plan, logically conceived in all its details, may soon pass into the region of accomplished fact. It is useless to pursue an abstraction as an abstraction. "He that seeketh his

life shall lose it" is as true of a nation as of an individual. Our national aims must be definite and concrete; our national life lived, or it eludes us.

I hope for new efforts at concrete aims; and I would set our politicians this definite problem,—to secure for Wales a representative central authority with large funds at its disposal, to be expended year by year in the development of the social and intellectual life of the people. I should like to expand on this theme, and may do so on some other occasion. At present I leave it mere *obiter dictum.*

My discourse to-night has been a discourse on educational machinery and its development. The work that is done is small in comparison with the work that remains to do. Wales has to breathe life, animation, activity, into the framework she has achieved; and the first condition of success is faith in herself,—a real faith, not a faith expressed merely in words, but a living faith finding issue in deeds. I believe in the national genius of the Welsh people, and in their capacity to make their University respected among the universities of the world; and I would say to the public bodies of Wales and to all Welshmen,—"Have faith in your University; if you have not, none else will; have faith in the wisdom of its governing body, in the efficiency of its colleges, the high standard of its examinations, and the value of its degrees as a testimony to training and attainments. The foundation of your University confers on you a new power; it confers on you, also, a new responsibility. Make your University what it should be, and never err by want of confidence in your power to make it great."

Let us address ourselves to our task with faith in the star of Wales, with belief in the Welsh genius, with conviction in regard to the possibility of characteristic national development on the intellectual side; and let us frankly, and without fetter, devote ourselves to building up a free national University in full exercise of the powers conferred on us. A national life is not so much to be talked about as to be lived. Our opportunity is come on the intellectual side. What sort of life is our life to be? Is it to be marked by abundant vitality from the outset,—free and confident? Or is it to be timid, hesitating, shrinking, a life of self-distrust? Can anyone who has watched the educational development of Wales in this "glad confident morning" doubt the answer?

In the event, Welshmen and Welshwomen will be brought, as never before, face to face with the advanced learning of the world, and they will approach it in such spirit as will stimulate them as they have never before been stimulated, to strive and strain themselves to add to it. Our little land, small though it be, may become a land renowned through the world and the ages, being found worthy to contain within itself some of the sources of the river of Divine Truth.

THE OLD CHURCHES OF ABERYSTWYTH.

By David Samuel, M.A.

I.

At the outset, I have to begin with an apology; for it is only fair that I should state, at the beginning of my rambling paper, that I know, after all, but very little about the old churches of our town. I cannot trace their history far back into the middle ages. The furthest point I can go is about a century and a half ago. About that time, as I learn from an old document, there was a pretty general complaint amongst our townspeople at the loss they had sustained owing to the demolition of their church by the sea. It may appear strange to Aberystwythians of the present day to hear of a church being destroyed by the sea. But we have to remember that in our neighbourhood the sea has for years been encroaching very materially on the land, and, quite within our own memory, we have seen very

marvellous depredations made by that element on our coast. Principal Rhys, in one of his books,* refers to this fact, and remarks that the time cannot have been very far past when Aberystwyth was an island, at least at high tide, and he refers to the great flood of 1886, when the town, for a time, became an island, to the terror, as he rightly says, of a part of the population.

The church to which I have referred above, had been built just outside the spot on which stands the house known to old people as "Lady Caroline's House,"—Lady Caroline being the wife of Sir Uvedale Price, the author of a book on "The Picturesque," which I have once, and only once, seen. This house used to be called, too, "The Castle House." It is now the central part of the college buildings. It was for many years the principal's house; but after the great fire at the college, it was turned into a library, &c. Beyond this building, and towards the sea, there was, about a century and a half ago, a plot of grass, and on this plot appears to have been built the first church of which I have any record. It was known by the name of Saint Mary's. For many years after this church was swept away, our town was without a church, and the townspeople were much distressed owing to the inconvenience they were under in having to go to Llanbadarn for their religious services. What relation the Aberystwyth church bore to the great church at Llanbadarn I know not; probably it was a chapel of ease; certainly it had not the ecclesiastical prestige of the latter, nor had it the traditions and associations which lingered around Llanbadarn as the quondam chief church of an archbishopric.†

The residuum of the green plot just spoken of, and which has now quite disappeared, is not, after all, a matter of such very great antiquity. Traces of it were to be seen about sixty years ago. The plot of ground on which old Saint Mary stood was no doubt clean gone; but, at the time I now refer to, there was, in front of the Castle House, a small area called "Y Morfa." It was only very small, about thirty feet broad, and stretching beyond the present sea wall in the direction of the rocks. Old people, half a century ago, bore testimony to the fact that this plot had once been a larger one, and designated *Morfa Mawr*. An old gentleman, now near eighty-five years of age, told me that he was informed by an old man, about fifty years ago, of his finding a bird's nest in a skull close to this spot. My informed called the bird "y traethgi,"—and I am told that this bird is now never to be seen on our coasts,—and further, that it is only one instance of the disappearance of a genus of sea birds from this neighbourhood. The nest seems to have been found about a hundred years ago, or a little more. The skull was found in a bank near the sea brink. How it got there was not ascertained. It seemed to have been generally supposed that the skull was that of one of Cromwell's veterans, who came here to besiege the royalist castle of Aberystwyth. Now it is well known that many skulls and human remains have been found near that particular spot from time to time. About forty years ago, when repairs were being made in the house known as Mount Pleasant, many bones and skeletons were found, and similar experiences met excavators in Laura Place, near the chief entrance to the college; and even within the college itself bones have been discovered. The old explanation was, that these were the bones of royalist and parliamentarian soldiers killed there about two hundred and fifty years ago. It is quite as probable, and perhaps more so, that they were the remains of the dead who had been buried in the churchyard attached to the old Saint Mary's church, which was swept away by the violence of the sea.

The townspeople having been deprived of their promontorial sanctuary, a general appeal was made for funds by many of the townsmen to build a new church. The appeal was made on March 17th, 1762. The document set forth that inasmuch as the town of Aberystwyth, in Cardiganshire, had been deprived of its church, the

* Rhys' *Arthurian Legend*, p. 381.

† When there is a low ebb, a pool can be seen between the college rocks and the castle. This pool used to be known as *Padarn's Pool*,—"Pwll Padarn." Many generations back our forefathers used it regularly as a bathing place. It was called after Padarn, so tradition said, because there had been a church close by dedicated to Saint Padarn, and this, too, long before the church of Llanbadarn was built.

gentlemen, whose names were underneath, being unable to raise an edifice without support from outside, appealed for subscriptions to carry out the object they had in view. They calculated that the cost of building and obtaining a minister would require £500. I do not profess to know what is meant by an appeal for support "to obtain a minister;" it seems to imply that there was no endowment attached to old Saint Mary's. However that may be, the document was signed by John Jones, mayor; Mathew Evans, secretary or town clerk of Aberystwyth; Isaac Williams, vicar of Llanbadarn; and a large number of gentlemen who were, I doubt not, amongst the most influential of the townspeople. It will be noticed that even at that day our town could boast of its mayor, but he lived and held sway under the old régime. He no doubt derived his authority from powers granted under the old town charter. The document, which is rather an interesting one, goes on to say "that many still live who were married in the churchyard of Aberystwyth church;" which seems to indicate either that the old church had been swept away long before 1762, or that marriages were solemnised in the churchyard after the destruction, seeing that there was no regular edifice where the ceremony could be performed.* The document further pointed out that the nearest church, namely, Llanbadarn, was a mile off, and beyond the reach of the old and decrepid in wet weather and stormy seasons. In reading an ancient document like this, we must, of course, always bear in mind how different Aberystwyth was then from what it is now. We must remember that our town did not extend as far as North Parade,—all this, and below, was outside the town walls; for in 1762, and for years after that date, these walls were standing.† The broad boulevard, now known as North Parade, had not been constructed, and the road to Llanbadarn was in a very bad state; and, indeed, to the weak and aged, would be impassable, except in dry weather. It appears that on Sundays, after the demolition of the church by the sea, the townspeople thronged in hundreds to Llanbadarn, if the days were fine; but if the days were wet, the worshippers could be counted at a couple of dozens. The inhabitants of Aberystwyth, we are told, were then almost entirely churchpeople, for Methodism had not yet gained strength in our midst. It was said in the document that there was scarcely, in all Great Britain, a town of such importance, and with so great a population, which was so far distant from a church. The appeal for funds was not made in vain,* the subscriptions came in, to some extent, at least; and the church was set up. The first clergyman of whom I have any account was one Evan Morgan; his curate being James Williams, a native of Dolcoion near Havod. Evan Morgan had two sons who were in orders,—one bearing the same name as his father, vicar of Llantrisant, the other John Morgan, vicar of Llanychaiarn, and afterwards rector of Saint Andrew's, Cardiff.

The new church was built much further inland than the old one just mentioned. It was built between the two paths forming an oval, which use to lead from the top of Great Dark Gate Street from the main entrance to the churchyard, up to the castle. The Welsh Encyclopaedia *Cymru* published in 1875,—not the magazine which now bears that name,—has a reference to this church. According to the account there given, this church was built in 1787, and its architecture was of a "neat and simple style." It measured sixty feet by twenty six feet; so that the building was a small one,—indeed, a large church at that time would be quite unnecessary, for whatever the old document, more than once referred to, may say as to the number of church members a quarter of a century before, the number of church-goers seems to have been very small. People who remembered the church have told me that it was rather a pretty structure,—of course it cannot possibly have belonged to an ornate style of architecture,—this we can easily surmise apart from the evidence above adduced. The church was dedicated to Saint Michael.

* I have been told that the parson of old Saint Mary's was a club-footed man, and that he conducted marriage ceremonies in the Gretna Green style.

† Vide WALES for September, 1895, p. 390.

* An unsuccessful attempt had been made a short time previously. For an amusing episode in connection with this failure, see WALES for September, 1895, p. 391.

The main entrance was at the west end, facing the castle grounds; and near the main door, and on the outside, there was a flight of steps leading to the gallery of the church. This gallery was constructed in 1790, on the western side, at a cost of £104 14s., and was the gift of one Mrs. Margaret Price. There were but few services held here except on Sunday. On that day matins were said at eleven o'clock, in English, and vespers in Welsh, at three o'clock in the afternoon, and with that terminated the religious services of the day. No such ordinances as week-day services were so much as dreamed of, and the parishioners were left to their own devices to get their spiritual comfort and ghostly admonition as best they could till the recurrence of the Sabbath. Archdeacon Hughes, the predecessor of Chancellor,—now Dean,—Phillips of St. Davids, was the pastor chiefly, if not entirely, instrumental in establishing regular week-day services; and these, with the help of activities exercised in other ways by the archdeacon, bore fruit, as I shall point out later on, in the increase of the number of church-goers in the town of Aberystwyth.

I have been informed by an old gentleman, who has descended very far into the vale of years, and who got his information from his parents, that this church before its consecration was for many years used for boat-building purposes. It appears to have stood there for many years unrecognised as a place of worship. It consisted of a shell of a church only,—with four bare walls and a roof,—the appeal which had been made for contributions in 1762 had not been heartily responded to. The boat-builder was one Gruffydd Dafydd, who was constantly to be seen in our town about sixty years ago. He was then a very old man, and went about with the help of his staff,—but even in his old age, it was easy to see that he had been a strong, powerful man, and of great stature,—he had in him the remains of a very giant of a man; these are the very words of my informant,—"gweddillion hen gawr o ddyn."

ANOTHER LIFEBOAT WANTED ON THE WILD WELSH COAST.

The following is dedicated to Miss Roberts, daughter of a yeoman farmer, Cefn Coch, Porthruffydd, North Wales; Mr. John Roberts; Mr. John Morris, Glangors Goch; William Owen, pilot; and George Jones, who gallantly risked their lives and rescued some of the survivors from the terrible wreck known as that of the Tenby Castle. The recitation begins at the inn where John Roberts is supposed to have gone to look for help.

"UP boys, who are here ready to venture their lives?"
"What's the matter?" "Why, don't slink back to your wives,
A ship is on the rocks, there's fifteen of a crew;
It's a matter of life and death, now what say you?"

"Out in the hurricane, in a lobster-pot boat?
Why, mates, we would all drown ere we had her afloat;
See the lightning's flash, thunder rolls with awful might,
What would you do by your fireside on such a night?"

One by one brave men stand up, flashing are their eyes,
You see kind looks, 'tis courage, their lives are kingly lives;
Yet out of twenty stalwart men, alas, but three
Alone have hearts enough to face that awful sea.

Some more clever hands in a boat their faint hearts show,
Some are here who know the rocks best, yet dare not go;
Still, who can blame men who hundreds of times had been
Fighting the waves in many a similar scene?

The night is bleak, wild, and stormy, the gale blows on;
But through the mist and rain four brave hearts are gone,
Tillers of the soil that toil for their daily bread,
Men like men you see round the coast of Holyhead.

The shore is crowded with folk who've come to see the sight,
Yet, all are helpless in the darkness of the night;
Listen, storm bolts like the shots of a gun thunder,
The hopeless heart quakes, prays, and is lost in wonder.

The great sea boulders, as they roll, the mighty crags defy,
Then beat them back until the waves leap mountains high;
And full tides of the Irish current sweeping round
Wreckage of hapless ships, and bodies of the drowned.

"Now, my lads, heave to," rings a voice that fills the air;
It's that of young Jack Roberts, sound as a bell, and clear.
With him three strong fellows, ready to man the boat,
Lions of the sea, they purpose to sink or float.

But Jack had a promise to keep, so it was said;
A fine farmer's daughter he was going to wed;
Her hand and her heart she had promised to the brave
Who in the year had saved most from that watery grave.

A sweet, brave girl, in a short Welsh frock, with tangled hair,
Her rosy face turned white with anxious fear and care;
And thrilled with passions she never felt before,
She felt that she belonged to Jack for ever more.

A well-won prize, life for a wife, they said,
Yet Jack and his gallant crew were looked upon as dead;
But, tough, stout, hearts were they, nor asked the reason why
God should ask of men their lives from that starless sky.

"No more willing to join you, Jack, yon lives to save?"
Men, women, you have hearts and may be good and brave;
Will you join me, women,—men? God with us will guide;
Where love is, God is, He'll row with us side by side.

"Out to the wreck. What, no more willing to go?
Jack, I'll be one then, whether they will come or no;
Push out the boat, men are drowning in our sight,
No, they must not, shall not; we'll save them all to-night."

So into the small craft, sixteen feet in her keel,
Made some two score years out of old Welsh deal,
The brave Welsh lass sprang, and side by side with Jack,
Rowed on, but little dreamt of ever coming back.

"On, on, stick to the boat," shouted the coxswain aloud,
"Of brave hearts, like yours, our country is ever proud."
Out of the rugged creek, see them carried away,
Bounding o'er huge waves, then buried beneath the spray.

A fine barque lay between two rocks, broke clean in two,
And the crew to the rigging clung the long day through;
In sheltered hollows waters churn in beds of foam,
A hopeless dawn breaks in the absent sailors' home.

"Look ahead! Clouds of canvas on our starboard bow;
A ship; watch Jack; my God, to the rocks she rushes now."
A scraunch, a crash, hatches blown up in the air,
In a second she sank, then rowing for lives we were.

All round us shrill cries and many a hoarse yell,
But we pulled the oars as into the jaws of Hell;
Indeed, it seemed as though some power not our own,
Made mountains molehills, and our hearts as hard as stone.

One by one like drowning rats, men clung to that crank,
Our boat was over loaded, twice we nearly sank,
When, to our astonishment, we saw a light
Shine out of the darkness like an angel bright.

The light which God throws out to look for shipwrecked men,
It found us, yes, near our graves as could be just then;
For then and there besides us, by a steam tug led,
A splendid lifeboat came, and a crew from Holyhead.

Every one was saved to many a home so dear,
Many the thanks we had, many a lusty cheer;
Jack and that girl were married, to them we often toast;
We want another lifeboat on the wild Welsh coast.

HOWELL VICTOR.

PANTSCATALOG BRIDGE.
Between Devynock and Trecastle.

THE LORDSHIP OF DENBIGH IN 1649-50.

By Edward Owen, London.

II.—THE EXTENT.

MANER' DE DENBEIGH CUM JURIB'S, MEMBR' ET APPURTIN'.

A SURVEY of the mannor of Denbeigh, with the rightes, members, and appurtennances thereof, lyinge and beinge in the countie of Denbeigh, late p'cell of the possessions of Charles Stuart and Henrietta Maria, late kinge and queene of England, made and taken by us, whose names are hereunto subscribed, in the moneth of Ffebruary, 1649. By virtue of a comission, graunted upon an Acte of the Commons assembled in Parliament, for sale of the honnors, mannors, and landes heretofore belonginge to the late kinge, queene, and prince, under the hande and seale of ffive or moore of the trustees in the said Acte named and approved.

The quitt rentes due to the lord of the said mannor of Denbeigh within the towne and burrough of Denbeigh, and holdinge of the foresaid mannor in ffree soccage teanure, accordinge to the custom of the said mannor, and payable att Lady Day and Michael p'an' . . . . . £6 3s. The rentes of assize due to the lord of the said mannor oute of the ffive commots or hundreds hereafter menc'oed, beinge within the said countie and belonginge to the foresaid mannor of Denbeigh. The tennants in the said commotts or hundreds holdinge heretofore as coppieholders, nowe in ffree soccage teanure, accordinge to the graunte of the Right Hon'ble Rob'te, late Earle of Leicester, who created the teanure of the said mannor by virtue of a lycence obteyned from queene Elizabeth under her manuel seale, namely, the ten'ntes w'thin ye commott or hundred of Issalett, pay att Michaell and Lady Day by even and equal

porcons p'an'	185	2	7¼
[Ditto for the comot or hundred of]			
Istulas	98	10	7
[Ditto ,, ,,]			
Uchallet .. .	60	17	8¼
[Ditto ,, ,,]			
Uchdulas	98	10	4
[Ditto ,, ,,]			
Kynmerch	72	14	2¼

The courte barrons and courte leete, ffynes and amerciamentes of courte, issues, post ffynes, ffynes upon discent or alyenacon, herriottes, reliefs, wayves, strayes, deodands, ffellons goodes, goodes of ffellons of themselves, of ffugitives and of condempned persons, wreckes of the sea, hawkeinge, huntinge, ffowlinge, ffishinge, and all other profittes and paymentes within the foresaid mannor, to the royaltie thereof appertayninge we estimate co'ibz an' £40.

Som'a total' of the aforesaid rentes and royaltyes are p'an' £561 18s. 4¾d.

Docter John Owens.

All that messuage or ffarme house, with the appurtenn'ces, commonly called or knowne by the name of Abbergelley ffarme, lyinge and beinge within the p'r'sh of Abbergelley, within the countie of Denbeigh afores'd, and to ye s'd mannor belonginge. And all those two p'cells of land, with the appurten'ces, commonly called Tire Llwyd and Kae meriog, in the teanure and occupacon of John Lloyd, to the said messuage belonginge, cont' by estimac'on 1 acre ½ more or lesse. And all those two p'cells moore of land in Borth Doppig, in the teanure of Ellice Thomas, to the said messuage belonginge, cont' by estimac'on 1 acre ½ more or lesse. And all that messuage in Abbergelley afores'd, with the yeardes and backsides thereunto belonginge, nowe in the teanure and occupac'on of Thomas ap Robert, conteyninge by estimac'on ½ an acre moore or lesse. And all that p'cell of land in Abbergelley afores'd, called Acre ywch ben y vellen, nowe in the teanure and occupac'on of Will'm John David ap Evan, cont' by estimac'on ½ an acre more or lesse. And one small quillet of land, lyeing and beinge by the mill dam in Abergelley aforesaid, nowe in the teanure and occupac'on of David ap Hugh, cont' by estimac'on 20 pole more or lesse, one p'cell of meadow in Abergelley afores'd, called Gwer glodd y Mellin y Sarn, nowe in the teanure and occupac'on of David app Edward, cont' by estimac'on 2 acres moore

or lesse. And all that p'cell of ground called Dritty ym hen y Sarn, lyinge and beinge in Abbergelley afores'd, nowe in the teanure of Griffith Morris, cont' by estimac'on ½ an acre. And all that p'cell of land lyinge and beinge in Abergelle afores'd, and in a close called Kae issa in gors, in the teanure and occupac'on of Roger Joanes, cont' by estim' ½ an acre more or lesse. All that p'cell of land called Kae Meredith Lloyd, in Abergelley aforesaid, in the teanure and occupacon of John Robertes, cont' by estimacon 2 acres more or lesse. And one close of land lying in Dulas, and a p'cell of land in Kae Glas, in the p'ish aforesaid, now in the teanure and occupacon of Robert Griffith ap Will'm, cont' by estimac' 2 acres moore or lesse. And all those three p'cells of land in Abbergelley aforesaid called Tyre y brenin, Drill y borfa Dda, and Acre of Penryn, in the tenure of Rob't gr ap Will'ms, cont' by estim' 2 acres moore or lesse. And all that messuage called Errow yr Crydd, in Abbergelley afores'd, and in the teanure of Reginald ap Evan, cont' by estimacon halfe an acre more or lesse. And one p'cell of land lyinge in a close called Moores Mellyn pella, nowe in the teanure and occupacon of Piers ap Wm., cont' by estimacon one roode moore or lesse. And one p'cell of land in Abbergelley afores'd called Kay grant, in the teanure of Griffith Lewis, cont' by estimac'on 1 acre ½ moore or less. And one p'cell of errable land in Abergelley aforesaid, in a close there called Maes y Dre, in the teanure and occupacon of John ap Hugh Gwyn, cont' by estim' one acre moore or lesse. And one p'cell of errable land in Abbergelley aforesaid called acre y kae du and llathen y boble, in the teanure of John Robert, cont' by estimacon one acre more or less. And one p'cell of arrable land lying in Bodoryn, in the foresaid p'ish of Abbergelley, cont' by estimacon one acre more or lesse. And one p'cell of errable land lyinge and beinge in Bodoryn, in the foresaid p'ish of Abbergelley, in the teanure and occupacon of Lewis Thomas, cont' by estimacon halfe an acre more or less. And one p'cell of land called y Dryll wrth y Morva in Abberg' aforesaid, in the teanure and occupacon of John Robertes, cont' by estim' one acre more or less. And one p'cell of arrable land lyingeand beinge in kae yr ffynan and Borth Dopig issa, in the fores'd p'ish, in the teanure and occupacon of Will'm David, cont' by estim' 3 acres and a halfe more or lesse. And one p'cell of errable land called tan ye go, lyinge and being in the p'ish of Abbergelley aforesaid, nowe in the teanure and occupacon of Reignold ap Evans, cont' by estim' one roode of ground more or lesse. And one p'cell of arrable land lying and beinge in Borth Dopig, in the foresaid p'ish of Abbergel', nowe in the teanure and occupacon of Richard Bulkely, cont' by estim' one roode of ground more or lesse. And one p'cell of land lying in Borth Dopig Ucha, in the foresaid p'ish of Abbergelley aforesaid, cont' by estimacon ½ an acre more or lesse. And one p'cell of arrable land lyinge in Bodoryn, called Tyr y brenin yn y w enne [? yn a waen] in the said p'ish of Abbergelly, now in the teanure of humfrey Gryffith, cont' by estim' one acre more or lesse. And one p'cell of errable land lyinge and beinge in kae glan yr afon, in the foresaid p'ish of Abergelley, nowe in the teanure and occup' of Ellis Thomas, cont' by estim' ½ an acre more or lesse. And lastly, one p'cel of land lyinge and beinge in the fores'd p'ish of Abbergelley called Pwll Coch, nowe in ye teanure and occupacon of David Lewis, cont' by estimacon one roode more or lesse. And all barnes, stables, toftes, orchardes, gardens, yeardes, backsides, wayes, passages, commons and common of pasture, libertyes, priviledges, commodityes, advantages and appurtenncs whatsoever, to the said messuage, ffarme, or p'misses, or w'i'th any p'te or p'cell of them leased, occupyed, or inioyed as p'te p'cell or member of yem or any of y'm.

Memor'd' — all w'ch last menconed p'misses were by queene Elizabeth, by her l'res pattentes bearing date the [*left blank*] graunted unto John Joanes for the tearme of [*blank*] yeares, John Joanes by meane conveyance bearinge date the [*blank*] grauntes the same to Richard Joanes, who graunted the same to John Owens, docter of divintie, late B'p of Assaph, who now holds the same att the same rent of xlvij, s as the queene granted the same to the said John Joanes by her l'res pattentes, which

lease is expired at Michaell' last past, as we are informed by oath and other sufficient testimony. But because we could not se the l'res pattents nor non of the leases, we cannot certifie the dates thereof.

But the tearme graunted by the said l'res pattents beinge expired, the said ffarme is worth upon improvement over and above the said rent p' an' £40.

JOHN WYNN, GEN'T.

All that messuage or farme house with the appurtenn'ces, comonly called or knowne by the name of ffarme M'organ Vaughan, lyinge and beinge within the p'ish of Abbergelley in the foresaid countie of Denbeigh, and to the said mannor belonginge. And all those pasture landes called Browne hilog landes in the p'ish of Abbergelley afores'd, with the appurten'nces to the said messuage or ffarme belonginge, nowe in the teanure and occupacon of John Wynn of Place Newydd, conteyn' 112 acres moore or lesse. And one p'cell of mountaine ground in the p'ish aforesaid to the said messuage belonginge, nowe in the teanure and occupacon of Ffowlke ap Robert, cont' by estimacon 3 acres ½ more or lesse. And one p'cell of mountaigne landes to the said messuage belonginge, nowe in the teanure of Robert John ap Hugh, of Betws, cont' by estim' one acre more or lesse. And one p'cell of the like ground to the sayd messuage, belonginge, lyinge, and beinge in the p'sh of Abbergelle afores'd, nowe in the teanure of David ap Hugh ap Robert of tynant, cont' 1 acre more or lesse. And one other p'cell of the like land to the said messuage belonginge, called ffryth Edward John, lyinge and beinge in Abbergelley afores'd, conteyninge by estimacon 7 acres more or lesse. And all barnes, stables, toftes, orchards, gardens, yeards, backsydes, wayes, passages, commons, common of pasture, lybertyes, priviledges, commodityes, advantages, and appurten'nces whatsoever, to the said messuage, ffarme, or p'misses, or with any p'te or p'cell of them leased, occupyed, or im'oyed as p'te, p'cell, or member of them or any of them.

Memorand' — all wh'ch last menconed premisses were by Queene Elizabeth by her l'res pattentes beareing date the [*blank*], graunted unto the said Morgan Vaughan for the tearme of [*blank*] yeares from the date of the said l'res pattentes, yeildinge, and payinge the yearely rente of ffowerteene shillings and ffowerpence att the Lady Day and Michaell' by equal porc'ons, which grante was expired nyne yeares since, as we are credibly informed, and hath bin made appeare to us by oath. But because we could not finde out the said l'res pattentes, nor see any of the meane conveyancs, we cannot certifie the dates thereof.

But the tearme graunted by the said l'res pattentes beinge expired, the said ffarme is worth upon improvement over and above the said rente p' an' £20.

DAVID PEARCE.

All that messuage or ffarme house withe the appurten'nces, commonly called or knowne by the name of Tilgarth ffarme, lyinge and beinge w'thin the p'ish of Abbergelley afores'd, in the said countie of Denbeigh. And all those 7 acres of errable 'and and pasture, lyinge and beinge in the p'ish of Abbergelley aforesaid, now in the teanure of David Pierce of Tilgarth aforesaid, and all barnes, stables, toftes, orchardes, gardens, yeardes, backsydes, wayes, passages, commons, and common of pasture, lybertyes, priviledges, comodityes, advantages, and appurten'nces whatsoever, to the said messuage, ffarme, or p'rmisses, or w'th' any p'te or p'cell of them leased, occupyede, or im'oyed as p'te, p'cell, or member of them, or any of them.

Memor'd' — all which last menconed premisses faling by escheat, Thomas Trafford, esq., late receivor of North Wales, long since graunted the same by lease to the said David Pierce, and Alice, his wife, for tearme of theire lives, yeildinge and payinge therefore the yearely rente of tenn shillinges and eleven penn' att the Lady Day and Michael' by equall porcons, w'ch he did undertake to doe under collour of his office, as we are credibly informed. But because we have not seene the graunt we cannot certifie the date thereof.

But noe lease beinge thereon, nor any thinge made appeare to us, we conceive the same to be in p'sent possession and value

the same to be worth upon improvement above ye rente p' an' £10.

All those twelve acres of land in klickiedie called Maynlloyd, lyinge and beinge within the countie of Denbigh aforesaid, and p'cell of the foresaid mannor, nowe in the teanure and occupacon of Henrie Knowlesley, gentleman.

Memor'd'—that the above said Henrie Knowlesley, gent., claymeth the p'misses by meane conveyance from Henry Lloyd, al's Rossindale, of the p'ish of the towne of Denbigh, who by l'res pattentes, bearing date the xith of May in the xxxvth yeare of queene Elizabeth, had the same by her graunted unto him to have and to hold for the tearme of 30ty yeares from the ffeast of Michael' in the 44th yeare of her raigne. And alsoe by l'res pattents, graunted the 11th of March in ye 8th yeare of king James, the same twelve acres were by him leased to Eldred and Whitmoore for 60tie years, who, by their deede of indenture bearing date the 12th of May in the said 8th yeare of king James, graunted the same for their whole tearme to the said Henry Lloyd, yeildinge and payinge the yearely rente of 2s viiid att Michael' and Lady Day by equall porcons.

There is, as we conceive, 42 yeares yet to run of both the graunts.

But yf the p'misses were out of lease, and in p'sent possession were worth above the rente reserved p' an' £6.

All those p'cells of land called Kae shete, and wayte fieilde, lyinge and beinge within the parke of the towne of Seg'royt within the county of Denbeigh, and belonginge to the mannor thereof, nowe in the teanure and occupacon of Henry Knowsley aforesaid, gent.

Memor'd' — all which last menc'oed p'misses were by king James by his l'res pattents bearinge date the xiht of March, in the 8th yeare of his raigne, graunted to Rob't Knosley, to hold from the day of the day thereof unto the full end and tearme of 60ty yeares, yeildinge and payinge therefore the yearely rente of ffive shillinges att Lady Day and Michael' by equal porcons.

There is 20y yeares yet to run of this grant.

But if the p'misses were out of lease, and in p'sent possession were worth above ye rente reserved p' an' £3.

All that one moity of threescore acres of land lyinge and beinge in the parke of Segroyt in the said mannor of Denbeigh, called Bryan y gwynt, nowe in the teanure and occupacon of Henry Knowsley, aforesaid, gent.

Memor'd' — all w'ch last menc'oed p'misses were by kinge James by his l'res pattents, bearinge date the 30th of March in ye 8th yeare of his raigne, graunted unto John Panton, to hold from the day of the date thereof unto the full end and tearme of threescore yeares fully to be compleate and ended, yeildinge and payinge therefore yearely att Lady Day and Michael' the rent of xxs. by equall porcons.

There is 20 yeares yet to run of this graunt.

But if the same were out of lease, and in p'sent possession were worth above the rente reserved p' an' £20

There is a water Grist Mill in the townshipp of Llewenny, within the foresaid mannor of Denbighe. And all mulcture and tole thereof, suite, sucken, custom, milne pooles, howses and ffishinges to the said milne belonging, or in any wise appertayninge. All which premisses are in the present occupacon of William Pierce.

Memor'd' — the foresaid milne was formerly graunted by l'res pattents by kinge James to S'r Henry Salsbury as was p'tended was, att the yearely rente of 53s. 4d., but nothinge beinge made appeare to us, we have retorned the same in present possession accordinge to our instruccons.*

[*In margin, in another hand*] This grant to be made good.

And we finde the said millne, w'th the p'misses, to be worth upon improvement over and above the said rente p' an' £10.

* A lawsuit took place in the year 1618 respecting this mill, between Hugh Lloyd, alias Rossindale, and the above-mentioned William Pierce. Lloyd had a mill on the river Ystrad that he had leased from the earl of Leicester. He brought an action against Pierce for infringing his (Lloyd's) right of suit and grist of the townspeople of Denbigh, but judgment was given against him. It is stated in the depositions that the grant of king James was to Sir *John* Salusbury, and that he and his son Henry afterwards exchanged the mill for the lands of Roger ap David ap Iwan who, in turn, sold his lease to William Pierce.

LEASE.

The profitt of ffower ffayers kepte yearely within the towne and burrough of Denbeigh, and belonginge to the mannor aforesaid (viz.) upon the eighteenth of March 1
„ 3rd of May the 2
„ ffourth of July the 3rd, and the last
„ ffowerteenth of September
together with the toleboothes, stallages, and package to each of the said ffayres belonging and appertayninge.

The toles and proffittes due to the lord of the said mannor from one markett kepte every Wednesday in every weeke in the yeare within the burrough of Denbeigh afores'd, and within the said mannor.

Memor'd'—the burgesses of the towne of Denbigh aforesaid clayme the profittes of the said ffaires and tolls of the markett to be graunted to them, and by them disposeable by their charter, and are by them lett at tenn pound p' an'. But not makinge the same any wayes appeare to us, although we sundry tymes moved them to bring in their charter, and to make ye same appeare, that wee might be satisfyed therein, w'ch beinge all togeather neglected, wee have retorned the same in present possession, and doe value the same to be worth co'ibz annis. £20.

[*In margin, in another hand*] This charter to be produced within the tyme lymitted.

All that capitall messuage, mancon place, or courte howse belonging to the said mannor of Denbigh, beinge a castle scittuat, lyinge, and beinge neare unto the towne of Denbigh, is nowe a garison of the Parliamentes, and by them soe inioyed. Therefore wee did forbeare for the present to survey the same, or to sett any estimate of the materialls thereof till we should receive instruccons from the hono'ble the trustees.

There is in the oute wardes of the said castle a peece of ground conteyninge seaven acres moore or lesse, where upon there hath binn lately built divers howses, and moore and moore daylie building, w'ch are commonly sold from one to another, and soe inioyed. But under whose righte or by what power or authoritie, or whose comand the same is donn, we cannot as yett learne. And therefore we have thought good to certifie the same to yor honnors.

[*In margin, in another hand*] This to be further enquired into.

The landes, parkes, meadowes, &c., are all sould in fee farme.

MEMORANDUM.

There is a greate Courte Barron belonginge to the said mannor kepte att the towne of Denbeigh aforesaid att the will of the lord.

There is alsoe a Courte Leete kept att the usuall tymes.

The tennantes of the said mannor are to performe their suite and service to the lord att the courtes aforesaid.

The ffreeholders who hold of the said mannor doe usually pay to the lord thereof by way of releife upon every disent one yeares rente.

There is a myne of lead upon a wast or comon called Galt Abbergelly, w'ch in Marques Hamilton's tyme was opened, but hath for som sixe yeares past layne still.

[*In margin, in another hand*] The p'ffiets of this lead myne to be vallued co'ibz annis.

An abstracte of the presente rentes, future improvementes, and all other p'fittes of the said mannor of Denbigh,—

The rentes of assize and royaltyes are p' an'	561	18	4¾
The rentes reserved upon the severall leaseholders are p' an'	17	13	3
Som' total of ye p'sent profittes..	579	11	7¾
The improvements of the severall leases within the said mannor is ..	129	0	0

Som' total of future improvem'ts—*ut supra.*

Signed and subscribed by us whose names are hereunder written, beinge nominated and appointed surveyors for the countie of Denbighe accordinge to the said Acte the 27th of Ffebr', 1649.

(Sd.) DAVID SPEED,
THOMAS BLOUMFEILDE,
BENIAMIN ANDREWES.

Exr. p' WILL' WEBB,
sup'rs' general.

[*Endorsed*] Denbeigh Mannor, nup' Car. and Henr. Mar'. Denbeigh.

Received this 28th of June, 1650.

Transmitted to the Surveyor General the same day.

Returned the first of July.—SPEED.

ENOCH HUGHES.

By Daniel Owen,

Author of *The Autobiography of Rhys Lewis, Gwen Tomos, &c.*

Translated from the Welsh by the Hon. Claud Vivian.

CHAPTER XXX.

ARTICLES OF PEACE.

ENOCH came to the kitchen, as has been remarked, flabbily enough, and the policeman said to him,—

"Now, Mr. Hughes, I have been explaining the law to Margaret Parry,—the law of Great Britain and Ireland,—in connection with a trouble which may occur in any house of business such as yours. Margaret Parry now knows where she would be this time to-morrow morning, unless you had been a merciful man; and she is repentant for her crime, and promises to sign an agreement that she will from now henceforth be obedient to your orders, be tidy in the house, careful of your comforts, and acknowledge that her place is that of a servant and not mistress, and that she will never be mistress in this house,—that is, if you will be so kind as to forgive her what has passed and give her another chance. Do you feel, Mr. Hughes, that you can do this? Can you look over what has occurred? The insult, the wrong you have received at the hand of one who has received so much of your kindness?"

"I think I can," said Enoch, not quite sure how to answer Jones.

"You are one out of a thousand, sir," said Jones. "I have seen some dozens put into jail for two years for a less crime than the one that Margaret Parry is guilty of. Now, Margaret Parry, as Mr. Hughes is so merciful, do you repent of your sins, and beg Mr. Hughes' pardon for——. Well, for a thing that is too horrible to mention?"

Margaret said nothing, but cried and sobbed.

"I must have an answer, Margaret Parry, or do my duty," said Jones, and he rose to his feet, and took hold of the handcuffs.

"Mr. Jones——" said Enoch, on the point of taking Margaret's part, but Jones answered at once,—

"The law must take its course, Mr. Hughes. If Margaret Parry is not ready to beg your pardon and promise to behave herself, there is nothing but the jail or Denbigh Asylum for her. What do you say, Margaret Parry? One word will do it."

"Yes," said Margaret, half shouting and half crying, and a tear trickled down Enoch's cheek out of pity for her.

"Very well," said Jones. "One of the most hateful things to me on the face of the earth, Mr. Hughes, is to take anyone to prison, especially a woman, and I am glad to see Margaret Parry is wise enough to repent of her fault and promise to reform. I'll tell you another thing, Mr. Hughes, I never saw a woman taken to jail yet that didn't die there very soon, for they treat them dreadfully, —you'd never believe it. Now," added Jones, sitting on the table, "come here and sign this paper, for everything must be done as the law requires."

"I can't write," said Margaret.

"The law permits you to make a cross," said Jones.

Margaret came to the table, unwillingly, and after Jones had put his finger on a particular part of the paper, Margaret made a huge cross, nearly as big as a windmill.

"Now, Mr. Hughes," said Jones, "how much wages are due to Margaret Parry?"

"Five pounds ten, I think," said Enoch.

"Bring it here, every penny," said Jones.

"What about the rise?" said Margaret, who had recovered to a considerable extent.

"You have forfeited the rise by misconduct, and you must regain your character before talking of the rise," said Jones.

"Perhaps——" said Enoch.

"Mr. Hughes," said Jones, for he saw Enoch was softening, "pay the money that is due to the servant, for one must proceed according to law.'

"Enoch handed the money to Jones, and Jones counted it out to Margaret, and said,—

"Now, Mr. Hughes, I know you are a tender and merciful man, and I know that you would not wish to do any harm to an old homeless woman, nor spoil her character. Will you promise never to say a word to anyone about this business, on your honour now?"

"I will never say a word to anyone, if——" said Enoch.

"There must be no 'if' in the matter, Mr. Hughes," said Jones. "I beseech you for the

sake of this old creature, your servant, never to mention the matter to anyone, for if the story got out, Margaret Parry would be, poor thing, a joke to everyone. Those black eyes won't be long mending, and you must make some excuse for them,—that you knocked your head against the bedpost, or something,—and not say, on any account, that your maidservant struck you when the devil possessed her. Will you promise, Mr. Hughes? Come, will you be kind? I know that she doesn't deserve it, but will you promise to keep the matter silent?"

"I will," said Enoch.

"You are one in a thousand, I say again," said Jones. "And now, Margaret Parry, take care to lead a new life, and not tempt your master to let a rumour of this get out, for if it once got out, you would be a joke to the whole parish, and all the children of the town would be shouting after you. And remember, Mr. Hughes, if you have the slightest complaint against your servant,—nothing but the smallest atom,—just tell me. I pass your house every day,—and I'll take care to put things to rights,—for the law is the law, and I don't know what would become of us if it weren't for the law. Now I remember it, if you are in want of a servant, I have a niece who is a first class house-keeper,—a capital scholar. She could come to you at a day's notice, if you should happen to be in want of one. Well, now, I must go, but I want to speak a word in private with you, Mr. Hughes, in connection with the law that governs a house of business like your house."

Enoch felt hopeful once more, and much easier in his bosom. He looked upon Jones as a guardian angel. After the two had again gone into the parlour, Enoch said, rubbing his hands, and smiling pleasantly,—

"Do you know what, you are a sharp one, Mr. Jones. I don't know what I should have done if you had not happened to come in."

"Mr. Hughes," said Jones, "I have had a good deal of experience with matters like this, and I think I have placed you on safe ground once more. Your future comfort depends entirely on yourself,—that is upon the way you behave to your servant. She is as ignorant as a turnip, and it was on her ignorance that I worked,—that was the idea. And my experience is this,—I never yet saw an ignorant and bad tempered servant who, if you turned round on her, you wouldn't find was an utter coward. Now, Mr. Hughes, if you are for having peace and comfort in your house, show that you are the master. I'll take my oath, sir, that if you were to turn a bit of a tyrant for a week, that old Guinevere there would be like a lamb to you. And that is what you *must* do. Shout at her now and then, and make her do things there is no need to do, just to show that you are the master. If you were not a religious man I should recommend you to swear at her now and then till she danced. But there is no necessity for you to go quite so far as that. But I'll say this, if you don't show yourself a *man*, if you don't raise your voice and tell her who's who, you won't be a bit the better off. I have driven the evil spirit out of her,—and it would have been a treat to you to see her face when I was putting her to rights,—but if you don't act the *man*, Mr. Hughes, and show your authority, seven other unclean spirits will go into the woman, and you will be worse off than ever,—believe me."

"You speak quite truly, Mr. Jones," said Enoch, "and I must try, though it's difficult, to be more of the master. I have suffered more than you would believe, and she has got very bold with me."

"I'll come in now and then," said Jones, "as it were to see if everything is going on all right, and that will keep her under."

Whilst Jones was saying the last words, Enoch saw the Ty'nyrardd maidservant crossing the street to his door, with a note in her hand, and after asking Jones to excuse him for a moment, Enoch ran to the door, hiding his face with his hand to prevent Kitty seeing the bruises, to receive the note, and returned in a minute. After opening the note, and reading it to himself, Enoch said,—

"Well, there it is again."

"What is it now, Mr. Hughes? More trials?" asked Jones.

"Yes," said Enoch, mournfully, "an invitation from Mrs. Trevor to go there to supper, to-night, to meet our minister, and *how* can I go with two black eyes? *I am* unlucky,—no one was ever so unlucky!"

"You can go there quite easily," said Jones. "Have you any raw beef in the house?"

"Yes, I think," said Enoch.

"Very good," said Jones. "I know you didn't sleep much last night, and after you have had your breakfast, cut two slices of the lean of the beef, and go to bed,—the lads in the shop can do without you very well,—and put a slice on each eye, and stop in your bed till mid-day,—yes, till two o'clock,—and if you can go to sleep all the better. By one or two o'clock you will find that the black bruises under your eyes have clean vanished, and by the time you have to go to Ty'nyrardd, you will be all right. To avoid waste, the two slices will make an excellent dinner for the cat afterwards."

Enoch laughed at Jones' frugality, and said,—

"Well, indeed, you are sharp, Mr. Jones. I never saw your like,—I will try it, anyhow."

"It's sure to answer the purpose," said Jones, "and now I must go, Mr. Hughes, for it is inspection day."

"Stay, I don't know when I shall be out of your debt,—take this now," said Enoch, putting a sovereign in Jones' hand."

Jones looked at the sovereign in the palm of his hand, and looking comically at Enoch, said,—

"You are too liberal minded, Mr. Hughes. You are for my retiring from the force at once. Well, I can only thank you very much, and remember that I am at your service, Mr. Hughes."

"Don't mention it; we will have a talk again. Good morning," said Enoch.

CHAPTER XXXI.

ENOCH HUGHES' DREAM.

ENOCH ate his breakfast in silence. Margaret looked exhausted, without energy and without heart, like a half killed cat. And what wonder? The happy hope that she had nourished for so many a day, namely, that she would be mistress of the Cross Shop, and be called Mrs. Hughes, had been slain. And not this only, but she had been threatened and treated with severity by the policeman, who, henceforth, was to watch her and keep her in order. Indeed, Margaret considered that she had been all but taken to prison. Her face was dirty with the traces of crying,—she had not cried since the time when her mother died, and only a little then, and she wouldn't have cried at all but that she believed that crying was suitable to the circumstances. The loss of her mother was as nothing in her sight in comparison with the loss of the hope of marrying her master. It was a matter of indifference to her, henceforth, whether she lived or died. After the rowing she had got from Jones the policeman, and whilst Jones and Enoch were talking in the parlour, she more than once thought of Boaz, "the conductor." It would have been well for her, Margaret thought, if she had returned Boaz' looks. She felt now more sure than ever, after Enoch had taunted her with it, that Boaz had though something of her when he looked at her so frequently at the choir practices. Poor Margaret! The reason for Boaz' turning his eyes so frequently on Margaret in the choir was because she was so fearfully out of tune; and often and often Boaz had said to the leader of the treble,—who, by and bye, he married,—"Jennie, I don't know what to think of that Margaret Parry, she squeals like a stuck pig, and spoils the singing. I don't like to say this to her, but I should like some of you, if it is possible, to make her angry, and get her to keep away." How open we are to wrongly interpret a man's look!

Enoch could not help perceiving from Margaret's appearance that she had been broken in to a great extent. But whether she would remain in this happy condition was doubtful to him. Enoch was perfectly conscious of the truth of what Jones the policeman had said to him,—that it would be necessary for him to act the man if he was to keep Margaret under. If he did not do this Enoch felt perfectly sure that Margaret would be in full possession of her bad tempers by the next morning. Whilst eating his breakfast he meditated how he could begin this job. He had little faith in his power of accomplishing the task. Indeed, he could not be unfriendly with anyone, and he preferred suffering a wrong to being harsh and masterful. By this time, Enoch saw that it would be necessary for him to try to show his authority. After finishing breakfast, he went straight to the pantry, where he had not being for a long time previously, and he felt Margaret's eyes burning into his back at his accomplishing such an act of boldness. He cut two slices off the lean of the beef according to Jones' directions, and on going upstairs to the attic, he said, rather nervously,—"Margaret, I am going to bed, and no one is to disturb me before mid-day;" and lest Margaret should stop him, he walked quickly upstairs before he could hear what she said.

Margaret did not utter a word; she only looked in astonishment at the beef in his hand. She asked herself if her master had gone crazed? What was he taking beef to his room for, in the name of all sense? Had the policeman come with a mastiff for him, which he was going to keep upstairs, and which was to look after her? Or did her master intend in future,—rather than eat in the kitchen,—to take his food upstairs, and that raw, too? Or did he mean to bewitch her with the beef, as she had heard some people had bewitched warts. Margaret was perplexed and disturbed to no small extent.

Enoch went to bed; and, according to the directions, he placed the beef on his eyes, with an earnest prayer for the medicine to have its desired effect. It was not wonderful, after what he had gone through the previous night, that he felt as if almost fainting on lying down in his bed. He felt his breakfast,—and it was only a small one,—weighing heavily on his stomach, and as though it wanted to change its quarters. He could not account for his sickness. His sickness got worse, and Enoch was smitten with the horrible imagination,—had Margaret, he wondered, poisoned him?

There was nothing easier for her to do, for, contrary to old maids in general, Margaret could not abide cats,—indeed, she had killed about half a dozen,—and as a substitute for cats, Margaret used rat poison copiously. What, said Enoch, if she had put some of that poison in his breakfast? He felt very ill. If Margaret had poisoned him,—there was no help for it,—he must die,—for he couldn't call to anybody for assistance,—and, taking everything into consideration, to die would not be such a very great misfortune. Thus was Enoch thinking within himself when he fell into a heavy sleep,—so heavy that he did not awake for four hours. And no one knows when he would have awakened if he had not had a terrible dream. He thought,—in this journey of his soul,—that he had been ill, and in bed for many months, and that Margaret had kept his illness a secret from everyone, for neither doctor nor friend visited him in the course of all the months of his illness. He was in torturing pains incessantly, night and day, and if he complained, even a little, Margaret struck him on his forehead with some instrument, which redoubled his pains. Many a time when Margaret was not in the room, he would have loved to have been able to get up and to have knocked at the window to anyone who happened to be passing, and to have informed his friends that he was ill, and that he was being fearfully badly treated, but he was too weak to rise. By some means, which he did not understand, Margaret had sold his shop and all his belongings, and secured the money for herself. At times, in order to torment him, Margaret brought all the money to a small table in front of him, and counted it carefully many times over, and then put it away carefully and insolently. He was all the time conscious that Margaret was waiting for him to die, and that she intended to bury him secretly in the garden after dark. At times, Margaret struck him on the head with a big hammer, so as to smash his forehead in, and then furiously seized his hair, raised his head from the pillow and struck him in the nape of the neck with the hammer, till his forehead came back into its place again. If he shouted "oh," Margaret gave him an extra knock in front and behind. He marvelled how he could live so long under such bitter treatment, and he perceived by Margaret's face that she was quite tired of waiting for him to die. He seemed to be kept at times for weeks together without a morsel of food. So severe was his hunger at these times, that he thought, if he could have moved his head, he could have eaten the bedpost, but he could not even turn his eyes without pain. When his cravings were sharpest, Margaret would come to the room with dishes of the most tempting food,—sit down within a foot of his nose, eat the lot, and lick the dish without offering him a morsel; and yet he lived. At times he tried to die, but every time he did this, death went further from him, and his pains increased. One day, Margaret seemed to come to the room with a fine, sharp, knife in her hand, and Enoch saw that she meant to kill him, and this was not an unmitigated evil in his sight, for he was tired of living. Margaret had not talked to him for many months,—had only pulled elfish faces at him for hours together at a time. But now she spoke, telling him that she didn't intend killing him for a month or two, but her business that day was to put his eyes out. As soon as Margaret spoke, Enoch felt that, at that very moment, he himself had lost all power of utterance. He made a hard struggle, but he could not move his tongue, which made it appear as though he agreed to Margaret's pulling out his eyes, which she did dexterously with the point of the knife. Enoch marvelled that the putting out of his eyes did not cause him so much pain as being struck on the forehead with the hammer. He saw,—which was odd,—Margaret place the eyes on the dressing-table, and leave them there, and then go down stairs. Enoch did not experience so very much discomfort from the loss of his eyes, but he felt a little uncomfortable at seeing them always looking at him, and one of them,—his left eye,—making, as it were, fun of him; and well it might, thought Enoch, for he was aware that he had deep, ugly holes on each side of his nose. At the same time, it was rather hard that one of his own eyes should make common cause with Margaret against him, and he vowed within himself that, if he could pull through this trouble, he would never forget his right eye for sticking to him like a trump to the last. Whilst he was cogitating over these things, behold Margaret reappears, and tells him that she had, after pulling out his eyes, forgotten to scrape out their holes, and when she began to scrape, Enoch gave a jump in in his bed, and woke up. He realized that he had been dreaming. He tried to open his eyes, but he couldn't. He began to doubt if it had been a dream. He felt his eyes, and,—well, he remembered about the lean of beef, which interpreted the dream. His eyes burnt violently, but they were in his head and not on the dressing-table; and he never in his life had felt more thankful. He jumped to the floor, washed, and found that the treatment of Jones the policeman had answered its purpose.

For the rest of the afternoon, Enoch had tried to appear lively and busy, still it was evident to his shop assistants that he was in a disturbed and absent state of mind. Enoch could not do less

than congratulate himself on the aspect his circumstances now presented in comparison with what he had feared the previous night. He felt that he was indebted to Providence for sending a man of the ability and experience of Jones, the policeman, to pull him out of the mess that appeared a few hours ago inevitable. His thoughts ran constantly to Ty'nyrardd, and he looked at his watch frequently. He was not without fear that the Rev. Obadiah Simon would make a favourable impression on Miss Trevor's mind, and so throw him a rood or two further from the goal he had placed before his mind. Enoch was conscious,—painfully so,—that Mr. Simon was better looking than he was; and though this was not the only thing that made him give his vote against him when Mr. Simon's "calling" was before the chapel,—yet is was part of the sum total that caused Enoch to make up his mind that Mr. Simon was not the best man that could be got as a minister. From the little conversation Enoch had had with Mr. Simon he was not willing to acknowledge that his general knowledge was more extensive than his own, — but he knew that the minister was a better talker than he,—more fearless and bold, or, as Enoch put it to himself,—"I have as much stock as he has, but he makes a better show in his window." But so long as Miss Trevor didn't look at that window Enoch wouldn't mind. He had not concealed from her, by behaviour or in any other way, except by express declaration in words,—his liking for her. Indeed, he had in hundreds of circumstances shown that he was her slave, of course anxiously expecting her to show some signs that she valued and was grateful for his constancy and devotion, before he made a distinct revelation of his love. But up to now, she had given but little cause for him to gather that she understood his assiduity or his feelings towards her. The only good omen that Enoch had had,—and it was a precious one in his sight,—was that she had not latterly avoided his society, nor had been, on the whole, disregardful of it. She had scarcely behaved in this way when he first began to go to Ty'nyrardd,—indeed, he remembered the time when she never lost any opportunity of having a shot at him, if she anyhow could, and this had brought Captain Trevor's frowns on her. She didn't do so now, but treated him as a friend of the family. Enoch, however, scarcely looked upon this change in her behaviour as sufficient encouragement for him to make his mind known to her,—for he considered that if she refused his offer,—if she said positively that there was no hope for him,—well, the mere thought of it was such that he could not suffer it,—and he would have preferred spending his life in going to and coming from Ty'nyrardd if he could by so doing keep everyone else away, though he himself had no chance of success in his object. But what certainty had he that no one would come and snatch away his idol whilst he was building its altars? None. Perhaps the Rev. Obadiah Simon was the man who would do it.

JOSEPH EDWARDS, SCULPTOR.

By William Davies *(Mynorydd)*.

X.

"Time is the moving shadow of Eternity."—Plato.

AMONGST Mr. Edwards' papers I came across a rough draft, in pencil, of a letter to a friend, on two sketches he had made, and they will appropriately lead to the accounts of his statuette of the High Poet-Priest of Science. There is no trace of the name of the person addressed.

Rough draft of a letter.

"The subjects in the sketches of the 'Philosopher and Youth,' and of the 'High Poet-Priest of Science,' are intended to be very closely connected; so much so, indeed, that the 'youth,' in the former sketch, ultimately becomes the mighty subject of the latter one.

"Both these subjects, as you may remember, are further intended by me to be thrown far into the future, in order that the feeling of hope in us may have the amplest scope to look forward to the most glorious development of all the vast truths of science, and to the most thrilling and commanding interpretation of them, of which very many are at present in their merest infancy; and in order, too, it may be added, that we of the present day, and those of others that are to follow, may have, even in these intended humble contributions of mine, as well as in a thousand others infinitely more effective, a means of pure incitement to go on working steadily in our respective paths, so as to contribute

our shares to the realization of the more glorious time which, we trust, is to come, and to which we look forward.

"I believe I may safely venture to say that this view is not much out of harmony with your own; nor, perhaps, will my guess differ greatly from yours, as to the high tone and breadth of mind which the 'Philosopher' may possibly have.

"In order to try at indicating those mental qualities, I may begin by stating that I feel a pleasure in supposing that someone in the remote future may say of this great man something in the way Laman Blanchard says of his 'Eloquent Pastor Dead,'—

'His thoughts were as a pyramid up-piled,
On whose far top an angel stood and smiled,
Yet in his heart was he a simple child;'

and as Pope, after Horace, says,—

'Sworn to no master, of no sect was he;'

and as old Chaucer says of his 'Clerk of Oxenford,'—

'Sounding in moral virtue was his speech,
And gladly would he learn, and gladly teach;'

and as Bernard Barton says of his friend Gurney,—

'There was a breadth, a largeness in his soul,
A fulness, richness, amplitude of heart
Which no sectarian limits could control,
To keep him from his fellow man apart;'

and as 'myriad-minded' Shakespeare says of Brutus,—

'His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world,—This was a man.'

"Perhaps, also, the 'youth' in question might add that he himself, while having the great Delphic precept fully expounded to him, was reminded once of the magnificent poetry and moral inference contained in the following lines from one of Shakespeare's sonnets,—

'Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy,
Anon permit the basest clouds to rule
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace,'*

"The 'Philosopher' himself, adding,—'So in the morning of life have I seen many a glorious youth neglecting his powers, and then stealing unseen to west with this disgrace.' And why? Because indolence had been allowed to prevail, which to the bright lustre of the mind is often,—

'As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taintworm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobes wear
When first the white thorn blows,'

as Milton sings in *Lycidas*; the 'Philosopher' adding,—'And who has not heard the following sweet, sad, words of Mrs. Sigourney?' He repeated them most touchingly,—

''Tis a mournful story,
Thus in the ear of pensive eve to tell
Of morning's firm resolves and vanished glory,
And plants of mercy dead, that might have bloomed so well.'

"Then with a voice as of deep, distant thunder, accompanied by a quick electric influence such as might have produced 'a shaking among the dry bones in the valley,' and 'create a soul under the ribs of death,'—the same 'Philosopher' might be supposed to repeat solemnly for consecration in the youthful memory some such words as those of Robert Nichol,—

Arouse thee, Soul;
God made not thee to sleep
Thy hour on earth, in doing nought,—away;
He gave thee power to keep,
Oh! use it for His glory, while you may;
Arouse thee, Soul!'

immediately afterwards referring to the sonnet of Shakespeare, where he also addresses,—

'The Soul that rises with us, our life's star,'

and says to it,—

'Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more,
So shalt thou feed on death that feeds on men,
And death once dead, there's no more dying then.'

My quotations, such as they are, to illustrate the intention in the 'High-Poet Priest of Science,' I hope to send you next week."

The High Poet-Priest of Science. (Sketch for a proposed large statue.)

This subject,—the High Poet-Priest of Science,—was amongst the best beloved of all Joseph Edwards' works. He hoped for several years to produce it on a large scale, and I am under the impression that he intended it to be the result of a commission which he received for a statue to

* Sonnet No. xxxiii.

commemorate a Welsh poet. After the poet's death, some members of his family approached Mr. Edwards, and stated their intention to have a statue, and proposed £1,000 as the sum to be paid. Other members of the family arrived from the Antipodes, afterwards. Some references are made in his diary to the proposed work, but they are somewhat vague, and some years elapse between the first date in which it is referred to, and the last. Whether it was felt that this ideal statue of the future Poet-Priest would not be an appropriate one for a poet who had recently died, or not, I am unable to say at this distance of time; but I can venture to state that the commission was never executed. As it is not mentioned in the diary that it was intended that this ideal statue was the one to be executed, it would not be wise to make any statement more definite. Some members of the poet's family have since that time died.

When the sketch was first exhibited, a true critic said,—"It appears to us so good and so new in art, that we feel assured it will soon be commissioned by some patron of art to be carried out to its full heroic proportions. It represents the High Poet-Priest of Science advocating the great modern precept, 'Study Nature,' inscribed on the tablet held in his hand. The full inscription reads,—'Study nature, O man! and for thine and other's sakes do thou ever strive to be truly great, wise, and good.' From this conception, a grand, yet simple, ideal statue can be made of a venerable man, greater than 'Plato the wise, or large-browed Verulam', a man who, in due time, is to come and impart to the human family the clear light of science, poetry, and reverence with a lustre and charm such as have never yet been witnessed." On the pedestal is an inscription from the *Novum Organum*,—"Man, the minister and interpreter of nature, can only understand, and that in proportion as he observes or contemplates, the order of nature. More he cannot know nor do." The translation of the ancient Greek precept on the pedestal is as follows,—"Live harmoniously with nature." There is also another from Juvenal,—"Wisdom ever echoes nature's voice."

The following remarks are taken from Joseph Edwards' note-book,—"The endeavour in the statue will be to give a worthy impersonation of a stupendous, 'myriad-minded' man of the future, to whom the combined light of all the sciences, when far more perfected than they are at present, will, in the most brilliant manner, reveal the multifarious glories to be attained by the due study of nature, in conformity with the order of nature, and by whom all the unveiled marvels of the universe will be explained with a commanding power and eloquence such as the world has not yet witnessed. In the ideal and the real, the spiritual and the material; in the mental, moral, and physical departments of study, ample and clear testimony may then be had to prove that the high object of the inductive method of philosophising, as Lord Bacon has indicated, is 'not to build a capital or erect a pyramid to the pride of man, but to rear a holy temple in his mind on the model of the universe.' From this holy temple of the universe, sublime and heart-consoling religion may, in due time, resound her most sacred and soul-elevating anthems, and love divine, with truth and wisdom, purity and goodness, may therefrom diffuse the mightiest, grandest influences for the enduring joy, well-being, and happiness of the human family."

The following selection of quotations accompanying Mr. Edwards' views, complete one of the finest specimens of elevated thought,—

"Is not God's universe a symbol of the godlike? Is not immensity a temple? Listen! and for organ music thou wilt ever, as of old, hear the morning stars sing together."—CARLYLE.

"The world still wants its poet-priest, a reconciler who shall see, speak, and act, with equal inspiration; for knowledge will brighten the sunshine; right is more beautiful than private affection, and love is compatible with universal wisdom."—EMERSON.

"Without the study of nature, man can have neither firm principles nor true happiness."—DU MARSAIS.

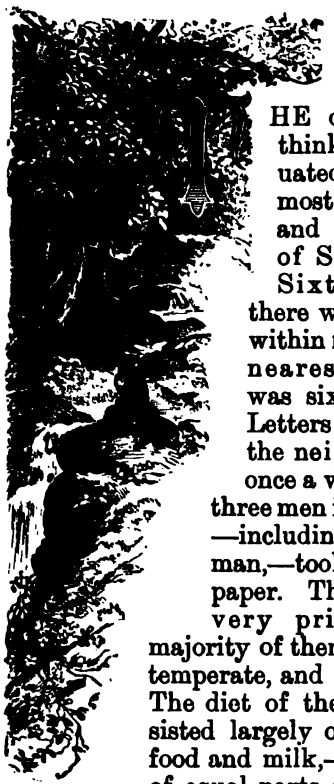
"Science ever has been, and ever must be, the safeguard of religion."—Sir D. BREWSTER.

"We must not expect anything to be immutable in a mutable condition of things."—LANSDOWNE.

"To study the laws by which the Almighty governs the universe is our bounden duty."—PRINCE ALBERT.

WILD WALES SIXTY YEARS AGO.

By G. C. W.



THE district I am thinking of is situated in one of the most mountainous and remote parts of South Wales. Sixty years ago there was no railway within fifty miles, the nearest post office was six miles away. Letters only came to the neighbourhood once a week, and only three men in the district,—including the clergyman,—took in a weekly paper. The people were very primitive, the majority of them industrious, temperate, and hardworking. The diet of the people consisted largely of farinaceous food and milk,—bread, made of equal parts of wheat and barley, oatcake, oatmeal-stirabout known as duffery (doughery, *uwd*,) flummery, flummery-caudle, known as *succan-berw* and *succan-brithdwym* "milk supping" (*cawl llaeth*). Buttermilk was largely used as a food, and mixed with water as a beverage. The harvest drink was "glaster" (*glasdwr*), skim-milk, and water. The Sunday dinner consisted of boiled soup, beef, and bacon, and this only in the larger farmhouses.

As emigration to America had not set in, nor emigration to the South Wales coalfield commenced, there was an excess of labour, and it was consequently very cheap. The yearly wages of a farm hand, capable of doing almost any work on a farm, would be from £3 10s. to £6 10s. Female servants could be hired from £2 10s. to £4 10s. Lads of twelve to fourteen were glad to take service for their food, with, perhaps, clothing given after the first year. Another cause tended to lower wages.

Puritanism had all but succeeded in putting down athletic sports,—running, jumping, wrestling, throwing the bar, dancing, football, and handball,—in a neighbourhood once greatly given to all these sports and excelling in them. The Celtic love of excitement found vent in another direction. Night meetings,—*cyrddau wedi nos*,—became popular, resulting in a rapid increase of illegitimacy.* Poor girls were willing to take service for a couple of years, at very low wages, in order to recover their character; and the people who took these children to nurse,—generally childless couples,—were only too glad to get them off their hands as soon as they could shift in any way for themselves. These nurse-children made the best of servants. The majority of them removed the stigma of birth by obedience, skill, and industry. The superabundance of labour produced many evils,—dishonesty, sheep stealing, wholesale poultry stealing, and horse stealing, in the shape of mountain ponies, became only too common.

Every farmer reckoned upon losing a certain number of sheep from the hills every year. Some went so far as to hint that shepherds acted on the principle laid down by Saint Paul, only somewhat modified,—"Who feedeth a flock and *eateth* not of the *flesh* of the flock?" Be that as it may, some farmers had heavy losses. In the autumn, vast droves of sheep passed along the roads in the neighbourhood. Some said that, however honourable the head men might be, some of the underlings were open to buy half a dozen sheep late at night or early in the morning, without asking questions. Mixed with the drove they were lost to view, and when the real owner,—some distant farmer,—discovered his loss, it was only to realize that recovery was impossible.

* This statement, like so many others appearing in this magazine from time to time concerning both sides of this burning historical question, must not be taken as the editor's opinion. The Calvinists are regarded by some as a cause of the evil doings described in the famous Blue Book of 1834, a book so vehemently condemned by Welsh patriots. They are regarded by others as being cruelly severe against sexual immorality, and it is pointed out that their rules of discipline forbid their baptizing illegitimate children.—Ed.

It was usual for the farmers in the valleys to send flocks of geese to the hills to pasture during the summer months, where they would be cared for by some shepherd's wife. They were fetched back in autumn, as soon as the corn was housed, to feed on the stubble. It was no uncommon thing for a whole flock to be lifted in one night, near the time the farmer was about to remove them home again.

The following personal narrative may illustrate what has been stated above. My father was a squireen, living in this district. He was the owner of the farm on which he lived, and he possessed several small farms besides. He lived much as his neighbours did, except that, having more capital, he employed more labour, farmed better, kept better stock, a better table, and devoted a good deal of time in winter to field sports,—especially coursing hares,—in which his neighbours participated.

He set himself the task of putting down stealing. I can now see that he did not sufficiently realize the cause; namely, the congested state of the district. It was to be done by the strong arm of the law. He was well backed up by his bailiff,—old Richard, a man of fifty five, who had commenced service in the family as *gwas bach*. He was a remarkably shrewd, clever, long-headed man. A magnificent workman who could turn his hand to anything, he was credited by his fellow servants with knowing everything and all about everybody.

About a mile away from the house where we lived was an open common, some six or seven hundred acres in extent, surrounded by cultivated lands. On this were a number of cottages, the majority wretched huts of recent erection,—"*tai trachoinos*" or "*tai-un-nos*." The inhabitants of some of the these cottages were believed not to be able to distinguish very clearly between *meum* and *tuum*. The head of the gang was an old man of the name of Evan Grab. He was ably abetted by his wife, Shani. They had two daughters living in neighbouring huts with their husbands, to whom it was said they were never lawfully married. The old man and the son-in-law worked as day labourers with the surrounding farmers, when they worked at all; but they were not fond of work, and much of the poultry stealing and sheep stealing was put down to them. It was said they had receivers in the neighbouring town with whom they were in league, and to whom everything stolen was passed. The old man had been convicted once or twice in the past, but for some years he had escaped detection.

My father was a widower, a middle aged man. From the day of my mother's death I had slept in a little crib in his bedroom. He was father and mother to me. One night I was awakened by a murmuring sound. I listened and distinguished the voice of my father and the old bailiff in earnest conversation. There was no light in the room. A light in the room would have been a signal for every bad character in the neighbourhood to hurry home.

"What is the matter, Richard?" I exclaimed.

"Our neighbour, Daff Davies, has lost all his turkeys an hour or two ago, and he has come to consult the master what he had better do."

Orders were promptly given. Daff was to scour the road leading to the common in company with his servant man. The thieves,—heavily laden,—could not travel fast, and would be over-taken. Richard was to take one of the servant men and hurry to the common, and ascertain what cottages contained lights. It was now three a.m., of a November morning. They were to approach as near as possible, and ascertain the cause of lights at that hour of the night. They were afterwards to report. When I rose next morning, I was informed that my father had breakfasted and ridden off, somewhere. In due time he returned, armed with a search warrant. The others reported as follows,—

The turkeys, all but two, had been found in sacks thrown over the hedge on the road leading to the common. Lights were discovered in three cottages. In one, sickness existed; in the other two, something suspicous was going on.

The neighbours and the parish constable were summoned, and the search party organised. I accompanied it. The first house was searched as a mere make-believe; it was that of an aged couple,—Ned and Palli Williams. They lived on an elevated part

of the common that commanded a view of the other cottages, and it was they who quietly, on the Sunday, reported the fact that some of their neighbours found it necessary to be afoot at night. The parish constable explained the object of the visit, which the old people knew perfectly well before hand. Old Ned said they were welcome to search his house,—the only thing he had ever stolen was his wife, fifty years ago, and they were perfectly welcome to take her away; whereupon Palli cheerily chirped in with the remark that it was too late in the day; her old man's title was perfectly good in law, and that she would stick to him "tra bo crys ar ei gefn,"—while he had a shirt to his back,—after which pleasant badinage the search party passed on to one of the houses where a light had been seen. It was that of a couple who had not long been married. The woman was a native of a good stock, but the man was a stranger who had, to use a current expression in the neighbourhood, "come across the country." Nothing was known of him except that he was not over fond of work. The woman seemed greatly frightened. Her husband, she stated, had gone early to work. The search commenced. Nothing was found in the keeping room; but when the party passed into the chamber she turned deadly pale. From underneath the bed was taken a whole set of hedging tools, all marked with the brand "D. J.," which was recognised as that of a neighbouring farmer, — David Jones. He was sent for at once, and came and claimed them. They had been stolen the previous day,—in broad daylight,—whilst he had left his task at the hedge for only a short time. The thief must have hidden them and conveyed them home at night. It was resolved to apprehend the husband, but he was never seen afterwards. He got wind of what was going on, and left the neighbourhood, and was soon afterwards followed by his wife. The next move was to the house of the leader of the gang. Here diligent search was made. Whilst this was going on, Shani sat on her chair in the corner, and prophesied to some imaginary third party, all for the benefit of my father, to which he made no reply, though he marked well what was said,—"No good came to those who suspected others." "Those who oppressed the poor always met with some mishap. They lost their sheep; or their cattle died; or their ricks went on fire." "Poor people sometimes had powerful friends at their back." Nothing incriminating was found. No better success was met with at the huts of the two sons-in-law, and the search party returned rather worsted in the encounter than otherwise. The expedition undoubtedly had a deterrent effect. No robberies occurred for some time.

About the end of the year, old Richard came in one morning early, as soon as it was light, in hot haste. He wanted to see the master. He was made to take his heavy nailed boots off, and, after due notice, ushered to the master's bedroom door,—the hall of audience.

"What is it, Richard?"

"Two of the fattest wethers have been stolen. They were seemingly slaughtered early last night. The offal, tied up in the skins, was suspended on branches of an oak tree in the coppice near the house. The carcases were seemingly placed here, also, to cool, and removed this morning sometime before day-break."

My father was silent. He was taken aback at the cool effrontery of the thieves. The coppice of oak trees was but a short distance from the house. It was an open challenge,—a slap in the face,—the fulfilment of Shani's prophecy.

"Are there no footprints?"

"Yes, of two men and a boy, or of two men and a woman."

"Whose are they?"

"Well, from Daff Davies' description, it is those of the people who stole his turkeys."

"Have you covered the track?"

"Yes, thoroughly!"

This enquiry respecting the footprints may surprise English readers, but old Richard knew the "track" of most people in the neighbourhood,—there was much to account for this. There was a "fad" amongst some people to have the nails in their boots arranged in some particular manner; and withal Richard was as observant as a North American hunter.

Many a morning, when starting early on a coursing expedition, have I heard him remark,—"Neighbour So and So is early afoot this morning. Here's his track."

Orders were given that two neighbouring tenants were to be summoned to help; Daff Davies bringing his own fast pony. My father's favourite mare and another hack were to be saddled. The parish constable was also to be in attendance in about three hours' time. Daff Davies and another neighbour were told off to ride to a town, ten miles away, as fast as they could, and, with the assistance of the policeman, to ascertain if any mutton was being hawked for sale; and if so, by whom. My father made off for the neighbouring town, six miles away, to put the police on the watch, and to secure a search warrant. In due time he returned, and the search expedition started. The houses of Even Grab and his sons-in-law were explored in vain. "Where now?" said the constable. "Pen y Wern Farm," said my father. The constable stood aghast. Others seemed surprised, while old Richard and one of the men smiled in a strange fashion. Pen y Wern was inhabited by Rhys Lewis, an old man, quiet and respectable,—a leader in one of the religious sects of the district, and one who held periodical religious service in his house.

My father strode off in the direction of the farmhouse, and the rest followed. The party reached the house and explained the object of their visit. Rhys Lewis became highly indignant and angry, and at first felt inclined to resist. When, however, my father explained to him that he was not personally suspected, but that it was believed that his premises were used as a place of concealment by more designing people, he reluctantly acquiesced. The beast-houses revealed nothing. The stable showed a suspiciously conglomerate lot of harness. At length the barn was reached. Out of the way corners were explored, but nothing was found. Here I must make a pause. It is said that ladies are the most inquisitive creatures in the world. This is not so. Nothing comes up to a terrier, and for preference, a broken-haired Scotch terrier. One such had accompanied us. Crib had been greatly puzzled to know what the fuss was about. He had settled in his own mind that it was not rats or rabbits, and so not in his way, but when we got into the barn, Crib felt sure his turn had come. He was here and there and everywhere. At last he fixed upon a large pile of loose straw as deserving special attention. He sniffed all round it.

"What has the dog?" said my father.

"Rats," some one replied.

"No," said old Richard, "something besides rats."

"Remove the straw, men," said father.

It was done, and underneath was found half the carcase of a sheep and three pairs of nailed boots; the former wrapped in a coarse cloth. Old Richard seized upon the boots and scrutinised closely, and exclaimed,—"These are the boots of the people who stole the sheep!" Rhys Lewis was greatly agitated. He protested that he knew nothing of the mutton or the boots. Everyone was silent, a painful silence.

"We wish to visit your granary, Rhys Lewis," said my father. The old man acquiesced, but the key was with his son or daughter, he did not know which. There was some talk of bursting open the door, but the key was produced. The contents of the granary only proved the justness of the suspicion. An assortment of nailed boots, pikes, spades, and agricultural tools of all kinds, from which the brand had been cut out, and the vacuum filled with putty. Sheep skins, containing other ear marks than those of Rhys Lewis, were there.

"Shall we search the house?" said Richard.

"No," said my father; "spare them that humiliation."

It may be asked how came a respectable farmer to be suspected? The answer is not far to seek. Richard had observed that Rhys Lewis's flock of sheep on the common land increased by ones and twos and threes. Fresh raddle-marked and fresh pitch-marked, there was the trace of the obliteration of previous pitch and raddle marks. Ears had been tampered with. Shani's unguarded remarks that poor people sometimes had rich people at their back, led him to remember that Shani

was Rhys Lewis' first cousin. Old Richard ascertained that Evan Grab's son-in-law worked more or less constantly for Rhys Lewis. This was another link in the chain.

The search party returned, bearing with them the tell-tale boots and the half sheep. Very soon the horsemen returned, and announced with glee that the thieves had been caught, and were in prison. Portions of the carcases were found in their possession. The correspondence of the half carcase with the skins, the correspondence of the boots with "tracks," and the portions recovered with that found in the straw, afforded such evidence that the thieves,—Evan Grab, his daughter, and son-in-law,—pleaded guilty. The chief culprit was transported, and if I remember rightly, the other two were imprisoned for a longer and shorter period respectively. Rhys Lewis' son left the neighbourhood, and was never seen again. It was said he had gone to America; his sister joined him. The old man disposed of everything to a nephew, and followed. Other suspects shied off.

Soon glowing accounts came from the Glamorganshire coal fields, — work in abundance to be had, good wages, and cheap firing. The drain of the district began, and increased yearly. Good accounts came from America, and family after family emigrated. Illinois and Wisconsin were the favourite destinations. Wages rose. Dishonesty diminished. Before many years the district would compare with any similar districts in Wales or England. And now what of that district? This is the picture,—Many of the houses on the small holdings in ruins, the land let as bye-takes, and a day labourer not to be obtained for love or money.

A REFORMER'S LOVE LETTER.

(*From a collection of love letters by Saints and Sinners.*)

9br, 19, 1741.

DEAR, DEAR SISTER,

I think I am quite simple and without any guile in writing to you, and feel my whole will resigned to our dear Head. Since I left you I felt such workings upon my soul that I could not help writing to you immediately after I had power to set ye whole affair before ye Lord.

I found an uncomon power to wrestle for you that, instead of beauty, relations, and riches, you may have faith for your portion,—I found I wanted and desired no other portion with you,—strong faith, whereby you may overcome all that that stands in your way, and be enabled to go through all afflictions; that you may have that faith that will make you live entirely to God, and be diligent and active for God, and bear all reproaches and crosses, that faith that can't rest till you have an uninterrupted fellowship with God in Christ; that you may be clothed with all ye graces of ye Spirit, and, above all, with meekness and humility, and be an example to ye wives in Israel. This was ye portion I feel God put in my heart to ask with you from your heavenly Father, who wrought such a persuasion in me that He would make it clear to you that 'tis His will we should come together, so that I will cry,—"Lord, I cease from persuading her, I leave it all to Thee," so that I could cry feelingly in my soul from a persuasion in me that He had given you to me,—"Hast Thou given her to me! What, to me, ye chief of all rebels? And that I be favoured with a king's daughter?" As to prevail with you, I was helped in faith to give it all up to Him, confident that He would make His will known to you, and would make you satisfied, and would give you all qualification necessary to be a help-meet for me. So that I am persuaded,—unless convinced yet to ye contrary,—*that you are mine*, that our Lord intends to bring us together to help each other under our various burthens. I feel he makes me spiritual and simple. I want not a wife to gratify ye lusts of ye flesh nor for a portion. What have I to do with ye world?—but I think, as far as I am let to

see my heart, now I desire one only for God to help me in my great work, nor do I expect anything from any creature but as ye Lord will convey Himself to me through that instrument. I have felt my carnal heart delighting in you as young, as a gentlewoman, but I hope I feel ye blood of Christ mortifying these carnal ends. I think there seems to be a voice of Providence in it,—that when, above two years ago, you were set so deep in my heart, and I had power at last, thinking it was not God's will that you would be otherwise happier to resign you quite to Mr. Griff——; and then when matters had gone so far with dear Mr. J——es that it should be broken; that ye first should be removed, and ye last married, and so ye way made open. And when I was afraid last night to speak, for fear it was my own will and inclination, that bro. Frank should speak without ye least hint from me, and again, that I should have so much of ye presence of God on this account, and, also, power to resign you.

As to ye obligations that offer themselves, I find one sight of Christ answers them all. If relations rage, either He'll overrule them, or sanctify it to us to send us nearer to Him. As to your being as yet unacquainted with ye various troubles that are like to meet you in this way, our Lord's promise stands good,—"According to thy day shall be thy strength," and two are better than one. He'll fit and prepare you with fit supplies of His spirit; ye poorer here and ye more despised, ye more like our Master; and if we should have ye honour of suffering together, we shall be glorified together. Where, and how to fix our abode, our Lord will point out for us. 'Tis sweet to carry on together ye interest of our dear Lord, and be partners here together of His sufferings. Whatever tenderness in affection may be like to be a cross, our Lord will still keep our wills resigned. O let me hear from you, and whether our Lord has not begun to work on your heart. If it should appear to be His will, I would not for 10,000 worlds proceed, for that is ye whole view of happiness I promise myself from you,—that I shall have room to look on you as a token of God's love to me, and a Rebecca, prepared and fitted for me. I am, with all ye truth and love that my dear Lord has wrought in me, yours most affectionately in our dear Lord, HOWELL HARRIS.

I have told of it to brother Thos. James and two faithful brethren more, who pray for light. Ye Lord be with your dear soul,—Amen and amen.

THE HIRLAS HORN OF CLOCHFAEN.

By His Honour Judge DAVID LEWIS.

THIS Drinking Horn is kept at Clochfaen, in the parish of Llangurig, the home of the Lloyds of Clochfaen. It is 15½ inches long, and 2⅜ inches in diameter at the mouth. It is a beautifully polished white horn, richly mounted with chased silver. There is a figure of the horn in Hamer and Lloyd's *History of the Parish of Llangurig* (London: 1875; p. 24).

BRITISH AND AMERICAN STATISTICS.

THE *Drych*, a Welsh paper published at Utica, is one of the best weekly papers the United States of America possess. It began to appear in 1851, and has been gathering strength ever since.

In the January 9 issue, it compares the criminal statistics of the British Islands and the United States, explaining the greater criminality of the latter. One strange American item of crime is that of lynching. 173 people were lynched in 1894, nearly half as many as were hanged in England and Wales by the arm of the law. Of the 173, the greater proportion,—146,—were lynched in the southern states. Of these again, 103 were negroes and eight negresses. One negro was flogged to death in Texas on suspicion of having stolen a Bible. I need not say that the *Drych* never tries to excuse this attrocious injustice.

THE PILGRIMAGE,—OR THE TALE OF THE MYSTERIOUS VESTURE.

By J. Craven Thomas.

III.

Going to sea.

WITH minds benumbed, mid whirlwinds
And nothing knowing more! [great,
We were transported, strange to state,
To Acre's sunny shore,
I rubbed my eyes, I bit my lip,
To wake my consciousness;
And found myself upon a ship,
For sea in readiness!

The sails were set, the good ship stirred,
Thrice twenty oars were free!
The skipper gave a final word,
And we were off to sea.
I looked around in vain to find
The many knights we knew;
But, by the great and mighty mind,—
I could not find but two!

Sir Cynvin and Sir Rhawd, alack!
Were all the knights I found;
And all who ever ventured back
From Canaan's holy ground.
Yet we were knights, and such we knew
Should never hug remorse;
So made a bond in honour true,
And pondered not our loss.

'Twas not for us to question how
We came upon that craft;
Yet, as we paced from stern to prow,
Our shipmates stared and laughed!
My faith! They were the strangest crew
That ever men could know;
And numbered three score ten and two,
With galley slaves below.

High on the forecastle, there sat
The hermit, still and staid;
And by him on a woven mat,
The vesture casket laid;
It shone far brighter than the sun,
Although it was midday;
We feared to look at it, and none
On board would pass that way.

We marvelled well to find our steeds,
And baggage all on board;
And everything a Christian needs,
Although with such a horde.
We settled down; the good ship forced
Much headway in the breeze;
And held the prow,—as white as frost,—
High o'er the dancing seas.

A mutinous crew.

As night came on,—a darksome night,—
We passed the shores of Crete;
And could not see,—save for the light
Hard by the hermit's seat;
Then nothing daunted, all the crew
Rose up to overhaul
And plunder everything they knew,
Amid a fearful brawl.

We girded on our swords, and pressed
Into the angry fray;
And set the passengers at rest,
By calling them away;
Then man to man we held the foe
In deadly combat free;
And not a few did overthrow,
Into the gaping sea.

Meanwhile the skipper with a few
The hermit sorely pained;
Demanding that "unless he knew
What his great chest contained;
Despite his hooded sainthood he,"
—And this he said with spite,—
"Would cast him headlong to the sea;
Down to the shades of night."

Quick to the rescue then we flew,
And would have slain the lot;
But the good hermit, bold and true,
In mercy bade us not.
We sheathed our swords, while thus he spake,
And said, when all was still,—
"This night your precious lives ye stake
For an unguarded will.

A wonderful sight.

"The sacred thing within my chest,
Thine angry eyes shall see;
If thou art blameless, thou art blessed;
But woe to sinners be!"
With reverent mien, the old man raised
The vesture up to view;
And as we gazed, our eyes were dazed,—
Both passengers and crew.

At intervals, from every part
The oars fell with a thud;
The ship tacked round and drifting brought
Her swiftly to the flood.
My king, it was a fearful sight,
For every spirit fled
Before our eyes, in shapes of light
From all the luckless dead.

Yea; one by one they passed us by,
And sank into the main;
Until we felt that we could die
With the exceeding strain;
Yet, the good Lord, who loveth all,
And rules the awful deep;
Let some enchanting solace fall,
And we were drawn to sleep.

O sweet oblivion ! O calm !
By angel legions sent;
The nations hail thee; holy charm;
Lull of the innocent.
Next to eternal bliss, no state,
May vie with thy blessed powers;
We fall to thee, and satiate
Earth's weary fleeting hours.

A sad awakening.

The fluttering gulls, when morning came,
Within the rigging wake
Us up; for they, bright birds, were tame,
And sporting, would invoke,
It seemed, some benediction sweet,
With speech of strangest note;
And all was still, save for the beat
Of ripplings by the boat.

Though all that sunny morn was fair
On every hand; circling
Our feet, the dead, as on a lair
Were strewn, and everything
Upon the deck was desolate;
Only five souls yet stood;
Ourselves, this lad disconsolate,
And the old hermit good.

After a pause our spirits rose,
And we to work were free;
The fallen, wrapped in all their clothes
Were dropped into the sea.
We manned the ship, and quickly spread
The canvas to the breeze;
The hermit took the helm, and led
Us to the open seas.

Peacefully sailing o'er the tide,
The days passed merrily;
Until one morning we espied
Beautiful Sicily.
The headlands moved up from the sea,
And on the sky afar
Came Etna, in its majesty,
White as the morning star.

Nearer and nearer on we came,
To fair Messina's straits;
And to the realms of ancient fame
Where Neptune's emerald gates
Rose high in grandeur as we rode,
Casting their shadows o'er
The quivering wavelets as they flowed
On to the sea-massed shore.

We glided down amid the stream,
Through all that livelong day;
Viewing the vine-clad hills that seem
So beautiful, and gay
With many a marble temple high,
And many a myrtle grove;
Which echoed to us silently
Sweet myths, and songs of love.

We passed no ship, until the eve
Again returned in peace,
When God-like visions oft relieve
Our minds, and bid us cease
The needful toilings of the light;
When bearing down apace
Upon us, came a ship of might
With prow of passing grace.

EDITORS' NOTES

Address.—O. M. EDWARDS, LINCOLN COLLEGE, OXFORD.

I AM asked about an absurd story told concerning Daniel Owen in Montgomeryshire. It is stated that he was expelled by the Calvinistic Methodists for writing *Rhys Lewis*. It is well known that Daniel Owen was a member of the *seiat* and a preacher at the day of his death; and his death-bed regrets were that he had not worked more assiduously in the Puritan manner for his co-religionists.

Islwyn will probably in time take his place as the greatest of Welsh poets. His "Storm,"—a few scattered bits of which have alone been published,—runs to over five thousand lines. I hope to publish, before the end of the year, a beautiful volume of Islwyn's poetical works. It will be a new source of strength to the best and most characteristic Welsh thought of our day. The following is a translation, by J. Morgan Jones, of the Brecon Memorial College, of Islwyn's *Tybiaeth*,—

We are not certain that the mighty soul
Doth err, the while it stretches far beyond
The narrow confines of both birth and death,—
The extent of man's experience,—whispering
In our ears things yet unutterable
As, like a star, past us it proudly sweeps
To its eternal home. Doth not this soul
A history within itself enfold—
Dark thoughts in waves that murmur far behind
On restless shores, unknown and out of reach,
Where once was memory lost amidst the crash
Of worlds destroyed?
And are the stars above
So beautiful and glorious as Poesy
Doth use to sing? Is't not what lies within,—
Sweet memories of more heavenly scenes and things,

ISLWYN.
Medallion on his grave-stone.

That shone with God' own brilliancy, — that gives
To them sublimity, their might and spirit?
Within us rests the beauty of the stars.
For what is Poesy but re-echo sweet
Of something greater that hath sometime been,
Or prophecy of greater still to come?
And who hath not at some time deeply felt
As though some long-forgotten world did rush
Athwart his soul, while thought chased thought, and lit
Upon pale memories of his being's past?
And all our fancies,—who shall ever say
That they are not the remnants, — scattered wide,—
Of a far higher and more beauteous life,
Which in the depths of the vast soul doth sleep
Till touched by the all-searching breath of Poesy?

O happy hour! when God shall show himself
Like a great sun above all being's world,
Through which His Spirit's path shall shine
Out from the heavenly,—through created man,—
To God's own bosom then returning home.

"The article on 'Tokens' is very interesting," says Mr. T. Hamer Jones, of Ty'nybanadl, Bettws Cedewain. "The Walter Griffith, of Llanfyllin, was a prominent Nonconformist in his day; and, I believe, ancestor of the distinguished and pious naval officer of the same name, who was killed on board the *Conquerer*, in the West Indies. Richard Davies, of Welshpool, was the well-known Quaker." Does any reader know anything about the others mentioned in that article?

"Silence Please" is a pamphlet presented me by the author,—Henry Bonsall, Cwm, Aberystwyth,—for review. It begins by using, and advising Welshmen to use, an expletive which is looked upon as a sign of blasphemous irreverence and of brutal thinking, the expletive which is used abroad as a nick-name for the travelling Englishman; it ends by advising us to "begin by founding a Welsh kingdom upon New Testament lines." From such a beginning and such an ending, one would expect a pamphlet full of original thoughts, wild perhaps, but striking and new; but the whole of it is simply a re-statement of the stale common cant of Philistinism. We are getting slightly tired of the cowardly bullyism which calls politicians liars and parsons and preachers impostors; make specific charges against individuals. Lord Campbell's Act will protect you if you speak truth and for the public good. I would humbly advise Mr. Bonsall and others to lay well to heart what he has on page 4,—"No country was ever regenerate by writing rubbish, and fervent declamation and strength of language as often denote weak characters as terrible adjectives

do the bully, who is in himself incapable of wise action or words."

J. R. sends me a well-written article on "Young Italy and Young Wales,—philosophy and humbug." It is glaringly unjust to modern Welsh politicians when contrasting them with Mazzini and Cavour and Garibaldi. It is too partisan, and too full of allusions to politics, to find room on these pages.

I have seen protests in some of the Liverpool papers against the use of the word "English" where "British" is meant. I looked through the speeches of several leading politicians in to-day's paper, and find that they use the one word and the other indiscriminately, and in the same sense. To me there is a great difference between them. When abroad and asked,—"Are you English?" I always answer "No, I am Welsh." If my friend has never heard of that ancient people before, I explain to him that the Welsh are a part of the great British people. An American always asks,—"Are you British?" The English are the inhabitants of that part of the British Islands which is neither Wales, Scotland, Berwick upon Tweed, Ireland, the Isle of Man, or the Channel Islands. By one of the clauses of the Act of Union of 1707, the united people are to be called British, not English; and British is the word I have always heard used in Scotland.

The English were a race of immigrants from Germany, who conquered what is now East Anglia, the English east midlands, the north of England, and the east lowlands of Scotland. They then sunk into the greater mass of the conquered British people, and were conquered successively by the West Saxons and by the Normans. But, when the idea of the unity of Britain was taken by the conquerers from the British, the Angles gave their name to the land that had been conquered, though it was the West Saxons that gave the same land its ruling dynasty. But the Angles were by no means the only inhabitants of Lloegr,—the Jutes ruled over Kent and the Isle of Wight, the Saxons were divided into three or four powerful communities, the Corn Welsh and the Strath Clyde Welsh owned but a nominal allegiance to the over-king of Lloegr.

In time, however, when the whole British Islands were united, "English" became a convenient name for the united people of the united districts now called English, just as Welsh, and Scotch, and Irish became convenient names for the other united districts. "British" should be used as the name for the whole,—e.g. British Empire, British colonies, British Parliament, British navy, British prestige, and so on. It is historically the best word, for the old British race is far and away the most important element in the composition of each of the British nations.

Of all words, "Anglo-Saxon" is the most abused. We hear of the "Anglo-Saxon countries on both sides of the Atlantic," as if Scotchmen and Irishmen and Welshmen had nothing to do with British colonizing. "Anglo-Saxon" is the dead language spoken in England, in various dialects, before the Norman conquest began to make English a more or less romantic language. Anglo-Saxon is as foreign a language to the modern Englishman as German or Dutch. If "Anglo-Saxon" is to be used at all,—and the English patriotic historian, Mr. Freeman, protested vehemently against it,—it should be used of people who lived and died before 1066.

I am glad to hear that Mr. Gee is going to publish the works of Thomas Jones of Denbigh, a writer who has not yet been given his place in Welsh literature. The editor is the Rev. Jonathan Jones.

THOMAS JONES OF DENBIGH.

H. H. (*Brynkir*). I do not know whether there are more answers to bishops' letters, like those recently printed in WALES. I quite agree with you that they are of the utmost value; and much fresh light might be thrown on the history of religion in Wales in late times by anybody who could make use of our cathedral libraries. As you say, we are too fond of piling new generalities on the old slender foundations, instead of trying to find new facts.

The same saying is true of our economic history. Welshmen have done very little for the economic history of their country. Few know that Glendower was, among other things, the leader of a peasant revolt. It is to be hoped that Mr. Seebohm's *Tribal System in Wales* will teach many to take an interest in our economic history. In this number you will see a survey of a Welsh lordship, now printed for the first time; and it is to be hoped that Mr. Edward Owen's example will be followed by others, who have access to unpublished

documents and time to copy them. And will someone who knows Denbigh tell us whether all the names in the survey can be identified with modern names?

Acting on a good hint given by a correspondent I give, in this number, the first of a series of notices of books relating to Wales. I begin with a few historical books, that are not so interesting to the general reader as some of the books that are to be discussed in future numbers. When the book is in print, the price will be given.

In future numbers a resumé of Welsh books will also be given, for the sake of those who do not read Welsh, in order that all may follow the chief directions of Welsh thought.

BOOKS RELATING TO WALES.

I.

BRITISH ANTIQUITIES REVIVED, or a friendly contest touching the sovereignty of the three princes of Wales in ancient times, managed with certain arguments, whereunto answers are applyed. To which is added the pedegree of the Right Honourable the Earl of Carbery, Lord President of Wales, with a short account of the five royal tribes of Cambria. By Robert Vaughan, Esq.

Sunt duo tresve qui revolvant
Nostrarum tineas ineptiarum. MARTIAL I. ii.

Bala; printed at the Cambrian Press. by R. Saunderson, 1834.
Publisher's dedication to Sir R. W. Vaughan, Bart., March 1, 1834: author's dedication to Sir R. Wynne, of Gwedir, May 9, 1662; life of the author, and pedigree.

At the time of the outbreak of the Great Civil War, a promising school of history seems to have risen in England. Shakespeare's plays show that the public generally took an interest in history, Bacon had taught a method of inquiry. The war put an end to the budding school, and the mind of England fell to scientific amusements and libellous political satires. The true study of history seems never to have revived in England, or in the whole of Britain. It is true that the eighteenth century produced a Gibbon, but his work, in spite of its grandeur and charm, is vitiated by the mocking destructive spirit of his century. In modern times British historians can not be compared for a moment with Mommsen or Ranke. The gross partisanship of Macaulay, the brutal and hypocritical cant of Carlisle, the racial prejudices of Kemble, the wild exaggerations of Froude, the spurious Teutonic patriotism which make the labours of Green and Freeman and Stubbs unreliable as history,—this is what our century has brought with it. One regrets that T. H. Green did not take to history instead of to philosophy, and that S. R. Gardiner's life is not long enough to enable him to do for the whole of English history what he has done for the history of the Great Civil War. Probably true British historians will be found on the economic side of history, we have had rich promise already.

But what I was going to say was, Wales had its representative among the British historians of the seventeenth century. Robert Vaughan, of Hengwrt, near Dolgellau, was a Welsh gentleman,—born in 1592, and educated at Oriel College, Oxford,—who was full of the desire of knowing and teaching the history of his country. He was on friendly terms with the historians and antiquaries of his day,—Archbishop Usher, Selden, Sir Symond D'Ewes,—he assiduously collected manuscripts, and wrote valuable notes on Welsh history from Nennius to Owen Glendower. He died in 1666, after a life of lasting service to Welsh history, and was buried in the parish church of Dolgellau.

In Robert Vaughan's time there was a burning question among those Welshmen who took an interest in the history of their country, and to them it seemed an important question. This question is the subject of the "British Antiquities Revived,"—discussed "chiefly out of a desire to clear the way for a perfect history of Wales, if any shall undertake it." The question was,—which of the three principalities of Wales, South Wales or North Wales or Powys, hath sovereignty over the others? Rhodri Mawr was supposed to have divided Wales into these three parts, in order to give them to his sons Cadell, Anarawd, and Merfyn respectively. And the question rose,—which of these three was the eldest? In eleven arguments Robert Vaughan proves that Anarawd was the eldest son, and that Gwynedd is the supreme principality of Wales.

In modern times we do not approach the question in the same way. We take for granted that Rhodri Mawr had nothing to do with a division marked by difference of race and dialect,—he only used it. We do not base the historic pre-eminence of Gwynedd on pedigree or document; we trace it to the fact that it was nearer the Roman wall, to its splendid natural defences, and to the ability of its kingly line. But Robert Vaughan's diligence and caution should be added to the zeal which exists now, as in his time, for the elucidation of history.

II.

KALENDARS OF GWYNEDD. Compiled by Edward Breese, F.S.A., Clerk of the Peace and of Lieutenancy of Merionethshire. With notes by W. W. E. Wynne, Esq., F.S.A., Peniarth. London, J. C. Hotten, 74, Piccadilly, 1873.

The late Mr. Breese and the late Mr. Wynne were both of them excellent antiquaries. Mr. Wynne, the owner of the Peniarth estate, could give his whole time to his favourite studies; Mr. Breese ungrudgingly gave his leisure hours. It is not very often that a Welsh office bearer takes enough intelligent interest in his office, as Mr. Breese of Port Madoc did, to write a history of it. The United States Government generally appoints ambassadors who will enrich their conntrymen with knowledge about the countries they lie in, and it is to this wise policy that we owe, I believe, Motley's *Rise of the Dutch Republic*, Prescott's *Ferdinand and Isabella*, and Tuttle's *History of Prussia*. Mr. Breese took an interest in his work, and was lured on from one manuscript to another, and from one fact to another, until the "Kalendars of Gwynedd,"—a most invaluable book of reference, and a book which cost endless worry and labour,—was given to his countrymen.

By Gwynedd Mr. Breese means the modern counties of Anglesey, Carnarvon, and Merioneth. The bulk of the book is made up of lists, and this is the valuable part of it. We get in it a list of

the lords presidents of Wales, between 1478 and 1689, that is, during the whole time that Wales was governed through this Ludlow court. Then come lists of lords lieutenants, custodes rotulorum, sheriffs, and knights of the shire for the three shires; members for the boroughs of Anglesey and Carnarvonshire; and constables of the castles of Beaumaris, Carnarvon, Conway, and Harlech.

The lists end with 1873, beginning in each case with the date of the establishing of each office. The sheriffs were appointed after the conquest of Wales by the statute of Rhuddlan of 1284; the lord lieutenant is a creation of Tudor times, the times of the revival of local government. Mr. Breese begins with the conquest of Wales, and the officers he mentions are the instruments used by the conqueror for the governing of Wales.

In his introductions, - the weak part of the volume,—Mr. Breese seems to think that there were shires and sheriffs in Wales under our own princes, and he evidently gets confused when trying to peer into the mystery of the origin of the shire. If he had read his Statute of Rhuddlan more carefully, and paid less heed to the words of the English historians, he would have been spared a good deal of trouble.

The shire has its origin long before the Teutonic invaders came about 500 A.D., long before even the Romans came. It was, originally, a British kingdom or tribe. In late Anglo-Saxon times it was revived, by Alfred, for military purposes, and by Edgar for civil purposes; and it became the settled unit for administrative purposes. When Wales was conquered in 1282, its western portion was divided into shires, on the model of the English ones, by grouping the commotes together. This was very clumsily done, very often, — Merioneth is probably the shire worst put together of all shires in Britain.

III.

THE PARLIAMENTARY HISTORY OF THE PRINCIPALITY OF WALES, 1541—1895. By W. R. Williams, Brecknock; printed for the author. 1895.

This very useful book gives lists of members of parliament chronologically arranged under counties with biographical and genealogical notices. To journalists, historians, and those who are in any way interested in Welsh Parliamentary history, this is a book that will save a world of trouble. Only three hundred copies were printed, at a guinea. I do not know whether the author, —W. R. Williams, solicitor, Talybont, Brecknockshire,—has any copies unsold.

QUERIES.

XCII.—What is the best history of the harp? *Barry Dock.* J. D. D.

XCIII.—What is the best book, if there are any, on the laws relating to burials?

[Sir George Osborne Morgan recommends Brooke Little's "Law of Burial," published by Shaw, Fetter Lane.—ED.]

REPLIES.

86. Your correspondent, D. S., refers to an English poem written in the Welsh metres, and asks for further information. He will find the poem given in full in the "Hynafion Cymreig,"—Carmarthen, 1823,—and I fancy it has appeared in print once, if not twice, since that date. The story as related in the "Hynafion" is, however, so curious that it is well worth reproduction. "It happened once upon a time at Oxford that the English mocked the Welsh, dispraising them much for their want of scholarship, and saying that there were among the Welshmen no good scholars, and that it was impossible for a Welshman to be a scholar as learned or as wise, or as good a versifier, as an Englishman Then arose there a gallant Welshman, and he stood erect and spoke in this wise, – 'Though I be but a poor scholar as far as scholarship is concerned, and of no account, not to be compared with many learned men in Wales, as regards whom I am but fit to carry their books for them; yet would I consider myself a weakling indeed, could not such a poor and unlearned Welshman as I compete with the most learned Englishman in the matter of poetry, as in many other things. But our best scholars are not so frivolous, nor so foolish as to waste their thoughts on contests of this kind with over-bearing Englishmen. But I will answer that question in this wise,—Let the most learned scholar of you write verses in Latin; if I make not verses equal to them, let the Welshmen be condemned. Let verses be made in English, or in Welsh; if I do not equal them, let the Welsh be derided. Let verses be made in any language ye know which I also am acquainted with, and if I make not verses which shall equal them, let the Welsh be mocked, and spare them not.

'Meanwhile I will write verses in English, in your native tongue, and if any Englishman in England can make similar verses or such as will equal mine, ye may deride the Welsh; but if ye cannot do so, leave unto the Welshmen the gift

which God hath given them, and know ye that ye are not for a moment fit to compete with the Welsh.' And thus did he make an English ode in the Welsh measures such as no Englishman can do."

In some MSS. the poem is attributed to Ieuan ab Hywel Swrdwal, in others to Ieuan ap Rhydderch Llwyd. It is not improbable that the latter was the author, since he was without doubt a man of great ability, and a good Latin scholar. Moreover it is stated that he spent some time at Oxford. He came of one of the chief literary families of Wales, the Llwydiaid of Glyn Aeron. He was the son of that Rhydderch Llwyd, on whose death Dafydd ap Gwilym wrote his plaintive elegy beginning,—

"Doe clywais, mi geisiais gel
Dair och ar lethr dir uchel,"*

and many poems written in praise of his ancestors may be found in the *Myfyrian Archæology*. But this Rhydderch has a higher title to fame than even this. He was the possessor, if not the transcriber, of the earliest MSS. of the *Mabinogion* in existence,—The Llyfr Gwyn Rhydderch in the Peniarth Library. In the later MSS. he is often spoken of as Rhydderch Llwyd o Gogerddan, but if the reader cares to make researches I think he will come to the conclusion that Rhydderch had no connection whatever with Gogerddan. It is simply one of the common cases where a great family like the Pryses, coming into prominence for the first time in the Tudur period, tacked themselves on to an earlier and more famous family. Glyn Aeron is a farmhouse within a mile of the village of Llangeitho, or more properly Capel Gwynfil, and the ruins of ancient splendour may still be seen. The house, however, is a comparatively modern one, and though it has associations which few modern houses can boast of, for it was from there that Daniel Rowland, Llangeitho, led his bride to the marriage altar 150 years ago, yet there is, I believe, no portion of the older house still standing. Rhydderch, however, seems like many a lord of that period to have had another abode, probably built by himself, at a point about two or three miles lower down the vale, and this place is still called Parc Rhydderch. But here there have been no ravages of time, for the long low thatched house which still stands must be hundreds of years old, if not the veritable house which Rhydderch built. It would, indeed, be a wonderful thing if the very house in which the most ancient MS. of the *Mabinogion* was written is still in existence.

Ieuan ap Rhydderch was also a brother of the Llio whom Dafydd Nanmor has celebrated,—

"Llio eurwallt lliw arian
Llewych mellt ar y lluwch mân."

He was a bard of no mean degree, and his ode to Owen Glyndwr, though I believe it has never been published, is of a very high order. Several of his compositions may be found scattered about in different libraries, and one, an ode to the Virgin Mary, was printed in the Iolo MSS.

* Page 468. Edition, 1789.

The Llwydiaid are still the most powerful family in the neighbourhood of Llangeitho and Tregaron, most of them being large farmers, but I fancy their energy has of recent years been directed more towards political encounters than literary excellence.

J. H. D.

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86. In Mr. R. Williams' admirable work, *Montgomeryshire Worthies*, under (Hywel Swrdwal), the first verse of the former version is given in the form of an *englyn*; and he evidently regards the poem as original. He says,—"There is in the library of Balliol College, Oxford, a volume of Welsh poetry containing a curious English poem,—'An ode to the Virgin Mary,'—written in the Welsh mode of alliteration and orthography by way of a challenge to certain Englishmen who alleged that no Welshman could possibly be made as good, as learned, and as wise a scholar, or as skilful a versifier as an Englishman. . . . Sometimes attributed to Hywal Swrdwal, and sometimes to his son, Ieuan ab Hywal Swrdwal. It is given at length in *Arch. Cam.* Vol. I. (2nd series), p. 304. See also *Cam. Journal* IV. 30." T. H. J.

I get a number of questions having interest only for some one locality. Those will have to wait until there are no questions of general interest waiting for space. For example, I am asked for the meaning of "Hengwrt tri chut," a name by which a famous Welsh home was once known. Perhaps some Dolgellau antiquarian like Mr. Edward Griffith will tell us.

Many queries concerning the education question have been sent in, mostly relating to local grievances. These are too numerous and too burning for the pages of WALES; their inclusion would involve correspondence that would fill all its columns. It is enough for me to state that the education question seems to be the question of the day in Wales, and that it is tending to re-organize political parties on the old lines.

Queries concerning wells are asked first of all in *Cymru*, on the pages of which there has been much well lore. Zeal against superstition has caused many a righteous farmer to close wells once famous for healing virtue and magic spell; he also probably regards pilgrims,—rheumatic, love-lorn, bewitched, and all,—as inconvenient trespassers. So it is not a very easy matter to get knowledge about a well, or even to know where it is.

Questions concerning the "Gorsedd of the Bards of the Isle of Britain" have been sent me. Professor J. Morris Jones' article in *Cymru* seems to have turned many minds to this institution, and to have caused much searching of hearts. Very full accounts of the article,—the first of a series,—appear in the *Western Mail* and in most of the daily papers circulating in Wales. When Professor Jones has stated his whole case in *Cymru*, his arguments and conclusion will be given in Wales also.

GABRIEL YORETH.

A STORY ILLUSTRATIVE OF WELSH THOUGHT FIFTY YEARS AGO.

By the Rev. E. Cynffig Davies, M.A., Menai Bridge.

CHAPTER XV.—*(Continued.)*

NORTH WALES.

ON the following day Gaybrey met Tom Wilson alone; and after referring to some of the subjects touched upon the previous day, he said,—

"You still reiterate the assertion as to my being much like an old friend of yours."

"I can hardly call him my friend, though I knew him well, and honoured him highly. It is of no great importance where I met him, but I must tell you his name, for I should thank you exceedingly to let me know if you met him after your return to Australia. He was about your age when I heard him preach. Information has come to this country that he lives somewhere in Australia."

"You have neither told me his name nor expressed a description of him. How then shall I be able to find him and give you the desired information?"

"You are a gentleman, Mr. John, to whom I would almost venture to trust my life, and I will tell you his name." Then Wilson wiped his brow, and whispered to himself,—"There he is again, the very image of him;" and spoke audibly to Gaybrey with startling earnestness,—"Gabriel Yoreth." And he continued to pant for breath, and wipe his brow of its copious perspiration. Gaybrey also felt puzzled and perplexed when he heard the name written on his father's Bible, and he feared to try to force into light the mystery involved in the affair. He told himself,—"I solemnly promised my father I would trust him. I shall therefore calmly abide the issue of events and keep all to myself."

Nevertheless he could not forbear putting one question to Tom Wilson, and asked,—

"Did the young man to whom you refer do you any harm, or inflict any wrong upon you?"

"No, no; it is the other way about. He injured no one. I know it, no, never." These assertions were reiterated with intense feeling and vehemence of gesture and look; and the poor miner under deep emotion drew out of his breast pocket a small book, which he opened and reverently kissed, saying,—"Here is a book he gave me to help me to learn Welsh. This is his own handwriting, and his own name written by himself. My surname was somehow smudged, and was inscribed the second time by some one else. If you will kindly promise to try to find him, I shall give you this book to help you in the search, though I value it more than anything I have."

The receiver of the book at once recognized his father's handwriting, but thought it advisable to keep the discovery to himself, at least for some time.

CHAPTER XVI.

AMONG THE QUARRYMEN.

AFTER the service on Sunday morning at Bethesda, Carnarvonshire, as soon as he descended the pulpit, Gaybrey was accosted by one of his hearers with marked warmth and cordiality,—

"I am glad to meet you, Mr. John. I had the honour of shaking hands with your father last summer at the Welsh chapel of Bailey Hill, where I spent my last Sunday in the colony before returning to Wales. You have heard, I am sure, of the Fairy Creek Gold Mine?"

"Yes, I was there with my father four years ago. He drove there, a distance of eight miles, to act as an umpire in a case of selling out of shares in the mine."

"I remember the time well, though I could not have known you. Your father performed the same kindness also when I

sold my share in the mine, that I might return to end my days in my native land. My name is Meredith Evans."

The deacons in the big pew near the pulpit were silent listeners to the above conversation, and quietly enjoyed it as if they sniffed an Australian breeze passing by, and readily allowed Gaybrey, who was their preacher for the day, to become the guest of Mr. Evans.

"You desire to acquaint yourself, you say, Mr. John, with the ways and the modes of thought of quarrymen," replied Mr. Evans, in response to an enquiry made by Gaybrey. "Then I shall have the pleasure also of putting the little knowledge I have of them at your service. My younger days were spent among them, and in pursuing their calling I received good training for the daily toil of the gold reefs of your native country. There will be a prayer meeting to-morrow during a part of the dinner hour, at a central section of the quarry, where a few hundreds of the men will meet to sing a hymn or two and to pray together. We shall join them."

"I shall be delighted to go with you on condition that I go as a spectator and listener or silent fellow-worshipper of theirs," said Gaybrey.

"You need not take any part in the service, but your silence during the dinner hour will be fully compensated for in another way."

"How will the compensation come?" enquired Gaybrey.

"That is easily explained to you. The hundreds of quarrymen who listened to you this morning will discuss with their companions to-morrow most of the good things you delivered to them, to-day; for I could perceive that they were highly pleased with your services."

"You flatter me much by what you say, and yet I readily admit that I felt in close touch and sympathy with my audience to-day. Their music and their whole demeanour were so inspiring that a feeling of heart-felt respect crept over me for their manly bearing, rapt attention and the earnest expression of their service of praise."

At the quarry prayer meeting a respected *blaenor* of the Calvinistic Methodist persuasion recited a Psalm with such propriety, and force of rendering, and depth of feeling, that the whole company of men, in their sombre quarry clothing, were enraptured and carried by the sway and cadence of each verse in succession, coming with the crispness and freshness of a clean-cut coin from the mint of inspired truth. Then followed in close succession three prayers, of such intensity, power, unction, and force of diction, that the common place surroundings had vanished from their thoughts, and a breath as if of eternity swept over the whole scene, giving to all the impress of its own greatness and glory. The experience of the Mount of Transfiguration was depicted in the countenance of the assembly,—"It is good, it is beautiful for us to be here."

Gaybrey and his guide walked down from the quarry some length of way before a word had passed between them, as if under a spell which had rendered them speechless, and then Mr. Evans said,—

"It was worth your while to come all the way from Melbourne to see what we have just witnessed. Heaven be thanked for the Welsh Bible, and its influence upon our nation."

"What a meeting! and the surroundings as I feared they would, did not detract from, but rather added to its beauty. The whole joining in three prayers before rising from their knees, and the hymn at the close so sublimely fitting to the occasion, how stimulating! I shall not forget this prayer meeting until I meet these pious quarrymen when all earthly toil will be over for ever."

"I am proud of my poor little nation, Mr. John, when I find its sons of toil assembling thus together for prayer and praise. Where else in the civilized world could such a vision meet your eyes as you beheld on the side of this mountain, to-day?"

"I can now understand," said Gaybrey, "why the gift of prayer and praise is so highly developed and appreciated in Wales."

In the afternoon, Gaybrey was taken to visit a few of the aged members who were too feeble to follow the tribes,—as Mr. Evans quaintly stated the fact,—"to their beloved Bethesda;" and he discovered that preparations were being made

in nearly every house to welcome the *Cymanfa*, an open air preaching meeting when, in a day or two, some thousands were expected to attend. Mr. Williams of Wern, one of the most powerful preachers that ever charmed a multitude, had been engaged for the meetings, and his services were looked forward to in much eager contemplation by the whole vicinity. His visit was designed to become a memorable one for many decades after he had gone to his well-earned last rest. One of his sermons in particular on that occasion created a most profound and lasting impression. The doctrine of election to saving grace was at the time a question of heated debates, violent agitation, and unseemly strife in nearly every glen and valley of the land; and Williams' spirit had been wounded deeply by the extremists of both the opposing parties in endeavouring to still the raging of the storm and bring peace to the churches. He came with the same intent to the *Cymanfa* of Carnarvonshire, unfolding the banner of peace, and yet he spoke in no timid tones of compromise and hesitation. His was a message of peace in tones of persuasive and triumphal proclamation of vital truth.

Gaybrey wrote home a brief letter touching upon some of the interesting events of the week he had spent among the quarrymen of Carnarvonshire,—

"DEAR FATHER,—It is beyond my power to describe to you what I have seen and felt during the few days I have been at Bethesda. This large village takes its name from the chapel where I was preaching last Sunday, and this naming of a neighbourhood from a Nonconformist place of worship is considered by some as a kind of compliment to religion. The Welsh quarryman, as a rule, sets a high value upon his religious persuasion. Religion to him is a matter of deep-seated, robust, and intelligent conviction. Being a great reader of the Bible, his Sunday schools are in as marked a state of efficiency and systematic thoroughness as may not be met with in many other places, and they possess a very considerable amount of educational value. This neighbourhood affords a good example of the institution in its purely Welsh form, for I do not suppose there are more than about half a dozen persons, among the many hundreds forming the school I attended, who know anything of any language than that of Prince Llywelyn of Wales.

"Having heard you speaking of the open air preaching meetings of Wales I was wishful to witness one, and an opportunity presented itself this week, when I had the privilege of listening to the great preacher, Williams of Wern. The vast audience was spell-bound by his eloquence and his almost super-human power of persuasion, perfection of voice, and indescribable felicity of speech. His very first word, and even his whisper, were audible to the farthest person in the crowd; and every word he spoke came as naturally as the breath he breathed, without even a semblance of unnatural effort. There was no shouting, but a voluminous abundance of natural voice under perfect control in every part of it compass. What boundless variety of every shade of inflection there is there to add colour, warmth, and beauty to the rich intonation of his voice. Now he describes the firmness of the throne of the King of the universe; and who does not mark the powerful build of his phrases, and how sentence after sentence is marshalled forth in perfect and majestic order, and how the whole treatment as well as the attitude of the speaker is brimful of command and instinct with authority? Now again he pictures before us the gentleness of God in the act of weaning a soul from the sin which destroys it, and not a note in the gamut of tender and sublime pathos escapes the cunning touch of his hand.

"He founded his remarks on the first part of the first chapter in the Epistle to the Ephesians upon the following lines,—Election has its root in the grace of God, therefore the fruit must be grace; its development and revelation depend upon divine Fatherhood, and must therefore be full of God-like love; its purposes reach forth for ever on the grandest scale possible, embracing the highest good of the whole rational universe. The key word of the discourse was grace,—grace devising, grace revealing, and grace in its final consummation.

"It would be difficult to state in what Williams' preaching chiefly excels, seeing he is endowed with so many extraordinary qualities, any one of which would imply singular fitness for the office. His earnestness forms a distinctive element in every statement he makes from the very commencement of his discourse, but at certain points his overpowering earnestness gave to his compact reasoning and well arranged ideas a certain sweeping grandeur of their own.

"He is a man fearfully, almost painfully in earnest, not the earnestness of a superficial fanatic, but of one who has proved his convictions to their utmost depth. In force of keen intellect he stands, I am told, far and away above any of the great preachers of the day, such as the great John Elias and the prose-poet preacher Christmas Evans. Williams is not an extensive reader of many books, but a most profound student of man and the Bible. I may name two other distinctive traits which force themselves to view in his preaching, the gifts of homely yet chaste illustration and anecdote; and a species of spiritual discernment which enables him to read the hearts of his hearers, and to strike their consciences with a strong conviction of sin."

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Gwen y Foty; Bugeilgerdd gan Glaslyn.

Dewi Wyn o Eifion; gyda 3 o Ddarluniau.

"A'r Mor nid oedd mwyach;" gyda 3 o Ddarluniau.

Arteithio; gyda 6 o Ddarluniau.

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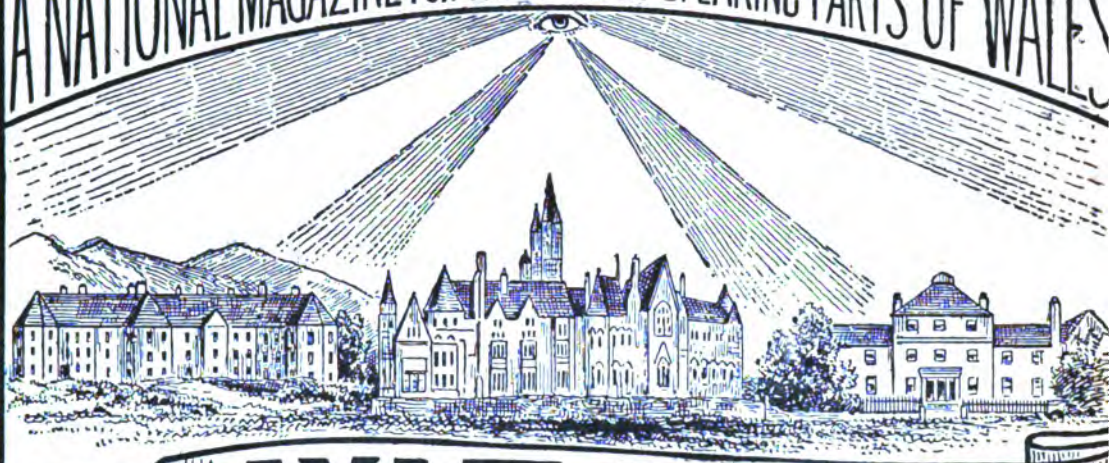

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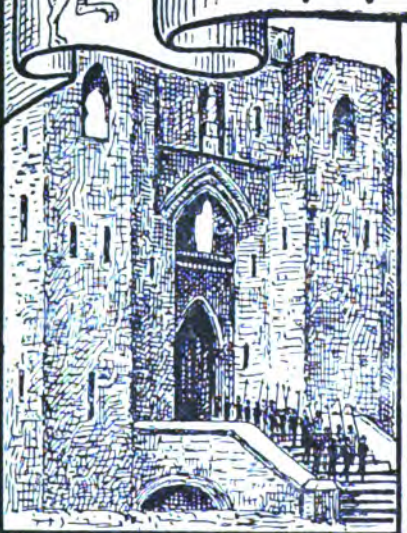

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Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford.

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RELIGION.

(From the Statue by Joseph Edwards.)

WALES.

VOL. III.] MARCH, 1896. [No. 23.

STRAY LEAVES.

I BELIEVE that, in politics as well as in most other things, there should be a certain degree of sanity. In old times men were quite intolerant about religious beliefs, and they tortured and burnt each other. In our own times there is almost equal intolerance in politics. The great difference is this,—in old times men were persecuted in order that their souls might be saved, in modern times they are persecuted in order that interests may be served; our fathers persecuted for the sake of others, we persecute for our own sake.

We persecute words. "Cymru fydd" is now under persecution. It means simply "the Wales of the future." It is short and very comprehensive, and a word everybody might have used, giving it his own meaning. I think it was Professor Ellis Edwards who first brought it into the ordinary language of the political world; and I should have thought everyone would have welcomed it, for everyone says the future is his. We cannot condemn the future, we cannot prevent it.

Dr. Parry wrote a cantata for the National Eisteddfod of 1896. We all know how dramatic Dr. Parry's compositions are, and many were glad to understand that the subject of the cantata was the development of the history of Wales. The last part of all describes the awakening of Arthur, a subject so poetical that the ordinary mind never thinks of connecting politics with it.

The title was to be "Cymru fu, Cymru sydd, Cymru fydd,"—"old Wales, present Wales, future Wales,"—but the Llandudno committee objected to "future Wales." The result is that the cantata has to be called "Cambria," and that Arthur has to rise, not in future Wales, but in an epilogue.

NEWCASTLE IN EMLYN.
(Photograph by J. Thomas, Liverpool).

The photographer can often take the old and the new in one view,—a modern residence in or near a mediæval castle. Manorbier, Carew, Newcastle Emlyn, and other castles, show the iron past and the pleasant present side by side.

Mr. Edwards Tirebuck's article on national Welsh emblems has attracted much attention, and has caused many Welshmen to ask why their decorations are never Welsh. Mr. Darlington, in a masterly article in the January *Cymru*, points out that the Welshman grasps at the reality of his national existence, while the Irishman

too apt to content himself with the outward form and to lay all the stress on emblems.

The poet Homer Taliesin Jenkins perused Mr. Edwards Tirebuck's article, and forthwith penned the following effusion,—

THE "HISTORY" OF BUTTER.

". . . . . a distinctive national or purely local emblem that would serve the practical purpose of distinguishing each make of butter, and yet disseminate that historic sentiment which in the end comes out in verifying the consciousness of a national past, present, and future."

THE WELSH PEOPLE AND THEIR NATIONAL EMBLEMS, WALES, December, 1895.

HISTORIAN! *Finis* write, and close thy book,
We do not seek to learn what is within't,
Henceforth into another source we look,—
Fair dairymaids shall furnish press and print.

Let thy pen rust, for thou hast had thy day,
Come, stand aside, and let the maidens speak,
Thy works on dusty shelves are hid away,
Theirs run to fresh editions every week.

Dull pages thou wouldst pen of this and that,
Of great Ap Shôn ap Rhywun, and the rest,
They history print upon a butter-pat,
Which we mark, learn, and inwardly digest.

* * * * *

Look! Here we see a Pembroke patriot-dame
Who frighted Frenchmen with her scarlet cloak.
And here's a pound that bears old Mona's name,
With ancient Druid 'neath a mighty oak.

St. David's effigy and name are here,
Who, seeing, doth again his life not read?
And this is Merlin, marvellous old seer,
And this, wrong-shod, our last Llywelyn's steed.

"A garden" here "where leeks did grow," and there
A Monmouth cap where they were bravely set,
Here is that Bangor room, with Mortimer,
Hotspur, and Worcester, and Glendower met.

Here's Cymru's dear old Psalmist, Edmwnt Prŷs,
—Whom e'en Dissenters catholicly quote,—
Here is a man of war, there, one of peace,
Here, Vicar Prichard and his temp'rate goat.

And, ha! Who's this? 'Tis surely "Sweetheart Gwen,"
True to the life, type of sweet womanhood,
(Like that fair portrait drawn by Wordsworth's pen,
Full meet for "human nature's daily food.")

* * * * *

Who'd pore in books, and burn the midnight oil,
To learn the story of a by-gone day,
When dairymaids, to spare our dreary toil,
Now skim the past in their most dainty way?
And,—so to speak,—its very cream present
To mind and palate as a sweet repast?
While we,—our time most profitably spent,—
Increase our knowledge, breaking, too, our fast.

* * * * *

Sermons in stones there are, and running brooks,
Some wondrous truth or other ever utter,
And, happy day! we read,—what need of books,—
A people's hist'ry printed on its Butter.

HOMER TALIESIN JENKINS.

As far as Wales is concerned, the new Government has begun well. Sir John Gorst has appointed Mr. Darlington inspector of schools for Wales. This was not done without ascertaining that Mr. Darlington knows Welsh well and that he can speak it fluently.

This will undoubtedly be a very popular appointment. It will bring Mr. Darlington to Wales definitely. He is well known already among us, there are few men who have done so much, and so ungrudgingly, for our *eisteddfodau* and literary meetings. He knows us thoroughly,—our strong points and our weak points. He speaks Welsh like a native, is an authority on Welsh dialect, writes an idiomatic and graceful Welsh style, and sympathises most deeply with what is characteristic of Welsh thought. His reputation as a scholar, his experience as a schoolmaster, and his uniform kindness of disposition will make him a powerful and popular educationalist.

For myself I am heartily glad to see Mr. Darlington among us, so that his services may be secured for posts of wider influence in Wales in the future.

Ann Griffiths' hymns are becoming more popular in Wales than they have ever been. The melody of the originals is wonderful, and their calm grandeur appeals strongly to all dwellers among mountains. They were composed by a farmer's daughter to the sound of the spinning wheel in a Montgomeryshire home, or while walking over the lonely Berwyn mountains to the communion at Bala.

Mr. R. Bryan has set the melodious "O ddedwydd ddydd" to music; and his attempt at translating this noble hymn into English will be found in this volume.

THE PILGRIMAGE,—OR THE TALE OF THE MYSTERIOUS VESTURE.

By J. Craven Thomas.

IV.

A strange craft.

O SIRS, it was the strangest craft
We had met anywhere;
And vestals filled it fore and aft,
Each one surpassing fair;
In flowing garments, white as snow,
They hailed us as they stood;
Each with a thyrsus,* chanting low
Like murmurings of the wood.

They hailed us, and with joyous mind,
We answered in return;
They passed, and hitched us on behind,
With ribbons from astern.
And in the van they led us on
Amid the dolphins' play;
While music ever and anon
Danced o'er the water way.

"Ride on, ride on, O stately bark,"
The zephyrs seemed to sigh;
"For the grim terrors of the dark
This night shall surely fly,"
Then from our sacred aft outshone,
The mystic light again;
And we could see though day had gone,
All the fair lands as plain.

Neptune's temple.

High on the island bank there stood
A temple great and fair;
Enshrined within an ancient wood,
And we were nearing there.
A grove of scented myrtles sweet
Approached it from the sea;
And on the alabaster street
An image fair saw we.

Drawn to the quay, we anchored there
'Mid greetings from the land,
Where thousands stood, while vestals fair
Passed up on every hand;
Each poured a fresh libation pure,
Upon an altar low,
And blessed the seas from shore to shore,
Wherever men might go.

Then with the deep-toned concha loud,
And pipes and cymbals free,
High strains were lifted by the crowd,
In honour of the sea.
Meanwhile the Pythian drew near,
And bade us go in peace;
"For Neptune would the vessel steer,"
He said, "and dangers cease."

With this ovation, high we drew
The anchor, and set sail;
For such strange things as these, we knew
Could be of no avail;
Then as in visions of the night,
We saw the temples fade;
And all their white-robed sons of light
Pass by in withering shade.

Freely the furies raged awhile,
And swiftly we did fly
That night until we passed the isle
And all its wonders by;
Then as the blessed north star rose,—
The shipman's friend and guest,—
We did our wearied eyelids close
And laid ourselves to rest.

Ah! ah! Ye minions of the sea!
Who skim the sprightly deep;
'Tis conscience sets the spirit free,
And lulls the eyes to sleep.
There is no darkness where the fire
Of Christ lights up the soul;
No weariness, where pure desire
Is sought from pole to pole.

The pillars of Hercules.

As morning upon morning woke,
We travelled on at ease;
Passing the columns, with a stroke
Of mighty Hercules,
Then o'er the sunny southern swells,
Where fishes fly with wings;
And the eternal dragon dwells,
Who all our sorrow brings.

* A staff, surmounted with flowers to suit the gods; in this case by seaweed.

No ships were there, and the hot air,
Made all our timbers creak;
So we sailed on with watchful care,
Lest we should spring a leak;
The food ran short, the cisterns bore
No water but in froth,
Till a south wind from off the shore
Soon headed us to North.

Then the good spirit of the zone,
Observing us in love,
Sent rain, the sweetest we had known,
In showers from above.
We filled our tankards from the sheet,
While from the ballast grew
A group of fragrant lilies sweet,
With leaves of emerald hue.

That morn was like a Sabbath high,
For we knelt down to pray;
And felt the loving Father nigh,
Who turned the ship that way.
Onward we skipped, o'er molten seas
Of precious liquid gold;
Until we met a colder breeze;
It was intensely cold.

Yet we could breathe, and the sea birds,
Around us were at play;
They followed on the wake in herds,
Either for food or prey.
Huge icebergs came, and monster fish,
All glistening in the sun;
Our compass dipped, and we could wish
The toilsome journey done.

An iceberg.

O dreadful sight! An awful plight
We were in suddenly;
An iceberg, of stupendous height,
Heaved over to the sea.
Into the eddy we were drawn,
Our ship and all beside;
And quite unconsciously were borne
Up by the other side.

I swam, and landed on a floe,
And saved my fellows three;
But the old hermit, you may know,
Sank down into the sea.
Alas, alas! what bitter days
We spent, yet hope-revived;
And we toiled hard in many ways
And a great raft contrived.

O! by the way, each horse was found,
The casket too, all right;
And soon we were well home-ward bound,
Hailing the land in sight.
Now sirs the tale is nearly o'er;
For we were brought to land,
And safe upon fair Britain's shore,
We greet you as we stand."

* * * * *

Then Trystan sat, 'mid ringing cheers
To the three warriors bold;
For never had the kingly ears,
Heard such strange stories told.
And when the shouts had lulled, and minds
Were wrapped with wonder rare;
The king examined all the finds,
And the chief relic fair.

The court had often heard the tale
About this wondrous vest,—
How guileless characters prevail
In those it fitted best;
But should it on the wearer crease,
Or wrinkle, it was said,
His blamelessness was all at stake,
And all his honour fled.

Then anxious to avail the spell,
Each tried the garment there;
And, lo! it fitted some; and fell
On others loose and bare.
With saddened gaze the court beheld,—
When this high test was o'er,—
Some of the company expelled,
Who were not heard of more.

O DAY OF BLISS.

From the Welsh of Ann Griffith.

O DAY of Bliss! O Rest Eternal
From all my labour evermore,
Amid a boundless sea of wonders,
With no sounding, with no shore.
Full the entrance, everlasting,
To the abode of Three in One;
Seas to sail on, neverending,—
Man a God, and God a man.

There no heat, no sun will smite us,
There no fear of death arise,
Every grief and sorrow ended,
Songs of triumph rend the skies,
Sailing on the sea of crystal,
In the holy peace of Three,
'Neath the cloudless rays of glory
Of Him, who died on Calvary.

Cairo, Egypt. R. BRYAN.

IN THE LAND OF THE HARP AND FEATHERS.

A SERIES OF WELSH VILLAGE IDYLLS.

By Alfred Thomas.

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III.—GOMER AND THE LAWYER.

MOST persons would be overwhelmed with joy on receiving information that they were entitled to considerable property. Not so Gomer. However, now that the London solicitors had offered to defray the cost of the journey, he was not averse to proceeding to the metropolis. But on one point he was firm; he would not go unless I accompanied him. Gwenny was also very wishful that I should do so, for her opinion of "Llundain" was anything but flattering. She looked upon London as a species of huge man-trap, that swallowed up every mortal who ventured to enter it alone, and its dangers were magnified by her to quite an impossible degree.

The news that Gomer was about to go to London was soon spread over the village, and some of the youngsters actually followed me after school, for the purpose of catching a glimpse of "the man who was going to London." To my little charges London was synonymous with everything that was wonderful, and it was something in those days to be able to say that one had *seen* a man who was going to LONDON!

The children's summer holidays were now close at hand, so that the time was most opportune, if I decided to accompany Gomer. After thinking over the matter a little, I decided to go with him, and it was arranged that we should start on the following Monday morning.

Gomer received quite an ovation on the Sunday. Everybody knew. And everybody was so glad. The senior elder of Wengroes had always been popular, he was more than popular now. Each person one conversed with had something good to say of him. His numerous little acts of kindness were lovingly lingered over by the warm-hearted villagers, and the thought of losing him, even for a time, was a matter of regret to all. Human nature is an absorbing study in most village communities, and the village estimate of a man's worth is invariably correct. Towards the close of the evening service, Mr. Jeffers dwelt pleasantly on the high character of Gomer, his references being appropriate and sincere. This public testimony was a terrible ordeal to poor Gomer, who blushed in helpless confusion. Whilst we were singing the last hymn, Mr. Jeffers returned to the big seat, and Gomer at once engaged him in conversation. Undoubtedly the minister himself was now being treated to a little sermon, thought I, for the praise he had bestowed on his elder. I subsequently found that my suspicion was perfectly correct.

By six o'clock on the following morning Gomer and I were quite ready for our journey. Gwenny was in a rare state of bustle, and ran to the gate every few minutes to see "if there was any sign of the coach coming." My private opinion is that this was not the real reason for her sudden exits, for she was well aware that the coach never started from the "Angel," —which was a good mile away,—until seven o'clock; and John Adams, the landlord, would hardly forget to speak to the coachman of the passengers to be picked up further in the village. By the condition of her eyes on her return, one could see that a much better explanation of Gwenny's frequent visits to the garden gate could be traced to her agitated condition, rather than to anxiety for a coach not due for an hour. The thought of being parted from Gomer almost overpowered the good soul, and it was only the trips to the gate that saved her from bursting into tears in our presence. Had she done so, Gomer would probably have declined to go at the last moment.

At half-past six Mr. Jeffers himself came

in, and it was a blessing he did so. His presence always had a powerful effect upon Gwenny, and indeed the venerable minister's personality was such as to cheer the heart of anyone. The calm dignity of the silver-haired minister inspired confidence alike in himself and his office, even against one's will.

Mr. Jeffers was scarcely seated before Griffy John entered, and he in turn was closely followed by Marget Morgan, who made a good third. Marget brought two huge posies in her apron, one of which she bestowed upon Gomer, the other being handed to me with many wishes for a safe journey, by the kindly donor. Marget had heard somewhere that London was a "terrable" place, enveloped in eternal fog; and where people lived either in a cellar or a garret.

"Take the flowers," said she, "as long as *they* live, Ivor bach, you will have a bit of somethin' that will smell like Wengroes."

Alas, poor Marget! The posies were sadly bruised when I placed them in a jug in our hotel on Snow Hill that evening, but they revived considerably by the next morning; and for once—at any rate—Wengroes roses bloomed under the shadow of St. Paul's Cathedral. They soon faded, however, and though, like their giver, they have long since withered and died, the schoolmaster of Wengroes sometimes tenderly unlocks a little drawer at the foot of his desk to take a peep at all there is left of those simple, but cherished treasures. It may read like a copy-book maxim, nevertheless the value of a gift is often enhanced considerably by one's estimation of the giver.

Marget had scarcely got through with her presentation before Lewis Hopkin made his appearance. There was no need to ask him whether he had profited by Gomer's remarks on the unpardonable sin. A look at the "Waver's" happy face was sufficient proof that he had obtained the consolation he so earnestly longed for.

Seven o'clock was rapidly approaching. Gwenny took down the large gold-edged "Bibl" from its place of honour on the top of the drawers with considerable ceremony; and after dusting the precious volume carefully—but it needed no dusting—she handed it to the minister. Mr. Jeffers drew up to the round mahogany table, and read to us nearly the whole of the eighth of Romans. He *could* read, too. His rendering of that chapter, in the vernacular, almost amounted to an inspiration. Our minister was one of the very few men with ability sufficient to invest the words of that great lawyer Paul with the tremendous significance that they assume when read by a competent reader, who understands his subject. No wonder we were Calvinists at Wengroes.

Mr. Jeffers offered up a short prayer on our behalf, beautiful in its simplicity, and to the point, withal. The sound of horses' hoofs could now be heard, as they pattered over the hard road some distance away. Another moment, and a great cheer arose in the street, and the cry went up "The coach, the coach!" On going to the gate to discover the meaning of this unusual uproar, I found that nearly all the children of the village were assembled opposite our cottage, and shouting lustily. Most of them, it appeared, had been half-a-mile down the road watching for the coach. Having caught a glimpse of it in the remote distance, they ran ahead, and had arrived, in a more or less breathless condition, to act as a species of "guard of honour" to us on this important occasion. What a to-do there was, to be sure. We couldn't have missed the coach if we had tried.

Most of the villagers were in the roadway, and our reception, as we went to take our seats, was magnificent. It is impossible to estimate the number of persons with whom the elder shook hands, but at last we *did* manage to get on the coach, which at once started on its way. Gomer and I watched the cheering crowd eagerly, until a bend in the road placed them out of our sight. One of their kind and thoughtful actions I shall ever remember with the deepest gratitude. As we started, they brought dear old Gwenny into the centre of the road, and Griffy John and the minister supported her, one on each side; so that the last thing we saw in the village that day was Gwenny waving her handkerchief to us. Our farewell was picturesque in the extreme.

We arrived at Caerllyn in due course, and from thence we proceeded by rail to

London. Gomer was unusually silent in the coach, and even in the train our conversation had a tinge of sadness that somehow refused to be shaken off. After all, a fortune seemed a paltry thing to claim, in comparison with the friendships Gomer already possessed at Wengroes. It is only the poor who are rich enough to know that there are some things that wealth cannot purchase.

Gomer's interest was only manifested once during the up journey, and then but for a short time. As we approached Slough I drew his attention to Windsor Castle, the outline of which could be seen in the distance. This roused him a little, and he stood at the window for several minutes, until the castle was lost to view, when he sat down, exclaiming,—

"She is very, very young for such a great task. May God bless and strengthen our good young Queen."

Gomer once more relapsed into silence, but in all her wide domain Her Majesty never had a more loyal subject than the kindly Welsh elder who asked God's blessing on her that day.

On arriving at Paddington, we found Mr. Sharpe, one of the lawyers, awaiting us. On our way to the hotel he explained that Mr. Faithfull, the senior partner, personally attended to Mr. Roberts' affairs, and would be pleased to see Mr. Jenkins in the morning, if convenient.

After seeing us comfortably settled in our rooms, Mr. Sharpe made a most elaborate bow,—to Gomer's somewhat ill-concealed astonishment,—and bidding us a very good evening, retired.

The solicitor was scarcely out of the room before Gomer said,—

"What did the lawyer make a curchie like that for, Ivor bach?"

"Out of respect for you," said I; "and it's the practice in London," I added timidly, for I was treading on delicate ground. Gomer's idea of a farewell was a hearty grip of the hand,—such as one had reason to remember for an hour after. The becking and bowing of the polished Lincoln's Inn lawyer had too much veneer about it to please the old Calvinist. "Tell him not to do it to me agen, please," said he, "it's childish."

The next morning we were up betimes. After breakfast I wrote a long letter to Gwenny, informing her of our safe arrival, and that we had just been out to see some of the "sights." I also had to say that Gomer wished to be particularly remembered to everyone; and she was to tell them all, that though "London might be *grand*, it wasn't so comfortable as Wengroes."

After posting the letter, we walked to the solicitors offices in Lincoln's Inn Fields. We were immediately ushered into Mr. Faithfull's private room, that gentleman receiving us with all the stately ceremony of the old-fashioned family lawyer. Mr. Faithfull wasted no time in coming to the subject. As soon as we were seated, he drew a huge pile of papers towards him, and commenced to question Gomer.

"You will excuse me, I am sure, but it is necessary that we should go through a few items noted here," he said, nodding to the pile, "before proceeding further. What is your name, sir?"

"Gomer Shinkin is my——" said Gomer.

"That is to say, Gomer *Jenkins*, I suppose?" interrupted Mr. Faithfull.

"I s'pose so," Gomer answered slowly. "But no one ood think of callin' me anything but Gomer Shinkin at Wengroes."

"At where?" said the lawyer. "Oh yes, I see; yes, yes, Wengroyse, I see,—your village. Ah! a difference in pronunciation. *We* call it Weng-rose. Thanks for correction. And did you know Mr. Richard Roberts?"

"Yes, I did!" This with some warmth. "Sech a silly thing to ask me," Gomer whispered in Welsh, for my edification.

"And when did you first meet this Mr. Roberts?" continued the lawyer.

"I didn't meet him," Gomer replied. "We growed up together in Wengroes."

"In W——. Ah yes! the village. Quite so. And now, Mr. Jenkins, were you ever at sea?"

"Why it was Richet as went 'prentice to sea at the same time as me," said Gomer, somewhat annoyed.

"Meaning Mr. Richard Roberts, of course?" queried the lawyer, never moving a muscle.

"Yes," replied Gomer.

"Were you ever shipwrecked, Mr. Jenkins?"

"Yes, once," answered Gomer.

"Where?"

"Off Lundy Island, on a pitch dark night. Richet Roberts was there, too," Gomer added by way of an afterthought.

"Indeed!" said Mr. Faithfull. "Perhaps you could tell us something of what happened that night. It might serve to better establish your identity."

"Establish my——?" enquired Gomer.

"Your identity," repeated the man of law. "It would make me more positive as to your bonâ fides, you know."

"Yes," said Gomer, doubtfully, now more in the dark than ever.

"Ah! I see," said the lawyer, observing that Gomer was probably more at sea than on the night of the wreck. "You don't understand the point exactly. Let us try it another way, sir. Believe me, it is important, or I should not trouble you."

"Thenk you," Gomer replied, humbly. He began to fear he had done something wrong.

"Now, sir," continued the lawyer, "do you remember anything particular on the night of the wreck,—anything unusual, you know,—now come, I think I have put it to you clearly."

It did not yet appear at all clear to poor bewildered Gomer, who slowly muttered,—

"N—o! You see, a wreck is not a place for goin' into partickelers of anything much,—leastways that's my experiance," said he, looking round the room. "It's save your life if you can at them times, an' sailors don't gener'ly wait for partickelers as to how they're going to do it. You see there ain't——"

"Just so," broke in Mr. Faithfull, gently. What a masterpiece of a counsel he would have made.

"And now, Mr. Jenkins," he continued, "what was the name of the wrecked vessel, and were all the crew saved?"

"The boat was the *Mary Ann* of Caerllyn, trading to Cork, and engaged in the butter trade," Gomer replied, at once falling into the groove of Mr. Faithfull's skilful examination. "All the crew were saved, and the islanders treated us grandly, thenk God," he added, fervently.

"And how did you land?" questioned the lawyer.

"By the small boat," Gomer answered. "Leastways we had almost reached the shore when she capsized. We could all swim, so that was of no consequence."

"Could you *all* swim?" said Mr. Faithfull, with an accent on the "all."

"Yes——, well, now I remember Richet Roberts couldn't, but he was only a little chap, and I swam ashore with one arm around him. Yes, we could all swim—but Richet," added Gomer.

"SIR," said the lawyer, suddenly jumping from his seat to shake hands with Gomer, who sat astonished, "I congratulate you. I have full information here," he continued, pointing to the papers on his desk, "of the wreck of the *Mary Ann*. Your conduct on that night, sir, was heroic, and you saved Mr. Roberts' life. You are undoubtedly the person we advertised for; and during the course of my long career I never congratulated a more deserving and unassuming gentleman. There is, however, a considerable amount of legal formality yet to be gone through, but I will advance you any sum you may require to meet your immediate needs. By the way, have you any idea of the extent of Mr. Roberts' wealth?"

Gomer had no idea, and said so.

"Well, what would you say if it were sufficient to bring you in £50 a year?"

"I would point the chapal the first year," said Gomer. "It wants poi——"

"Ah, yes! I see," said Mr. Faithfull. "But what would you say to a hundred a year?"

"Sam Williams was only tellin' me last week that the tilin' on the vestry would soon have to be renewed," Gomer quietly replied. "I think that money would pay for both."

"Ah! but my dear sir, suppose it's three thousand pounds a year; for the net income derivable from the estate cannot fall much short of that sum," said the lawyer.

"Well, then I'll pay off the chapal debt at once, as well," said the elder, calmly.

"As you please, as you please, sir," said Mr. Faithfull, who then entered into a mass of details connected with the legal aspect of the case, from which it appeared

that it would be necessary for Gomer to stay in London for some time. Before we left though, Gomer appointed Mr. Faithfull as his own solicitor, and the lawyer seemed proud of his quaint client.

During the first few days we spent in the metropolis, we always went out together; but Gomer gradually manifested a desire to go out alone. I confess to having traced him to his solicitor's office on one of these occasions.

Alas! one morning, about three weeks after our arrival in London, Gomer received a few lines from Mr. Jeffers, urging him to return home without delay, as Gwenny had taken a "stroke." We drove hurriedly to Paddington, where Gomer chartered a special train to Caerllyn. From Caerllyn we rode home on horseback with all speed, to find that Gwenny had travelled faster and farther than ~~us~~, for *her* /*we* journey was from Wengroes to Paradise.

WHIMS AND ODDITIES OF A ZIG-ZAG PHILOSOPHER.

By Gregory.

I.—PERSONAL.

THERE are many who believe I am guilty of the most daring paradox when I venture to connect the word "personal" with a philosopher, since a philosopher, according to their crude notion, is a man without strong personal qualities, if not quite devoid of feeling. They maintain he ought to succeed in crushing it to the extent, at least, that his fellow-men are easily persuaded of his perpetual calmness and indifference, whatever befalls him. I deem this to be a caricature of a philosopher rather than a true description. He is, to my mind, one who has an outstanding personality, and who is also able to transfuse this into his philosophy. The man who has the deepest feeling is the deepest philosopher. But, making a truce with these philosophy definers, let me draw their attention to the word "zig-zag." I lay no claim to be an orthodox philosopher, whatever that may be, nor indeed to be a philosopher of any description but of a zig-zag one, and this has been the outcome of personal experience. The complete contents of this idea will be seen, perhaps, as I proceed, on future occasions, to unfold its meaning. I may say that I am Welsh to the backbone, and this, to many, may convey the conception involved in zig-zag, since many think instability to be the one predominant trait of the Welsh character. Whether that be the true interpreting or not will be seen in the sequel. I have been compelled to be "zig-zag" by the force of circumstances, and the varied experiences I have undergone. I am not old as days go, yet I have gained knowledge of things which all, sooner or later, must confess to be true.

I have noticed that ordinary men are readier to talk of their own concerns than to listen to others. A man that listens well, I do not mean merely a quiet man, is very likely to be a genius. A good listener is rarer and, therefore, more highly esteemed than a good talker. I have learned that it matters little *what* one says, if you only say it *well*; the form is more fascinating than the matter. I am thoroughly convinced that the aim of all teachers ought to be to inspire rather than to supply facts or theories in abundance which overwhelm the soul. I have known men whose mind is like unto a lumber room, whereto all useless things are thrown, and confusion and disorder reign supreme. I have seen a man resenting being called a fool, and smiling when said to be a knave. When I was younger than I am now, I firmly believed myself to be a genius, but, thanks to the powers that be, I am no longer burdened with that imagination. I remember quite vividly the first time I was called upon to make a speech, and the enthusiasm it created in me. Not being taken unawares, I was allowed some time to prepare my oration. I was not handicapped by any diffidence, and although I prepared diligently, it was more to secure

success than from any doubt that it would come. Speech-day came and went, and no great sensation was occasioned by my carefully prepared harangue. I was ruthlessly exposed, broken into fragments and cast aside like the stone which the builders rejected, although not like unto it in being made the head of the corner. It was a cruel dispensation; but on that day I was born again, and from it, ever since, I date my spiritual baptism. I have met others in life who started as I started, and who maintained that the world had failed to appreciate them because of the profundity of their thought, which is too spiritual to be clothed in material words simple enough to be understood by common minds. That fate was spared me; for early was one fundamental canon drilled into me,—*that he who is unable to convey his thoughts in words, is no genius.*

I awoke from that my first dream at a time when this barbarous English language was to me an unknown tongue. Many a dream have I afterwards had, and many a dream has disappeared in the same manner, but none has been so selfish and none has vanished so completely. I was once under living teachers and dreaded to be called a student. After that I have seen different countries and different manners. Now, from one depth lower than another, arises the prayer of my heart that I may at some distant date be deemed worthy of the name. I am made up of contradictions which I cannot explain even to myself, and I can never hope to persuade others of their consistency. The fact remains that they exist, although I have despaired to reconcile them. I could be all day long on the seashore gazing at the wide expanse before me; dreaming and building castles in the air; listening to the voice of the sea, and translating the message of the wind. On the other hand, nothing fascinates me more than to walk to and fro amid the crowds of a large city, guessing at the anxieties and worries that are revealed in their gait and countenance, or to saunter among the aristocratic throng of a fashionable promenade, or to wander through the multitudinous folk of a popular watering place.

However, I have my imaginary mode of life, and it requires but very little art to describe my ideal abode; for it actually exists. It is an outlandish village in a remote corner of my beloved land, where the sea, so quiet in summer, dashes against the rugged cliffs in winter, and the winds play among the hills in the background, as if with their boisterous music and extravagant harmony, they are seeking to make up for "côr y goedwig" which the cold of winter has silenced. In it is an ancient church, which in the days gone by was the abode of many a sainted character, but which now, alas, is almost deserted, and the echoes of the past only serve to deepen the silence. Not far off, has a small Calvinistic Methodist Chapel been built, whereto the common folk have been driven for the bread of life. There would I live all my days doing good, unheeded by the hubbub of the wide world, and undisturbed by the commotion of the day or the hour. There, ten miles from the nearest market town, which cannot be reached except by coach twice or thrice a week, and where no loud-sounding steam-engine disturbs the solitude of nature, *there* would I live a perfect life of bliss in this world, and at the same time make myself ready for eternity. But friends, or enemies, persistingly insist on my taking part in the great upheaving of my native land, and on my contributing my share, however trivial, to the advancement of my country. I have oftentimes been foolish enough to listen to them. Once upon a time I was an inveterate creedmaker of the deepest dye. It came to me as a birthright, as really hereditary as any physical weakness. My father has been always noted as an unyielding dogma upholder. Each creed seemed to me, at the time of its creation, the most perfect that the brain of man could put together, and often did I wonder at the perversity and obstinacy of my friends, because they would not accept it; for, forsooth, I was so blind that I vainly believed that their reason for rejecting so clearly defined a creed was jealousy of the son of a poor working man whom they had played with, and to whom some of them had given instruction. But as creed after creed dissolved like the baseless fabric of a vision, as its constituent parts, even, dis-

appeared like smoke, and my last many-limbed, deep-loved creed, which I grasped and thought I tightly held, glided away like the "will o' the wisp,"—I was compelled to believe, however unwillingly, that there must have been something wrong in *me*. Now I see that, while I was creed-making, my fellow countrymen were living, and ever since I have been driven to make up for loss of time in dogmatizing, by intensity of life. My creed to-day is simple but positive, bare but real.

"I believe in one Eternal Life-Giving Spirit, who has been, from time to time, revealing Himself in divers manners to universal mankind, and who to-day is manifesting Himself in the revival of nations, whom the brutal force of the world has ever been too ready to trample upon, as really and as truly as He revealed Himself to the Jews of old. Cursed be that man who reads in fossilized records the revelation of the past which he cannot vitalize, and, which is far easier to realize, refuses to listen to the ever living voice of that Eternal Spirit who still speaks to him to-day. Cursed be that man who keeps within his own breast the message of God which has been entrusted to him, and may his name be for ever branded as that of a coward and a deceiver of his brethren."

The aim of my life from this time forth will be an endeavour to fulfil this creed, and as part of the mission do I thus jot down the murmurings of the Eternal Spirit to my soul.

THE OLD CHURCHES OF ABERYSTWYTH.

By David Samuel, M.A.

II.

LATER on in the history of the church to which I have last referred, there was a choir whose members looked upon themselves as having attained almost the acme of their profession. They specially prided themselves on their ability to sing from "notes,"—at that time of day they were many decades in advance of the dawn of the solfa system, which has since so very greatly popularised music. The musicians rehearsed their tunes on Sunday mornings in the old "Ysgol-dy,"—the present grammar school. The choir was composed of male members only, judging from the impression of astonishment made upon my old informant's memory by the appearance of a female on one occasion in the choir,—a woman who lived to a green old age, and having abandoned the faith and practice of the church of England, died a faithful member of the Baptist denomination in this town.

The "clochydd" was one Jenkin Tomos, whom I have heard designated as "clochydd cyntaf y dref," a phrase which I do not profess to understand. He was great as a vocalist, but greater as a teacher of church psalmody. He travelled much from parish to parish, teaching choirs in the practice of music. He lived in High Street, not far from the back premises of the Old Bank. He had not a powerful voice, but his reputation as a teacher was undoubted. He used to visit Llanddeinol and Llanrhystyd, and other churches, and taught their choirs. His sphere of labour was chiefly south of our town, for the number of churches and chapels of ease was small in other directions. With the exception of Llanbadarn and Llanfihangel Geneu'r Glyn, few churches, if any, were to be seen between us and Llangurig.

In those old days, carol singing formed a very important item in church psalmody. As Christmas time approached, the musicians congregated to each other's houses to

rehearse the carols. Soon after the decease of the above-named Jenkin Tomos, a new sacristan entered upon the office in the person of Tomos Jenkin, and the time for practising the carols came round. When Christmas Eve arrived, and the *plygain* was at hand, the singers met at the house of one of the choir members, and the "notes" were ready. Singing and drinking alternated at the merry meeting till five o'clock in the morning, the hour of *plygain*. Off they flew to church. They managed to get through part of the service; but sleep, tired nature's sweet restorer, came and locked their senses with his unfailing key. In vain the black-gowned parson in the pulpit appealed to the clerk and his co-adjutors in the gallery. Instead of praise and thanksgiving, there was no response but snoring and hiccoughing. One other anecdote I must relate.

One evening during vespers in this old church, a town lad, whose name is now unknown, was overcome with deep sleep. Neither chant nor benediction could rouse him from his peaceful but heavy slumber,—nor, unfortunately for the sleeper, the soft tread of the worshippers on their departure from the service,—so fast did potent Somnus bind him in his chains. Sometime in the dead of night the gentle king unloosed the bonds, and the young man realised his awful position. He found himself *alone* in a church in deepest gloom, and encompassed on all sides with the tombs of the dead. Frantic with mingled fear and despair, he uttered maddening shrieks and unavailing cries. No kindly hand unlocked the portals of the church; no friendly ear heard the prayers of his soul in its anguish. Judge of his horror and affright when he perceived, as clearly as if the thing had been seen in the splendour of the noon-day sun, a funeral procession making for the church, with the officiating priest at its head. He heard the echoes of the solemn words,—"I am the Resurrection and the Life." He sees the slow procession moving into the church and the parson enter the reading desk. He hears the resurrection chapter read in clear tones. He notices the mourners and all the sepulchral trappings and habiliments of death,—the black bands, the pall, and the bier. Nor did the strange and shuddering spectacle cease here. He witnessed with terror and bewilderment the exit of the procession and the service at the grave. He saw the coffin lowered into the grave, heard the grains of emblematic dust echoing from the coffin lid at the words,—"Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust;" beheld the tears and heard the heavy sobs of the weepers. The whole spectre funeral was most realistically portrayed before his eyes, and the realism only heightened the sufferer's fright.

I have said that this church was only a small structure. It was, in all probability, large enough to accommodate those who called themselves regular members of the English church in Aberystwyth. In 1825 a change set in. A young man of much promise was appointed vicar, and he at once gained adherents to the church of which he was a devoted son. He was a native of Llwyn Glas, near this town. While he was a curate in a parish near Oxford, he had obtained such a popularity through his preaching that he there numbered a great many cultured and talented men amongst his listeners, and occasionally John Henry Newman was to be found amongst those who were drawn by the fervour of his pulpit addresses. The following passage from "The Autobiography of Isaac Williams," edited by Sir George Prevost, is worth quoting. Isaac Williams says,—"On that occasion of staying at Llandrindod, the vicar of our parish was there,—Mr. Hughes, of Aberystwyth, a Puritanical Welsh preacher. He had for a short time the curacy of Dedington, near Oxford; and speaking to me of Oxford, he looked grave and displeased at the mention of Keble of Oriel as being my friend, and said it would be a great thing for me to know a most promising and excellent person there, Mr. Newman. They had both, Newman and Mr. Hughes, belonged to the Church Missionary Society, and it was plain that he, at that time, considered Newman to be one of his own Calvinistic party" (pp. 42-43). On his appointment to our town, Vicar Hughes strove in every way to improve the position of his church, and by vigorous attention and diligent visitations

amongst rich and poor, he soon considerably strengthened the church's hold upon the town and neighbourhood. I have been told that his appointment to this town was made with this purpose,—"to bring back the town to its proper place in the ecclesiastical firmament." It was Vicar Hughes' tact and ability, aided by other causes which might be named, that caused the loss to Nonconformity of a large number of families who had pews and were members at the old Tabernacle, and their descendants are churchmen to this very day. In consequence of the growing popularity of the vicar, the little church which he found here was soon discovered to be too small to contain those anxious to come under his ministrations. He set himself to build a larger church, and St. Michael's (No. 2), which, in its turn, has lately disappeared, was a monument to the old vicar's energy and activity, — not, perhaps, a deserving monument from an æsthetic point of view, for the church buildings of that period were very unartistic from an architectural standpoint; but its largeness, as compared with its predecessor, showed to what extent the influence of Archdeacon Hughes had caused itself to be felt. The old magazine *Cymru* (1875), to which reference has been made in my former paper, says that St. Michael's, —the second of that name,—was built by public contributions, and cost £3,500, towards which it had a parliamentary grant of £1,000, and £400 from the society for building new churches and chapels of ease. It had been intended to add a tower to complete the building, but this was never done. St. Michael's was commenced in 1830, and completed in about three years. There was nothing either in its external or internal aspect to commend it to an observer, and whatever its good qualities were, it was not found splendid or ornate enough to suit the taste of the present generation of churchmen. The generation which has just passed away, however, thought very highly of the old sanctuary. Its predecessor was left standing till about 1836,—about three years after the completion of the second St. Michael's. Thirty years after that date, a new Welsh church was built,—the present St. Mary's,—and churchpeople discovered what a mistake they had committed when the first St. Michael's was pulled down. About March, 1894, the work of pulling down the second St. Michael's was begun, and in July of that year, some coins were found imbedded in a large stone in the east end wall under the large window. The stone was five feet long, two feet wide, and one foot thick, and was some feet under the level of the ground. A workman, in breaking the stone, noticed a hollow sound, and on examining more closely, discovered a brass tablet. Removing this, he found a hollow in the stone, in which were several coins,—a half-sovereign, half-a-crown, a shilling, a penny, and two farthings, all in excellent condition. The plate, oval in shape, bore the words,—"This stone was laid June 9, 1830," and on the back "Richard Jones, builder." The timber in the roof was marked 1832, so that the church was about three years in building.

In the consecrated ground which once the first St. Michael's covered, lie the mortal remains of at least one man whose name possesses more than local interest; a man once noted throughout the length and breadth of our country, the author of several printed sermons and treatises, which are now known, perhaps, only to the curious,—Azariah Shadrach, the first Congregational minister of this town; the Bunyan of Wales is the name applied to him in his epitaph. His grave lies close by the pathway which leads from the top of Great Dark Gate Street to the Castle grounds, and on the right hand side. The epitaph is worth quoting at full length,—

Sacred to the memory of the
Rev. AZARIAH SHADRACH
(late minister of the Independent Church
in this town),
Who, after having faithfully and successfully
preached the Gospel for upwards of fifty years,
finished his course in joy on the 12th day of
January, 1844.
Aged 69 years.

"Bu ei dafod a'i ysgrifell
Yn cyd-daenu efengyl Crist;
Perlau'r groes ac aur Caersalem,
Cynnygiai i dylodion trist,—
Drych, a Cherbyd, a Goleuni,
Myfyrdodau lu ar g'oedd;
Un-ar-hugain rhif ei lyfrau
Bunyan Cymru yn ddiau oedd."

THE ENGLISH LAWS RELATING TO WALES.

WITH the accession of the Tudors the character of legislation relating to Wales changes. Hitherto it has been mainly repressory, and most active in periods of rebellion. But now its purpose is to extend all the privileges of Englishmen to Welshmen. An attempt was made to Anglicise Wales, England became a field for the Welsh merchant and Welsh adventurer, and soon the Welsh bard begins to complain that he has no noble patron in Wales as of yore.

First of all I shall give the famous "Act of Union" of 1535. In this number the first two sections will be found. The following sections, describing the marches and the formation of the new shires, will be summarised for one of the next numbers.

27 HENRY VIII. CAP. 26.

Concerning the laws to be used in Wales.

"ALBEIT the dominion, principality, and country of Wales justly and righteously is, and ever hath been, incorporated, annexed, united and subject to and under the imperial crown of this realm, as a very member and joint of the same, wherefore the king's most royal majesty of meer droit, and very right, is very Head, King, Lord, and Ruler; yet notwithstanding, because that in the same country, principality, and dominion, divers rights, usages, laws and customs be far discrepant from the laws and customs of this realm, and also because that the people of the same dominion have, and do daily use, a speech nothing like, ne consonant to, the natural mother tongue used within this realm, some rude and ignorant people have made distinction and diversity between the king's subjects of this realm and his subjects of the dominion and principality of Wales, whereby great discord, variance, debate, division, murmur, and sedition hath grown between his said subjects; his highness, therefore, of a singular zeal, love, and favour that he beareth towards his subjects of the said dominion of Wales, minding and intending to reduce them to the perfect order, notice, and knowledge of his laws of this his realm, and utterly to extirp all and singular and sinister usages and customs differing from the same, and to bring his said subjects of this his realm, and of his said dominion of Wales, to an amicable concord and unity, hath by the deliberate advice, consent, and agreement of the lords, spiritual and temporal, and the commons, in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, ordained, enacted, and established that his said country or dominion of Wales shall be, stand, and continue for ever from henceforth incorporated, united and, annexed to and with this his realm of England; and that all and singular person and persons, born and to be born, in the said principality, country, or dominion of Wales shall have, enjoy, and inherit, all and singular freedoms, liberties, rights, privileges, and laws within this his realm, and other the king's dominions, as other the king's subjects naturally born within the same laws, enjoy, and inherit.

II. "And that all and singular person and persons inheritable to any manors, lands, tenements, reversions, services, or other hereditaments, which shall descend after the feast of All Saints next coming, within the said principality, country, or dominion of Wales or within any particular lordship, part, or parcel of the said country or dominion of Wales, shall for ever, from and after the said feast of All Saints, inherit, and be inheritable to the same manors, lands, rents, tenements, reversions, and hereditaments, after the English tenure, without division or partition, and after the form of the laws of this realm of England, and not after any Welsh tenure, ne after the form of any Welsh laws or customs; and that the laws, ordinances, and statutes of this realm of England, for ever, and none other laws, ordinances, ne statutes, from and after the feast of All Saints, next coming, shall be had, used, practised, and executed in the said country or dominion of Wales" as hereafter by this Act established.

BLEST WEARY ONE.

A translation of Islwyn's "Hapus Luddedig."

By S. Williams, Aberhosan, Machynlleth.

NIGHT'S topmost peaks are crowned with brightest bloom,
The sea of life gets calmer near the tomb.
Above ours, other firmaments appear,
Life rises over life and sphere o'er shpere.
As we ascend the scene becomes more bright,
Until we reach that Heaven where all is light.
Shall we of dark and toilsome paths complain?
Or of the power that crushes hearts in twain?
The way to mansions of eternal bloom
Lies through the gloomy portals of the tomb.
Upon the wings of night the stars appear;
Heaven's gates are closed to them whose heaven is here.
Blest weary one, that bravely seeks to scale
Affliction's rugged heights, and reach the vale.
The path which thou hast trod is wet with tears,
And graves obscure thy dreary vale of years, –
A grave behind a grave in dark array,
Like gathering clouds which dim the opening day,—
Some graves, – some years,—being left so far behind,
Their forms are scarce remember'd by the mind.
Blest weary one, that doth admittance crave
At death's stern door, beside the sheltering grave!
Through winds and tempests we must seek the skies,
Heaven opens not to him who feebly cries.
When fails the voice with anguish and despair,
Its quivering accents born of cruel care,—
Sad as the melancholy winds that sweep
O'er new-made graves,—O then our prayers sink deep
Into the heart of God, and twine again
His attributes around us like a chain,
God opens wide His bosom from on high
When from the stormy deep to Him we cry.
With heavy heart, bowed down beneath the cross
Or by some humble grave, o'ergrown with moss,
Where memory is wont its throne to raise,
And o'er Life's distant morn its sceptre sways,—
While bygone years, defiling through the gloom
Like some funereal pageant, faintly loom
Before our longing eyes, – whose faces seem
Like solemn spectres of a vanished dream,—
'Tis then Heaven's greatest blessing oft appears,
And Heaven itself is floated down in tears.
When flies the prayer to God's eternal throne
Through showers of tears, from hearts distress'd and lone,
The gentle sigh, the feeble, heart-wrung prayer,
Whose accents never break upon our air,—
While through the Heaven of heavens its echoes ring,
It brings salvation back upon its wing.
When floats the heart upon a sea of tears
Heaven opens wide its ports as it appears,
And Justice joins with Mercy to embrace
The shining pillars of the throne of grace.
The Lord adapts the crosses to our strength,
He counts the graves, and knows the journey's length.
The grave holds not thy tears! No, they demand
A nobler resting-place,—a whiter hand.
Didst thou e'er weep a tear or breathe a sigh?
'Tis now preserved by God above the sky.
Man soon forgets his tears, as doth the plain
The re-awakening showers of April rain;
But Nature then anticipates our need,
And brings to light and life the buried seed;
The rain springs from the earth in blossoms fair
And tears produce a crop of virtues rare.
The barren heart wakes up from long decay,
And ripens for an endless summer day.
The Lord who died is mindful of our pain
And doth for every wound a balm ordain.
My brother, 'tis not vain to weep beside
A dying youth, when only angels glide
With quick but noiseless footsteps, to prepare
The palms and crown for him who suffers there;
To watch, with heavy heart, the clock fulfil
Its drowsy task, while all round is still!
Hast thou wept there? Ah! yes, a flood of tears;
The heart can never bear the pangs and fears
Which Providence then piles upon our souls.
When memory the solemn scene unrolls,
And from the peaceful graves of youthful days
Doth then a host of recollections raise,
When on the cold, bare stone my head I lay,
While moon and stars their sacred sheen display,
The battered hulks of youthful pleasures, borne
Upon a tide of memories, now return,—
The wrecks of that proud fleet with which I sailed
From youth's gay port, while friendly winds prevailed,—
When they are drifted home by memory's breeze,
How can the heart withstand attacks like these?
My Nature's harbours open as they come
And tears flow free to give them welcome home.
Heaven pauses to observe the falling tear,
And stoops to notice, in the forest drear,
The wretched one, who, kneeling in the shade
Deepens the shadows of the woodland glade.
It puts its holy seal upon the tear
That hides within, too modest to appear;
Some feelings are so burden'd with despair
Their echoes never reach the outward air;
But O! Heaven notes the sighs and groans that roll
With laboured motion through the suffering soul,
Jehovah reigns in the repentant breast
Amid the ruins of a heart distress'd;
In Him we live and move, in Him we die,
In Him the heart pours forth its agony;
Who then would be afraid? I dread no ill
While life and death are at His sovereign will!

And who would not be on the altar bound
To find a grave on Zion's holy ground!
No sorrow in the breast so hidden lies
That is not plain to God's all-seeing eyes.
The poor afflicted one, calm though distress'd,
Who weeps his tears all into his own breast,
Who binds his troubles to his heart, and bears
Within his bosom his devouring cares,—
Who burdens not the breeze with heavy sighs,
And seems content to other people's eyes,—
Who calmly bears affliction's angry stroke,
Who curbs the raging flame, and hides the smoke,—
Who seeks in tears and solitude relief
A grave unto himself, and lord of grief;
The poor afflicted one, calm though distress'd,
There's One who treasures up his tears to rest
In clouds of love, which soon shall burst again
In showers of glory through Heaven's bright domain.
Thou wretched one, whose face is wrapped in gloom,
Whose lay is like an echo from the tomb,
The sombre shades of death around thee close,
Though Death itself to thee more distant grows;
In silence dost thou to thyself complain
Lest this vile world shall mock thy mournful strain;
Now must thou hold communion with thy breast
By heavy grief and aching care oppress'd,—
And with the graves which ope on every side
Although to thee their refuge is denied;
But there is One who chronicles thy woes,
And all thy secret cares and sorrows knows.
To hear thy prayer, hush'd are the angelic strains,
And through the realms of glory silence reigns.
The father of the friendless and oppress'd
Will pour His blessings on the troubled breast,
When friend and brother fail in time of need,
And there is none to do a kindly deed,—
The hearth is cold and cheerless as the tomb,
And famine fills the countenance with gloom,
Then will the Lord his timely aid extend,
And be to us a brother and a friend.
For each heart-rending pang or angry frown
He puts another jewel in the crown;
And He will yet increase with bounteous hand
Our precious portion in the heavenly land.
Blest weary one, whose heart is sad and sore,
Sweetest the haven when billows loudest roar!
When to its western grave the sun is borne
In majesty and peace, the stars return;
The moon emerges from the depths to shine,
With its bright escort, on the day's decline;
With darkest clouds our sky must be o'ercast
Ere we shall see the glorious Heaven at last;
Earth's thickest haze is welcome to my eyes,
Which shows in bright relief Heaven's radiant skies!
There's joy in sorrow, light in darkest gloom,
And sunshine in the cloud that veils the tomb.
Around my grave, in fond embrace, I cling,
For Heaven approaches on Death's sable wing.
The earth must be restored to God through fire,—
The cross precedes the crown, the grave the lyre.
Life's brightest chamber is the tomb, whose walls
Alone divide it from Heaven's brilliant halls;
Blest weary one! Thy heavenly home is near
When on this earth no blissful charms appear!
O'er toilsome paths the heavenward journey lies!
We stoop down to the grave to reach the skies.

GELLI GROES.
A village in Monmouthshire to which Islwyn used to come to see his bardic teacher.

CALENDAR OF THE PATENT ROLLS.

EDWARD I. (1292—1301).—21 EDWARD I.—29 EDWARD I.

By His Honour Judge DAVID LEWIS.

THIS calendar was issued from the Record Office a short time ago. It is of peculiar interest to students of Welsh history. It not only covers a critical period of the subject of their study, but contains such a number of references to it, that it may be truly said to make a distinct step in advance of the information hitherto available for a history of that period. Before examining the contents of the calendar, it may perhaps be well to state what a Patent Roll is. I cannot better effect this end than by citing the following explanation from the Preface to the Calendar of Patent Rolls, Edward III., 1327—1330; which, although later in date than the present calendar, was published earlier (1891). "The series of Patent Rolls begins with the third year of King John, and extends down to the present time. They consist of contemporary enrolments of Royal Letters Patent, which are so called because, being of a public nature and usually addressed to all persons, they are delivered open, with the Great Seal attached to the bottom. While the original document so issued by the Lord Chancellor or Lord Keeper, in the name of the Sovereign, passes to the person principally concerned, the enrolled copy remains in official custody as a record of the highest authority.

"The entries on the Patent Rolls comprise grants and confirmations of liberties, privileges, offices, dignities, lands, pensions, and wardships, to corporations and individuals, civil and ecclesiastical, licenses for elections of bishops, abbots, and others, restitutions of temporalities, presentations to benefices, letters of protection, of credence, and of safe-conduct, pardons, special liveries, licenses for alienation, commissions, and other miscellaneous documents concerning the prerogatives of the crown, the revenue, the different branches of the judicature, and the relations of English kings with foreign powers and persons. It has been justly remarked that 'there is scarcely a subject connected with the history or government of this country, or with the most distinguished personages of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, which is not illustrated by the Patent Rolls.'"

As remarked above, the period covered by the recently published calendar is a critical period in Welsh history. In 1284, eight years before the date of the first roll, Llywelyn, the last native prince, fell. Two years later, Rhys ap Meredydd rose in arms against the king in Carmarthen; a small affair quickly put down. In the next few years the increasing tyranny of the lords marchers, and the severity and extortions of the English officials appointed by Edward to administer the affairs of the Principality, became so unbearable that in 1294 no less than three insurrections broke out in three different parts of the country. Madoc ap Llywelyn raised the standard of revolt in North Wales. In West Wales the people themselves revolted, and choosing Maelgwn Vychan for their leader, overran Cardigan, and entering Pembrokeshire and Carmarthenshire, attacked and harassed the lands of the English in those parts, and slew, amongst others, Walter de Poderton and Geoffrey Clement, who jointly held the office of justiciary of South Wales as deputies of Robert de Tibetot. "In Glamorganshire, Morgan of Avan seems at one time," says Mr. G. T. Clarke, "to have gained complete mastery."

Edward set to work with characteristic vigour to put down these disturbances, as the following itinerary will show,—

October 18, 1294. He was at Westminster
November 23-26. ,, ,, Worcester.

November 27, 1294.	He was at		Hartlebury
,, 28	,,	,,	Le Horewood and Bridgenorth.
December 2	,,	,,	Hodnet
,, 6	,,	,,	Chester
,, 11	,,	,,	Wrexham
,, 15	,,	,,	Llandegla
,, 18	,,	,,	Derwen-Llanerch
,, 20	,,	,,	Llech in Kinmerch
,, 28 to April 6, 1295			Conway
1295. April 16—May 11		,,	Llanfaes in Anglesea
,, [May 7] (a)	,,	,,	Bangor
,, ,, 11 and 12		,,	Dolgelly
,, ,, 14	,,	,,	Talybont, near Towyn
,, ,, 17	,,	,,	Towyn
,, [,, 17	,,	,,	Llanbadarn Fawr]
,, [,, 20—23	,,	,,	Aberystwyth]
,, ,, 29	,,	,,	Llanbadarn Fawr
,, June 1, 2, 3		,,	Cardigan
,, ,, 3	,,	,,	Newcastle Emlyn
,, ,, 7	,,	,,	(1) Thleyghython (?)
,, ,, 7 and 8		,,	(2) Keleseyn (?)
,, ,, 11	,,	,,	Llywel
,, ,, 14 and 15		,,	Merthyr Tydfil
,, ,, 16	,,	,,	Brecon
,, [,, 17	,,	,,	Builth]
,, ,, 19	,,	,,	Clun
,, ,, 21—22		,,	Welshpool
,, ,, 24—25		,,	Whitchurch
,, ,, 26	,,	,,	Chirk
,, ,, 28	,,	,,	Thlancomdynmayl
,, July 1	,,	,,	Conway
,, ,, 9	,,	,,	Carnarvon
,, ,, 12	,,	,,	Beaumaris
,, ,, 16	,,	,,	Thlangustel
,, ,, 21	,,	,,	Worcester
,, August 6	,,	,,	Westminster

Most of the measures adopted by Edward to put down these insurrections are detailed in the *Welsh Rolls*, 14—23 Edward I. and 23 Edward I. (Nos. 1036 and 1037).

"From Westminster, on the 15th October, 1294, the king sent out many mandates to a variety of persons including as well the nobles and knights who were to fight for him as the merchants who were to feed them. His brother Edmund, earl of Cornwall, who was on the point of starting for France, was recalled, being bidden to meet the king at Worcester on Sunday, the morrow of St. Edmund, king and martyr, that is, November 21st, and to direct his followers to be at Chester at latest by the Sunday after. Other nobles received similar commands. Hugh de Cressingham, Reginald Brabazun, and Peter Malorre were despatched to raise men in the counties of Nottingham, Derby, Lancaster, Cumberland, Westmoreland, and York. John de Berewyk and William de Hamelton were sent on the like errand to Shropshire and Staffordshire. Later, when the king had reached Worcester, on the Monday of a doubtless busy week, the day after that fixed for the earl of Cornwall's arrival there, Osbert de Spaldington was despatched, with the similar object in view of raising men, to Gloucestershire. The rendezvous for these levies was fixed at Chester eleven days after the morrow of the feast of St. Edmund, and at Chester the king is himself found on the 5th of December. From this city he soon started for the scene of the insurrection, and during the first six months of the next year he was busily occupied in restoring order and regaining his authority in Wales."(b)

There are very few references in the present calendars to these three insurrections whilst they were in progress, or whilst they were being suppressed. Such as there are are mere echoes, as it were, of past events. Still there are some references to contemporary events. On the 20th October, 1294, William de Estden, treasurer of the exchequer, Dublin, Master Adam de Botyndon, chancellor, and the rest of the barons of the exchequer, were appointed, during pleasure, to purvey corn, wine, flesh, and other victuals in Ireland, and to send them to the king in Wales for his expedition there. One important entry there is, showing one of the ways in which Edward recruited men for suppressing the insurrection, and the class of men of which, in part, his army was made up. It follows here,—

"November 12th, 1294 (Westminster). Power, at the request of the prelates, earls, barons, and others of the council, to Roger Brabazun and William de Bereford, to take bond of all persons charged with offences, who are willing to come into the king's peace, (1) that they will immediately set forth on the king's service to Wales, and

(a) The dates and places in parentheses [ ] are taken from Mr. G. T. Clark's "Land of Morgan." The other dates and places are those given in the calendar under notice.

(b) See pp. xix—xx of Mr. Roberts' Introduction to the Ruthin Court Rolls (Cymmrodorion Record Series, No. 2).

(1) Llech Eiudon on Glansaman, Llanfynydd
(2) Cilsane a mile East from Llangathen Church.

remain there at the king's wages during pleasure, and thence set forth on the king's service to Gascony, and remain there at the king's wages during pleasure; (2) that upon their return from Wales, or from Gascony, if they should go there, they will stand their trial, if anyone wishes to implead them for homicides, robberies, and other crimes, and trespasses, whereof they are charged or appealed, or for which they are imprisoned, outlawed, or in hiding; and for such manucaption testified by the said justices before the chancery, they are to have letters patent of pardon of the king's suit. The king is moved to this by pity as well as by the request of the council, because so many and such different kinds of men are frequently in danger of losing life or limb; some being charged, indicted, or appealed by approvers, of homicides, robberies, and other crimes against the peace; some wandering about the country for trespasses in the forest, doing much mischief, so that part of them come to be imprisoned, or outlawed, or are in hiding."

On the 23rd November, at Worcester, power during pleasure was given to John Giffard, or the person supplying his place in "Buelt," to receive into the king's peace those Welsh of "Buelt" and the parts adjacent who were willing to come in; and the like power was on the same day given to Humphrey de Bohun, earl of Hereford and Essex, to receive the Welsh of "Brigheneugh" (Brecon).

Under date of the following day, also at Worcester, a notification appears on the roll "that the king in sending Roger de Bigod, earl of Norfolk and marshal of England, together with William de Valencia, earl of 'Pembroch,' the king's uncle, to South Wales on the king's expedition against his Welsh rebels, and in appointing Roger de Molis as marshal of his army on that expedition during pleasure, intends no prejudice to the earl marshal either in sending him from his side into those parts or in appointing the above marshal, and that the same shall not be drawn into a precedent."

From this date on there occurs no entry on the roll relating to the insurrections until April 1st, 1295, when a safe-conduct until Ascension Day is given to Peter de Lamegge, merchant of Gascony, bringing wine and victuals to the king in Wales, provided that he sell none to the Welsh, the king's enemies, nor communicate in any wise with them. On the 28th April, the king being at Llanvaes in Anglesea, protection and safe-conduct are given "for Walter Page, master of a ship called the *Baiard* of Northflete, laded by him at Llanvaes, with hides, lead, and other goods of Walter de Langeton, king's clerk, keeper of the wardrobe, which he is to take to London to discharge there; for himself, his men, and goods;" and on the same day and place there is given protection and safe-conduct until mid-summer for the servants of William de Donecastre, going to divers parts of the realm for iron and other things for the works of the castle of "Beaumareys." A like protection and safe-conduct is on May 5th, 1295, given to men whom William de Donecastre is sending to Gascony for wines and other merchandise to take to Chester and Anglesea, provided that they do not take any within the dominion of the king of France, or communicate with the king's enemies.

On the 2nd May, "pardon by reason of his services in the army in Wales is granted to Geoffrey de Geynvill of his contempt in refusing to execute the king's mandate directed "to him in favour of Nicholas Bacun, lately in custody in the gaol of Geoffrey's liberty of Trym, Ireland; and restitution of the said liberty, which the king had seized into his hands for the above trespass."

On June 21st, 1295, the king grants to Benedict, parson of the church of Flint, king's clerk, all the lands in Keldreston, [Kelsterton] and eleven other places late held in chief by David ap Yereward [Iorwerth] of Keldreston, who was slain in the last war in Wales as a breaker of the king's peace. The lands were extended at 42*s.* 11½*d.*"

On the 24th August, 1295, there is an entry on the roll of a grant to John de Hastinges "of the forfeitures of all his Welshmen and tenants lately in arms against the king in the late war in Wales, whom the king had admitted to his peace,

and given up to the said John, saving to the said Welsh their lives and limbs and lands and tenements, and reserving to the king the power of reasonably mitigating grievous fines, if he exact any. *Vacated because surrendered and cancelled.*"

Under date August 4th, 1295, there is on the roll a similar grant to David, bishop elect of St. David's, of the forfeitures of all his Welshmen and tenants lately in arms against the king [in the same terms as the grant to John de Hastinges of August 24th].

On October 20th, 1295, a writ *de intendo* is directed to the tenants of the lands of Miskyn, Senghenydd, Tir Iarll, Ruthin, Talevan, Glynogwr, Coyty, Ogmore, Avan, Neath, Manchey (?), Wentllwg, Netherwent, Edelygion, and Cibwr, for Gilbert de Clare, earl of Gloucester and Hereford, and Joan the king's daughter, his consort, to whom the king has restored those lands which he had taken into his hands by reason of the disturbance there, with the men admitted to the king's peace. Mandate to Walter Hakkelutel, keeper thereof to make livery."

The other references to the insurrections in the calendar consist for the most part of commissions issued to specified commissioners to enquire touching persons who were alleged to have, during the absence at the wars in Wales of the owners, committed trespasses of various kinds to property, as for instance under date of September 1st, 1295, at Westminster, "Commission to Henry de Enefeld and John de Bosco, touching the persons who, together with William de Lichepole, entered the free chace of William de Brewosa, called the forest of St. Leonard's, and his parks of La Knappe and Beubusshun, and the free warren of his barony of Brembre, Co. Sussex, while he was in Wales on the king's service, and under his protection, cut down trees in his said chaces and parks, took deer, hares, rabbits, pheasants, herons and young herons (*herruncellos*), and destroyed their eyries and fished in his fisheries there and carried away fish."

A similar commission was issued to William de Mortuo Mari (Mortimer) and Richard de Solariis, on the complaint of Margery, late the wife of Geoffrey Clement, —the deputy who, as has already been said, was slain by the Welshmen during the insurrection in Carmarthenshire,— "that when during the last war in Wales, she was in Lampadar (Llanbadarn Fawr) castle, John, son of Reginald, and his men of Talgarth and the parts adjacent, carried away her corn, beasts, and goods at Michelechurch and elsewhere in the counties of Herford and Kermerdyn." There are other similar commissions on the roll.

There is a curious entry of a commission of Oyer and Terminer issued by the king on July 10th, 1295, when he was at Carnarvon, to "Roger de Burghulle, with such others as he shall associate with himself, by jury of the English and Welsh of the vicinage of Buelt, who are of no afinity to John Giffard or to William de Methyr, vicar of the church of Lanavan, as to whether the latter, who during the last Welsh war was taken by the men of the said John as he was passing by the castle of Buelt with his beasts, was going at that time to land in the king's peace as the said William avers, or not, as the said John avers; and the bailiffs of Buelt, Brechon, Elval, Gwerthrennaun and Rayader are to send a jury."

Edward's attempts to have the matter tried firmly is to be noted. The jury are to be of Welsh and English, and of no affinity to the parties concerned.

Whether or not the invitation to outlaws set forth above was taken advantage of by the persons to whom it was addressed, one cannot say; but the fact is that there is no record of any pardon being granted to any such persons for services in the Welsh war only, quite contrary to the cases of Scotland, Gascony, and Flanders. There are not many instances of pardon for services in Wales and Gascony. For the Scotch war, as will hereafter appear, there was a very considerable response.

The foregoing are the most important entries on the record, that I can find, throwing any light upon the insurrections of 1294. Two years later, that is in 1296, Edward stormed Berwick, and completed what Mr. Green calls the first conquest of Scotland. In the following year, 1297, the Scotch rose in arms under William Wallace, and defeated John de Warren at the battle

of Falkirk. In both the Scotch wars Welsh levies were employed; and the calendar contains an entry dated July 20th, 1296, of a "safe-conduct for 15 days for Bryel Turbervill, constable of 300 Welshmen, men of Henry earl of Hereford and Essex, for himself and the said Welshmen, and for 20 Welshmen, men of William de Breous, all of whom have served the king well in Scotland, and are now going home." Large levies were raised for the second Scotch war. On December 10th, 1297, John de Warren, earl of Surrey, was appointed captain of an expedition against the Scotch. On December 7th, commissions were issued to divers persons to raise levies in Wales for that war,—

"To John de Blackeburn, keeper of the lands of Henry de Lacy, earl of Lincoln, of Ros and Rowynok, to array 300 Welsh foot and deliver them to Griffin ap Tuder, Kenwrick Ses, and Kenewerduy de Weper, to bring to Durham or Newcastle on Tyne by a fortnight after Hilary at latest, to march thence against the Scots.

"The like to John de Grey and Richard de Mascy, to array 300 Welsh foot in the lands of Maylorsexneth, Hope and Englefeld, and in the land of Robert de Monte Alto of the valley of Mold (*de valle Montis Alti*), and to deliver them as above.

"The like to John de Havering, justice of North Wales, to array 2,000 Welsh foot in his bailiwick.

"The like to Thomas de Rossale, to array 1,000 foot, by view and counsel of Malecolm de Harle and David de Graunt, king's clerks, in the counties of Salop and Stafford, and to conduct them himself.

"The like to William de la Pole, to array 300 Welsh foot by view of the above clerks, in the land of Powys.

"Letter of credence, directed to the Welsh of Maylorsexneth, Hope and Inglefield and the valley of Mold, for John de Grey and Richard de Mascy.

"The like to the Welsh of Powys for William de la Pole.

"The like to the Welsh of North Wales for John de Havering.

"Grant with regard to the 4,000 foot from the county of Chester, arrayed under the conduct of Hamo de Mascy and Ralph de Vernun to march against the Scots, that the present journey shall not be to the prejudice of the county, or drawn into a custom.

"Commission to the said Hamo and Ralph to conduct the 4,000 foot from the county of Chester to Durham or Newcastle on Tyne, so as to be there a fortnight after Hilary. [*Parl. Writs*. Vol. 1, pp. 306-7]."

Commissions to raise fresh levies were issued on April 8th, 1298, as follows,—

"Commission to John de Haveryng, justice of North Wales, and Griffin Loyth, to array 2,000 Welsh foot in the parts of Snaudon, and to conduct them to Carlisle by Tuesday after St. Barnabas at latest, to march against the Scots, and to Master Richard de Haveryng, king's clerk, to pay them their wages until they come to the king.

"The like to Reginald de Grey, justice of Chester, and the bailiff of Henry de Lacy, the earl of Lincoln, of Ros and Roynok, to array 400 Welsh foot in the parts of Ros and Roynok, to be brought to the king by the said Reginald, and paid by the said Master Richard as above.

"The like to the said justice of Chester to array 300 Welsh foot in the parts of Mailler Saysnek, Hope, Inglefeld, Driffyncloyth, and Mohautesdale, and lead them to the king; and to Master Richard de Haveryng to pay them in the meantime.

"The like to William de Felton, constable of Beaumaris, to array 500 Welsh foot in the parts of Anglese, as in the last entry.

"The like to the bailiff of John de Warrena, the earl of Surrey, of Bromfield and Yal, to array 400 Welsh foot in his bailiwick, and Richard de Wardyngton, king's clerk, is to pay their wages until they come to the king.

"The like to Roger de Mortuo Mari and William de la Pole to array 600 Welsh foot in the parts of Llanduho, Meyskin, Moghelan, and la Pole, to be paid as last mentioned.

"The like to Owen de Monte Gomeri, king's clerk, to array 600 Welsh foot in the lands of Edmund de Mortuo Mari of Keri, Cadewy, and Arewostly, to conduct them in conjunction with John de Clynton, appointed thereto by the said Edmund, to Carlisle, and to Henry de Brauntesion, king's clerk, to pay their wages until they come unto the king.

"The like to Walter de Beysyn to array 1,500 Welsh foot, to wit, in the parts of Brecon, 400; in the parts of Castle Maude, 300; in the parts of Buelt and Hirveryton, 500; and Trecastle (*de partibus trium castrorum*), Kedewelli and Monemuth, 300; and to Master Walter de Clune, king's clerk, to pay their wages until they come to the king.

"The like to Warin Martyn and Walter de Pellerton, supplying (*tenenti*) the place of Robert de Tybetot, justice of West Wales, to array 2,500 Welsh foot, to wit, in the parts of Cardygan, Strattewy, and Devet, 2,300; and in the parts of Kemmeys, 200; and to Master Gilbert de Arderne. king's clerk, to pay their wages until they come to the king.

"The like to Henry de Penbryg and Morgan ap Meredu, to array 1,000 Welsh foot in Morganno, and to Master John de Borham, king's clerk, to pay their wages until they come to the king.

"*Memorandum*, that this writ, whereby the mandate was directed to the king's bailiffs of

Morganno, was afterwards surrendered, and a mandate was afterwards directed to Ralph de Monte Hermery, earl of Gloucester and Hertford, for him to command his bailiffs to be attentive to the said Henry and Morgan.

"The like to Reginald de Grey, justice of Chester, to array 1,000 foot in the county of Chester, and to lead them to Berwick, and to Reginald de Gatecumbe, king's clerk, to pay their wages.

"The like to Thomas le Waleys to array 400 Welsh foot in the parts of Bergeveny as in the last entry, and to Walter de Clune, king's clerk, to pay their wages.

"*Memorandum*,—that the letters directed to John de Warenna's bailiff of Bromfeld and Yal, to array 400 men there, and those directed to Reginald de Grey to array 1,000 men in the county of Chester, were afterwards renewed, under date of 12 May, Thetford, and in place of Richard de Wardyngton and Reginald de Gatecumbe, respectively, Master Richard de Haveryng was appointed to pay their wages, and the said letters were not surrendered."

The battle of Falkirk was fought in July, 1298. That battle practically ended the war. An entry in the roll for March 28th, 1299, refers to the home-coming of some of the Welsh levies who were in Scotland at the time. On that date a commission of Oyer and Terminer was given to William de Mortuo Mari and Ralph de Shyrele, "on complaint by Ralph de Monte Hermeri, earl of Gloucester and Hertford, that some persons, while he was with the king in the war of Scotland, and he and his men were under the king's protection, assaulted some Welshmen of his as they were passing through Derby, Co. Derby, with some of his goods which he was sending by them from Scotland, and carried away the said goods."

A similar commission was issued to Adam de Crokedayke and Richard de Mascy on October 14th, 1301,—

"Touching the persons who plundered certain Welshmen at Wygan, Co. Lancaster, who came to Edward, prince of Wales, the king's son, in the Scotch expedition, and with the prince's permission were going home, and killed some of them."

Under the date of June 1st, 1301, there is an entry of the

"Appointment of William de Caumvill, Warin Martyn, and Morgan ap 'Mereduk' to bring Welsh footmen from south Wales and west Wales to the number already enjoined upon them to Carlisle by Friday after mid-summer, to set forth thence with Edward, prince of Wales, against the Scots."

And on June 2nd, a similar appointment occurs of Richard de Macy, William de Sutton, Griffin Cloyt, Hugh de Leominstre, and Iwan ap Howel,

"To select in North Wales the number of Welsh footmen enjoined upon them on behalf of the king, and Edward the king's son, prince of Wales and earl of Chester, and to conduct them to Carlisle as above.

"The like of Hamo de Macy and William Trussel, with some knight of the county of Chester to be associated with them, to select in the county of Chester the cantreds of Englefeld, Ros, Rowynok, and Diffrencloyt and the lands of Bromfeld, Yaal, Hope, Mold Valley and Mailorseisenek, the number of Welsh footmen as above, and to conduct them to Carlisle, as above."

And then comes a mandate to William de Caumvill to be diligent in the business.

These levies were intended for Scotland, where the struggle for independence was continued by the regency of Scotch nobles under Bruce and Comyn.

On May 24th, 1297, mandates were issued

"To the good men and whole commonalty of the counties of Carnarvon, Angleseye, Merunnyth, and of the lands of Ros, Roynok, Dynemayl, Abertanet, Nanhudo, Mognant, Kentlyth and Whytynton, to give credence to John de Havering, justice of North Wales, and William de Cycons, constable of the castle of Aberconewey, appointed to give them instructions touching their service with the king beyond the sea."

The like

"To the good men and whole commonalty of the county of Flynt and of the lands of Bromfeld, Yal, Mohaut and Dyffrencloyt, to give credence to Reginald de Grey, justice of Chester, and Edmund de Wasteneys."

"The like to the good men and whole commonalty of the lands of Powys, Gwenunwyn, Oswaldestre, Ellesmere and Knokyn, to give credence to William de la Pole and John de Borham."

On July 14th, in the same year we find letters of credence directed

"To the Welsh of the land of Morgannou in favour of Walter Hacclat and Morgan ab Meredith, in what these shall lay upon them from the king.

"The like to the Welsh of West Wales.

"The like to the Welsh of North Wales.

"Mandate to William de la Pole and Griffin Waghan to cause the Welsh of the land of Powys Griffyuth and Powys Madok, who lately at the king's mandate were selected by them to set forth and cross the sea with the king in the king's service, to come to Whitchurch by St. Peter ad Vincula next to receive the king's wages and to

set forth thence under such good conduct as the said William and Griffin or their deputies shall provide, so as to be at the port of Wynchelse by a week after the said date at latest ready to cross in such wise as J. de Havering, justice of North Wales, whom the king has specially despatched to those parts on this matter, shall direct.

"Appointment of Walter Hakelutel and Morgan ap Meredyth to select 900 Welshmen of the land of Morganou to set forth and cross the sea with the king on his service, so as to be at Landaf by St. Peter ad Vincula to receive the king's wages and to set forth thence, so as to be at the port of Wynchelse a week afterwards ready to cross.

"The like of W. de Pederton, supplying the place of the justice of West Wales, to select 2,000 Welshmen of his bailiwick and of the adjoining lands as far as the land of Morganno, so as to be at Breghenou on the eve of St. Peter ad Vincula, &c.

"Mandate to Reginald de Grey, justice of Chester, to cause the Welshmen of his bailiwick and of his land of Dyffrencluyt and of the land of Mouhautesdale lately selected by him to cross the sea on the king's service, to come to Whitchurch by St. Peter ad Vincula next, to receive the king's wages, and to set forth thence under good conduct, so as to be at the port of Wynchelse a week afterwards ready to cross.

"The like to William de la Pole and Griffin Vaghan to cause the Welshmen of Powys Griffith and Powys Maddok, lately selected by them, to come to Whitchurch, &c., as above.

"The like to John de Warenna, earl of Surrey, or the person supplying his place in the land of Brumfeld and Yale, to cause the Welsh to come in such numbers as John de Haveryng, justice of North Wales shall direct.

"Appointment of Robert le Veel and David le Graunt to conduct the Welsh of the land of Morgannou, whom Walter Hakelytel and Morgan ap Meredith or either of them shall deliver to them at Landaf, and the Welsh of the land of Bergeveny whom the said Walter and Morgan shall deliver to them at Uske, so as to have them at the port of Wynchelse a week after St. Peter's ad Vincula ready to cross."

It will be seen that these levies were most of them intended to be employed across the seas with the king; but the roll does not say where they were to go, although in the index it is stated that they were for the war in Gascony; but it is rather doubtful whether they were all for the war in Gascony; for on March 11th, 1298, a safe conduct for fifteen days was issued "for the Welshmen of Morganno, who have been with the king on his service in Flanders, and are returning home under their conductor (*ductore*), Robert le Veel;" and on March 15th, 17th, and 27th, in the same year, safe-conducts were issued for the Welshmen of North Wales, West Wales, Snowdon, and Cardigan. The following are the entries,—

"March 15, safe-conduct for fifteen days for Welshmen of North Wales, returning home from Flanders under their conductor, Griffin ap Res.

"The like for Welshmen of West Wales, returning home under their conductor, Morgan ap Meredith."

March 17th, the like for the following Welshmen of Cardigan, whose names are given,—

"Gorgene Graagh,
David Apyegnon,
Yerward Apkedeyor,
Morice ap David."

And on March 27th a safe-conduct was issued for the following five Welshmen of Snowdon,—

"Yerward Abkenweryk,
Meyllir Bygod,
Tegwaret Abthlewelyn,
Cadogon ap Teder,
Hughator and Eynan Abanan."

It seems likely, therefore, that these levies were intended for the wars in the north of France as well as that in Gascony.

The foregoing are all the entries in the calendar with regard to Welsh levies.

I cannot find any entry for a pardon granted in respect of services in Wales only. There are, but not many, pardons for services in Wales and Gascony, from which it would appear that the conditions precedent of pardon in the proclamation of November 12th, 1294, were strictly exacted, and that those outlaws who survived the campaign in Wales had to cross the seas to do service in Gascony. The number of pardons for services rendered in the Scotch wars is very large. Unfortunately, without going through every page of the calendar, and picking them out from amongst the other entries, it cannot be said how many there were granted altogether; and I cannot help thinking that it was a mistake that the names of the persons pardoned for services in each of the wars were not given under a general head of "Pardons." As it is, I find that from July 20th, 1298, to December 27th, 1298, no less than 138 persons received pardons for services in the wars in

Scotland; and this excludes the persons who during the same period received pardons for services in the wars in Gascony and Flanders. This number is very much smaller than the number of those who received pardons by virtue of a proclamation made by the king at Carlisle, whose names are also recorded.

The following pardons will show the sort of malefactors who were let loose on the unfortunate Scotch,—

"September 12, 1298 (Carlisle). Pardon to Richard Wadel of Dodeleye, of the county of Worcester, by reason of his services in Scotland, for the death of Thomas Crok.

"September 15 . . . The like to Henry, son of Walter Droys of Brokeworth, by reason of his services in Scotland, for homicides, robberies, &c.

"September 15. The like to John Dovenel of Sauston, by reason of his services in Scotland, for the death of John Rote of Sauston and Thomas le Blake of Sauston.

"September 16th. Pardon to Giles de Thurmeston, and Juliana his wife, in consideration of the good service (in Scotland) of the former, for the death of William de Donyton, vicar of the church of Barkeby, and robbery of the said William before his death.

"October 2 (Jedburgh). Pardon to William Went for the death of Roger, son of Adam Went of Wilebeie.

"October 17 (Jedburgh). The like to Robert de Stayndrop, by reason of his service in Scotland, for the death of Dionysia his wife.

"December 27 (Cottingham). Pardon to Nicholas, son of John de la Strete, by reason of his service in Scotland, for the death of Petronilla, late his wife, and for robberies, &c., in the county of York, and of his outlawry for the same."

A few specimens of grants of pardon not given for services in war may also be interesting,—

"May 28, 1293. Pardon to Griffith Routh, Philip Routh, Philip Fa, Anian Thloyt, Griffin Thloyt, and Madoc Bougam, Welshmen, for the death of Stephen de Boullers, and of their outlawry therefor.

"December 8, 1293. Pardon to Griffin ap Ivor, and thirteen other Welshmen named, of their outlawry for not appearing before the king to answer Walter Hackelitel touching a trespass.

"January 3, 1295. Grant to Madoc Goch, and Nynnyaw his brother, of their life and limbs, the forfeiture whereof belongs to the king by reason of their lately burning the king's manor at Overton.

"August 28, 1295. Pardon to John le Usser, now imprisoned at Aylesbury gaol for receiving thieves and for other trespasses.

"August 23, 1295. Pardon to Alice, late the wife of Robert de Canceys, in Brambre gaol, for receiving Roger de London and William his brother, who were charged with the death of William, son of Robert de Canceys, and for instigating and sending them to kill him.

September 19, 1295. Pardon, out of reverence to St. Martin, to Robert, son of Hamo Prat of Wyngham, for the larceny for which he was hanged, as it appears that when he was taken down from the gallows for dead, and carried to the church of St. Martin, Canterbury, he was afterwards found there alive."

These are some of the most important entries relating to the wars in Wales, Scotland, and France. There are some interesting entries relating to the *cantref* of Maelenydd, that unhappy district, which, for over a hundred years, was the scene of struggles between the Mortimers and the descendants of Elystan Glodrydd; and in which slaughter and assassination were quite the natural order of things. There is an entry dated January 28th, 1301, being "a pardon to the following Welshmen for their outlawry, for non-appearance before the king to answer touching a plea of trespass of Roger de Mortuo Mari, on condition that they surrender to Clifford gaol before Easter, and take their trial."

From the long list of persons named as having been engaged in the trespasses, namely, 358, it would appear as if the old struggle had been attempted to be revived again.

I do not pretend to have exhausted the entries, but I think the most important have been noticed. In conclusion, I would like to say a word about the index. With regard to the publications which have been issued from the Record Office in the past no attempts worth speaking of have been made to correct the mistakes of the medieval scribe. It is obvious that to some extent attempts have been made in the present volume to do this; but there is still very great room for improvement in this respect. To give an instance, I have already set out above the entry of October 20th, 1295, of the writ directed to the tenants of certain lands belonging to Gilbert de Clare and Joan his wife, which had been taken into the king's hands by reason of the disturbances there. I find under the head of "Seehenyth," which is

the form used in the calendar, we are directed to "see Caerphilly;" and on referring to "Caerphilly" we are led to believe that it is the same thing as "Seehenyth." What the writ refers to is the lordship of Senghenydd *supra*, and *subtus* Caiach. Then again, I find the writ refers to "Tyrarch." I turn to the index, and find the following entry,—"Tyrarth, yr Ardd Ganol, Commot, Co. Glamorgan, the land of;" whereas everybody acquainted with the history of Glamorgan will know that what is intended is Tir Iarll. So again "Ruffin" is put in the index doubtfully as being in the county of Glamorgan; whereas anyone familiar with that history knows that what is meant is the lordship of Ruthyn in that county, which occurs over and over again in Mr. Clark's "Cartae et Munimenta de Glamorgan," under the appellation of Ruthin. Many other examples of carelessness can be given; but perhaps the most glaring is the following entry in the index,—"Cardiff, Kerdif, Keyrdyf [co. Monmouth!]"

AN EARLY ATTEMPT TO FOUND A NATIONAL COLLEGE IN WALES.

By J. H. Davies, B.A., Barrister at Law.

NOW that Wales has received the copingstone in her educational structure, and that all the gaps in her educational system have been filled up, it is pleasant and instructive to turn back and note the influences which have brought about this most desirable end. From the days of Owen Glyndwr down to our own times, numerous have been the attempts to establish something in the form of a Welsh University, some national institution which shall be representative of the highest type of Welsh education. As a rule these attempts came to a sudden end, through lack of interest and enthusiasm, and people soon forgot all about them. Nevertheless I think it can be proved that this idea lived through all the changes of religion and politics. Perhaps the most interesting of there early efforts was the one made by Richard Baxter, the famous nonconformist divine, and John Lewis, during the Commonwealth period, and it is not less interesting from the fact that it was made during a period popularly supposed to have been so hostile to Welsh feelings and aspirations. It has been stated that the Puritan Revolution drove all the learned men out of Wales, and it is perfectly true that a certain number of Oxford graduates were ejected from their livings between the years 1646 and 1653. Curiously enough, however, it was not these graduates who really strove to educate Wales, but laymen like Rowland Vaughan. They strove to foster a love for the language and literature of Wales by the only possible means,—that of printing books in the Welsh tongue, and it was during the Commonwealth period that many of these books were printed.

John Lewis was another layman who endeavoured to better the condition of his country, by suggesting the establishment of a Welsh College. Of him we have but little knowledge, but he seems to have been a man of good birth and of some education. According to his pedigree, as given in Meyrick's *Cardiganshire*, he was the son of James Lewis of Cwmowen, by Mary, daughter of Edward Morgan David Lloyd of Glasgrug, but he does not seem to have been connected with any of the well known families of the county at that time. His father appears to have been sheriff of Cardiganshire on several occasions, and his descendants have held many offices of trust in the county since his day. The present representative of his family is Mr. Arthur Saunders Davies of Pentre, near Boneath. Glasgrug is a farmhouse within four miles of Aberystwyth, within a short distance of Pwllcenawon, the birth-place of Dr. Lewis Edwards of Bala, one of the pioneers of the modern educational movements in Wales.

Of his early life we know next to nothing except what we can draw from the autobiograhical remarks made by him in the course of his books. In the preface of a book written by him in 1656,—which is

called "Ευαγγελιογραφα, or some seasonable and modest thoughts in order to the furtherance and promoting the affairs of religion and the Gospel, especially in Wales,"—he gives the following account of himself,—"I may truly say that I have had a genius to the affairs of religion, and this thirty years known something from it, and have been something versed in men and books of severall sorts. I might also adde that I was the first of my country that did publish* anything in order to the Parliament; and what reproches, dangers, and discouragements I incurred, I list not to mention. For my part I envy not any that come in at the eleventh hour, and I hope my portion is reserved for mee in the better world. I was in the number of those that were named in the Act of propagation of the Gospell in Wales, all which together I hope will warrant mee to offer my poor thoughts unto the world in an affaire of so much consequence to God and my countries good."

This interesting pamphlet was written for the purpose of exposing the system of government in Wales, and of explaining the inability of the clergy and ministers there to perform their duty to the country in the matter of religion. Lewis complains bitterly of the ignorance of the ministers whom Vavasor Powell and his fellow commissioners had installed in the churches left vacant by the ejected clergy, and it is to remedy this, while at the same time increasing the number of ministers, that he brings forward his scheme for establishing a Welsh College.

"Our therefore most ready course," says Lewis, "is to be,—as former times,—beholding unto the two famous lamps of the land, the Universities. Indeed, a favour from them,—under his Highnesse whose goodnesse we lay claim to,—as to have a dispensation for a Colledge or two among us in Wales, would doubtlesse highly advance us for a supply of able ministers; but this wish without the least intrenchment unto our two mother great universities; but as wholly derivative and subordinate to them, both for professors and degrees, or thence confirmed. But all will say the difficulty is the matter of revenue and maintenance but where his Highnesse the Protector hath his smile towards, the word difficultie signifies nothing; and doubtlesse he that hath hitherto given us such a plentifull tast of his goodnesse, will not in such a matter of honour to himself and our nation, be wanting to us; and as for revenues I verily think those of the late sequestration of churches, well managed, would afford much help; and if they be short, let us consider the revenues of our four bishopricks, which are slipped into several private hands upon easie bargains, and I could Christianly intreat them and all others that have advanced their above fortunes by the late times out of their abundancy to part with some mites towards so pious and honourable a work, indeed such actions as these, and to cloath the naked and feed the hungry, and become the servants and champions of Christ. Let us but consider, if former ages had been so cold in their charities of this kind, we should not have beheld the goodly and venerable structures as the churches and colledges of this land. But some will say all this was done in times of blindnesse and popery to merit heaven; and be that granted, yet in this time of greater light it will be a dishonour to do nothing but heap up riches, &c., and though not to merit heaven, yet to merit honour to our name from posterity, let us not stick to lay forth ourselves in such deeds, and I doubt not but it would be much acceptable to God and all men of vertue."

On the 25th of May, 1656, John Lewis writes to Richard Baxter, the famous nonconformist divine, describing the lamentable state of religion in Wales, and forwards him also a copy of his pamphlet, "these few rude leaves," as he calls it. In the following May, Baxter writes in reply,—"But to lett pass all these matters, I am most desirous to treat with you about a Colledge with academicall priviledges for Wales, and I am glad that you and Dr. Ellis* favor it. I did ten years agoe expound it to Col. Mackworth, but succeeded

* He refers to his book published in 1646. "Contemplations upon the times or the Parliament explained to Wales."

* John Ellis or Elis (1599-1665) born at Llandecwyn, Merionethshire, educated at Hart Hall, Oxford and at St Andrews. Fellow of Jesus College. In 1647 he was made Rector of Dolgellau, and remained there till his death. He was author of several works, and was greatly respected by both the Royalist and Puritan parties.

not. Halfe a yeare agoe I expounded it to Major Genll. Berry who promised me his best assistance, but the want is money. Till we see a probability for that it's in vaine to gett authority. I heard of a Shrewsbury man liveinge in London worth £40,000 that had no child to leave it to, and wrote to him,—though a mere stranger, —my strongest arguments to move him to bestow on such a foundation; but could not prevaile. If you could but get £1,000 stock to build so much of a Colledge as would containe an hundred students, and but £200 or £300 per annum at first laid to it, I say if you could first procure assurance of this much either from one y^t shall be ye founder or by contribution, I make no doubt to procure authority from ye Protector and Parliament, and some hundred pounds per annum addition from my friends, perhaps many, for many will give to such a worke when they see it in a hopefull way yet will not begin it as not knowinge who will helpe it on. I conceive Shrewsbury ye only fitt place in many respects. 1st. It's a capable place where may be sufficient accommodations and a place of some name; 2nd. A little within ye verge of England is best that your sons may learne English; 3rd. It's a place of strength, if warre should arise ye students may be secured; 4th. It's a strength where they may live without military entanglements. Ludlow castle will not be trusted to schollars at least unless they turned soldiers, and ye towne would not secure them, nay ye castle will draw ruine on them; 5th. It is a healthfull seat; 6th. There is a gallant free schoole allready to perceive for ye academy, and I know no reason but £100 or £200 per annum might be allowed out of ye now superfluous maintenance of ye schoole. If any gentleman will doe any thinge considerable for a beginninge I shall gladly joine with you for an addition and for authority; I pray you stir amonge y^e and try what will be done, and ye Lord succeed you.

Sir, I remaine,

Your much obliged friend and servant,

R. BAXTER.

May 5th, 1657."

On the 25th May following Lewis answers Baxter's letter, and encloses a letter which he had received from Dr. Ellis of Dolgellau. "I desire the returne of his letter by ye next opportunitie, hee is very zealous alsoe for some such thinge as a Colledge amongst us as I stated in my booke, and I acquainted him,—as Mr. Humphrey told me,—that your selfe minded it, and I pray, sir, contribute your best assistance for ye contrivance of it, for without some suche thinge I see noe hopes for any supply like to be of ministers in Wales as to abilitie and knowledge. I have very lately myself given an hint,—together with my booke,—unto one of the wealthyest persons in all Wales, that is childlesse,—Mr. Vaughan of Llwydiarth,—and I have hopes it workes with him, whereof you shall have an accompte, sir."

The letter written by Dr. Ellis of Dolgellau to John Lewis, and enclosed in the above, also contains some interesting remarks. In spite of Lewis' request, Baxter did not return it to him, for it may still be seen among Baxter's papers.

"For his (Baxter's) love to our nation, and that he would build us a colledge by himselfe and others he hath and shall have my orisons. The place (Shrewsbury) I am likewise pleased with, though peradventure it were more convenient if in the confines of South Wales and North Wales, in some equidistant town, that both might repaire to it without exception, such as Machynlleth, or rather any other place neere you, as Aberystwyth or Cardigan. If you could have the tithes of the benefices in Wales, now yearly pay'd for the maintenance of ministers, which would be better bestowed than now they are used, though otherwise pretended, it would helpe muche.

If by your selfe, Mr. Baxter, and others, you could begge some place not yet sold, such as Towyn, with the charges annexed in our countie, and others not yet disposed of, it would avail much, which I hint; . . . . and if you can goe by contributions, it would not be much for the thirteene counties. I think also if leave were obtained to erect an aecademie, though we had but an auditorium at first, as in divers places beyond seas, the students lyeing in towne, wee should have additions quickly, though at first with little endowment, and

I should be willing to reade at the first till we could procure assistants in the several sciences. According as you promise in South Wales, by contribution or otherwise, I hope as I shall heare from you, they will to their power doe heere, but it were needfull that you began first. My proposition is, at our ensuing assizes, to move Mr. Vaughan, of Llwydiarth, and others in this matter, and shortly after (God willing) you shall heere from mee. Though when wee have done all that we can, the two universities, I doubt, for their special interests, will oppose; yet God can make way through all difficulties. I am persuaded also that the Lord Protector, so wee had powerfull agents with him, and did tender a petition backed with friends, would grant our request, and would bestow some substantiall maintenance to this purpose, he being descended as they say from Wales. I know not what to say, but the all sufficient God direct us and help us. I am glad we have so forward and so good a man as Mr. Baxter so really intending our good."

The correspondence seems to have dropped about this time, as it appears that a false rumour was circulated to the intent that Baxter was dead. The next letter we come across is one written by Lewis to Baxter on the 13th of February, 1659, in which he apologises for his long silence, and states the causes thereof. "I cannot see," writes Lewis, "especially in these remoter parts, how it will go well without a seminary for supply of ministers; eyther cast servingemen as in episcopall times, or some simple younglinges as in these times, are likest still to be ye men without some course."

Here the correspondence ends, for soon afterwards the Stuarts came once more into power, and Baxter and his nonconformist friends lost their influence. We can hardly doubt that if the Lord Protector's life had been prolonged, or if the Puritan party had retained their ascendancy in power for another ten years, Wales would have received her college or her university.

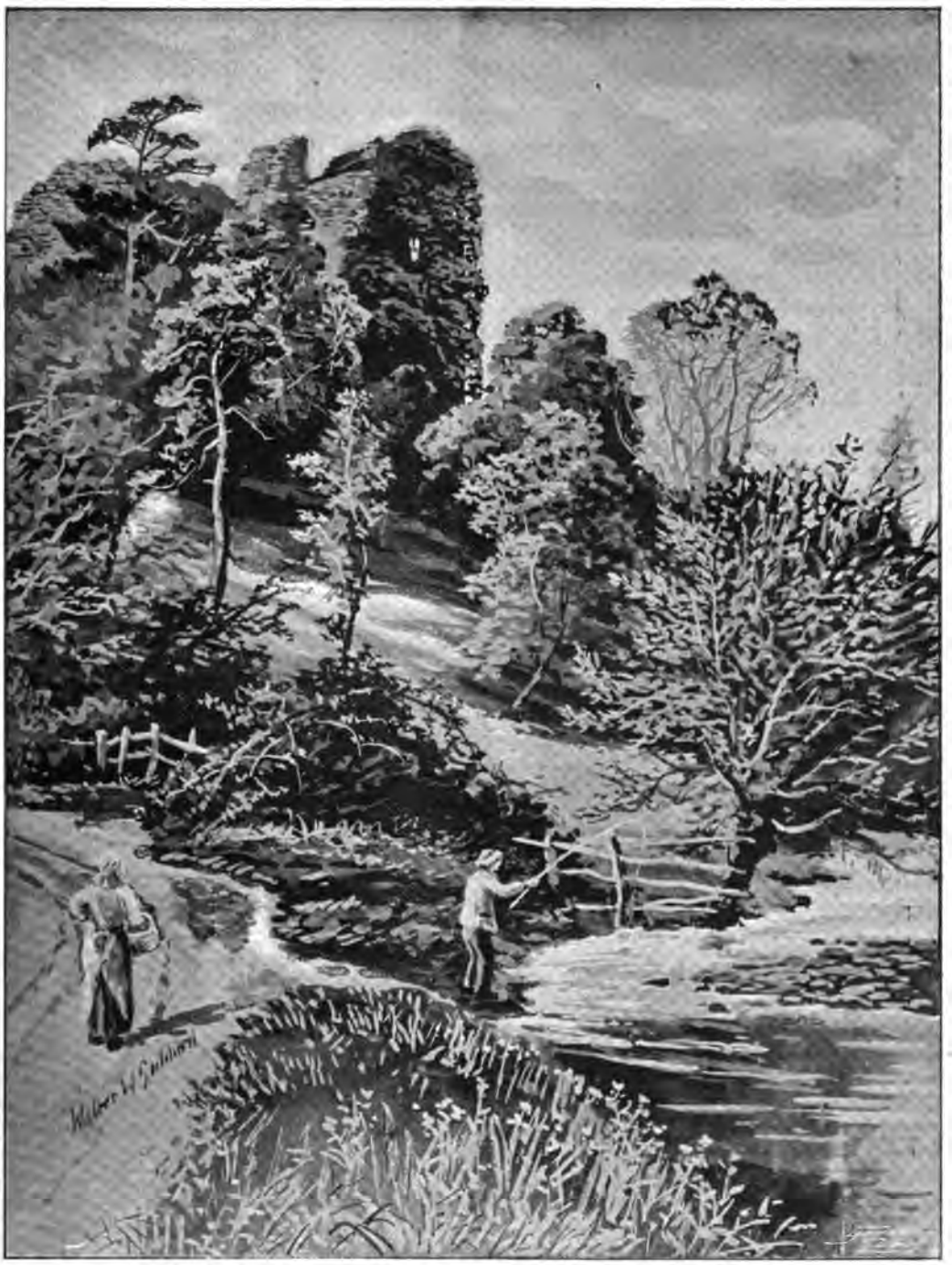
But in spite of the efforts of Vavasor Powell and Stephen Hughes, Wales relapsed into that sluggishness which had marked her before the revolution. The former, by his power of organization, had reduced church government in Wales into a hard and fast system, and had the projected college been founded, and a supply of capable ministers been thus obtained, the Wales of the eighteenth century would have been a very different country to what it afterwards became. Stephen Hughes, on the other hand, by bringing out new editions of the Bible, and by circulating books like *Canwyll y Cymry*, did undoubtedly do a great work for the nation, the fruits of which were, to a large measure, reaped by the early Methodists in the next century.

Still the idea of a Welsh college was never abandoned, and we find Charles Edwards, in *Hanes y Ffydd*, published in 1672, strongly advocating its claims, while in the next century a churchman like Ieuan Brydydd Hir was able to suggest it as a possible means of infusing the Welsh Church with Welsh ideas. Whatever the ends these men had in view, the necessity of establishing such an institution was plain to them.

Finally, in the first quarter of the present century, Bishop Burgess founded St. David's College, at Lampeter, and Ieuan's dream had come to pass, for this college, built by the banks of the Teivy, the stream which he so often extolled, has completely changed the character of the church in Wales, while the sister institution at Aberystwyth has realised the ideals of John Lewis of Glasgrug. And now that we rejoice in the possession of a Welsh University, we have eclipsed the wildest expectations of these patriots.

It is not without interest to note that one of the pioneers of the educational movement in Wales, at least in modern times, was born within a stone throw of the abode of the old squire of Glasgrug, and that his son should have become the first principal of the University College of Wales.

Perhaps, when a full history of the struggle for higher education is written, John Lewis, of Glasgrug, will be allowed a place in the noble list of those who worked for the highest interests of our country by endeavouring to confer upon Wales those benefits which her sister countries have so long enjoyed.



BRONLLYS CASTLE, TALGARTH.

ENOCH HUGHES.

By Daniel Owen,

Author of *The Autobiography of Rhys Lewis, Gwen Tomos, &c.*

Translated from the Welsh by the Hon. Claud Vivian.

CHAPTER XXXII.

SAM LLOYD'S DISCOVERY.

On his way to Ty'nyrardd, as has been said, Enoch Hughes' heart was full of jealousy. He had an uncomfortable presentiment that the Rev. Obadiah Simon would shine at the supper, and put him entirely in the shade, and make his chance, which was already weak enough, weaker than ever, and if Mr. Simon had been in the moon that night, instead of at Ty'nyrardd, it would have been none the worse in Enoch's view. Enoch had thought much that afternoon,—indeed more than ever before,—about Mr. Simon, and whilst dressing himself in his best before leaving home, he could not for the life of him abstain from comparing himself constantly with Mr. Simon. His opinion about the minister was not high, but Enoch was sufficiently honest to admit to himself that his judgment was not unprejudiced. At the same time, whilst walking quickly to Ty'nyrardd, he more than once said within himself,—"I don't know what in the world people see in the man; I never liked him."

Perhaps it was to the fact that Enoch had given himself a bit of an extra touch up that his being almost behind the appointed time in reaching Ty'nyrardd was to be attributed. When Kitty, the maid, opened the door, she said,—

"Well, Mr. Hughes, wherever have you been all this time? Miss Trevor has been asking several times if you hadn't come."

Sly girl, Kitty knew very well that that remark was worth a shilling to her that night, and it was worth a hundred pounds in Enoch's sight, if Kitty had spoken the truth. Its truth was a matter between Kitty and her conscience. Kitty opened the door of the smoking room for Enoch, where Captain Trevor, Mr. Denman, Mr. Simon, and Miss Trevor were awaiting him, and sitting by the hob in his working clothes was Sam Lloyd. All of them, except Sam, looked as if they were half drunk. On Enoch's appearance everybody, except Sam, rose to their feet to shake hands with him, and Miss Trevor was the first to do so, a fact that Enoch took particular notice of. Everyone, except Sam, showed a cheerfulness that Enoch could not comprehend. But he was not long,—though it was slightly long,—before finding the cause of the whole merriness. It would have been disgraceful boldness, when the Captain was present, for anyone, except him, to have informed Enoch of what had put them in such a state of joy. After everyone had settled down, and Enoch had taken a seat, the Captain said,—

"I warrant, Mr. Hughes, you perceive that we are rather merry to-night. We are not so without a reason, and I know, when you hear the reason, that you, too, will join in rejoicing with us. It happens, sometimes, that we rejoice on hearing good news which concerns others, but to-night we are rejoicing, not because we have good news which concerns others, though, so to speak, it is good news for others, too, but to-night we are rejoicing because we have good news which concerns ourselves, and no one more than you yourself, Mr. Hughes, and there is nothing wanting,—to speak personally, and you will all pardon my alluding to the subject,—there is nothing wanting, I say, except one thing, to make my joy to-night complete. That thing is,"—and here the Captain rubbed his nose with his pocket handkerchief,—"that thing is, well,—you have not, Mr. Hughes,—nor have you, Mr. Simon,—had any experience of it, but perhaps, sometime or other, you will be in a position to understand me,—that thing is, I say, that Mrs. Trevor is not able, on account of her health, to be with us to-night to rejoice with us. Mr. Denman can realise what I ——

"Oh! father, you are long in telling the news to Mr. Hughes," said Miss Trevor.

"Susie," said the Captain, "I have not lived to this age, I fancy, without knowing how to talk and how to behave in the company of gentlemen. But what I was going to say, if it had not been for my daughter interrupting me is, that the only thing that detracts a little from my joy personally is what I have alluded to, namely, that Mrs. Trevor is not able to be with us to-night on account of illness,—an illness, I hope, which is not dangerous. But you will realise my feelings,—a man who has been married for so many years is

somehow too apt, perhaps, to fear the worst. But in order not to keep you, Mr. Hughes, too long in expectation, though I know that you, above all others, take an interest in Mrs. Trevor's health,—not to keep you too long, I say, and in order to avoid my being called to account again by my daughter, though I like going about matters in my own way, I will cut my story short. We have good news. Sam Lloyd has come to us with news worth hearing. They have struck the lode in Coed Madog!"

"What!" said Enoch, in great surprise, "got to the lead already?"

"That's the fact, sir, isn't it Sam?" said the Captain.

Sam gave a wise nod, which denoted that he had a lot to say, but that he refrained from doing so for fear that they wouldn't be able to stand it.

"Hurrah! Bravo us, the Coed Madog Company," said Enoch, in great joy, in which all joined, except Sam.

"Excuse our folly, Mr. Simon," said the Captain, addressing the minister, "and it's not folly, either, for nothing is more natural, sir, than for those like myself, and Mr. Hughes, and Mr. Denman, those who, not with selfish and worldly objects, but with a view of doing good to the neighbourhood, and with a view to keeping up the cause of religion, have spent a lot of money, more than you would believe,—it's natural, I say, for such people to rejoice when they come across the hidden treasure, — as natural as it was for Columbus to rejoice when he saw the leaves on the sea."

"Perfectly natural, and I rejoice with you, Captain Trevor," said Mr. Simon.

"I quite believe you," said the Captain, "it's just the thing I should have expected from a man of culture and learning like you. At the same time it is possible, indeed highly natural, for those like you, who have abided with spiritual things, and not meddled much with the things of this world and life,—it is possible, I say, for us, the adventurers present here, to give you the impression that we are nothing but creatures of this world and life; that is to say, that we are people with our minds set only on making money. But that is not the case, sir. There is another side to our nature, and I will venture to say that discoveries in the world of nature, as in the spiritual and moral world, have their charm, and that the charm lies just as much in the discovery itself as in the thing discovered. For example,"—Miss Trevor left the room in disgust,—"think of Sir Isaac Newton,—his joy would not have been less if he had discovered that it was something else, and not gravitation, that made the apple fall from the branch,—it was the discovery itself that gave him pleasure,—unless I am mistaken. It is just the same, sir, in the present case. And in saying this, I express my own feeling, and I believe Mr. Hughes' and Mr. Denman's feelings as well, in the present case, I say, not the only pleasure, nor the greatest either, is the fact that we shall some day be possessed with a lot of wealth. I confess there is a pleasure in that idea; but, speaking personally, the chief pleasure is the fact that lead,—be it much or little,—has been *discovered*, which verifies my prophecy, namely, that I was sure there was lead in Coed Madog. Or, for me to put it in another shape,—think, now, if I had my choice, either that one of my relations, say, for I am only imagining the case,—that one of my relations should leave me in his will twenty thousand pounds, or that I should have fifteen thousand pounds worth of lead in Coed Madog, which would I choose? The latter, sir, without spending a minute over the question. This may appear absurd to some people, but I believe I am expressing the minds and sentiments of Mr. Hughes and Mr. Denman,—men who know something about the charm of venturing and the higher charm of making a discovery. Is this not so, Mr. Hughes?

"Yes," said Enoch, "but let us hear about the discovery. How much have you found, Sam Lloyd?"

"Pardon me, Mr. Hughes," said the Captain, "I will go down the mine myself in the morning, and you shall have a full report. I have no doubt that Sam ran here out of breath the very moment he saw the eye of the bright treasure. He is not in a position, I trow, to give you an appropriate idea, Mr. Hughes, as to the nature of the discovery; and as I have said, I will go down the mine myself in the morning, D. V. But this is certain, if what has been discovered were only as large as a thimble full, and indeed, I do not expect, from the nature of things, that it is large, the fact that Sam Lloyd and his partner have discovered it to be there,—let it be as small as it may,—shows clearly that there is a lot of it out of sight. Is'nt that our experience as practical miners, Sam?"

"You are right to a T, Captain," said Sam.

Here Miss Trevor came in to announce that supper was waiting for them, and the company went into the parlour; but the Captain stayed to have a word or two secretly with Sam Lloyd. The conversation was only a short one, as follows,—

"It's not much, I suppose, Sam?"

"It is'nt, sir," said Sam, "scarcely worth speaking about, as you'll see to-morrow, but I thought it would'nt do any harm in the world for me to come here still."

"You did right, Sam," said the Captain. "The truth is, news never came at a better time, for, between you and me, Denman has almost given up in despair,—Denman, poor fellow, has'nt, I am afraid much money to spare, and he is obliged to stint himself to do what he is doing. But there's no doubt, Sam, that your news has raised his spirits a great deal. It's different with Mr. Hughes, he has a fairly long purse, I hope to goodness we shall find something soon, if it is only for the sake of Denman. But, between you and me, I don't except anything there now, but it is necessary to keep up hope, though, so to speak, I am sorry I ever began working Coed Madog, and I never would have begun it,—I should have tried to have lived on the little I have,—if it had'nt been that I thought of what would have become of you workmen and your families."

"I don't know what would have become of us but for Coed Madog," said Sam.

"True enough," said the Captain, "but what is your opinion, Sam, and what is the opinion of the men, about the place?"

"Well, sir," said Sam, "the men have, and I have, confidence that we shall find lead there some day."

"Pray then," said the Captain, "for your faith to become vision and your hope to be realised, for Providence has a lot to do with things like this. And another thing is,—there is bottom, you know, to the purses of us few who have to bear the cost. I'll come down there to-morrow morning, Sam, if I am alive and well. And now I must go to these friends. Don't get up, Sam, I'll tell Kitty to bring you a pint of beer, and a little bread and cheese."

"Thank you, sir," said Sam.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE SUPPER.

IF I were writing for the English, who love eating and drinking, I should try to describe the provisions that covered Captain Trevor's table on the night of the supper at Ty'nyrardd. But the Welsh don't care so much for a description of a banquet; they prefer participating in it. There was everything necessary for the requirements of a reasonable man's appetite; and it is only fair to Miss Trevor to say that it was she herself who had prepared the dainties, for she had, lately, laid herself out to learn cooking, and to do every kind of household work, and had become fairly skilful at these duties. The Captain took care to inform his friends that Susie had been the cook. After the minister had asked a blessing, and the Captain had cast a look at the length and breadth of the table, and at what was on it,—as a chairman of a public meeting casts his eye over the programme before rising to make a speech, he said,—

"I expect you, my friends, to make free of what is here just as it is, and if there is anything not right, or not according to your taste, you must blame my daughter, Susie, for she is responsible for the cookery."

"Are'nt you satisfied, father, with asking a blessing on the food," said Susie, "without making an apology for person that prepared it?"

"Pardon me, Miss Trevor," said the minister, "you misinterpret Captain Trevor's words. Your father is giving as a guarantee that everything will be perfect."

"Thank you, Mr. Simon, for a revised edition of may father's works," said Susie.

("Confound the man," said Enoch in his bosom. "I wish he'd choke.")

"However, in any case," said the Captain, liberally providing for the wants of his guests, "I hope you will do justice to what *is* here. We people of Ty'nyrardd are the worst people in the world, Mr. Simon, for pressing things on people, and if you don't make the best of what is before you, the blame will be on you, Mr. Simon."

"I will not be guilty of that fault, Captain Trevor," said the minister.

("I believe you," said Enoch, to himself.)

"Very good," said the Captain. "Mr. Simon, what will you take to drink? I, personally, have been accustomed to take beer, perhaps it's a fault in me, and I sometimes think, when I reflect on the great evils of its misuse, that I ought, for the sake of example, to give it up, though I know that doing so, at my age, would be very hurtful to me. Are you an abstainer, Mr. Simon?"

"Yes," said Mr. Simon; "I am, in the scriptural meaning of the word. I take beer in moderation, and when I think it will be better for me than tea or coffee, but would not like to hurt anyone's feelings by taking it."

"That's just my doctrine," said the Captain, and he added,—"Susie, tell Kitty to bring some beer for Mr. Simon and me, and coffee for Mr. Hughes and Mr. Denman. They are both abstainers, Mr. Simon, but not prejudiced ones. So you see, counting my daughter, there are three to two of us."

This was scarcely what the minister had anticipated, and he said,—

"Every one is entitled to have his own opinion."

"And every opinion free to be expressed," said the Captain.

"If every opinion is free to be expressed," said

Enoch, "my own opinion is that we who are comparatively young, above all others, ought to refrain entirely from intoxicating drinks. We stand on safer ground, and possess quieter consciences for exhorting those who drink too much to abstain from the habit."

"Well, Mr. Simon," said the Captain, "how are we to answer that?"

"For my part," said Mr. Simon, "I never argue about petty laws and human ordinances. I prefer following the example of the New Testament. You have observed, doubtless, Captain Trevor, that the Divine Revelation, with the exception of the Sacramental ordinance, does not lower itself to lay down petty rules with regard to eating and drinking. The kingdom of heaven does not consist of eating and drinking. Important principles have been revealed to us in that Holy Word, one of which, to my thinking, and I have tried to think a little in my life, is freedom of conscience. Every man is free to read the Revelation, and has the right to understand it, according to his own opinion. If a man reads total abstinence in the Holy Scriptures, very well,—that is his opinion; and if another who possesses the same advantages, so far as learning and mental power are concerned, fails to find total abstinence there, he also has a right to that opinion. But my personal opinion is this,—and I can assure you that I have not arrived at it without a lot of study and reflection,—that the history of human society is like the history of a man personally. That is obviously most natural, since it is persons that make up human society. Every man in his boyhood is under the discipline of petty rules, and at that period of his life they are necessary and beneficial, but after he has acquired knowledge and reached the age of manhood, it would be an insult to mankind to bind it with such like rules. This is to be seen clearly in the Revelation. In its schooltime human society was under ceremonial laws, but under the New Testament it had reached the age of manhood, and had thrown ceremonies on one side."

"Well, Mr. Hughes," said the Captain, emptying his glass, "there's a pretty strong pill for you. What do you say in answer to that?"

"I do not profess," said Enoch, "to be an arguer, especially with a man of learning like Mr. Simon. But I think I can answer the argument used against me, to my own satisfaction. If I understand the teaching of the New Testament, especially the teaching of Jesus Christ himself, there is nothing that he puts more weight on than self denial and self sacrifice. He taught it to others, and carried it out in his own life. It was not what he had a right to, or permission to do, that was the great question with Jesus Christ, but what was it his duty to do. He had a right to the greatest respect and care of the world. He had a right to live, if anyone ever had. And yet, for the sake of others, He went to meet adversities and to lay down his life. And, on thinking of it, how wonderful it is that the One that possessed the greatest liberty of action,—a liberty no one else can equally possess,—should speak only once or twice of it,—but should speak daily about the ordinances, I will not say petty rules,—that He had imposed on himself? And if the Kingdom of Heaven does not consist of eating and drinking, it is clear that the making use of intoxicating drink is not a part of it. I think that a great many stronger reasons could be given against ——"

"Mr. Hughes," said the Captain, "pardon me. We are by this time sufficiently good friends for me to take a liberty with you. It has struck me that it was rather bad taste on my part, to touch on the teetotal question, especially on an occasion like this, and I think the best thing I can do, after Mr. Denman has said just one word on the argument as a conclusion, is to turn the conversation to something else. Now, Mr. Denman."

"I have observed," said Mr. Denman, "that young ladies,—that is young ladies of the best class, are guided as it were by instinct to settle dubious questions,—questions about which men lose their heads and go cracked. I will put the question in a familiar way in appealing to Miss Trevor. Now Miss Trevor, imagine there are two young men equal so far as bearing and looks, fortune, and every other excellence are concerned, seeking for your love, but that one is an abstainer and the other makes use of intoxicating drink. To which of the two would you listen?"

"I would'nt listen to either the one or the other," said Susie.

"Yes," said Mr. Denman, "but imagine that you *had* to marry either the one or the other."

"Well," said Susie, "if I had to marry one of them, or be hanged, I should, of course, marry the abstainer, and that not from instinct, but from sense."

"Hear! hear!" said Enoch, "the question is settled."

"With all due respect," said Mr. Simon, "the question is not settled, for according to Captain Trevor's evidence, Miss Trevor is an abstainer, and so she has a bias. If some other young lady were appealed to, she might perhaps answer differently."

"But Mr. Denman pointed out to you that you were to appeal to the best class of young ladies," said Enoch.

"There's another thing to be said," said the Captain. "When my daughter said she would not listen to either of the two, it is evident that

she does not say what she means; and if she does'nt say what she means as to the first part of her answer, there is room to believe that she does not say what she means as to the other part."

"Excellent," said Mr. Simon, "perfect reasoning. It is by no means uncommon that young and pretty girls are heard to say with determination that they will never marry, and that they prefer being old maids, and when some day they are seen led to the altar, no one can be so unfeeling as to blame them for breaking their word. With a little strategy, the most strongly fortified town can be taken."

"Probably you are stating your own confidence and experience now, Mr. Simon," said Susie, with a little sarcasm in her words. "But I think you will admit that there are a few towns which have not been taken yet, and which never will be taken."

"My contention is this," said Mr. Simon, "if Jericho was taken, why cannot every town be taken?"

"The fact," said Susie, "that Jericho was taken by the blowing of a ram's horn does not prove that even a village can be again taken by the blowing of the horn of a Welsh sheep, though the blower be a priest."

"Susie," said the Captain, turning his eyes on her almost reprovingly, "your danger, my girl, is to be a little too flippant, especially in a case where there has not been a long acquaintanceship, such as there has been with Mr. Hughes and Mr. Denman, to give a privilege to you to make use of such flippancy. When you get to know my daughter better, Mr. Simon, you will realise that she is not a bad sort; but, as you are a bachelor, you will have to stand a shot from her now and then. That is the failing that besets her,—attacking unmarried men."

"That's a second apology for your daughter to-night, father," said Susie. "The first was because I didn't know how to cook, and the second because I don't know how to behave myself. You must have neglected my education, father. Did I say anything vulgar, Mr. Simon?"

"Not at all, Miss Trevor. I wouldn't give a fig for a young girl if she couldn't answer for herself," said Mr. Simon.

"Very likely," said Susie, "and I wouldn't give a fig for a *man*, though he could answer for himself."

"I am, afraid, my girl," said the Captain, "it will be necessary for me to make a third apology for you, if you go on in that way. To talk disrespectfully of men is not one of the signs of education, and you forget that your father is a *man*."

"Present company is always excepted, you know, father," said Susie, "and I have not, as you know, met many men,—none except the Pwllygwynt Company, the people of Bethel, and a few Methodist preachers, and my honest experience is that nine out of every ten of the men I have seen are wind-bags,—creatures who——"

"Susie," said the Captain, "everyone seems to have finished. Ring the bell for Kitty to clear the things; and I think it will be better for you to go and see how your mother is getting on, poor thing. She has, poor woman, been left all alone to-night."

"Oh," said Susie, "I see you are going to turn me out of your *seiat* meeting, father. Well, to ask you all for a vote,—Everyone who is of opinion that Susan Trever ought not to be considered a member of this *seiat* any longer, raise his hand."

No one raised his hand except the Captain, and Susie rang the bell for Kitty, and ran away laughing.

"You have a lively daughter, Captain Trevor," said Mr. Simon.

"Yes," said the Captain, "she has plenty of life in her, but I am often afraid thet she makes an unfavourable impression on the minds of strangers. Perhaps I am guilty of letting her have too much of her own way. But I must say, and my friends here know that I am speaking the truth, that some marvellous change has come over my daughter's mind lately. A little time back, sir, she caused me a lot of pain and anxiety of mind, for she gave me cause to think that she thought of nothing but dressing herself, reading novels, and emptily dreaming her valuable time away. She never dirtied her hands from one end of the week to the other, and though she had had a religious bringing up,—so far as the teaching and example of her parents went,—I had cause to fancy that she did not at that time think at all about the matters of the soul, and that, as you may think, caused me no small pain. Since she was a child, her imagination has been lively, and through some evil fate she continued to nourish it, so that common things, such as household work, the labours of life, and so forth, were as strange to her as though she lived in another world. As I have began speaking about it I may as well finish. At that time, sir, I do not think that my daughter was conscious that there was a world of misery around her here. She, personally, did not know what it was to want for anything, and she could not imagine, at that time, that anyone else could be in want or suffering. Her heart had never been touched. Besides this, she had no sense of the value of money,—a five pound note in her sight was just the same as an old letter, and she

never reflected that the five pounds meant such and such amount of brain work to her father. Somehow she lived in herself, and, in spite of many attempts, it was impossible to get her out of herself to think over the realities of life. Is it necessary for me to say that this caused me to lose many a night's sleep? But for some time past now, she has taken no trouble about her dresses. She prefers, sir, to go to the chapel in a cotton frock to going in a silk gown; and she is like a bee at the housework, from early morning till night. In a word, she has gone to the opposite extreme. She much prefers doing the washing to playing the piano, and though, perhaps, it will be difficult for you to believe me, only yesterday that ever was, when I was coming home from the mine, what did I see but Susie washing the door step, and Kitty, the maid, looking on at her with dry hands. Of course a thing like that is ridiculous, but she insists on doing the things the maid ought to do. Indeed now, at present, a maid in our house is a sinecure, sir. It is not necessary for me to tell you, Mr. Simon, that such a thing as that is not suitable to her position, but I have been at the trouble of saying so, for fear that it may happen to you to come here some day and get a shock to your nerves, at seeing my daughter with a rough apron in front of her, cleaning the boots, and the maid sitting by the fire reading a novel. And talking of reading, a similar change has come over her mind in that respect, too, which has afforded great comfort to me and her mother. She is never to be seen now taking hold of a frivolous book. Her favourite book, of course, is the Bible; and you will be astonished when I tell you I caught her last night over head and ears in Butler's *Analogy*; but it's the fact, sir, and if I mistake not, she has borrowed several numbers of the *Traethodydd* from my friend yonder, isn't it so, Mr. Hughes? (Enoch gave an affirmative nod). If I do not weary you, another change I ought to refer is her regularity in attending the chapel services. You will have already noticed for yourself, Mr. Simon, that there is no one more regular in the chapel, I believe. In a word, I believe that my daughter has undergone a change both of heart and disposition. You will pardon me, Mr. Simon, for talking so much about her. I have two reasons for doing it. The first is because I think it will be of advantage to you, as our minister, to possess the fullest knowledge possible of the true state of the mind and heart of each member of your church, so that you can justly impart to them the word of truth. And the other reason is,—that it will be a comfort and encouragement to you,—if you ever become the head of a family,—to bring up your children in the teaching and wisdom of our Lord, which I am sure you will do. And though, perhaps, you will not see the fruit of your labour at once, yet, so surely as you have sown your seed in good season, so will the fruit come a hundred fold in His own good time. I am afraid that I have talked too ——"

At this point Miss Trevor returned, and said,—

"Mr. Hughes, mother begs you not to go away before coming up to see her."

"I will come this minute," said Enoch, and off he went.

"It's wonderful," said the Captain, "the fancy Mrs. Trevor has taken to Mr. Hughes. If he had been her own son I don't think she could like him more; and yet, when you think of it, it is not so wonderful, for I never met any man who was easier to like, and Mrs. Trevor and he are quite of one type of mind,—they are naturally religious, and their contemplations run on the same lines. I always think that it is no trouble in the world for some people to live religiously, and I think that my wife and Mr. Hughes ——, what, Mr. Denman, are you going home? Well, I understand your being in a hurry,—you want to tell the good news to Mrs. Denman, don't you? I won't stop you. Good night, good night. He is a nice man, that Mr. Denman, Mr. Simon, and you are sure to find that I am right about him. But, tell me, don't you find that beer rather bitter to the taste? It's begun to go bad, I am afraid. It has had too long a rest from there being no one to drink it. Don't drink any more of it,—exchange is no robbery. I have got a little Scotch whiskey, which has been here since I don't know when, as it is so seldom I look at it, and if it's like what it was a month back, you are sure to like it. Excuse me whilst I fetch some fresh water, for if I rang the bell for the maid, the teetotallers upstairs would understand that we were calling for some more beer or were changing our drink.

"Now, sir, I think you will like this,—say when. You take just the same as I, exactly. Too much water spoils the whiskey. Success to the teetotal cause. Is it all right, Mr. Simon?"

"First-class, first-class," said Mr. Simon.

"I knew you would like it," said the Captain. "Why should a man deny himself the good things of this life? There's no sense or gospel that requires him to do so, provided we take everything in a grateful spirit. But I must say that I can't enjoy a glass of whiskey in the presence of my daughter, because she has lately been most wrongly prejudiced against it. Where she got her teetotal notions I don't know.

"Perhaps," said Mr. Simon, "from Mr. Hughes, for though he is a good man without doubt, he

appears to me a little ancient in his ways. It's a tremendous pity that there is, amidst our best men, such a load of cant and narrow-mindedness, and it is to be attributed, possibly, to a want of learning and acquaintanceship with the civilized world."

"I see," said the Captain, "that you are what I thought you were, namely, a man who has taken stock of life and characters. As you were saying, it's a pity that when a Welshman gets a bit religious, he at the same time gets narrow-minded, and I am sure to that may be attributed my daughter's unpleasant hostility to every kind of spirits, for she is religious, and I am thankful for it. Now, sir, permit me to say that I am glad to have met a man who is broad in his views, and that I shall be glad of your company frequently, when it does not take you from your study and your work connected with the ministry. In a place like Bethel, it is a rarity to get the company of a man of the same views as myself. Perhaps you will be astonished when I say that there was only a slight acquaintanceship between me and your predecessor, Mr. Rhys Lewis. As you have doubtless heard, Mr. Lewis was an excellent man, a good preacher, observant, and very godly. But he was narrow in his opinions about some things. He had not moved much in the world, and though I admired him as a preacher, and respected him as a minister and servant of the Lord, I used not, somehow, to be able to be free and homely in his company. And I should not wonder if he did not feel the same with me; indeed, I have reason to believe that he looked almost with doubt on me, and feared, perhaps, that I had not the root of religion in me; and it all arose from our different manner of thinking and of looking at things. He, sir, had moved in a small circle, and I in a big circle."

"That, no doubt," said Mr. Simon, "accounted for it; and, as I said before, it's a pity that our best men are narrow-minded. Whatever else I may be, I am not narrow-minded, thanks to my knowledge of the world; and though I enjoy your society greatly, and hope that I shall have more of it, it is full time for me to go home, after I have thanked you for your hospitality."

"Don't mention the hospitality," said the Captain, "you know now where I live, and I shall be glad to see you soon again. I would call my daughter down, but you will excuse us to-night; the next time you come here, I hope Mrs. Trevor will be well enough to welcome you."

"I am very sorry for her illness, and remember me to her. And now good-night, Captain Trevor," said Mr. Simon, on leaving the house.

"Good-night," said the Captain, and after shutting the door, he added to himself,—"Good-night, good man. You are, sir, I think, an old stager, or you wouldn't be walking home as straight as when you came here. But perhaps you are not sorry, Mr. S——, as many a time I have been not sorry, that your bed is not far off. And that's the beauty of it. It's not the thing itself that's wrong, but the being found out. Hum! I had better now clear away the traces of the feast, for what the eye sees not the heart does not grieve over. It will be of no use, though, for Susie is bound to find out that the bottle has been honoured. She has a nose like a retriever. But surely to goodness, ain't I master in my own house? And now I'll take a thimbleful as a farewell, and go upstairs. Indeed, perhaps the old woman will say,—and she *is* ill, too,—that I have been careless about her, as I have not been up to her since some time in the afternoon. Now we will go and see how matters stand," and the Captain walked upstairs without laying hold of the banisters. It always gave the Captain an easy conscience if he could walk upstairs without the help of the banisters.

A HALLOWED SPOT.

It seems that the grave of Henry Vaughan, the "Silurist,"—one of the best of Welsh poets that have written in English,—is in a sad state. It is in Llansantffread churchyard, in the midst of the Usk scenery the poet describes so melodiously. The slab is broken, the inscription is almost effaced, the refuse of the churchyard is thrown around it, an ash-pit belonging to the church is close to it. The "sweet swan of Usk's" grave is the only untidy one in the churchyard.

For the restoration and general tidying of the tomb a fund is being raised. Contributions may be sent to Miss Philip Morgan, Buckingham Place, Brecon.

A WELSH CHOIR.

I hear that two thousand Welsh voices are being trained for the rendering of Mr. Jenkins' "Psalm of Life" at the Crystal Palace, July 11th. A number of Welsh airs will also be rendered, — Y Deryn Pur ("The Faithful Bird,") Codiad yr Hedydd ("Rising of the Lark"), Codiad yr Haul ("Sunrise"), Morfa Rhuddlan ("Rhuddlan Marsh"), and "The March of the Men of Harlech." "Rhuddlan Marsh," between the choir and orchestra, will undoubtedly be very impressive. Emlyn Evans' music to Sadie's "O fy hen Gymraeg" will be rendered for the first time at this great gathering.

TWMMI BACH CARROTS.

By T. H. Thomas, R.C.A., Cardiff.

THE events of Twmmi bach Carrot's day, on Thursday, May 2nd, I have upon the most credible authority of Mr. James Evans, deacon of Rhydymeirch Baptist Chapel, and collier at the pit known as Pwlleidiog Slip by the men, and as the Steam Coal Export Company (Limited), Pit No. 2 by the owners.

I have it, that at 3-30 on the morning of that day, the weather was cold and damp; it had rained all night, the sky was piled with clouds, except in the east, where a gash of lemon yellow divided the grey sky from the brown mountains. It was still dark. In the cottages of the hamlet of Bryn y Fran, lights were glinting through the small windows, and various dull sounds of movement were heard, the sound of calls to arise from women, growling answers from men, children's voices laughing or crying, but all muffled as they came to the ear, so that they seemed far off. The air in the road passing through the hamlet was very keen, and had a curious smell, mixed, of the odours of turned garden mould, smoke, and the sourness of the garden pigsties. Soon, the sounds became clearer, the people were downstairs, and getting what little breakfast they could, the doors grated on the stones of the floors as they were pulled open, women came and went now and then. Presently, the men and boys began to appear, all colliers, in their working clothes, with their grub cans and tin tea bottles slung over their shoulders, all were lighting their pipes, if that had not been done before. The women screamed harsh-sounding directions or jokes to their men, most of them standing on the doorstep with their heads and shoulders bending forward outwards. Among the young men and boys there was a good deal of rough horse-play between themselves, or with the young women and girls. Many of the older men coughed and spat dismally, and, sucking at their pipes, took the road in the direction of Pwlleidiog, which was about four miles away on a lower level, but invisible by reason of a thick bank of fog which filled the vale.

Among the boys who appeared upon the road was Twmmi Carrots, a very sturdy lad with ruddy face in which the chief feature was a wide mouth, the large lips of which were always on the move; the nose and eyes were inconspicuous, but the visage was crowned by a mat of brilliantly red hair. He seemed about fourteen years of age.

As he passed in front of one of the cottages, a girl about his own age stood in the midst of a plot of garden ground newly dug. She had in the bosom of her torn frock a white rose of that kind which grows in the Welsh hills so freely, and will often put out blossoms untimely. As Twmmi passed, she executed a kind of skirt dance, chanting shrilly the while,—"Twmmi, Twmmi Carrots, Twmmi, Twmmi Carrots," *ad libitum.* Twmmi smiled an enormous smile, chuckled, then leapt the paling, and charging up the garden, butted the girl in the waist with his head, tore the rose from her frock as she fell, ran back to the road with the spoil stuck in his cap, and left her sitting in the soft ground still chanting "Twmmi, Twmmi Carrots."

James Evans, who saw this rape of the rose, remonstrated,—"Why do you knock the gel down so rough, you young rascal." To this Twmmi replied, "O you old deacon," in no very reverent manner.

Then both walked on amicably together for a mile or so, when they came to a lame mare grazing at the road side. Twmmi with a shout threw himself on her back, and proceeded to the pit, as he himself described it, "like the Prince of Waless."

The pit is entered, as its name indicates, by a "slip," not a shaft, that is by a long declivity, in this case about three quarters of a mile descent, which reaches a point some 400 yards vertically below the surface. From this point the roads of the pit diverge, and out of them the headings branch in plan just like the little tunnellings of the woodworms one sees on poles when one strips off the bark. Up and down the "slip" run the lines of trams, called "journeys," which take down men and material and bring up coal.

About the lamp shed and the Slip mouth was a crowd of men, silent, nonchalant, now and then exchanging a word or two only. Twmmi waited for the deacon, who was his good friend, they went for their lamps together and the wooden-legged lamp man entered their numbers as 141, 142. Then they took the "journey," and with a rumble and a whiz started upon the last mile and a half of their usual morning and evening transit.

II.

At 1-18 all people within a radius of about three miles from Pwlleidiog Slip heard a strange grave sound, it was not loud, yet none could fail to hear it. People immersed in thought were awakened by it, colliers asleep from the night shift sat up in bed broad awake. People loudly quarrelling heard it above their angry voices, and yet it was so small a sound that people tried to believe it was only the fall of a pitcher in the neighbouring cottage or something such. But with it there was a slight tremble in earth and air, like the sound, very slight and small, and yet no one could disregard it.

Instantly everyone, except the sick and men abed, was in the open air asking of the passers by,—"Where is it?" "Which direction did it come from?" and while asking the question the colliers and women began to converge upon the Pwlleidiog Slip.

There the noise had been that of a great gun fired below, the tremor was greater, and after an instant's pause a dense puff of smoke blew out of the Slip tunnel, out of which a discharge of small projectiles had rattled against the engine house, the hauling wires twisted useless, snapped below, and certain beams and boardings fell with a crash. The winding engineer, black with smoke, pulled himself together to control his engine.

III.

On Friday afternoon I became aware of "Twmmi bach Carrots." "The Disaster at Pwlleidiog Slip," was a heading read in every newspaper on that morning: The wreckage of the Slip was something uncommon and worth the risk of descent to see. Arrangements had been made roughly for the "journey" to move, but it was as well to descend on foot. At the bottom of the Slip recovered bodies were being collected, and sent up as opportunity served. With a staunch collier I had struggled up the rugged slope half way to the surface when the ropes began to move, and we crouched aside till the "journey" should pass. My companion scrutinized as closely as he could, with the dim lamps, the sides and the top, and expressed himself as satisfied, though "them drams make such a bang, they'd bring down anything." They slowly neared us on the disjointed rails and, passing us, suddenly stopped. We had lifted our lamps to see the "journey," each tram had two, or some three, long black tarpaulin bags tied with rough hemp at both ends. In each was what was left of a collier. Seeing the "journey" stop, we decided to get into the last tram, from which glared living eyes shining to the lamps which showed no other outlines. Climbing in, two colliers made room for us. There was just space for us to crouch beside a tarpaulin bag, but that was only because the bag was so small. "Well, Ivans." "Well, Williams," ran the greeting.

"Going up, Ivans?"

"Iss; I am tired, and sick."

"Who be they in the journey?"

Evans gave some names, adding,—"The rest we caent tell."

"Who is this?" pointing to the bag with us.

"Twmmi bach Carrots," said Evans.

"Jawl!" said Williams.

"Nage yn wir," said the man behind.

"It iss, I tell you," said Evans, "I see his hair shine like brass wires when we clean him up with the shovel."

"Nage," said the other man, "there is other boys *cochion* (red) in the pit same as him; and you say the lamp by him not right number?"

"He looks very small," said Williams.

"Iss," said Evans, in a husky growl, "broke all to pieces, he is."

By this time we had jolted our way to daylight. Rain was pouring down; a small crowd of men and a few women, having seen winding going on, had assembled,

silently and shiveringly, awaiting the "journey." They followed as the bodies were carried to the shed set apart for them. Individuals in the crowd, or sheltering in the outhouses, were called; short, grave colloquies took place, and some of the dead were rendered to their relatives.

Others, whose injuries rendered identification difficult, were placed together and disposed in the best way for friends to recognise. Buttons, tobacco boxes, belt buckles were passed from hand to hand, and the poor bare bodies searched for tattoo marks. Among the dead lay the naked body of a man of full manhood, of large stature, looking "larger than human" indeed, owing to a subtle enlargement of all the tissues caused by the gases of the pit; it was headless, and there were ghastly injuries to the legs. All was covered except the vast black torso. There was nothing to show identity, except the size, but there were a dozen big men in the pit. Men looked at him, gathered round, spoke quietly. At last one said,—"Fetch her." Presently "she" entered, with an old man, arm in arm; they seemed to support one another. "She" was a large fair woman of less than thirty, of a beautiful complexion, and with the body and limbs of a statue, as her clinging working dress showed. Her face was white like a candle, and her lips purple. Her husband, his son, was "below;" unless this body were his. She walked slowly up the sad row and was brought to the giant. She looked down coolly upon him, and said, nodding her head,—"Yes, my husband iss a large man." Then a smile of womanish vanity hovered and tried to settle upon her reluctant face, and she said,—

"There is shoulders he have got on him."

"But is it him, Sian fach?" said someone.

"I don't know," she answered. Then she began to shake, her hands to fumble with her dress, and her face to twitch and grimace. Suddenly her face flushed a deep red, and she said, hastily,—"If it is him, he have an old blast mark on his breast."

"Jim, bring the sponge," and an old collier stepped forward and washed as the wife's finger pointed. There stood out the blue "blast" of an old wound, such as stud most colliers' bodies. The woman said,—"It *is* him;" turned and walked past the other wrecks of humanity, her old father in law in tears, hobbling after, into the open air.

Meanwhile the envelope of Twmmi bach Carrots had been opened, and Evans and his companion in the tram had fallen into somewhat heated discussion as to the identity. Evans was certain the remains were of Twmmi, the other man threw doubt upon it, and held up the lamp found with them, which was number 51, not 142, still repeating that other boys not yet accounted for were "cochion" too. "Shall we send," said he, "to a mother a boy not her own?" "Who," said Evans, "should know Twmmi better than me?" Suddenly he broke off, stooped and picked up something from the terrible heap, and went out. His companion expressed the opinion that Evans was,—"dyn da iawn ond ystyfnig 'foolhardy'" (a very good man but stupidly obstinate). On the word Evans returned, weeping indeed, yet smiling triumphantly. "See you," he said, holding on his palm a hideous but sparkling tangle of what seemed like brass wire, "had anybody but Twmmi hair like that?" and "see here,"—as he opened the other hand and held out in it the washed white petals of a rose,—"I saw Twmmi take this from Edwards blacksmith's gel 'isterday morning." Each man put out his black forefingers to touch the petals, saying, "Duw!" "Crist!" "Diawl!" according to his god.

Identification was reported, and very silently and reverently the repulsive task of arranging Twmmi for his burial was carried out. A few small sized coffins had been made; in one of these he was distributed, the carpenter came with his long driver and screwed down the lid.

"His mother have been down twice, but the women took her back," someone said.

"It is sad thing, we will carry him up." A few collected to start with him, they lifted the coffin to their shoulders, then with one accord put it down again, and one spoke,—"This 'ont do, it is light as a feather." They stood around in uncertainty, now and then one said, "Duw—st—st—st." At last Evans deacon said,—"Take him in that little shed over there and shut the door." He meanwhile went to the carpenter for a driver. In the little shed were small

boulders and bits of iron. The coffin was opened and weighted with these till thought sufficient, and the little procession set out for Bryn y Fran.

I had been talking a good deal with Evans, and I went also.

The men kept a good pace up the hill, Twmmi and his makeweights were not much to them. At each roadside cottage there was the same challenge and countersign,—"Who is it?" "Twmmi bach Carrots." "Dyn anwyl!"

In time we were nearing Twmmi's home, a white-limed, thatched cottage of ancient look, with a little garden of old-fashioned plants before it, which were struggling with the late season. Messengers had preceded and told Twmmi's mother of his advent. With a certain amount of struggle and awkwardness the men bore their burden in-doors, and set it down on an old table placed for it, as if it had been a burden.

The mother sat bolt upright in a kitchen chair and regarded all that went on tearlessly. She was small and thin, her hair still quite black although Twmmi had been the child of her middle age. Her face was yellow and partly pockmarked, her dark eyes very deeply sunken, her small hands netted over with large veins lay quite still in the lap of her black dress, which she had donned after her first visit to the pit. Although for the time paralysed with grief for her only child, and only relative (for she was not of these parts), it could be seen that she was a woman of energy. About her flitted a young girl, with black rough hair, and very red eyes, trying to do kind offices in a very ignorant and awkward way; she was "Mary Edwards, the blacksmith," whose white rose Deacon Evans had dropped into Twmmi's coffin.

Twmmi's mother sat in her chair staring listlessly until Evans entered, when she began to speak to him in a very low voice, and, as he told me, asked him to tell her the whole history of the finding of her son. Further, she enquired whether he had been much injured, and whether they knew him at once. Evans felt himself justified in giving her a somewhat ideal account of all these points, but begged her to put from her all ideas of doing what is so dear to her class, seeing the body of her son. He said it would be useless, and would hurt her feelings much. She said,—

"You have always helped me and Twmmi, and I must do what you advise and not see him." Then for just a moment she cried bitterly, rocking herself to and fro upon her chair, then, as suddenly, she ceased, dried her eyes in her apron, and begged everyone to sit down and have some refreshment. Everyone declined, there seemed something too weird about that solitary woman who was so self-controlled, and one by one took leave without words, but with sorrowful looks.

Evans and his wife, who had dropped in, remained with her, and Mary Edwards did her best to help to make tea, dropping things, scalding herself with the boiling water, and crying betwixt and between till Mrs. Evans sent her home.

The evening fell, and the little yellow woman, declining Mrs. Evans' offer to stay with her, however often reiterated, and equally declining, against all custom, the offer of neighbours to "sit up with the corpse" as it is called, at last closed her door against the last of her friends, and sat down to savour the lonely bitterness of her own heart. The hamlet was full of mourners, in many cottages the provider lay stretched in death. In others widows watched for the sound of the many feet bringing bad tidings, or the bodies of their lords broken for them. In every cottage lights gleamed, for in every house there was a *chapelle ardente* for someone's death. But in Twmmi bach Carrot's home there seemed no light. Towards morning one long harrowing scream rang along the street; a sudden scream from women is not uncommon at such times, but this aroused many even to going out of their houses. Some thought it must have come from the dark cottage, and knocked at the door, but only received reply that all was right there. An old man said,—"It is the cyhiraeth."

IV.

On Sunday came the time for burial of the victims of the Pwlleidiog Slip disaster. From all the villages around the long processions were slowly making way to the churches and chapelyards where the grave-

diggers had been so busy; in the chapels, especially, there were all-day burial services at which both ministers and members officiated so as to lay to rest ere nightfall the many dead. Such a succession of services were held at Rhydymeirch Baptist Chapel.

I thought I would see and hear the last of Twmmi, and the way to Rhydymeirch was by the cottage in Bryn y Fran. When I got there friends were entering the cottage to "lift" the dead. Twmmi's mother, dressed in complete black, looked smaller, yellower, more weird than ever. She invited me in, begged me to sit, spoke of Twmmi,—who was a dare-devil and genial young ruffian,—as having been the kindest and sweetest of boys, whose amiability had marked him for early death. All this with a weary look in her deep set eyes, and a continual twitching of her hands. She passed to some preparations, and I heard a man from the second little room say,—"Ben, see here, none of them screws is home proper." "So they ben't," was the answer, "but you remember about that shed by the pit."

Women, with us, always go to funerals, even under the most harrowing circumstances. So, of course, Twmmi's mother "followed the corpse." Along with her walked "Mari Edwards, blacksmith," always crying. From the roads and the graveyards everywhere came the long-drawn melancholy cadences of Welsh tunes sung by the choirs which headed the processions or gathered round the graves. The people, with their characteristic quick transitions of feeling, now seemed to rejoice in the glorious weather about them, and now wept for their losses or out of sympathy for others.

At Rhydymeirch, a service was going on, and a member met Twmmi's funeral. He was Edwards the deacon. At the grave he prayed with unction and spoke with earnestness. His great shaggy head had a new look to me, the emotions of the week, repressed then, were allowed freedom. His own escape from the thundering falls of the roof, and the subtle gas, the strain of his re-entry of the pit with the volunteers, of whom he had been chief, to hew their way to entombed and dead, his work among the most nauseous details which make a pit explosion so sickening, gave him that elevation of manner seen in men who have come nobly through great crises.

He said all had been pre-ordained, that the Spirit of God worked in every road and heading of Pwlleidiog Slip, that nothing is unknown to Him, and nothing is ever forgotten, that everything is done by plan as if it were drawn on paper; that He knows why and when we are born, how we shall die, whether in our beds, or sunk in the ocean or killed in the mine, that He counts every tear that is shed into our graves.

Then, tired with her long walk from Bryn y Fran, overstrained with all that had passed, the poor mother lifted up her voice, in the same long terrible scream that had appalled the hamlet, and fell forward,—had it not been for outstretched hands she would have fallen into the grave of her son. She was carried away into the chapel house; and there what at first seemed a fainting fit took on a graver aspect, and she seemed hovering between life and death. When the doctor sent for arrived, in the course of his work he bared her thin bosom, and breaking a cord, tossed aside a little silk bag of frail white tissue such as a baby might wear. He tore it as he did so, and there fell from it a little tangle of hair like brass wire, and a few brown petals which seemed those of a dead white rose.

SCULPTURE AND PAINTING.

"Yes," writes Mynorydd, about Joseph Edwards' Statue of Religion, "this is the only statue Mr. Edwards was entrusted to execute, and it is a proof of his great gift of composition, for sculpture is peculiar in this respect, and is totally different to painting; for the grandest painting ever painted has only one view, but a statue has to be considered in twenty views, and when properly conceived it should present excellent lines from almost any point of view in which it may be looked at. A statue is the best illustration of Truth. Any view will present some features; each and all help to carry out the complete idea aimed at. Even the back view has peculiarities that form part of the true conception. Truth is many-sided, and even the shadows of a truth contain important elements, and one may hope that anyone having a vague conception of the truth may, by reflecting on it, come to see Truth in a better light, and in time may come to the perfect knowledge of it."

JOSEPH EDWARDS, SCULPTOR.

By William Davies *(Mynorydd)*.

XI.—THE STATUE OF RELIGION.

"Knowledge is a steep but few can climb.
Duty is a path that all can tread."—Sir Lewis Morris, ("Epic of Hades").

Statue of Religion.

THE original model of this fine statue of heroic size was exhibited in the international exhibition of 1862. The *Art Journal*, describing it, states,—"The impersonation is, of course, female, and designed in the most exalted conception of Christian art. In composition the draperies are grand and imposing, and the features modelled with an elevation of sentiment, which is admirably sustained by the left hand resting on the Bible, while the right holds, over the heart, the buds of the lily of the valley, the classical symbols of hope."

We glean that the following were the inspiring stimulants to this great conception,—

"Daughter of Grace,—Religion;
. . . . Now humbly bent
Upon myself, and, flowing down thy cheek,
That glowed with universal love immense,
A tear, pure as the dews that fall in heaven."
Pollock.

"Religion is an everlasting lode-star, that beams the brighter in the heavens the darker here on earth grows the night around us."—Carlyle.

"It is a thousand-voiced psalm from the heart of man to his invisible Father, the fountain of all goodness, beauty, and truth, *and revealed in every revelation* of these."—Ibid.

"The light of Religion is not that of the moon,—light without heat; neither is its light that of the stove,—warmth without light. It is that of the sun, whose warmth swells, and stirs, and actuates the life of nature."—Coleridge.

"Religion, whether natural or revealed, has always the same beneficial influence on the mind. In youth, in health, and prosperity, it awakens feelings of gratitude and sublime love, and purifies at the same time that which it exalts; but it is in misfortune, in sickness, in age, that its effects are most truly and beautifully felt, and submission is faith and humble trust in the Divine, will, from duties, become pleasing undecaying sources of consolation. Then it creates powers which were believed to be extinct, and gives a freshness to the mind which was supposed to have passed away for ever, but which is now revealed as an immortal hope. Its influence outlives all earthly enjoyments, and becomes stronger as the organs decay and the frame dissolves; it appears as that evening star of light in the horizon of life, which we are sure is to become, in another season, the morning star, and it throws its radiance through the gloom and shadow of death."—Sir H. Davy.

"Come then, Religion! holy heaven-born maid, that sweet refuge in our day of trouble."—Francis, translator of Horace.

"Religious lustre is, by native innocence, divinely pure and simple from all arts."—Rowe.

"Faith is not built on disquisitions vain,
The things we most believe are few and plain."
Dryden.

"It is heaven upon earth to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in providence, and turn on the poles of truth."—Bacon.

"How like a Paradise this world would be, flourishing in joy and rest, if men would cheerfully conspire in affection, and helpfully contribute to each other's content."—Barrow.

"All modern philosophy," says the *Saturday Review*, in an article which impressed Edwards, "has its truth in the inductive method, and that method, from the whole bent and bias of current thought and life, tends towards positive science, and sets metaphysics aside. The only escape from the scepticism to which all purely metaphysical systems have inevitably come round (not excepting the latest Kantism in the Scoto-Oxonian philosophy) lies through getting out of the vicious circle of verbal quibbling, and the barren logomachy of dialectics, into the clear open region of natural fact and observation. If we are so far removed from any positive solution of any single metaphysical problem, as in the days of Proclus, we have at least stored up some positive knowledge of the operations of native mind and life. The object of the psychologist, therefore, must be to accept the results which have already been gained, and endeavour to reconstruct them synthetically, so as to exhibit the structure of the human in the natural, or, as it might be better termed, the genetic order of its growth. Such a method, it is obvious, combines the advantages both of its being most in consonance with the usual process of inductive science, and of following the

historical order of mental expansion in the individual, from the rudimental preconscious state of infancy to the mature intelligence of man."

"In the gradual development of the inductive method of philosophy," says the *Athenæum*, "Lord Bacon had a vocation which employed and stimulated all the energies of his mind, gave a value to every vacant interval of time, and interest and significance to every random thought and casual accession of knowledge; an object to live for as wide as humanity, as immortal as the human race; an idea to live in vast and lofty enough to fill the soul for ever with religious and heroic aspirations."

"Religion sheds her soothing balm, her heavenly peace, through the hearts of her worshippers, so even in the deepest depths of their miseries they cannot be utterly wretched; she affords them an anchor in the wildest tempests, a star to guide them through the darkest night,"—wrote ZCHOKKE, in the "Queen's Book."

The following extracts from Joseph Edwards' diary throw light upon the history of the statue,—

"August 20th, 1872. Left London for Merthyr."

This was on the occasion of his visit to Merthyr to fix the marble bust of G. T. Clark, Esq., referred to in a previous article, and it was ten years after the exhibition of the model of the statue of "Religion" at South Kensington.

"Monday, 26th. Dined with Mr. William Jones, at the Cefn, and in the evening took tea with Mr. and Mrs. William Harries, when Mr. Harries gave me a commission for a monument, including the figure of 'Religion,' the monument not to exceed about £600 in cost."

This was subsequently executed, and erected in Cefn cemetery, near Merthyr, and is placed on the banks of the river Taff, and forms a beautiful object. It has been called for several years now "The monument," and all visitors to Merthyr, who feel any interest in works of art, have their attention called to this work, and it is an admirable illustration of a prophet being honoured in his own country. It is the only work of such dimensions that Mr. Edwards had the privilege of executing in marble. A replica of the work was erected at Highgate cemetery, and the original model is in the museum at Cardiff.

The Monument.

THE UNIVERSITY COURT.

THE University Court met at Shrewsbury on a gloriously fine day, February 21st. The attendance was excellent, and the speaking very interesting and quite powerful. It is a pity that the proceedings of this most important body,—the "Educational Parliament of Wales" as Principal Viriamu Jones sometimes calls it,—should not be fully reported in the newspapers of Wales, English and Welsh alike. What is most interesting to a literary people like the Welsh is often dismissed by the Liverpool and Manchester papers as "routine business." One might think, from the way in which some London papers complain of "dull nights" in the House of Commons, that the only aim of that assembly is to give the British taxpayer exciting amusement over his morning newspaper and his breakfast; and our editors may think that the doings of the University Court are not sufficiently sensational for Welsh readers. I think they are thoroughly mistaken; and they should help to make the University Court and educating as well as an educational "parliament."

J. E. POWELL,
Wrexham

The chief question before the Court was that of the relations between the now fully organised University Court and the Central Board, the scheme for which is now lying on the table of the Houses of Parliament.

Among other duties the Central Board,—which was projected before the University came into being,—is to undertake the inspection of Welsh intermediate education.

The Vice-Chancellor of the University,—the indefatigable champion of the unity of Welsh education,—is strongly in favour of giving to the University Court the power proposed to be given under the scheme to the Central Board. This was anticipated by the Shrewsbury Conference, for one of the clauses of the charter of the University expressly enables it to undertake the duty of examining intermediate schools. Mr. Humphreys-Owen may be taken as the representative of those who felt most zeal for the Central Board. Three resolutions, moved and seconded by Principal Viriamu Jones and Mr. Humphreys-Owen respectively, were put to the Court,—(1) Welsh intermediate education should be controlled by a Welsh representative authority; (2) that the Court should be that authority; (3) that our members of Parliament should try to enforce this resolution, provided the passing of the Central Board scheme is not endangered.

Principal Jones feels very strongly on this subject, but his speech was one of studied moderation. He showed that, in 1887 and since, Welsh educationists looked to the University as the guide of intermediate education. He defined his own position very clearly,—he did not wish to prevent the Central Board scheme from becoming law, but wished us to tell the Government that the opinion of Welshmen is not definitely formed as to the desirability of this double machinery for carrying on the educational work of Wales.

ALDERMAN GRIFFITHS, Rhondda Valley.

Mr. Humphreys-Owen followed, arguing very forcibly that the aims of the resolutions were the retention of the control of education by Welshmen, and the statement of opinion that in future the unification of functions would be of distinct advantage to Wales.

ALDERMAN GROVE, Treasurer to the University.

Alderman Thomas Jones, of Newport, rose to propose a rider. Alderman Jones is a dangerous opponent; his deliberate, incisive, and humorous speeches always tell on the Court. But he stated that the aim of his rider was to ensure unanimity. It was to the effect that the University Court and the Central Board should meet at the end of five years, with a view of uniting. This rider was seconded by Mr. J. E. Powell, who wished the Court not to commit itself to anything until all possibilities of combining the control of higher, intermediate, and elementary education have been seen. This rider was supported by the Rev. Aaron Davies; but it was clear there would be no unanimity.

The Rev. Llewelyn Edwards and Dr. Ethé wished to have the rider only. Prof. Ellis Edwards of Bala, and Prof. Edward Edwards of Aberystwyth, wished to omit the second,—and vital,—resolution. Finally Mr. Gwilym Evans, Mr. Brynmor Jones, and the Hon. G. T. Kenyon persuaded the Court to postpone its decision until after the meeting of the conference of the County Governing Bodies on March 13. The Court will meet again on that day, in the afternoon.

It is devoutly to be hoped that, on March 13, the morning decision and the afternoon decision will be the same. The Central Board should be formally, as it is bound to be in practice, part of the University Court. The unity of Wales as an ideal, and economy and efficiency, alike demand it.

The next important work of the Court was to determine where the installation of the Prince of Wales as Chancellor is to

take place. The conflicting claims of Aberystwyth and of Cardiff, with side references to the excellences of the Rhondda and Llanelly, had to be considered by the Court. Many things had to be taken into consideration as speech after speech made it more and more difficult to know how to vote. It was clear it would be a mere toss up between Cardiff and Aberystwyth. The importance of Cardiff, the desire of its inhabitants to throw in their lot with Wales, the need of popularising the University among the dense population of Monmouth and Glamorgan, the wealth of Cardiff and the necessity for making the installation as striking as possible,—all these, and many other arguments, were urged in favour of Cardiff by Mr. Brynmor Jones, Principal Rhys, Alderman Grove, Mr. Lewis Williams, Mr. Tom John, and others. On the Aberystwyth side were Mr. Humphreys Owen; Dr. R. D. Roberts of Cambridge; Prof. Ellis Edwards, who urged that the pioneer college should first welcome the Prince of Wales; Mr. Roche of Tregunter, who pointed out that it would be better to invite the Prince of Wales to the heart of the mountains than to a great port; and others. The Aberystwyth partisans were finally victorious, but they had only two or three votes to spare.

THE FIRST OF MARCH, OR THE CAMBRO-BRITISH LEEK.

A POEM DONE INTO ENGLISH FROM THE LATIN OF THOMAS DINELY, GENTLEMAN, AS CONTAINED IN HIS JOURNAL OF THE PROGRESS OF HIS GRACE THE FIRST DUKE OF BEAUFORT THROUGH THE PRINCIPALITY OF WALES, MDCLXXXIV.

The following lines are an endeavour to present to the readers of WALES, in a form readily intelligible, some of the complimentary reflections on his surroundings of Thomas Dinely, gentleman, who accompanied the first Duke of Beaufort in a progress through Wales, in the reign of Charles II. His learned and fascinating record was republished from the original MS. in the year 1893; and being applied to by a friend for a rough rendering of the hundred and twenty odd hexameters that Dinely devoted to his praise of the Welsh character and history, the writer was led somewhat further, and cast his version in the form in which it is here found. Dinely must be held alone responsible for such history as his poem contains; the writer is merely the medium through which his sentiments reach the public; but it seems easily justifiable for one Saxon to interpret the thoughts of another concerning the past record of a nation by which each was accounted a foreigner, particularly when such thoughts were embodied in a language foreign to the two Saxons and the nation alike.—W. H. P.

MUSE of that mount, whose many-crested height
Looks upward to Olympus' steep of light
And downward on Parnassus' humbler crown,
O Muse of Snowdon, hear! great maid, lean down
And lift the lowly singer to thy side,
Whose song is "Cambria;" where thou dost abide
Let him abide as well, and prove his lay
Heaven-born, true offspring of the Lord of Day!
For this my song I claim not as reward
Fair Daphne's laurel, prize of many a bard.
My British Muse, with leeks about her hair,
Stately, and proud her own hills' growth to wear,
Crowned with the glory of their green she goes;
Though white be on her brow, no age she knows,
And while her country's conquest-annals claim
A freshness green as theirs, a deathless fame,
May she for ever bear, and bear with pride,
The burden of its triumphs!
Be my guide
Great Muse, and prompt my numbers, lest I fail
To speak in worthy phrase the wondrous tale
Of this heroic race, which dared defy
The shocks of time, the spite of destiny,
The will of heaven; and, resolutely bold,
Snatched from the gods the prize they would withhold.
Thou, Cambria, tamedst the Roman victor; he
Whom all men feared, at last was cowed by thee;
Here, Cæsar, didst thou flee; here, learn to eat
The new and bitter fruitage of defeat.
But when Fate willed, in unpropitious hour,
That Britain and her chiefs' abounding power
Should yield to Rome, still in her children's breast
Their valour lay, unconquered though repressed.
They learned not war, to cower at one reverse,
Their haughty soul outlived the passing curse.
Thou, great Caratacus, who didst restore
Our freedom, wilt attest our power of war,
Thou, who didst drag in dust the Roman name,
And turn its former prowess to its shame;
Thou too, famed Boadicea, warrior-maid,
Our land's Bellona, fierce with flashing blade,
Whose wrath-storm lashed the legions like a flail,
And bade Rome's sons a second Cannae wail!

Thereafter came the Picts, and heathen hordes
Of Scots, whom Cambria fought with borrowed swords;
But while his aid the treacherous Saxon lends,
The foe gives way to yet more fatal friends.
Forth from their long-loved homes her sons they drive,
Strong in injustice; yet alert, alive,
Untamed, these keep the spirit of their land
And win new aid from heaven's avenging hand.
To stay the tottering throne great Arthur came;
Who dares be thought his rival? Perish Fame,
If any such be found! Alone he stood

While on his realm Fate's wrath bore down in flood;
Had heaven allowed such force to one right hand
His had availed to heal the shaken land;
Alone, yet strong, his manful heart he spent,
And hindered woes no ardour could prevent.
Before his sword the stricken Saxons reeled,
And knew him for Pendragon, awful yield
Of Uther's loins; for, as the sire of old
Betrayed Alcmena, in her husband's mould,
And mighty Hercules was born, so he
Dealt with Ygerne; a second prodigy,
Worthy to bear an equal name, appears,
Strong for its twelve-fold toil of blood and tears.
His valour won the gods to be his friends,
And to his native leek new glory lends.
Lo, on my soul, the vision riseth clear!
Gleaming with axe and brand, with helm and spear,
The ranks are set; now green and fair the mead,
Too soon to catch the tinct of them that bleed.
Keen for the onset, round their king divine
The knighthood press, and ask a rallying-sign;
"Be this your badge," he says; from earth he takes
A leek; amid his plumes the emblem shakes.
And lo, where'er upon the battle's blast
Its fame is borne, there victory follows fast!
In vain fierce Hengist's warriors charge and wheel,
In stubborn hope to foil the vengeful steel;
In vain; great Arthur's sword upholds his right,
And turns to utter rout their ordered flight.
So the famed plant which Egypt loved attests
The rage inspired by heaven in British breasts;
So from the gloom of Fate's down-rushing night
The leek redeemed this day, and marked with white
The sacred First of March, a day of cheer,
The darling festival of all the year!

And when the sun doth to the north incline,
And stars Phrixean see him nearer shine,
Gather, both ye whom Cambria calls her own,
And ye, her kin, who bear through every zone
The palm of greater Britain's glory; twine
Each brow with leaves, their home-land's proper sign,
Those with green leek, and these with golden palm.
And your great dead with holy thoughts embalm!
And though at length from Cambria's ancient race
The sceptre be departed, yet the grace
The generous muses grant is all her own;
This gilds the bardic chair, as that the throne.
Live on, ye Britons, peers of them of Troy,
Like theirs, your deeds your minstrels' verse employ;
Like them, ye met unmerited mischance,
Yet have not fallen beyond heaven's favouring glance.
May our world-famous sovereign, who doth hold
The scale of Europe's destiny, behold
With favour ever large this leek ye love,
And pay it royal honour, till it prove
The Garter's rival badge, and haply found
An order to replace the Table Round.
May Britain's monarchs aye rejoice to hear
The praise of names to Cambria ever dear,
And hold united in one friendly band
The Leek and Rose, two glories of one land!

GABRIEL YORETH.

A STORY ILLUSTRATIVE OF WELSH THOUGHT FIFTY YEARS AGO.

By the Rev. E. Cynffig Davies, M.A., Menai Bridge.

CHAPTER XVII.

IN ANGLESEY.

According to the arrangements of his friends, Gaybrey was to take charge of three services on Sunday at Shoefield, about the centre of the island of Anglesey, and he was met at Menai Bridge by his friend and fellow-student, Roger Jones, who accompanied him on horseback to his destination on Saturday afternoon in readiness for the duties of the following day.

"It is clear enough," said Roger Jones, "that your thoughts are captivated by the beauties of the Menai Straits, and I promise you, during the coming weeks, a series of exquisite scenes quite equal to anything found in the land of our canny Scottish friends."

"I am somewhat unfitted to revel in the gentle glamour and glory of your pleasing straits and their surroundings through bidding adieu to the remarkable kindness and the hospitality of my Arvon friends."

"With all due respect to my native county I say it," replied Roger Jones, "it would be useless to hide the fact, Anglesey, 'the mother of Wales,' as the old home of the ancient druids is styled, stands second to none in its hospitality to strangers."

After a ride of four or five miles over an uneven road, they came within sight of the mansion (now a farmhouse), where Owen Tudor, the founder of the House of Tudor, lived.

"I wish to call your attention to the Plas here on the left, not for the sake of its connection with the Tudor family, but for

the fact of its having been the home of the first Nonconformist in the county," said Roger Jones.

"Tell me something about him, what was his name?" enquired Gaybrey.

"His name was William Pritchard. He was a well-to-do farmer and worthy descendant of the Puritans, having come to Anglesey in the year 1742. Though much persecuted for his religion, his crops being maliciously injured, his animals maimed, and his own life and the life of his family endangered, yet he prospered in all he undertook. Before the building of a Nonconformist place of worship in Anglesey, he used to travel a distance of about forty miles to the Congregational chapel at Pwllheli to partake of the communion. On one Sunday night a band of persecutors came to his house, and asked his brave godly wife, who had her child, four weeks old, on her breast,—'Where is your old roundhead?' meaning thereby her husband. 'He is where it best suits him to be,' she replied. The mob did not know that William Pritchard had started the previous night to worship and partake of the communion at Pwllheli. Strange to say, she was not frightened at the blackened faces of the crowd, and the clubs the intruders had in their hands around her, even when some of them told her,—'We have come here to-night to kill thy wicked hypocrite of a roundhead.' But they left the place ere long without doing any more mischief than mixing together all the wheat, the barley, and the oats in his granary into one confused heap.

"My dear friend, your earnest eloquence leads me to think you have the gift not only of healing the body but also of helping and rousing souls to new life."

"I may be able to interest a friend by a plain statement of soul-stirring events, but it is quite a different thing to carry along with me an unsympathetic congregation, however much I should like to be able."

"The thought has occurred to me more than once, Roger, that you would make a most serviceable missionary, and your medical knowledge would be invaluable in many a part of the mission field."

"It may come to that, if I can persuade my father to allow me, and if I feel the claims of that high calling growing upon me as I advance with my studies. But I may say this, wherever I shall go and whatever the future may open before me, I am resolved to serve my Saviour to the best of my ability."

"Glad to hear you speak and resolve in this wise; it is the noblest work under the sun," said Gaybrey.

"I have received new light, and clearer convictions on the life-giving force of the spoken word during the last fortnight, than I had realized ever before. There has been much powerful presentation of the truth in these two counties during the last month. I heard one elderly brother saying last night that he thought a strong tide of spiritual influence is setting in just now as a high tide rushing in through the Menai Straits; 'and no wonder," he said, 'that it is so powerful, for as the force of the mighty Atlantic is at the back of the tide of the Menai Straits, so is the power of eternity at the back of the Gospel of the living God.'"

"What an appropriate simile the old brother had."

"There are two or three original characters among our deacons at Bethel who deal pretty copiously in these comparisons, and not a few of their sayings must be admitted to be remarkably striking."

"It could be gathered," said Gaybrey, "from words which were dropped at the conference held at Bethesda this week in connection with the open air preaching meetings, that the churches are grievously divided on certain doctrinal points; does not the spirit of division greatly hinder the good work they have to achieve?"

"Not as much as one might think, for discussion gives impetus to a deal of searching thought and enquiry upon the profoundest of subjects to which the human mind can devote its attention; and the study of great truths cannot fail to impress to a greater or less degree the spirit and character of these grand truths upon the minds that ponder over them."

"Have you ever heard some of the doctrines in question discussed at your religious meetings?" asked Gaybrey.

"I remember one meeting in particular,

where the doctrine of election, together with the possibility of salvation to all men, was discussed by two good old saints of mellow judgement on many spiritual truths and of ripe religious experience, and consequently the discussion was carried on in the best feeling possible, being replete with edification for all present. I have no special aptitude for reciting the speeches and sayings of others, or I would give you an account of what to me was a thorough enjoyment."

"I shall be pleased Roger, if you will give me the pith of it."

"A sentence or two of what they said stuck firmly in my memory; one of the two brethren spoke in favour of election saying,—'Election in my opinion is like the new Suspension Bridge across the Menai; the two ends of the gigantic chains which hold the weight grasp the immovable rocks of Anglesey on one side of the deep, and the rocks of Arvon at the other end. To fasten the chains at one end only would be of no good. It spans the deep by being fastened at both ends. So in my poor opinion is the gracious truth of Election to salvation; the coming eternity could not be secure for us unless its blessing had close connections with a past eternity of divine love. Now the chain of grace spans over the abyss—*the mercy of the Lord is from eternity to eternity.*' Then rose Owen Williams to address the meeting, taking the other side, —'Truth is one,' he said, 'but our powers of mind are so puny that we are compelled to break it up into bits, and take up one bit at the time, or as a small farmer here separates his farm into fields and raises corn for food only in one field each season. My brother here just now entered into one field in the vast continent of revealed truth, and I shall now enter into another quite contiguous to his to show the rich crop of blessing it bears. This is equally true with what the apostle wrote from the prison in Rome when he watched for the light of the rising sun each morning between the bars of his prison. *For the grace of God hath appeared* (like the sun) *bringing salvation to all men* (to *every* man, in the Welsh version), to all men as the light of the sun shines over the whole earth in its due time. I admire my brother's beautiful use of the bridge across the Menai, and I shall use it also for my purpose. It has been hung on those massive chains for the use of all who are ready to conform with the rules appointed by the government. There are hundreds in the neighbourhood of Bethel who have never been over it; but if every man, woman, and child in our county desired to cross over to Anglesey some morning, they would be over in a few hours. Salvation is a bridge across the abyss of perdition, a ready passage for all the human race on one condition only, that is faith in Jesus; John iii. 16, *For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have eternal life.*'"

Having left the former home of Owen Tudor, and afterwards of William Pritchard the pioneer of Nonconformity in the Island of Anglesey a few miles behind them, Roger Jones proposed they should turn a few hundred yards from their direct road to visit the grave of William Pritchard and take a look at the first Nonconformist chapel built in the county, a Congregational chapel whose history reaches back to the year 1758.

"Let us both dismount," said Gaybrey, "and enter to the presence of the precious dust of those who rest in this lonely rustic scene."

"This secluded grave-yard, the Macpelah of Congregationalism in this county, appears most suitable as a quiet resting place after arduous toil."

"Let us recite together, Roger, a verse out of the book of Revelation,—'*Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; for their works follow with them.*'"

They arrived betimes at Shoefield and stayed at Sunnymeade, a farm belonging to an uncle of Gaybrey's companion. To spend a Sunday for the first time in the heart of an agricultural district gives rise to feelings which may be felt rather described.

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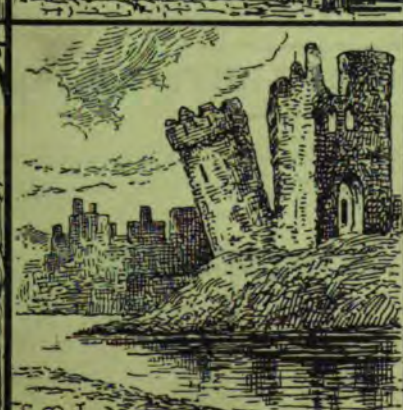

EDITED BY

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PAST AND FUTURE PROGRESS.

An Eisteddfod address* by the Principal of Jesus College, Oxford.

HERE we have been holding an Eisteddfod; it is one more instance of the attachment of the Welsh to their national institution; and it calls to my mind the time when I was, years ago, studying at a German university. There the students showed little liking for the patriotic dictum, *Ubi patri, ibi bene* "where one's fatherland is, there one is all right." In the full vigour of their youth, they preferred putting it the other way,—*Ubi bene, ibi patria* ("where one is all right, there is one's fatherland.") Here we may say, "Where Welshmen are at home, there the Eisteddfod is;" or shall I put it the other way?—"Where the Eisteddfod is, there Welshmen are at home." Well, I leave it to you, as you must perceive how closely identified the two things are, —the Eisteddfod and Welsh nationality. The Eisteddfod has grown to be a part of the Kymro, or as an old shepherd I knew long ago on the slopes of Plinlimmon would have pithily put it, *Yr un yw f'ewyrth y Figyn a'i fagas.*

Here we have, then, been holding an Eisteddfod out of our own country, in the Englishman's land; but somebody says, "Wait a moment," and I must consider my words. Are we holding it outside our own country? That, I see by your faces, I must answer in the negative; we are not outside our own country, as it will at once appear if we look into history. In the first place, this part of the island belonged to men of our kith and kin before any Englishman set foot here; and, in the second place, this settlement of Welshmen on the Tees is a part of the reconquest of England by the Celt, a reconquest which has been proceeding on all sides ever since the days of the Tudors, and proceeding at an accelerated rate in recent times. I cannot go into the whole story how the Brythons lost this part of the island; but when the Romans ruled here, the tract embracing what is now Wales and the north of England, and also sometimes the country beyond to the rivers Clyde and Forth, seems to have been entrusted to the charge of an officer called "Dux Britanniarum," or Duke of the Britannias. The Brythons appear to have continued that arrangement under a leader named Cunedda Wledig. That means Cunedda the Ruler or Prince, for though *gwledig* now means rustic or belonging to country life, being derived from and associated with *gwlad* in the sense of the Latin *rus*, or country in its rural aspect, in older Welsh *gwledig* was correlated rather with *gwlad* in the sense of the country as a state and political organisation. Hence it is that in old Welsh literature the word *gwledig* means, not a rustic, but a statesman in the sense of ruler or prince. In the last resort it comes from the same Aryan source as the English word "wield," as when you speak of a person wielding power. In ancient English one had on-wealda (a magistrate) and al-wealda (all-ruling, said of the Almighty), and kindred formations, including Bretwalda (ruler of the Britons or of Britain).

* The greater part of this address was delivered to the Middlesborough Welsh Society, at an Eisteddfod held on the 3rd January last.

Now Cunedda Wledig contrived to leave his power to his descendants, and it was more especially wielded by those of them who made themselves kings of Gwynedd. These in the time of their greatest prosperity ruled, not only over Wales, but also over the north as far as the banks of the Clyde. Gildas, the contemporary of Maelgwn, king of Gwynedd, in the middle of the sixth century, calls that descendant of Cunedda the Island Dragon, which appears to have meant that he was Chief Dragon of the Island of Britain. Here the word Dragon seems to have been synonymous with leader or general, and it probably acquired that sense from the Roman custom of having a dragon figured on the standard of the leader. In the case of the kings of Gwynedd this may have been a dragon derived from the standard of the Roman officer to whom I have alluded as the Duke of the Britannias. It is further possible that it was no other emblem than that of the red dragon which we still claim for Wales, and of which we say, *Y Ddraig Goch a ddyry gychwyn*,—"The Red Dragon has the lead."

But sooner or later after the Romans left Britain Germanic tribes succeeded in taking possession of certain portions of these eastern coasts. Those who settled between the mouth of the Humber and that of the Tees are called by Bæda, the ecclesiastical historian of the English about the beginning of the eighth century, Deiri, a name which seems derived from the Celtic name of their country, which was in Welsh Deivr. Beyond the Tees kindred tribes took possession of parts of the coast from here to the Firth of Forth. That was the old country of the Gotodin, the Otadini of the ancient geographer Ptolemy, who compiled his work in the second century of our era; and the Gotodin were either allies or subjects of the greater tribe and state of the people whom he calls Brigantes. These last at one time over-shadowed the whole of what we now call the north of England, with a good deal beyond. Their name in Welsh literature occurs as Breennych, or Brennych, and Bryneich, and the English people on their coast are called by Bæda Bernici, which may possibly be derived from the Welsh rather than *vice versa*; but it must be confessed that some difficulty attaches to that supposition.

At all events, the Germanic intruders in these parts were Angles or Engles, called in Welsh Eingl, not Saxons, called in Welsh Saeson. In Welsh literature they are also termed Ellmyn, which is our word at the present day for Germans, just as the French term is *les Allemands*. So there arose on these coasts two Anglian or English states, called in Latin Deira and Bernicia, and in Welsh Deivr and Bryneich, the former to the south of the Tees and the latter to the north of it. When their kings began to grow powerful they tried to unite the two realms into one Northumbrian state. In the early part of the seventh century we find a king of Bernicia, Æthelfrith, ruling also over Deira, from which he had expelled the representative of the kingly family there,—namely, Eadwine, or Edwin, —who, according to Welsh tradition, took refuge for a time at the court of the kings of Gwynedd. This may have had something to do with an important expedition undertaken by Æthelfrith, when he penetrated as far west as Chester, and won there a great battle, which is considered to have begun the severing of the Brythons of Wales from the Brythons of Strath Clyde, or the north country. Next came the turn of the exile Edwin of Deira, who succeeded in defeating and slaying Æthelfrith in the year 617. Thenceforth Edwin ruled over both portions of the Anglian people north of the Humber, and the struggle now began between him and the king of Gwynedd, who was a very able man, named Cadwallon, the direct descendant of Maelgwn and Cunedda. Now Edwin married a daughter of the king of Kent, and with her came to the north a bishop named Paulinus, who converted Edwin and his people to Christianity. But, according to an account associated with the name of the Welsh writer Nennius, a Brython called Rhun, son of Urien, took part in baptising Edwin's pagan subjects. Edwin made himself master of most of the English states except Kent, and he annexed two communities of Brythons to his kingdom of Deira. One was called Loidis, the name of which continues in that of the town of Leeds; and the other was

called Elmet, a name which also survives, —to wit, in the district indicated by the position of Barwick-in-Elmet and Sherburn-in-Elmet, in the West Riding.

Edwin annexed these Brythonic kingdoms, as I have already intimated, but there is no evidence that the inhabitants of the soil were displaced. For his contest with Cadwallon was rather one concerning the over-lordship, and the question was, who was to be "Prydein Wledic," as the office is called in the Book of Taliessin, or "Bretwalda," as it is termed in the Saxon Chronicle? Was it to be Cadwallon, the descendant of Maelgwn, styled by Gildas Dragon of the Island; or was it to be Edwin, who was the most powerful king of the English of that time? The conflict was carried on with varying success. In the year 629 we find Cadwallon blockaded by Edwin's fleet in the Isle of Glannauc, now called Ynys Seiriol, — in English, Priestholme, or Puffin Island. It is opposite Beaumaris, on the coast of Anglesey. Thence the king of Gwynedd escaped to Ireland, but by and by he returned, and in alliance with Penda, king of Mercia, he fought a victorious battle, in which Edwin fell. This was in 633, at a place called Hethfield, supposed by some to have been Hatfield, near Doncaster. One of Edwin's sons tried the year after to besiege Cadwallon in the city of York, but he and his men were slain in a sally made by the Brythons. Now the sons of Æthelfrith of Bernicia came to the front again. They were at first unsuccessful, but at length one of them, named Oswald, gave battle to Cadwallon in 635, near the Roman Wall, somewhere, it is supposed, in the neighbourhood of Hexham. Here the Brythons were unsuccessful, and Cadwallon fell. He was succeeded by Cadwaladr, who seems to have continued the alliance with Penda against Northumbria, which was still ruled by Oswald. After him the king was his brother Oswiu, who won a great victory over Penda at the battle of Winwæd, in 655. What became of Cadwaladr is not known; some say that he died in a plague that raged in this country in the year 664, but in any case he proved the last Gwledig to wield any power outside the boundaries of what we call Wales.

The Brythons in the North remained doubtless under Anglian rule, but they went on using their own language, probably for a long time. It seems, from one of the triads, that Welsh cannot have been wholly extinct in the north before the fourteenth century. Gradually, no doubt, they adopted the language of the Engles, and in so doing they must have exerted some influence in modifying it to be what it has become,—the vehicle of thought for the British Empire in all quarters of the globe. I am not talking altogether without facts. The earliest poet, whose work has come down in old English literature, was Cædmon, who sang the creation of the world, the origin of man, and kindred themes. His great alliterative poem was studied by Milton; and in some things Milton has fallen below the standard of the North Anglian, for instance, in his treatment of Adam and Eve, and the figure cut by them respectively in *Paradise Lost.* That, however, is not my point, but that the seventh century monk of Whitby, a man of obscure origin, bears a name which is admitted to be Celtic. Cædmon is the Anglian adaptation of the name now pronounced in Welsh *Cadvan*, earlier *Catman.* This occurs as the name of Cadwallon's father, on an old stone at Llangadwaladr, near his royal seat at Aberffraw, in Anglesey. It reads thus in ancient letters, —*Catamanus Rex Sapientisimus Opinatisimus Omnium Regum,*—"King Cadvan, the wisest and most famous of all kings." But how came the earliest of English poets to bear this Brythonic name? I can only guess that it was because he was of Brythonic descent, and in case he was not, he must have been born and bred in a district where Brythonic names were still current, which, it is needless to say, must mean the survival of a population of Brythonic origin. To come down at one spring from the end of the seventh century to the end of the nineteenth, I may say that I have been delighted here to find, and to find flourishing, the descendants of the old Welsh patriot and antiquary Iolo Morganwg; also to notice, among the names of those reckoned to have made the fortune of this thriving centre of industry, that of Vaughan, held in deservedly high esteem

by the side of the Slavonic German Bolkow. It is needless to dwell on the strength of the contingent of Williamses, Evanses, and Joneses; they are the backbone of your busy life.

And what a fine race of men this amalgamation of the Engle and Celt has produced in the north of England and in Scotland, especially with a touch of the Norse element brought in by the Norwegian and the Dane! This leads me to touch on a question of names. We speak of the British Isles and the British Empire, a term which recognises the Celts of our own group. Then there are the words England and English, which do full justice to the Engle without recognising the Saxon, whose name survives in Essex, Middlesex, and "silly Sussex." As a matter of fact, one hears very little of the Saxon, and all the more so, as no educated man or woman talks Saxon. English is the language, not of the Saxon, but of the Engle. Then when you come to the question of race, one finds on inquiry in almost any group of educated people in the south of England that the Saxon is mostly conspicuous by his absence. One man, for instance, is Anglian, another is of Celtic descent,—Welsh or Cornish, Irish or Scotch,—and another is of Norse or of Norman origin, not to mention the representatives of Huguenot families and a sprinkling of Dutch, both Nether and High. What, then, is become of the Saxon? On the whole one is left to conclude that he must be an excellent labourer, a good judge of beer, and a most useful member of society under the superintendence and directions of the Engle and the Celt. His part of the island prides itself, it is true, on possessing the largest city in the world, but London is in no special sense a Saxon city, as all the peoples of the British Isles have contributed to the making of it. If you want to know what the Saxon did to signalise himself in the days long gone by you have only to read the history of the Norman conquest, and you will find the Saxon did one excellent thing; he permitted England to be overcome by the duke of Normandy in a single battle. Few nations, perhaps, have permitted quite so much in the brief space of one day. Yet some people talk eternally of the Anglo-Saxon race as excellent colonisers and civilisers of the world, when it would be far more fitting to call them Anglo-Celtic, and to recognise in some measure what the Celt has contributed to the extension of the Empire. The Celt ungrudgingly takes his part in the battles of the Empire, and he has a right not to be ignored in the reckoning of the credit.

To come back to Cadwaladr, the last *gwledig* of the Kymry who claimed authority in the north, his failure to enforce his claim no doubt made his people in Wales very despondent for a time. But to the words of the poet, who sang that "Hope springs eternal in the human breast," we may append the note that it does so more especially if that breast happens to be a Celtic breast. You will remember that I said that there is no certain account of Cadwaladr's death. That, however, is by no means singular; but what is singular, or at any rate more nearly singular, is, that Cadwaladr's countrymen believed for ages afterwards that he would return to lead them to victory. Traces of this seem to betray themselves in the obscure poetry associated with the name of Taliessin. We know of the like expectation in the case of Arthur. For Arthur was believed to have only gone away to the Isle of Avallon to be healed of his wounds; when that had been accomplished, he would return to lead his men to war against the spoiler and the oppressor. A more modern form of the story places him in the heart of the Eildon Hills or of Snowdon. In the latter case, a shepherd chances to enter the cave where Arthur and his men are slumbering among treasure of untold wealth. He tries to carry away some of the gold, and that makes the sleepers move, whereupon he flees precipitately, never to find the mysterious retreat any more. A huge bell is seen to hang in the hall, and when the time is come, that bell rings the peal of destiny, whereupon Arthur and his men march forth to aid the Kymry. In the time of Henry II., the Welsh appear to have been so troublesome to the English, that the monks of Glastonbury had the tip given them to discover the coffin of Arthur there, and it is needless to say that they did so. This proof that Arthur was dead

and buried like other men was meant to bring home to the Welsh the utter futility of their hopes. The same sort of poetic expectation has not been unknown in Ireland. Two summers ago I spent some days on the banks of the Boyne, and one morning I resolved to see the chief burial mounds of that interesting district. But before leaving the hotel at Drogheda my attention was drawn to a book of railway advertisements, and on turning the leaves over, I came on a paragraph devoted to an ancient stronghold called the Grianan of Oileach, or Greenan-Ely, in the highlands of Donegal. There I read that a thousand armed men sit resting on their swords and bound by magic sleep till they are called forth to take their part in the struggle for the restoration of Erin's freedom. At intervals they wake, it is said, and looking up from their trance they ask, in tones which solemnly resound through the many chambers of the greenan, "Is the time come?" A loud voice, that of the spiritual caretaker, is heard to reply, "The time is not yet." The host resume their former posture and sink into their sleep again.

That is the substance of the words I read, and they called to my mind Plutarch's mention, in the days of antiquity, of an island near the coast of Britain, in which Cronus lies enchained in the bonds of sleep with many deities around him, his henchmen and attendants. I thought also of Arthur's broken sleep, of Barbarossa's septennial change of posture, and of other sleepers of the like description. In fact, my head was full of these weird delusions as I was being driven past the scene of the battle of the Boyne, and in vain the driver tried to interest me in James or in William. At length he gave me up in despair as an uncultured savage who felt no interest in the history of Ireland. He somewhat changed his mind, when, on reaching the first ancient mound, he saw me disappear underground, for he began to wonder whether I should ever return to pay him his fare. This, in fact, was the sheet anchor of all my hopes, for I thought that if I stuck in a narrow passage, or lost my way in the chambers of the prehistoric dead, the driver must fetch me out again. So by the time I had visited three of these ancient places, —Dowth, Knowth, and New Grange,—I had risen in his opinion, and he bethought him of something older than the battle of the Boyne. So he told me on the way back several bits of story. Among other things he pointed in the direction of a place called Ardee, in the county of Louth, where, he said, there is Garry Geerlog's Fort full of warriors sleeping the sleep of the enchanted, with Garry Geerlog at their head. Once on a time, he said, a herdsman strayed into their midst and found the sleepers each with his spear by him. But as the intruder could not keep his hands off the metal wealth of the place, the owners of the spears began to rouse themselves, and the intruder had to flee for his life. But there that armed host still sleep, awaiting the eventful call, when they are to sally forth to right the wrongs of Ireland. That was his story, and I became all attention as I heard the name of Ardee, which in Irish is "Ath Fhir-dheadh" (the Ford of Fer-deadh), so called from Fer-deadh, who fought a protracted duel with Cuchulainn in that ford, and, according to a well-known Irish story, he fell there by Cuchulainn's hand. I was still more exercised by the name of Garry Geerlog, as I recognised in Garry the Anglo-Irish pronunciation of the Norse "Godhfreydhr," later "Godhroedh," sometimes rendered Godfrey or Godred. In the Isle of Man and in Scotland it has become Gorry, which may be heard also in Ireland. I thought, further, that I recognised the latter part of Garry Geerlog's designation as the Norse female name Gerlaug. There was no complete lack of Carrys in that part of Ireland in the tenth and eleventh centuries; but I have not yet found any historian to identify the Garry who is to return blinking to this world when his nap his over. I was told the other day of Tom-na-Huraich, near Inverness, where Finn and his following are resting each on his left elbow enjoying a broken sleep till the note is sounded which is to call them forth. What they are then to do I have not been told; it may be that they will proceed at once to solve the Crofter question.

All this, you will say, is pretty enough as folklore; yes, but it has been in some instances something more. It has been a living

faith, an anxious expectation, and the Celt has plenty of faith, which is, as you know, the evidence of things not seen. Perhaps his attitude in history is best described by the single Latin word, *Resurgam*. Under proper leadership a people endowed with the elasticity of temper of our Celts can achieve almost anything. Take those of the Celtic family in whom we are most deeply interested, the Celts of the Principality, the Kymry. I think you must admit that they have achieved a great deal even within our brief memory. About this time some quarter of a century ago I had the honour of addressing an Eisteddfod, held in Liverpool, and I can bear testimony to a great change since then in the national temperature. The Welsh pulse beat much feebler and more spasmodic then than it does now. I will just remind you of one note which was very prevalent in a certain class of Welshmen's public speeches in those days, namely, the bitter complaint what a sacrifice it was for man to own himself a Kymro. I am free to confess that, owing everything as I do myself to the accident of being a Welshman, I do not quite understand the complaint. On the other hand, I have no doubt as to its genuineness as the outcome of a grievance. Since, however, the complaint is now seldom heard, I infer that the grievance has in the main disappeared, in other words, that Englishmen treat Welshmen now more completely on terms of equality then they did formerly. That is partly due, perhaps, to the Welsh people having assumed a bolder and more outspoken attitude, and partly beyond doubt to the progress which has taken place in education in Wales. Among the surest signs of improvement in the tone of Welsh nationality is the fact that our old families now take a pride in being Welsh. That has not always been so, and their influence for good among their people has been in consequence far feebler than it need be now.

I alluded to education. That is a field in which the Welsh have been much engaged of late years. At the time I mentioned there were only two colleges of academic standing in Wales, and one of them was only just being established. Now they have doubled the number of colleges and more than quadrupled the number of men and women receiving education in them. They have established or are establishing intermediate schools, from which great things are expected. Lastly, we have been enabled to try the experiment of a University for Wales, and we hope this also may prove a great success. You may have noticed that Parliament has been of late years much more considerate to the claims of Wales than it used to be, and that it has been so without regard to party or politics. As one of the results of the educational movement in the Principality, some of us who are interested in the older Universities hope that one of the results will be that the youth of Wales will be so stimulated by the blessings of a liberal education at home, that a growing number will eventually repair to Oxford or Cambridge to profit by the culture of those ancient seats of learning, and to compete for the positions to which they are the keys. In connection with this, I should like to see a more enterprising spirit possessing young Welshmen. I should like to find them competing more mumerously for the good things of the Civil Service, and pushing their way in all departments of activity, whether within the limits of the United Kingdom or in the colonies, wherever, in fact, our great Anglo-Celtic Empire extends its influence. And I sincerely hope that the Welshmen who succeed,—like many of you here,—in making their fortunes in different parts of the world will remember Wales,—remember it, that is to say, in their pockets. But, somebody asks,—What does Wales still want? Want? It wants a great many things. I was told the other day to be less indefinite, to be more concrete; well, I will be as concrete as you like, and I may mention first the railway system of Wales. But I have used the wrong word; there is no system, and that is one of our complaints. Above all, we want to see the communication between North and South Wales improved; and we want light railways. Then we want a national museum, with all the means of education which that implies; and a proper building will soon be wanted, doubtless, as a habitation for the new University.

But all that is a mere trifle as compared with what I am now going to mention, namely, decent public buildings and improved architecture all over the Principality. I had the pleasure the other day of listening to a Welsh address made to Welsh undergraduates at Oxford by one of the most open-minded of our members of Parliament. He called their attention to the architecture with which they were there surrounded, and expressed his earnest hope that this would be a lesson to them, and that their influence in the future would be exerted in the direction of beautifying the towns and villages of Wales. I hope that he will return to that subject, and give greater publicity to his views on the deplorable state of the Principality as contemplated from the architect's point of view. Nature has done her best for us in the romantic scenery with which Wales has been favoured, the jerry-builder has done his worst, and the capitalist has ranged himself on the side of the demon of hideosity. Ah, says somebody, you should be careful how you speak of the capitalist, as he is like the wind, that "bloweth where it listeth." I am not so sure of that, for I am disposed to think that he is only too glad to blow where his blast is likely to pay. Some of the first ironmasters who settled in Glamorgan, came, I believe, from the Weald of Kent and Sussex, where iron was known even to Julius Cæsar, and where the working of it only ceased in the present century. But why should an ironmaster from Kent come to Glamorgan? Chiefly because in Glamorgan he could get fuel cheap and make ampler profits on his undertakings. I for one rejoice that he should have come; but there is no concealing the truth that he moved in order to better himself. In fact, he is just as much subject to economic laws as anybody else. But my complaint is that, while a struggling landowner has it brought home to him every day that property has its obligations as well as its rights, the capitalist sometimes practically escapes the analogous obligations in his case. Consider the colossal fortunes which have been made, for example, at Merthyr and Dowlais; but it is useless, I know, to ask you to do anything of the sort. When you get on to millions, the task of forming any adequate idea of the sums involved is too vast, and one simply feels dizzy. Well, what have those who derived those fortunes from Merthyr and Dowlais done for that locality? I can only tell you what I saw and heard there some years ago; it may be that a great deal has been done there since. But what I then saw was miles of streets, —if you could call them streets,—consisting of workmen's dwellings of a uniform dinginess which was appalling, though one must not underrate the skill of some of the builders. I heard a mass of evidence given to Lord Balfour of Burleigh's Commission as to the art with which one class of houses there were laid out, — namely, certain beerhouses, which were so cunningly planned as to baffle all effective control on the part of the police. In that respect the place was unrivalled; but this only concerns the public-houses, and you will ask,—What about the public buildings. I really do not know, as I do not recollect seeing any of any pretension. At any rate, it was not very patent to a stranger what the capitalist had done for the place or for the moral elevation of the people, beyond inducing a teeming population to crowd there; and I came away profoundly impressed with the notion that I had beheld the ugliest spot in the British Isles.

Now, we want not only to teach the capitalist in Wales the lesson of his obligations to the district where he makes his profits, but also to see wholesome ideas of architecture put into a tangible form all over the Principality, and to have something done to cover with decency the abomination of desolation which the combined energy of capitalist and jerry-builder have so widely produced. This opens up a large vista of reform of a costly nature, and here is the opportunity for the generous and wealthy who wish to prove themselves at the same time true and disinterested patriots. Wales, half a century ago, may be described as struggling Wales, and I had ample opportunities in my childhood of making myself intimately acquainted with that phase of her history. But, in spite even of agricultural depression, things have so improved since then, that one now begins to look forward to a more

attractive aspect of our native land. And let me close these miscellaneous remarks with the fervent wish that successful Welshmen in all parts of the world may join in an effort to transform struggling Wales into beautiful Wales,—beautiful for the future, let us say, not only on account of her natural features, but also by reason of the smudges of man's creation having been successfully removed by the hand of industry guided by sound culture and modern art.

DAVID.

By "Un o'r Ddau Wynne," authors of "One of the Royal Celts."

CHAPTER I.

IT was the close of a September day, fifty years ago. The shadows were lengthening fast, and David Lloyd quickened his steps, as he went gaily down through the little blue-roofed Aber village. He was a tall, well set up young fellow, swarthy and sun-burnt, like a typical Cymro, and in his Sunday suit of black he looked what he was, a prosperous, superior young farmer. As he crossed the ford of the rocky rushing river, on which Aber stood, a little old man, very poorly dressed, came down the opposite bank.

"Good even to thee, Uncle Bili," sang out David in his sonorous Cymraeg. "I'm uncommon glad to be back home agen. Indeed, an' the town canna' hold a candle to Aber, I'm thinking."

Uncle Bili stood and regarded him earnestly.

"David," he said, in his quavering voice, "tell me is it true what the brethren sent word from Abertowy, that thee ha' been converted? Oh, *bachgen*, don't break my heart by saying no," he cried earnestly.

David was by nature grave and sedate. Uncle Bili could not understand his present gay mood. How should he? The old man had left his youth so far, far behind him, that even the knowledge that David was going to his love-tryst would not have accounted for his gaiety in his eyes. Instantly a subtle change swept over the young man's face; it was not less happy, but it was a graver happiness. He answered in a lower, but eager tone,—

"Indeed, and it's truth they speak. I ha' given my word to tell the brethren of Aber the story of it at the next meeting."

"An' that's the morrow's even, on Pen yr Allt. Wilt be there, *bachgen*?" asked Uncle Bili, quickly.

"I'll not fail," answered David, with his candid eyes fixed upon him.

"Praise the Lord," said Uncle Bili, fervently, and they parted. David turned off from the road into the fields, presently paused by an old ash tree, that commanded a view of a substantial yellow farmhouse, and putting his hand to his lips, gave a clear musical call. In a few minutes, a young girl came running up the field, a little blue "turn-over" shawl thrown over

her head; her pretty face was flushed, her lips parted with her rapid breathing.

"Oh, David," she cried, as he seized her hands, "I was afraid I couldna' come when I heard thee call, for the squire is sitting with father in the parlour, and I had to wait upon them." She paused a moment to gain breath, and then went on. "'Twas of thee they were talking, and sore grew my heart, indeed, to hear them. 'Deed, David," she broke out passionately, "what's come over thee after thee went to Abertowy? *Thee* gone over to those low Methodist people. Thee attending their meetings, and whimpering and praying. David, David, I'd never ha' thought it o' thee; but now thee'll forget these new notions, thee'll come back to the old ways, and be my own dear David again."

She clasped her two hands round his arm, and her pretty face looked coaxingly up at him. He had listened quietly to her, only his face had grown very sober. Now he spoke.

"Gwen *anwylaf*," he said gravely, "I canna' be the same David, I'm thinking, in this world ever agen, thank the Almighty, who led me to the house of Jonas Dafydd at Abertowy. I went there bent on earthly gain, and behold I find the pearl o' great price; there I received conviction of sin, and there, God be praised, I was converted."

Gwen Jones looked at him with a great scorn in her bright blue eyes,—

"One would think thee had never entered the church's door in thy life, David Lloyd. Must thee go the long weary way to Abertowy to hear what the parson tells us every Sabbath. Thee ha' gotten a bit silly, David, I am thinking.

"Parson never brought it home to me," answered David, earnestly, "and *anwyl, anwyl*, it's never at peace will I be until I see thee, too, converted, saved for time and eternity."

"If thee likes to think thyself a great sinner, David, I'll thank thee to leave my name alone," cried Gwen indignantly. "Me, indeed, going to church regular, happen there's service, and drinking tea twice a year at the Rectory." Then, her mood changing,—"David, thee'll never let these wild new notions come between us, for I never would stand my man being pointed out as a Ranter."

He held her hands in a strong grip.

"Gwen, it's more than life to me. I canna' go back from my word."

"David, thee knows the squire is at the house with father, and he said afore me, that given what he ha' heard of your new Methodist leanings be true, thee shall be no tenant of his, and your cousin, Morgan Lloyd, shall rent Pannau."

"All the light died out of David's expressive face. Pannau was the little farm where he and Gwen had hoped to begin their happy married life. It had been the goal of his ambition for years.

"The squire ha' promised it me. He canna' be so unjust to go back from his given word," he burst out vehemently.

"He never promised a Methodist," rejoined Gwen, "and I for one canna' blame him."

"What would thee ha' me do?" asked David, in a strangely dejected tone. The possible loss of Pannau was a terrible blow.

"Break with the whole lot of Ranters. Why, in the Aber they'll be calling thee Uncle Bili Bali's shadow. Thee should ha' more respect for thyself, David. It would ha' broken thy poor mother's heart. Think how thee ha' vexed the squire and the parson, and thy Uncle Ifan." Then using a more personal plea, and more likely to be effective with her lover,—"Give it all up for my sake," she whispered, and laid her fair cheek against his swathy one. The strong arms holding her pressed her more closely; he bowed his head on her bright hair; she could hear the heavy throbbing of his heart. Something of awe prevented even Gwen from breaking the great silence. At last he spoke,—

"And if I say no, what then?"

"Why I'll never be wife of thine, and that's plain speaking."

"But if thee love me. Love is for ever," cried David. "Oh *anwylaf*, I never thought thee'd throw me over. If it was wrong I'd done, it's not asking thee to marry me, I'd be; but it's trying to walk upright in a wicked world I am, and thee should be the verra' one to give me a helping hand, for it's weary walking among the briars and thorns and stones."

"I love thee, David; it's not ashamed I'd be to say it to the whole world, but if it broke the verra' heart in my breast I'd never take a Ranter for my man."

She withdrew herself from his arms, and, in David's eyes, she had never looked lovelier, as she faced him in her wilful, defiant mood. The sight unmanned him. "God forgive me, for I canna' make up my mind to say the word that will part us for ever," he said, brokenly. "Give me time to think and pray over it, Gwen."

"Thee knows o' the meeting on Pen yr Allt, the morrow's night, I doubt na'. Well, go there, and stand up preaching and praying, and never will Gwen Jones give thee word good or bad again. That's my word, and I'll no go back from it, David Lloyd."

She drew the little shawl over her head, turned, and went quickly down the field, without word of farewell to her lover. He stood looking after her in a dazed sort of way. It seemed to him as if his merry, kind-hearted Gwen were possessed by another spirit than the one he had heretofore known. He watched her till she was lost to sight, and then, feeling as if the light of his eyes had indeed gone from him, he too left the old ash tree, and went striding up the dingle, not caring whither he went. A fierce battle was raging in his heart,—the old conflict between good and evil,—self crying out against the sacrifice demanded of it. "Anything but this, and I will do it," was his utterance. All that night he passed on the hills; walking was a relief to the throbbing heart and brain. At last, worn out as much by mental anguish as physical fatigue, he stumbled over a loose stone, fell forward, and lay face downwards on a bed of dry heather. So he lay mute and motionless for hours.

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He had left the mountain-top, he was walking on a broad white glistening highway, going gaily to his tryst with Gwen. Then before him on the road he saw a stranger-form, drawing with difficulty some heavy burden. As he came nearer, he saw it was a great cross, blood-stained, and blood was falling from the bearer's face and hands upon the smooth white road. David's heart was full of generous impulses. He ran forward, and laying hold of the cross, exerted all his strength to drag it along himself. He could not see the cross-bearer's face, but a great happiness filled his heart. He broke out into a hymn of joy, and then two hands pressed his arm. Gwen was beside him, putting forth her strength to draw him away. She looked so beautiful, David could not deny her. He released his hold on the cross, and taking Gwen's hand, turned away. Yet, as he did so, he looked back, and the cross-bearer lifting his head, looked upon David, a look so reproachful, so sweet, so soul-piercing, that David's heart was like to break within him with contrition.

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The night passed, dawn came, and David, awakening, lifted up his head in a dull wonder as to where he was. Then a sudden cry broke from him, for, casting his eyes downwards, he saw a long narrow valley stretching before him, and nestling at the mountain's base was a smiling well-cultivated little farm. He looked, and drew a long breath of pain. He knew every one of those fields by heart, and the comfortable yellow farmhouse and pile of outbuildings. The loved Pannau Farm,—it was the summit of his ambition to reign master there. Every thought of his heart had centred in Gwen and Pannau. And now? Must they be given up? Could not he effect some sort of a compromise between them and his conscience? Could he not retain the outward signs of a good churchman, and follow his new convictions in secret? But it was not in vain David had dreamed his dream of the cross-bearer. Imagination recalled the sad reproachful gaze of the divine eyes, and David writhed upon his bed of heather; it seemed to him now that, in accepting Gwen's decision, he would be guilty of the fearful sin of denying his Redeemer. He lifted himself to his knees, and poured out his heart in fervent prayer. The hour of weakness passed,—he was strong as he had never been before. Earth, for the moment, had passed out of his heart, and earthly things. He could look calmly on Pannau itself when he rose from his knees.

CHAPTER II.

A mass of rock stood out boldly on the wild hill-side, and in the serene autumnal night, dark-robed figures crept towards it, as to an appointed goal. From the four points of the compass, singly, or in twos and threes, they came, silently, softly, without speed or sound, until some fifty or sixty souls were gathered in the hollow below the rock. A preacher mounted the natural platform and gave out a well-known Welsh hymn. They sang it softly, in a sweet, sad, minor key,—the plaintive sad refrain was in harmony with their lives. They were very poor, they were persecuted, many of them had come long distances over the hills, and were foot-sore and faint for food; but to feed the spiritual hunger the needs of the weak flesh were unheeded. The slowly rising harvest moon sent long shafts of silver light before, to herald its coming, and the figure of the young man, who now advanced on to the rocky platform, was visible to all in the crowd, as he stood in the growing radiance. He did not see the up-turned expectant faces, or the little thrill of interest that stirred the congregation at his first appearance there, for his eagle glance had leapt beyond, and fixed itself on one form standing on the outskirts of the crowd. Shawled and muffled as she was, he read her through her disguise; she had come to prove him, and for a moment his resolution faltered. She threw back her hood with a little defiant movement, and their eyes met, —anger and pain and a challenge in the one, a sorrowful leave-taking in the other. No one knew what it cost David Lloyd to kneel down and say the brief introductory prayer, no one guessed what he was giving up. At first, in the tumult of his spirit, he could only close his eyes, while his lips moved voicelessly. Then it seemed to the enthusiast that the Master Himself unsealed his lips, and he preached as he never would again. God and the devil, heaven and hell, death and judgment, were living realities to him, and the passion, and the zeal, and the fire of the enthusiast were upon him; his heart was bursting to save his fellow-sinners from the wrath of an offended Creator, to lead their wandering steps into the way of peace.

When the meeting broke up, he went home with Uncle Bili Bali. It was day-dawn when they reached Dderi Farm, David's home. His Uncle Ifan, with whom he lived, was coming out of the gate, with his men and young Morgan Lloyd, his nephew, all armed with reaping hooks, and bound for the corn fields. He stopped when he saw David and his companion, and his brow grew black as night as he addressed his nephew.

"An' it's now thee art returning from meeting, David? Thee'd better go back to thy praying preaching friends. I ha' told thee once for all I'd ha' no Methodees round Dderi, and sorrow I ha' to think it is my own brother's son I am speaking to. All you men here bear witness and remember what I swear now,—that the portion intended for my nephew David Lloyd shall go to his cousin Morgan. Get thee gone, David," he re-iterated, in a voice choked with passion. There was a taunting laugh from young Morgan Lloyd. Without a word David turned and went. Uncle Bili Bali overtook the young man, and laid a detaining hand upon his shoulder.

"What wilt thee do, Dei *bach*?" he faltered.

"I shall na' starve; I ha' health and two hands to work," said David, answering the old man's anxious look with a re-assuring smile. "One thing thee need na' fear. This will na' make me give up being a Methodee."

"God be thanked," said Uncle Bili, solemnly.

"I must seek a lodging in the Aber," went on David, in a lighter tone. "Happen I'll find a room there."

"Come home with me, *bachgen*; thee art welcome to bit and sup as long as I ha' a roof to cover me. I'm fain to ha'v thee, David, for it's a bit lonesome whiles."

"Thee shall never ha' to say that agen, Uncle Bili," said David, kindly.

It was a changed life for David Lloyd from that day. The rising young farmer, the betrothed of handsome Gwen Jones, the favourite nephew of a well-to-do man, he sunk at once to the level of the labourer, toiling monotonously for daily bread.

In the summer, he hired himself out to the farmers, in winter he worked with Uncle Bili at his trade of shoe-making; summer and winter he sat far into the

night over his books. Study had become a passion with him; his one ambition was to enter the ministry. Such a powerful preacher had a call, his new friends said, to God's special service. He lived as straitly as any ascetic,—no meat ever passed his lips, his drink was water, his clothes of the coarsest. He made no friends; he was a grave, silent recluse outside his work. The wounds of disappointed hopes and misplaced affection were slow in healing; because he made no moan, he suffered the more. He went down into the cleansing fires of life's discipline, and came out purified.

CHAPTER III.

The winter had been a mild and humid one, the drip, drop, drip, drop of rain sounded steadily day after day, the mists lingered in the valleys, and never quite left the mountain-tops, and spring brought no health-giving purifying winds sweeping over the land. There was wailing and moaning round Aber, for the terrible scourge of small-pox had broken out in the country side, and death was reaping a rich harvest. Round Aber, house after house was stricken, and so terror-struck were the inhabitants that those who escaped the disease refused to come forward and nurse the sick. In one of the upper windows at Pannau Farm a dim light was burning at midnight,—sure token of the dread visitant. In that upper room Gwen Jones,—Gwen Lloyd now, wife of Morgan Lloyd,—sat nursing her delirious boy in the adjoining room; her husband lay dead of the same disease. She was alone in the house, all her servants had fled, no neighbour dare venture to share her most lonely vigil. She was dead-tired; no food had passed her lips all day, she had wept all her tears away, nothing could relieve the dry aching of her heart. She had to put forth all her strength to keep her boy in bed. The door opened noiselessly, and a man in the garb of a minister came in and stood by the bed-side. She lifted her weary eyes and recognised him. She had never given him sign or greeting for thirteen years. She knew he had long ago left the village to take charge of a church at Abertowy, but she was too dazed and heavy-hearted to feel surprise at his presence at Pannau.

"Go and lie down awhile, cousin Gwen, I'll mind the little lad," he said gently.

"I canna' leave him; he shall die in his mother's arms," she cried, passionately. "Oh, my *anwyl*, my *anwyl*," and she tried to restrain the child's efforts to leap out of bed, but she had little strength left, and it was the man's strong hands that laid him back on his pillows.

"Indeed, and we hope he'll not die whiles yet," said David Lloyd, cheerfully. "Trust thy lad to me. I ha' learnt how to nurse the sick, and thee needs rest sadly, Gwen."

"Ha' thee no fear, David?" she asked, as he bent over the poor little body, one mass of disease.

He gave her a sweet strong look. "I've given my life and all I ha' into my Maker's hands, whiles back; happen he ha' taken the power o' fearing out o' my heart. I came over from Abertowy to see Uncle Bili Bali die, and down at Aber I heard of thy trouble, and I knew then my work was here. Get thee to rest, Gwen, in peace." The weaker will yielded to the stronger. She rose and left her boy in his hands.

The lad did not die. David's devoted nursing saved his life, the doctor said; but the day the little invalid was pronounced out of danger David left Pannau, and dragged himself wearily to his lodging in the village, feeling in throbbing head and aching limbs that the disease had fastened on himself. For weeks he lay on a sick bed, and when his strength came back again to him, and he was once more able to go out and mix in the world of men, he knew he would carry the brand of disease upon his face all his life long.

* * * * *

Gwen Lloyd and her little son were returning home, after a sojourn at the seaside, and as they drove up the steep hill road to the farm in the evening quiet, they saw the figure of David Lloyd coming down the Coed-cae side. She stopped the gig and dismounted, telling the man to drive on to Pannau. Then she stood in the roadway waiting David's approach, He walked slowly, leaning heavily on his staff, and when he reached her side, he sank down wearily on the sloping bank, and signed to her to do the same, but she chose

to stand and front him. As she saw the fearful ravages disease had made in his once handsome face, she cried out sharply,—

"Thee ha' been at death's door, David, and through me and mine. Woe's me, for I ha' done thee injury all my life."

"*Taw son, y fach,*" said David, soothingly. "Indeed, an' I am uncommon glad to ha' seen thee agen, cousin Gwen. I bide na long at Aber, and I ha' wished to say fare-well to thee."

She pressed nearer him.

"You are not going to die," she said breathlessly.

He looked up at her with his old bright smile.

"Na, na, I'm thinking I'll be whiles longer on this airth. It's going to foreign parts I am, Gwen."

She stared at him in amazement that made her silent. He went on dreamily,—

"'The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof, the world, and they that dwell therein.' I aye thought to live and die among my own valleys and hills in my dear Cymru; but it's been borne in upon me lately that happen the world IS the Lord's, there's many a thousand soul living therein, who ha' never so much as heard o' the Lord's name, and I'm thinking happen thee ha' the light thyself, thee should e'en take it to them who lie in darkness. One of the great missionary societies is sending me to the South Seas with others, and I set out for London the morrow's morn."

He paused a moment, then repeated,—

"Indeed, an' I am pleased to see thee looking thyself agen, and well and happy, cousin Gwen."

She could not say so much for him.

They made a contrast, those two on the wild hill road. She looked a comely matron in her handsome black garments, her face round and ruddy, not a line on the smooth brow,—her blue eyes bright and undimmed as of yore. You could see her's had been a pleasant, prosperous, unruffled life. He was thin and finely drawn as an ascetic, the clean-shaven face full of lines innumerable, his iron-grey hair was turning to white on the temples,—he was branded with the mark of a loathsome disease, he stooped, he was poorly, coarsely clad. With it all, he looked possessed of a latent strength and mental vigour, and his eyes had the old ardent fire.

"Wish me God-speed, Gwen," he said, holding out his hand.

She did not take it.

"Thee need not go to outlandish wilds, but bide at home in comfort. Things are not what they were, and I remember thee had the making of a good farmer in the old days," The colour left her ruddy cheek, her voice faltered. "Bide here and manage the farms for me. It is more than one woman can do and make it pay."

The enthusiast, buried in his own dreams, did not read her meaning. He looked at her with his clear candid eyes, but his thoughts were far away. Vaguely she felt that she was making him some sort of offer, that she meant to be kind.

"Thank thee kindly, Gwen, there's many an honest man will be ready to serve thee and take pride in the doing of it, while I ha' my own bit work to mind. Fare-thee-well, cousin. The Lord bless thee, and bring thee into His kingdom of peace."

Then he clasped his hands over his staff and bowed his head upon them. He had forgotten the woman at his side. Because once they had been all in all to each other; she, now in her ease and prosperity, was less than the least of God's creatures to him. They had not a thought together in common. All these years he had cherished his higher nature; she, her lower. She had no delicate perception, or she would have left him then. Instead, she took a step nearer.

"I am so lonely," she muttered, drooping her head.

David heard without comprehending her. He was wrapped in contemplation of the Eternal, to whom, in the after years, he would be drawn by the fiery path of martyrdom.

* * * * *

Gwen Lloyd went home, and put her bonnet carefully away in her best band-box. She smoothed out the rumpled satin strings with a meditative face. "I must ha' been a bit silly to bid David stay. It's laughing they would be at him in market,—it's too innocent he is to make a good bargain, and there isn't a man in the country-side but would jump to be master at Pannau. I'll bide quiet a wee, and look round."

[THE END.]

"THE MUMBLES."
(From a photograph by E. Phillips, Mumbles).

OYSTER DREDGING AT THE MUMBLES.

BY W. LL. JARVIS.

THE Mumbles oysters have not attained the extensive vogue of the more famous Whitstables, but they are noted throughout Wales and the West of England, and find a ready market in the remoter parts of the kingdom; while the natives, —human, not molluscan,—allege that oysters such as these, caught in the deep sea, are better and finer than those bred artificially in the manner practised on the east coast. The fisheries at the Mumbles,—a hateful name which has only been applied to this village in recent years; the proper and appropriate, as well as pleasant sounding name, is Oystermouth,—are of great antiquity. It is said that they were known to the Romans, and that may well have been so; for those luxurious conquerors were ever on the watch for gastronomic delicacies, and spared neither time nor money in obtaining them. But, however that may be, it is recorded in an account of a progress through Wales by the first Duke of Beaufort, in 1684, that this fishery was "the best bed of oysters in Great Britain."

There are no records of the extent of the fishery earlier than the present century,—probably the demand was small, and the means of conveyance limited,—but since 1800 immense numbers have been caught and sold. In the early days the dredgers used big, heavy, rowing boats, undecked, and carrying one dredge. Sometimes, when a favourable opportunity came, a lug sail was set, but the work of rowing these clumsy boats, with a heavy dredge trailing behind, was exceedingly heavy. The catches were enormous, when compared with those of later years. Even 20,000 was not an uncommon catch for a single boat. The men would go out in the morning, and take two boatloads before night, but the low prices,—3s. to 5s. a thousand was the average,—prevented great profits being made. Smacks used to come from London and the east coast, and take away cargoes, selling the large oysters, and planting the smaller ones on the artificial grounds round the mouth of the Thames, where, doubtless, they were soon transformed into real Whitstable and Colchester "natives." In 1845, one of these smacks took away 200,000 oysters, and often there were five or six at the same time waiting to be

supplied. Twenty years later numbers of French luggers used to trade between the Mumbles and St. Malo and Arcachon, and take immense quantities back to lay down there, where they formed new beds that are now in a flourishing state.

The effect of the continual dredging now began to be seen, and the oysters began to grow scarcer. The incessant disturbance of the beds interfered with the spawn, and injured the young oysters. In the early days the amount of spawn thrown down was enormous. Whole stretches of ground that at the end of the season in April were entirely bare, would be found in September covered with young oysters; but for some reason, whether solely on account of the continual dredging seems not to be certain, the quantity of spawn decreased yearly. But the bad effect of this killing of the goose that laid the golden egg was not felt until many years later, and meanwhile the demand for Mumbles oysters grew rapidly, prices rose with a bound, and in about 1870 came the "good times."

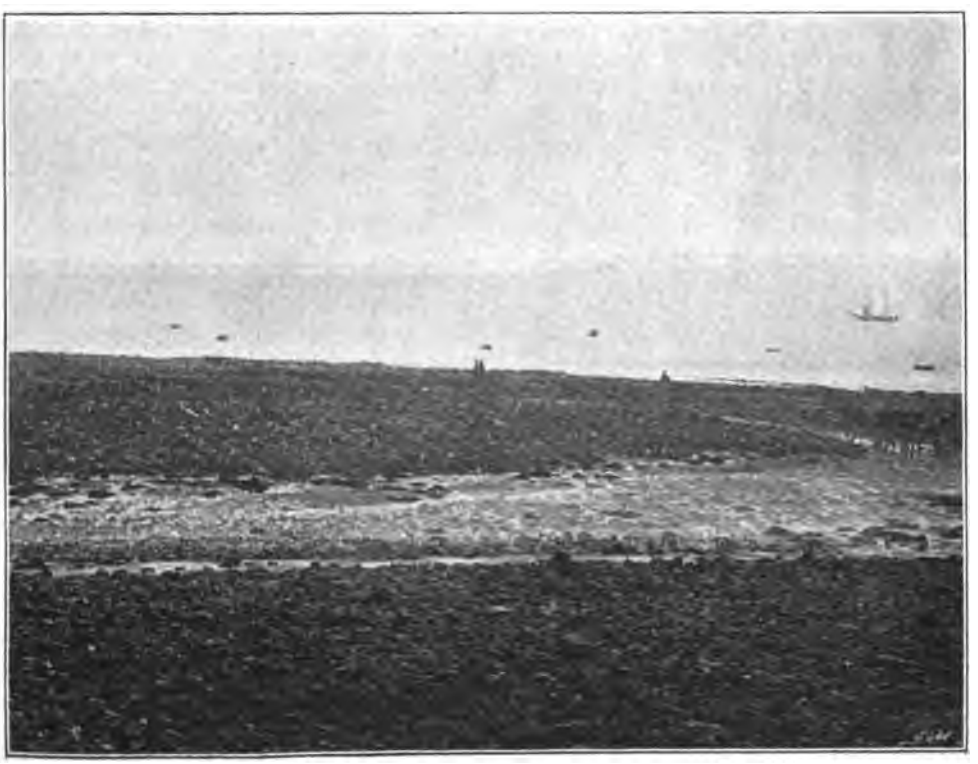
As far back as 1830, there were sailing skiffs at Swansea which were used for dredging, but there were none but the old open row-boats at the Mumbles until about 1845, when a Capt. Phillips had one of these boats decked and rigged for sailing. For some time this was not very successful, but in 1849 or '50 the first of the present type of skiffs, the *Pearl*, was brought to the Mumbles from Bristol. These skiffs are cutter rigged, and are of about seven tons register; they sail well, are roomy, and are fine sea-boats. The row-boats were now entirely displaced by the new style of skiffs, and the number of these increased so fast that soon there was a fleet of over 200 constantly at work, giving employment to more than 600 men; and often one boat would catch 6,000 or 7,000 oysters in a day. Working men earned £3, £4, £5, sometimes £6 a week. But money so easily earned was easily spent; a few wise men saved, and made comfortable fortunes; the majority squandered their earnings at the public-houses and in wanton extravagance. To-day they are fortunate if they average £1 a week during the season.

From 1880, the fishery deteriorated rapidly, while soon after prices began to fall. The lowest ebb was reached in 1886. Two hundred oysters was then considered a good day's catch, and nearly all the skiffs were sold; in fact, only seventeen or eighteen remained. Boats that had cost £200 and £250 to build, where sold gladly for £30 of £40; many were bought at firewood prices, and broken up. The men took up other work, and the fishery seemed to be ruined finally. But in 1891 and 1892 the outlook began to improve again. The good effect of the comparative rest the beds enjoyed, owing to the small number of skiffs engaged in dredging, began to be seen, and the men, having learned a lesson from experience, have been more careful in their methods. Now, in 1895, the future is more promising than it has been for many years; the season opened well, and there is a good prospect that the fishery may become as prosperous as it was thirty years ago. The following figures, which have been taken from an oyster merchant's books, may give some idea of the magnitude of the fishery and the prices obtained, but the catches are rather below than above the average, and prices vary so greatly during each season that those given can only be considered to be approximate. And the merchants do not usually give much attention to their accounts, so that particulars are not easily obtained. In the season 1869-70, the *Pearl* caught 89,200 oysters, which were sold at 32s. 6d. a thousand; in 1870-1 she caught 80,000. In 1871-2, the *Sally* caught 140,900, of which the price was 45s.; and in 1873-4 the *Wasp* caught 68,000, sold at 62s. 6d. At the end of 1874 prices rose to 75s. and 80s. In 1877 the prices were 70s.; in 1878, 1879, and 1880, 77s. 6d.; in 1881, 79s.; in 1882, 87s. 6d.; in 1883, 80s.; from 1883 to 1886, 75s.; 1887 to 1889, 67s. 6d.; 1890, 65s.; at the present time 55s. to 60s.

Until 1871 there was no public control of the fishery. The Mumbles dredgers observed fairly well a close season of the three summer months, but the Swansea boats often dredged during those months, and a good deal of ill-feeling was caused by their action. Finally, after the passing of the Sea Fisheries Act in 1868, steps were taken to obtain its protection, and "The Swansea Fishery Order, 1871," was obtained.

This fixed the close period to the months of June, July, and August, prohibited the taking of oysters of less than two inches in diameter,—a small enough size,—and ordered that all oyster skiffs should be licensed. The Corporation of Swansea were appointed to enforce this order. In 1883 their power were transferred to the Oystermouth Local Authority, and at the same time, mainly owing to the representations of the Mumbles skiffowners, the regulations were made more stringent. The close time for the whole area was increased by one month (May), and dredging in Swansea Bay proper was confined to the months of December, January, and February; while it was ordered that no oysters should be taken which could be passed through a three inch ring. The advantage to the dredgers of the extension of the close time for Swansea Bay is that it has given the beds a greater opportunity of improving; and this part of the fishery, which is near home, and more sheltered than the other, is reserved for the months in which are the shortest days, and in which the worst weather is usually experienced. In 1891 the control of the fishery was again transferred, this time from the Local Authority to the Glamorgan Sea Fisheries Committee, in which body it is still vested.

The oyster beds, which are controlled by the Glamorganshire Sea Fisheries Committee, lie between Nash Point and the Helwick Light Ship off the Worms Head; and in this area there are scores of beds, or "hauls," as the dredgers call them, scattered about over the bottom. It is not an easy matter to locate these hauls exactly,—it seems an impossible task to a landsman,—yet it is essential that the dredger should be able to do so; for if the dredge is put down a couple of feet too far, on one side or the other, it will come up filled with stones and rubbish, instead of oysters, for



THE PERCHES.
(From a photograph by E. Phillips, Mumbles).

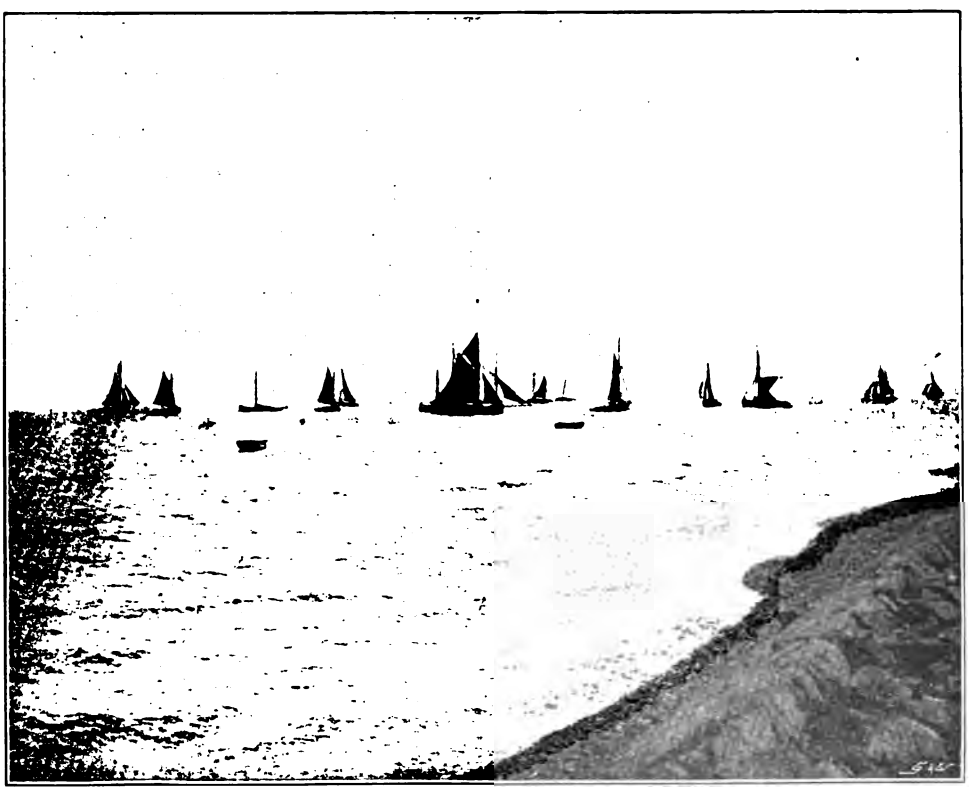
LOADING UP, ON THE PERCHES.
(From a photograph by E. Phillips, Mumbles).

some of the hauls are only a few feet in extent. The location is done by bearings taken from objects on the shore, and it is a standing joke among the dredgers that a man has taken a cow in a field or a cloud in the sky for a bearing. Thus, when a new haul is discovered, which often happens, the first thing to be done is to take bearings, so as to be able to return to it. Most extraordinary are the names given to some of the hauls. There are Fenian Haul, off Pwll Ddu Head, found at the time of the Fenian scare; Abyssinia, off the Sherweather Lightship; Metz,—which was discovered during the Franco-German war,—one of the best paying hauls ever found, for at that time oysters were worth 70s. per thousand, and the catches on this bed were very large. Bantam Haul runs from Oxwich Bay to near the Helwick Lightship, but three or four miles from the land. Then there are the Hen and Chickens, Musselly Haul, Itchy Poll, Trashy Ground, Robin's Patch, Middle Drift, Duck Haul. California, Red Hole, and East India are in Swansea Bay. Zulu, found off Barry during the Zulu war, was the most exciting place to dredge in that has been known. The oysters lay very thick, and the bed was so small, and such a number of skiffs were there at the same time, that they continually fouled each other, until there would be quite a bunch hopelessly entangled, and then the language would be something to be remembered, for in picturesque profanity a Mumbles dredger would almost rival Sir John Falstaff. On several occasions skiffs had to run ashore to avoid being run into and sunk. Many of the hauls are named after the men who found them, such as Jenkin's Haul, Johnny Llewellyn's Haul, and so on.

It is remarkable, but none the less true,

that an experienced dredger can tell, if an oyster is shown him, which of the hauls it came from, although there are forty or more hauls in Swansea Bay alone, and many scores more on the other parts of the grounds. The different kinds of bed,—sand or shingle, the position, the water, and the strength of the tide, all influence the size, the shape, and the colour, so that the oysters from each haul have some distinguishing feature, although the difference is so slight that to the uninitiated eye all would appear alike. But within a distance of two hundred yards near the Mumbles Head three kinds of oysters may be found, the difference between which is so marked as to be easily perceived by the most casual observer.

The visitor to the Mumbles is sure to have seen on the beach near the Head, numbers of small enclosures, marked out by rows of large pebbles, just above low-water mark. These are the "Perches," where the oysters for immediate use are stored until they are required by the shopkeepers in the village or by more distant customers. Here they are tipped when the skiffs return. Outside the perches, so far out that they are uncovered except at spring tides, are similar enclosures, which are called "Plantations." In these the oyster merchant stores the main stocks of oysters during the close season, and there those which are below the legal standard of size for sale are kept until they have grown to marketable bulk. The oysters on these plantations and perches need constant care and attention. They must be carefully spread over the ground, for if they are allowed to lie in heaps they soon die; and they have many natural enemies, such as the starfish and the whelk, which destroy thousands, although the dredgers get some satisfaction from the whelks by gathering and eating them. These shell fish, when



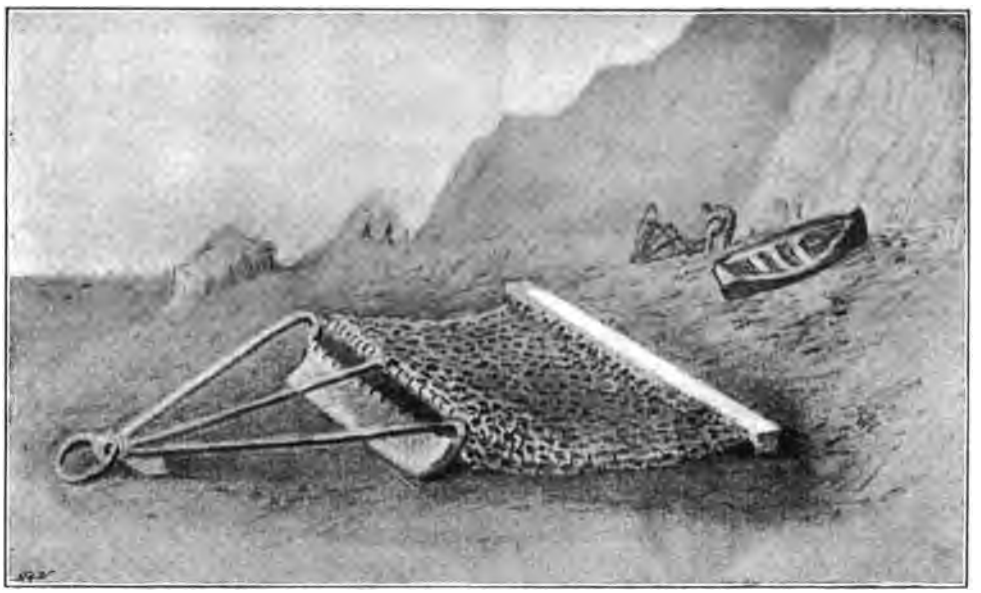
An Early Morning Start.
(From a photograph by E. Phillips, Mumbles).

cooked by part-boiling and then frying with bacon, make a very fair breakfast dish. A friend of the writer's gathers bucket-fulls of them and pickles them for winter consumption. The five-rayed starfish,—called locally the "five-finger,"—are sometimes so plentiful that they form a solid mass a foot thick on the bed, and then the destruction is terrible. Another enemy to the oyster is the Rhondda tripper. These excursionists from the "hills" wander over the beach until they reach the perches, and it is almost impossible to convince them, without resort to physical argument, that the oysters are not as much the property of the passer by as are the mussels, limpets, and periwinkles. They scout the idea that the oysters belong to the merchants, and fights between the excursionists and the dredgers are of common occurrence. But the deadliest enemy of the oyster is Jack Frost. A hard frost at low tide, when the oysters are uncovered, will kill them by thousands, in spite of the precautions which are taken of covering them with mats and old sails as soon as the tide goes down. It is estimated that during the severe weather of last spring, which, unhappily, was at its worst when the spring tides were lowest, over 150,000 oysters were killed on the plantations and perches in this way. Mussels, too, sometimes destroy large quantities; at times they spread like a pall over a whole bed, and kill everything that is under them.

There are few prettier sights than the fleet of oyster skiffs leaving their moorings at Southend on a fine autumn morning, when a gentle westerly wind ripples the surface of the beautiful bay, and every wavelet glitters and flashes in the bright sunlight. The background of the picture is delightful. On either side the shores of Swansea Bay curve round with a glorious sweep; the eastern curve to Nash Point backed by wooded hills and grassy uplands, the western rising in rugged limestone cliffs that terminate in the two rocky islets of which the outer bears the lighthouse. At first everything is still and peaceful; no sound reaches the ear but the lap of the water against the pebbly beach, and the only movement is the lazy heave of the skiffs against the long swell of the rising tide. But soon all is bustle and animation. Boats put off from the shore, the dredgers climb aboard, and amid a rattle of spars and the creak of the blocks and tackle, the sound of which, mingled with the hoarse murmur of men's voices and splashing of oars, rings pleasantly over the water, the sails are set, the moorings are dropped, and one after the other the skiffs glide slowly out of the bay, the rich red-brown of their sails, stained with oak bark, giving a fine glow of colour to the scene.

When a skiff arrives at one of the hauls the two dredges are thrown over board, and the skiff sails slowly along, or usually, if the wind be light, drifts sideways, until the dredges are full. The dredge, it should be explained, is a bag-shaped net, of which the bottom, or "belly," is made of iron rings, and the "back" of netted cord. The "foot," a wooden bar, keeps the end of the dredge open and straight, and the mouth is of iron, with a scraper, called the "sword," that draws the oysters into the net. Iron "arms" connect the net with the ring to which the dredge rope is fastened. The dredge rope, sixty fathoms long, is fastened to a winch on deck, and two men then wind it up. This is most laborious work, and in the old days it was dangerous too, for then they had no pawl, or check, to ease the strain when the skiff jumped or the dredge caught the ground. When this happened the men's arms were almost torn from their sockets. There is a man in the Mumbles now living, who was holding on in this way when the dredge caught; for a few moments he held the winch, then the strain grew too great, the handle flew round, and literally smashed the top of his skull. In such a case it was useless to try to jump away, for the handle of the winch would flash round, and where it struck there was a broken bone at least.

The dredge is hauled up on deck, and the contents turned out, so that the oysters may be separated, and the "trash," which is the name the men give to all the other stuff collected, as well as the very small oysters, is thrown overboard. Then the skiff is put about, and the dredging continues, until the state of the tide compels them to finish for the day, when they sail for home. When they reach the moorings the oysters



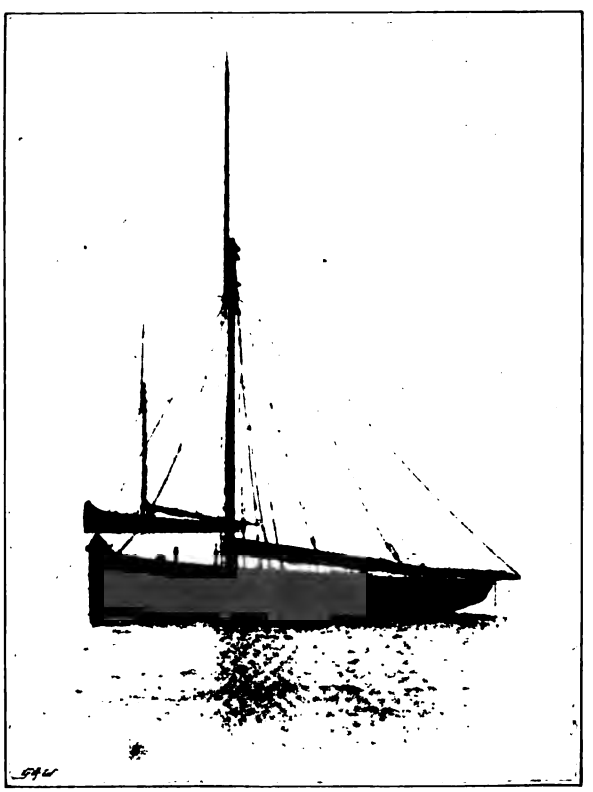
An Oyster Dredge.

are thrown on the perches, where they are sorted, and the bulk put on the plantations until they are required for market, or until they have grown to proper size.

Some eighteen years ago, several of the local skiff-owners made contracts with some London merchants, who had rented oyster beds at Luce Bay, in the Solway Firth, to dredge the oysters for them, and for two seasons a number of boats went north for a month or so. During one of these voyages a terrific gale came on, and great anxiety was felt in the Mumbles for the safety of the skiffs, but on the morning after, there came to the owner of one of the skiffs a telegram from Tenby, which ran thus,—"*Arrived all safe in Caldee Roads; me, one more, and another;*" a message as delightful in composition as it was vague in information. It was not until some time afterwards that the receiver of the telegram found out who "me, one more, and another" were.

There are few more precarious occupations than oyster dredging; for success depends upon so many changing circumstances. There can be no certainty of a good season, or even of two consecutive days' work; the weather may be favourable, and it may not. Dredging is impossible during strong winds, and sometimes in winter the skiffs are idle for days and weeks, owing to rough weather. Then, if the weather is favourable, the men may have bad luck in dredging. For instance, one skiff may bring home a thousand oysters, and another, with equally skilful men, may catch but a couple of hundred; one will have chanced on good "strings" of oysters, the other will have dredged nothing but stones. If the men were sure of regular work the pay would be good, for on a good day a skiff will catch at the present time 800 oysters, which represent to each man nine shillings, and the average now is 500; but, on the other hand, they may be idle for a week. The consequence is that in some weeks the dredger will earn £2 or more, while at other times he may get only a few shillings, and, like many of his class, he lives only in the present. If he has a good week he fares royally; if a bad one he goes short. Few of the dredgers think of the rainy day that is sure to come sooner or later, and most of them would be more prosperous if they spent less time in the public-house. But they have many temptations, for their work is most toilsome, and they are exposed to the full force of the weather at

all seasons and under all circumstances. Their skiffs are seaworthy, but comfortless, and it may easily be imagined that dredging during the months of January, February, and March, in a biting easterly wind, staggering on slippery, sodden decks, half drenched with freezing sea water, and hauling at stiff, icy cordage, is not an occupation concerning which there is much room for enthusiasm. But this life of hardship and exposure makes a fine seaman of the Mumbles dredger. On the water he is perfectly at home, and he fears nothing, for his nerves are equal to any strain or emergency. Here is an instance. An old man, a noted fisherman, went out one dark night in an open boat congering,—it is the usual practice to go out at night and return in the morning,—and, having reached the fishing ground, he set his lines and settled down to wait for bites. Suddenly he felt something bob against the boat's side. He put out his hand, felt something cold and clammy, and struck a light, when he found it was the body of a drowned sailor. Without the least hesitation he hauled the body into the boat, propped it against the thwarts opposite him, and coolly went on fishing through the black lonely night, with this horrible companion lying facing him in the bow of the boat. In the morning, when he had finished his fishing, he brought the body ashore. This, of course, is only a matter of strong nerve, and, perhaps, of lack of imagination, but in the face of real danger the dredger is hardly less unconcerned. Volunteers are never lacking if the lifeboat is called for and any of the regular crew are absent, and although ill-natured people say this is more for the sake of the money than of any desire to save life, we do not believe it. This, at least, is certain, that the railers would not jump at the chance of earning ten times the modest sum the lifeboatman receives by taking his place.



A Modern Oyster Skiff.
(From a photograph by E. Phillips, Mumbles)

ENOCH HUGHES.

By Daniel Owen,

Author of *The Autobiography of Rhys Lewis, Gwen Tomos, &c.*

Translated from the Welsh by the Hon. Claud Vivian.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE SICK ROOM.

HOW various, very often, are the bearings of life at the same time and even in the same house. Whilst some, in one room, are, perhaps, enjoying mirth and happiness, someone else in the next room, with only a few bricks between them, has a sad heart, and fears as to the future weighing on his soul. And thus it was in Ty'nyrardd on the night that was spoken of in the last chapter. Enoch followed Miss Trevor up the stairs. Before opening the door of her mother's room, Miss Trevor said, in a low tone,—

"My mother, Mr. Hughes, is worse a good deal than I thought she was. I didn't think there was anything more the matter with her than a bit of a bilious attack. She has been asleep for hours, and I believed that she would have come quite to herself when she woke up. But she is very ill, and I don't, somehow, like her look."

"Wouldn't it be better to ask Mr. Simon to come to see her? Perhaps he could comfort her, and perhaps your mother would like him to pray with her," said Enoch.

"No," said Susie, "I have no faith in the prayers of a man who reeks of beer," and she opened the door of the room.

"Do you feel very ill, Mrs. Trevor?" asked Enoch.

"Yes, Mr. Hughes; but it's the last illness," said Mrs. Trevor.

"Good gracious, don't talk like that. I've seen you a deal worse and yet mend, Mrs. Trevor," said Enoch.

"No, Mr. Hughes. No. I feel very curious,—I never felt the same before, and I can't describe it. Susie thought I had been asleep for hours, but I wasn't, for I heard her come into the room each time, and I heard you talking down stairs, especially Richard. And I wasn't awake, either. I thought I was on some great, broad river,—not in a boat. There was nothing to support me, and yet there was someone or something keeping me from sinking. The river ran fast, and no one but me was on it. I saw that the land on each side of the river was moving in the same way, but not so quickly as the river. I passed many people on the banks of the river,—some I knew, but most were strangers to me. What astonished me was this. I did not lose sight of those that I knew, though they went further away from me,—but I always lost sight of the strangers, and fresh people came in their place. I feel even now, though I am quite awake, as though I were on the river,—a feeling as if I was moving always,—and I think, Mr. Hughes, that it is death."

"Nothing of the sort, Mrs. Trevor," said Enoch, comfortingly, "it's nothing but a little weakness. Death isn't so pleasant a thing, I am afraid, as the feeling you have described, Mrs. Trevor."

"How do you know, Mr. Hughes? For no one can leave his experience behind to tell what death is like, so that the living may recognise it. The feeling must be a new one to everyone when it comes, and, perhaps, it is entirely different to what we thought it was," said Mrs. Trevor.

"You are quite a philosopher, mother. I never heard you talk so neatly. You are not going to die, you may be sure," said Miss Trevor.

"I heard your grandparents say," said Mrs. Trevor, "that some people who were a bit dull in the course of their lives, sharpened up wonderfully just before dying, and, perhaps, I am like that. There is something that tells me that I shall not rise from this bed again. Isn't there something said, Mr. Hughes, about someone being taken away before adversity came?"

"Yes," said Enoch, "it is said that the just are taken away before adversity. But adversity is not likely to come to you, Mrs. Trevor. You cling to each other as a family. Providence has been good to the Captain,—you have no cause to be anxious about your circumstances, no matter what may happen to your neighbours, and you have no cause to doubt God's kindness in the future."

"We have not lived as we ought, Mr. Hughes," said Mrs. Trevor, "and I want to tell you something. I know that you are a good and religious man. And as to circumstances,—well, everyone's circumstances will come to light sooner or later. It has cost me a lot of pain and grief lately, when I have thought of my having for years put such a

high price on what is called respectability,—a kind of thinking that we are better than other people; but I believe, Mr. Hughes, that God has forgiven me for my folly, and I can never be thankful enough that Susie has had the grace given her to despise the nonsense that I taught her. Oh dear! oh dear! I am so ashamed, I don't know what to do, at thinking how crazed I was. Do you know what,—I am afraid that at one time I thought so much about being respectable, that if the great Saviour Himself had come to the world as He was in ancient times, I should have been too respectable to own that I belonged to Him. Yes, indeed. But I have obtained mercy, I think. And Susie, the girl into whose head I had pounded these things, was the instrument that led me to see my folly. How small are our belongings, when we look at them from the border of death!"

"We ourselves are small, every one of us, Mrs. Trevor," said Enoch, "and I always think that God looks with forgiving pity on us when we put such a high value on such small things. He remembers that we are dust."

"Yes, yes, Mr. Hughes, but the dust of gold cost the blood of the Great Redeemer rather than that it should be lost. What will a man give in exchange for his own soul? I never saw so much value in being saved as I see to-day, and I am astonished at my having given so little thought to that, and at having put such a high value on evanescent things; and God, in His Word, too, had spoken so plainly."

"That," said Enoch, "only proves that we are all sinners. If we did everything we ought to do, we should be angels, and not sinners. And getting a clear view of our deficiencies shows that we are sinners who have been convinced, and being possessed with a true desire to be holy proves that we are sinners that are saved. This desire does not rise from our own depraved nature; it has not been put in us by the world nor by the devil, and so it must be from God that it comes. And however bitter the dispensation may have been that has brought us to this state of mind and feeling, we ought to be thankful for it. If earthly success and health make us forget God and the other world, we ought to pray for poverty and illness. But I have known you, Mrs. Trevor, for some years back, and in all your worldly success and comforts the matters of religion were the highest in your mind, and I many times envied your spirit."

"Everyone knows where the boot pinches, Mr. Hughes," said Mrs. Trevor. "You know nothing about my sin. But I think I can say this honestly,—I don't know of any time in the course of the last twenty years when I have not had some sort of love for Jesus Christ and his cause. But I allowed my mind to ramble, and I fell in love with things that I should be ashamed to name to you. But for some time, now, I have bid farewell to them, and have thought that I would like to leave this old world and go to a world with no troubles in it, and where I could be comfortable and happy in a place in which there is no sin and no pride,—nothing but love for Christ. Perhaps I am deceiving myself, but I have thought like that these latter days."

"And what is to become of *us*, mother," said Susie. "That's not the best form of religion, to my mind."

"Well," said Mrs. Trevor, "what is the best form of religion according to your mind, Susie? Have you had some wonderful revelation lately?

"I don't believe," answered Susie, "that sneaking off to heaven, and leaving all the others to take their chance, is the best form of religion, if I understand what religion really is."

"Well, what is religion, my girl, as *you* understand it? There is danger of our being mistaken, and I know that you have lately had a great revelation about religious matters," said Mrs. Trevor.

"No, mother," said Susie, "I have had no more revelation than other people, but I have, until lately, shut my eyes to seeing it. As you know, mother, it was myself that was everything to me for years; on myself was my every thought. I lived to amuse myself, and failed. What you call a revelation, mother, was that religion *was not like that*, but something quite different; something that made me forget myself entirely. And I am more convinced every day that self is the destruction of everyone, and that to forget self is the highest blessing. I am afraid,—perhaps I am wrong,—that there is too much of self in godly people. They are daily and for ever, in the chapel meeting, saying that they are afraid they are not saved,—are afraid that they will never go to heaven; and as soon as ever they feel tolerably ready to go there, they are in a hurry to die. To do our duty, without caring about the consequences, according to my mind, is the best form of religion. 'What do you wish me to do?' ought to be our question each day, without being at all anxious about our being saved or our being lost. God will determine that, and not we. I am afraid we are too much inclined to think more about our salvation,—about our being safe in the end,—than about doing our duty. Is not that self dressed up in the garb of religion? Am I not right, Mr. Hughes?"

"You are always right, Miss Trevor," said Enoch.

"No, not always, Mr. Hughes," said Susie,

"but I can't do otherwise than think that I am right in this. Indeed you, yourself, made the same observation, in another way, to Mr. Simon. And I was struck when you made the observation. Was not the task of Jesus Christ's soul His self-denial for the sake of others? And is not His self-denial and its consequences the chief joy of Jesus Christ Himself now? I have read in some of the books I borrowed from you, Mr. Hughes, that God would have been everlastingly happy in Himself if He had never created one creature. I wonder if I am sinning when I say that I doubt it? Is it presumption to say that even God was weary of Himself, and that that was the reason for His creating?"

"I am afraid you are not right as to that, Miss Trevor, and yet there is something in what you say," said Enoch.

"You must remember, Mr. Hughes," said Susie, "that I have only just begun to *think*,—just begun to ponder about things. But can you tell me what made God create at all, if He was perfectly happy in Himself?"

"I cannot," said Enoch. "Your question suggests that there was a feeling of something being wanting in the Great Being Himself, before he created. But we must recollect that every perfection exists in God, and that it is useless for us to compare our knowledge with the knowledge of the Perfect One."

"Then the Perfect One created the imperfect for the sake of—what?" asked Susie.

"For His own pleasure, the Bible says," said Enoch.

"Here the conversation was interrupted by the appearance of Captain Trevor, who said,—

"Well, what's going on? A bit of a *seiat*, I'll warrant? How are you now, Sarah?"

"Bad enough, Richard; and if I didn't know that you have had company, I should have thought you had been careless about me," said Mrs. Trevor.

"That was the only reason, Sarah. It wouldn't have been seemly for me to have left Mr. Simon, though my thoughts were always with you; and my heart burnt with desire to come and tell you the good news, which you will have heard some time ago, I know, from Susie or Mr. Hughes," said the Captain.

"No, we have not mentioned it, father, to mother," said Susie.

"It's not possible!" said the Captain. "You have not told your mother about what has filled us with joy and triumph to-night?"

"What is it, Richard? Has a revival broken out?" asked Mrs. Trevor.

"No," said the Captain, "it's not news of that nature that I have to-night; though I must confess that there is full need of revival, and for no one more than myself; and, if I do not deceive myself, it would be a greater matter in my sight, and afford me more happiness, to hear of a powerful visitation in a religious sense, than the joy raised in my mind by the good news that was sounded in our ears a few hours ago, for we ought, if the state of the heart and the spirit is right, to give precedence to spiritual and religious matters, no matter, so to speak, what——"

"Sam Lloyd, mother, said that he had struck the lode in Coed Madog,—that's the news," said Susie.

The Captain looked reprovingly at his daughter, but before saying something unpleasant, he remembered that Enoch was present, and his look softened, and Susie added,—

"It's getting late, father."

"Quite right," said the Captain, "that's it, Sarah; Susie has told you the good news in one word."

Mrs. Trevor had heard so many times in her life of "the lode being struck," that the news did not affect her much, and the only remark she made was "Oh."

Enoch rose to bid farewell to Mrs. Trevor, and to go home. Miss Trevor went to show Enoch out, leaving her father to dilate on the good news to her mother. But this was not the most important matter that happened that night.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A REVELATION.

WHILST putting his hat on his head, putting on his overcoat and looking for his stick,—no matter how late at night it may be,—a man can talk a good deal and speak a good lot of his mind, if he is so inclined. Enoch Hughes, on this night that we are talking of, had vowed to himself that he would tell some of his mind to Miss Trevor, even though he died in the effort. Indeed, this weighed so much on his mind that Sam Lloyds' news did not in the least lighten its gravity. He said,—

"I don't think, Miss Trevor, that you have much foundation for your fears about your mother. She talks wonderfully brightly."

"I hope there is not, Mr. Hughes," said Susie, "but I have a dreadful presentiment that my mother will not live long. She can't bear trials, or stand a foul wind. As you know, she has had a smooth life, and is accustomed to have plenty of everything, and a very little trouble knocks her down.

Doubtless you have observed, Mr. Hughes, that some people, especially women, expect life to be fair weather always, and like swallows, when they see the winter approaching, they begin to trim their wings to go to some warmer country. My mother is like one of those, as you saw to-night. When the world is not to her liking, she lets go her hold of it as if it were a hot iron, and she longs, now, I know, to be able to go to heaven, and I think she will go there some day, for I know she loves Jesus Christ. But I think that I have learnt this much, laterly anyhow, namely, that I had learnt nothing till I learnt to suffer,—and suffer in silence."

"I never knew, Miss Trevor," said Enoch, "that you had suffered. I always thought you were perfectly well?"

"And so I am," said Miss Trevor, "but you remember Gurnal's saying,—'I know something about the sufferings of the soul.' I have suffered a little on your account, Mr. Hughes."

"On my account, Miss Trevor?" said Enoch. in surprise, and a thousand thoughts came into his heart.

"Yes," said she. "I know you are constantly spending a lot of money in Coed Madog Mine, and that my father persuades you to do so. And though you are rich, it is very easy for you, in time, to spend all you have in a mine, and never get anything back, as Hugh Bryan did, poor fellow, and as Mr. Denman has nearly done. And I can't be easy, Mr. Hughes, without putting you on your guard. It's a dreadful thing for a man, after he has worked hard and collected a little money, and earned a respected position among his neighbours, afterwards, in the end, to lose the whole, and become poor. I know some who are like that, and you, Mr. Hughes, know them too."

"I am afraid, Miss Trevor," said Enoch, "that you are in a gloomy state to-night, and that you have forgotten the news we had from Sam Lloyd."

"No," said Susie, "I haven't forgotten Sam Lloyd's news; and, if it is true, I am glad for the sake of my father and you and Mr. Denman. But don't put too much reliance on it. I have heard many a news like that, and nothing came of them; take care, Mr. Hughes. Allow me to ask you how much you have spent already on Coed Madog, if you know?"

"O, something like three hundred pounds, I think," said Enoch.

"Good gracious! I feared so," said Miss Trevor.

"But I am only one of three, Miss Trevor," said Enoch.

"Yes," said she, "the one of the three that they come to for the money. You, Mr. Hughes, are the bank."

"I don't understand what you mean, Miss Trevor?" said Enoch.

"What I mean, is this, Mr. Hughes," said she, "and I must say it,—I can't be easy in my conscience without saying it,—that you find the money, and that my father spends it, for my father hasn't a pound of his own to spend."

"You are joking, Miss Trevor," said Enoch.

"I was never more serious, Mr. Hughes," said Susie. "I always was afraid that you believed we were rich, but the truth is we are poor,—and very poor,—and that, I know, is what is killing mother. We have for years lived in plenty and luxury, but since Pwllygwynt stopped we have been poor, and now, I am afraid, we are living on your money, Mr. Hughes. I have no idea how much Mr. Denman has spent since Coed Madog started, but I know this,—my father has spent nothing, for he has had nothing to spend. I could not be easy in my conscience without telling you all this, Mr. Hughes. And as to Sam Lloyd's good news, I only hope it is true for your sake. But I put no reliance on what Sam said. He has said many things like this before, and all have turned out to be nothing at all."

"Miss Trevor," said Enoch, utterly amazed, "you are joking. You don't mean to tell me that your father is not well off?"

"My heart is too sad to joke, Mr. Hughes," said Miss Trevor. "Not only is my father not well off, but he is in debt, and if a change dosen't come from somewhere, I see, at present, no hope of his being able to pay his debts. But the fact that we, ourselves, are poor, is no sufficient reason for our making others poor. I am almost sure that my mother will not live long,—she cannot stand poverty. What is before us, I don't know,—but I am determined that I will not live on deception and hypocrisy, come what may. If Coed Madog turns out well, I will thank God for it; but if otherwise, well, I don't know what will become of us. I know very well that you have trusted everything to my father, and now I have told everything to you. I had intended to tell it weeks ago, but I failed to make a start. You know now how matters stand, but if father knew that I had told you all this he would almost murder me."

"You have astonished me, Miss Trevor, and yet I feel glad," said Enoch, and his face showed clearly that he was speaking the truth from the bottom of his heart.

"Glad, Mr. Hughes? Does hearing that we are poor make you glad? Sir, you are not the man I thought you were," said Miss Trevor, excitedly.

"Perhaps so," said Enoch, "but I hope you will find me a better man than you have ever

thought I was. Perhaps it may appear cruel of me to say so, but, in a sense, I am very glad to understand that you are poor, if you are poor."

Miss Trevor did not answer a word, but with a look of contemptuous scorn, went towards the door. Enoch reached the door before her, and shutting it and putting his back against it, said,—

"Stop, for me to explain myself."

"There is no need for you to do so," said Miss Trevor. "I see through you as through a window, You have always, I know, thought that we were fairly well off. You remember quite well how my father used to patronise you, and how I, in my folly, used to cut you. But, now you say to yourself,—'the tables are turned,—my turn has come now. I'll make them sing small.' Well, that is very natural,—it is only what we deserve for our humbug,—but it's mean of you, Mr. Hughes,—a bad turn in a man like you. I had hoped,—almost against hope,—for your sympathy,—for my object,—my only object,—in telling you of my father's position was your own good,—to put you on your guard against coming to the same position yourself. If I had been selfish, I should have left you in the dark. But take your fling. I think I fear God, but I don't care a button for the opinion or scorn of any man on the face of the earth. Let me pass, Mr. Hughes, if you please."

"Not before you are in a better temper," said Enoch. "With all your insight, and though you are so sharp, you have misun——"

"Susie? Where are you, my girl?" shouted Captain Trevor, coming down stairs; adding,—"Your mother wants you, Susie."

Though swearing was quite a rare event for Enoch, something like a curse went through his bosom when he heard the Captain's voice, and when Susie brushed past him without so much as saying good night to him.

"Halloh! Mr. Hughes," said the Captain, "I thought you had gone home long ago. But young people will be young people always. I remember the time, sir—ha! ha! ha! Stop, Mr. Hughes, I don't mind a bit coming to see you home,—I want a little fresh air."

Enoch felt sad at heart, as the Captain took hold of his arm, leading him towards home. A quick observer would have seen that it was really necessary for the Captain to have the assistance of Enoch's arm, for he did not walk nearly so steadily as usual,—but he, himself, would have been the last person to admit, and Enoch would have been the last person to perceive this, especially when the latter's thoughts were almost entirely with Miss Trevor. All the same, the Captain was in full possession of his memory, and his intellect was as clear as if he had not tasted a drop of whiskey.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

CAPTAIN TREVOR.

AFTER the Captain and Enoch had reached the main road, the former said,—

"I remember, Mr. Hughes, when I was a little younger than I am now, I used to derive no small enjoyment from walking out in the depth of the night alone, when the noise of the world and business had stopped, and there was nothing, so to speak, to disturb my contemplations. To one of a contemplative tendency like myself, so to speak, nothing is more pleasant to the feelings, nor, indeed, more beneficial to the soul than a walk after night-fall, when a man may, so to speak, divest himself of all the troubles and cares of the world, and give himself up, as it were, to communion with nature, which is, in my opinion, more impressive in the night,—there is no Welsh word that I can think of to express it at this moment,—more *impressive* I say. I am in the habit of thinking,—perhaps I am mistaken,—but I am always open to conviction,—I am in the habit of thinking, I say, that it is easier in the night, especially on a still night like to-night, for the spirit, as it were unconsciously, to glide into the contemplation of spiritual and eternal things. The fact is, Mr. Hughes, my mind, as you know, has been taken up so fully, lately, with earthly and evanescent things, that I feel an inward craving, and that too deeply, for relaxation, if it were only for half an hour, so as to give myself up, as I have said, to contemplations of an entirely different nature, and this the more so, because I have, as you know, just come from the sick bed of my wife, and have been to some degree, at least, made sensible of the emptiness of the matters of this world and life, that is to say, in comparison with eternal matters. At times, Mr. Hughes, I think if it wasn't that this old world has been so cruel to me, and taken up almost all my time,—though it is necessary for some people to be with the world,—I think, I repeat, that I was intended to be a philosopher. For as soon as I get ten minutes' leisure from the toils of the world my contemplations run after the great matters,—the matters connected with the soul. But perhaps I am mistaken."

"No doubt," said Enoch, for he was listening only a little to, and understanding less of what the Captain was saying.

The Captain did not fail to notice that Enoch's mind was somewhere else, and in order to bring it home again, he said,—

"What is your opinion, Mr. Hughes, about our minister, Mr. Simon?"

"My opinion is that he is a fairly good musician," said Enoch.

"Yes, but what do you think of him as a *minister*?" asked the Captain.

"I don't know if I am able to give an opinion," said Enoch. "And, indeed, I don't much like judging men, especially preachers, 'Speak no evil against the elders of your people,'—there is a saying like that somewhere. But as you ask me, I'll tell you,—not my judgment, but my feeling,—in confidence, of course, and I don't wish you to make any use of it, for I don't, for anything, want to create any prejudice against him. But my feeling, from the beginning, has been that Mr. Simon has no spiritual influence on me,—nothing to stir up my thoughts about religious matters,—nothing to warm my heart towards Christ. I do not feel that his sermons, nor his addresses in the *seiat*, nor his conversations in society, work at all against the tendency there is in the world and in business to harden a man's feelings. It would be easier for me to pardon this in him, if he gave me any light intellectually, but indeed I don't ever feel a bit better through him. I have a sort of an opinion that a minister of the Gospel ought to wean a man a bit from the world, and make the things of faith and of the other world more pleasant in his sight. I never felt this from Mr. Simon's preaching or society. But I am quite ready to acknowledge that the deficiency may be in myself."

"Mr. Hughes," said the Captain, "you convince me more and more every day that you have been endowed with a special talent for judging characters, and that almost instantaneously. In expressing your opinion,—or as you preferred putting it, your feeling,—you have given expression to my feelings as well, though, perhaps, I could not have expressed them so compactly, and in so few words, for you, so to speak, have photographed Mr. Simon's character, so that I can recognize him at once as the original subject."

"I am not sure," said Enoch, "that I have been fair to Mr. Simon, for, to tell you the truth, I have had a prejudice against him from the beginning. But I can say, honestly, from the bottom of my heart, that I hope I think too meanly of him, and that he is a great deal better and a more excellent man than I have been accustomed to think he is."

"Sir," said the Captain, "prejudice does not come from nothing any more than sorrow does,—there must be some reason for your prejudice,—something that occasioned it. I believe,—you can correct me if I am mistaken,—that the reason for prejudice, in men of intelligence, of course, is that they are possessed, though unconsciously, with some prophetic spirit that enables them to form a true opinion as to the capabilities and character of a man before they have those opportunities of judging, upon which men in general form their opinions,—this power is not possessed by everyone. No, sir, I am afraid that you,—with much reserve I'll confess,—have set out in a few words Mr. Simon's true character, and if I have understood, with some degree of accuracy,—the real meaning of your words, your opinion,—or your feeling,—is this,—Mr. Simon has not,—as old Abel Hughes, all hail to his memory, used to say,—Mr. Simon has not, I say, studied the great matters, or, in other words, he is more of a man of this world than of the world to come."

"That is my feeling, but I hope I am wrong," said Enoch.

"I am afraid, sir," said the Captain, "that you have in this, as in everything else, struck the nail on the head, and I am the more convinced of it, inasmuch as Susie has more than once expressed the like opinion. Indeed, it looks almost as if you must have held a consultation about the man, so alike are your opinions."

"I never have had any coversation with Miss Trevor, so far as I recollect, about Mr. Simon," said Enoch."

"That then," said the Captain, "only proves that you are very much alike in the composition of your sentiments, and I can assure you, sir, that Susie is not one to keep her eyes shut. But allow me to ask you. Have you any reason to think that Mr. Simon has any money? His appearance makes me think he has something more behind him than the small stipend he gets from us, and I think that he has hinted to me, more than once, that he comes of a good family, and Susie has told me that the ring he wears on his hand could not have cost less than ten pounds. My reason for asking you the question is this,—I rather thought, from the look of Mr. Simon to-night, that he was taking a good deal of interest in Coed Madog Mine, and that he would not have any objection, if we were to ask him, to take shares in the mine. What is your opinion?"

"I don't know anything about Mr. Simon's worldly position," said Enoch, "but I should scarcely think he had money. Ministers are under a sort of necessity to dress well, and to look respectable. I have occasionally seen before now a young preacher start on his journey, on a Saturday, as smart as any gentleman in the country, and as bad luck would have it, without more than a penny halfpenny in the world of his own after he had paid for his ticket, and if it happened that the elder of the place where he preached forgot to give him his fee, he either had to walk all the way home or borrow money. Even if I were sure that Mr. Simon had money behind him, I scarcely think it would be wise to ask him to take shares in Coed Madog. It would be more

appropriate to encourage him to dig and go deeper into the matters of the Bible than to dig for lead like you and I. And, indeed, I do not think Mr. Simon's stay in Bethel will be a long one. He already appears to me to have got through all his stock, and to have been repeating himself for some time now. But perhaps all this is my personal prejudice against the man."

"Do you know what, Mr. Hughes?" said the Captain. "I would give a good deal for your power of judging characters. I think it would be impossible for any man in the world to get on the blind side of you. You are like,—it was an animal, wasn't it?—that the Scripture talks of,—full of eyes,—and it is no wonder in the world that you have succeeded so well. I must ask your pardon,—I meant it only as a little joke,—I tried a bit of a trick on you, but I might just as well not have done so, for it is not possible, as I have said, to get on the blind side of you. The truth is this,—I noticed that you perceived that Mr. Simon took a great interest in Sam Lloyd's good news, and I was heartily afraid that you, without thinking, might ask him to take shares, but I see, and I ought to have known, that there was no need for me to be afraid. Preachers and parsons are not the people for us, Mr. Hughes. Indeed, whoever we take as partners,—if we take any at all,—will have to realize,—now that we have discovered the lead,—that we are doing them a great favour,—we can afford to be independent, sir, and can say to them that if they are not willing to put down such and such a sum of money, now that we have proved there is lead in Coed Madog,—we can say, I say,—well, don't then, we can do without you,—and very well, too. Do you know what? I *am* very glad that we have struck the lode, for the sake of Denman, poor fellow, for between you and me, I am afraid he has nearly spent all he has."

"I am truly sorry to hear that, but perhaps he'll get it all back some day," said Enoch.

"All back, sir. He will, as we shall, and a lot besides," said the Captain. "But here we are at your palatial residence, and a noble residence it is, in truth. Taking the house and the shop together, there are not many, if there are any, better in the town, according to my opinion. But what I was going to say, if it had not been for my eyes falling on your beautiful house,—what I was going to say is, that I am going to ask you a favour, which is not an usual thing, as you know, for me to do. Indeed, I have asked so few favours, that I feel very inexperienced in the job. But what I was going to say is this,—you know that we have spent a good deal on Coed Madog, though not one penny has been wasted. Perhaps I ought to have taken you, Mr. Hughes, into my family secrets before now, but I have always been accustomed to be rather close,—indeed my family knows but very little about my circumstances. I am to blame, I know. But the fact is, that the little money I have collected in the course of the years of my labour,—and it has been no small labour, as you know,—has been sunk in a safe place, for I always have tried to remember my family. Don't open the door, Mr. Hughes, till I finish my story. I always have tried to remember my family, I say, and tried to provide for them, if it happened to seem wise to Providence to take me away suddenly, so that it would not be necessary for them, after I had left them, to be dependent on parish or parson. I am, now, almost afraid that I have been too careful about the future, but, at the same time, I do not at the present time feel very ready to find fault with what I have done. Well, the consequence, as you may have gathered, is that I have not at present much money by me, and that I should consider it a favour,—a very great favour,—if you could, without occasioning any inconvenience to yourself, lend me a hundred pounds,—not to carry on the mine, understand, but to me personally, for I have a little behind me to carry on the mine, but I ask for this as a favour, so that I may have, as I have said, without disturbing other things, a little money in the house, for I am afraid they think that I am poor, and are beginning to get down-hearted at home. I will give you my I.O.U., and you shall have it back with interest at the end of one, two, three, four months, or a year, just according to the way I determine to call things in. I would not dare to ask for this favour,—indeed I had determined to call some things in instead,—if it had not been for the good news we got to-night from Sam Lloyd."

"Of course you shall have it by all means, and welcome; come in, sir," said Enoch, and in they went. "Good gracious! there's nothing but the darkness of Egypt here," added Enoch, after opening the door, and he was not exaggerating greatly, for Margaret had put the gas out, and let the fire get low in the grate, and, to all appearance, had gone to bed some time ago.

"I am sorry," said Enoch, lighting the gas, "to bring you in to such an uncomfortable place, but you see what sort of a life a bachelor has."

"Just so," said the Captain, "but who is responsible? It appears to me, Mr. Hughes, that you like misery just as Diogenes liked his tub, for I know,—I don't think, but I know,—that you could, with such a home, and with such a position as yours, by only lifting your little finger, charm the best and prettiest girl in the parish to warm and cheer up your residence. Yours is self-imposed misery, Mr. Hughes."

"I know something about that," said Enoch, "but I will make out the cheque for you now, Captain Trevor."

"If it does not make any difference to you, Mr. Hughes," said the Captain, "I should prefer having it in gold or notes, but don't occasion yourself any inconvenience. But you know, Mr. Hughes, just as little pigs have big ears, so some small bankers have big eyes; but just as is most convenient to you."

"I think I can give it to you in notes," said Enoch.

"Very good," said the Captain; "but stop,—you are sure you are not causing yourself any inconvenience by doing so?"

"Not at all," said Enoch, going to the office to fetch the notes; and whilst he was in the office, the Captain looked joyfully at the fire, such fire as there was, whistling softly the old tune 'Innocence.'

Enoch came back with the notes, and placed them one by one on the table. The Captain took them up gracefully, and putting them carefully in his pocket book, and said,—

"Thanks, sir. If you will be so kind as to give me a piece of paper, and pen and ink, I will give you an acknowledgment for them, Mr. Hughes."

"Never mind," said Enoch.

"No, sir; business is business," said the Captain, "though, it must be confessed, a matter of that sort is only necessary as a protection for an honest man against the tricks of a dishonest one, and is not indispenable, so to say, between people of respectability. At the same time, — well, I'll remember it to-morrow. And now, Mr. Hughes, on looking at that clock, the old saying comes to my mind,—*tempus fugit*,—and in order to keep up appearances, I must be off home, though I should have liked to have remained in your society."

"Shall I accompany you home, sir?" asked Enoch.

"No, Mr. Hughes," said the Captain, "not because I should not be glad of your company, but you know, under our present circumstances, if you were to come, we should glide into conversing about the world and its affairs, and I, as I have before hinted, want a few minutes' relaxation alone, by myself, in order to think and ponder, if I can, over higher things. But thank you, Mr. Hughes, all the same."

After shaking hands warmly, the Captain went away, completely satisfied with the success of his errand.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

BY the pale moon's virgin beam,
Through the nodding violet's dream,
O'er the zephyr's bated breath,
Through the stillness as of death,
Cleaving clean a silent cloud,
With its climax clear and loud,
Swells a song of wild delight,
Gladd'ning e'en the gloom of night.

Like a face of loveliness,
Fringed with many an ebon tress,
Like the night-dream undefiled
Of a sleeping baby child,
Like the first ecstatic thrill
Of a soul released from ill,
Is thy song of love and light
'Gainst the background of the night.

Eager singer, what art thou
Bending the responsive bough?
Is within thy form enshrined
The pure spirit well inclined
Of a bard who loved his kind?
Or of maiden called away,
Ere love's joy had run its day?
If I could but sing like thee,
'Twere an immortality.

Closed is the daisy's eye,
What is sight but phantasy!
Let the soul's serener sense
Drink the melody intense
That illumines and creates,
Fills, but never satiates,
Lifts and carries us away,
Out of self beyond the day.

In thy soul-entrancing strain
Did I hear a note of pain?
Beautiful and truly set,
Like the marble's streak of jet,
Yes, but joy must needs prevail,
And thou read'st aright the tale,
Sing for ever, sing of love,
Lord on earth, and king above.

OWEN GEORGE.

THE CYMMRODORION MEDAL. (Obverse side.)

JOSEPH EDWARDS, SCULPTOR.

BY WILLIAM DAVIES *(Mynorydd)*.

XII. — THE CYMMRODORION MEDAL.

"Cunning men contemn studies, fools admire them, and wise men use them."—Lord BACON.

I NOW come to one of the most important events of Mr. Edwards' life,—*i.e.*, important in his estimation,—for he devoted much time to the subject, and when he came to his later hours, actually one of the last messages to his executor, Dr. Isambard Owen, was to implore him to see to the right publication and explanation of his views in connection with the Cymmrodorion medal.

The Cymmrodorion Medal.

The proof of the time and trouble he took with this work is to be found in the enormous amount of writing which I find in his papers, containing a description or explanation of the obverse and reverse sides of the medal. Dr. Owen found that he could not possibly do justice to his dear departed friend and comrade in this matter, as he could not find the time for it, and has passed the work on to me.

There are no less than one hundred and eighty two forms of description of the obverse, but not so many of the reverse side; and had he not left a tolerably clear, though condensed, form of both, I very much fear that I would not have been prepared with this article even now.

An intimation of some of the views entertained by him on the subject is to be found in the certificate for Aberystwyth College, and also in a part of the exposition of the Vord Gron. I cannot possibly exclude all points of resemblance, for they are inseparably bound up in the forms he has left. I can only hope that the previous revelations along this line may make the present article clearer to the reader. I have endeavoured to condense what is repetitive, so as not to weary the general reader; at the same time, I trust it will be of interest to the thoughtful ones.

I have permission to use some correspondence in connection with the subject, so that I can imitate some of our older-

fashioned preachers, who were fond of dividing their sermons into heads, such as, —(1) *Leading* up to the text; (2) *Round about* the text; (3) *On* the text; but I hope I shall be able to dispense with the 4th, namely, *From* the text.

Dr. Isambard Owen.

It is very interesting, I consider, to know that it was this medal that was the means of introducing Dr. Isambard Owen to active work in connection with the Cymmrodorion Society, for it was at the invitation of Mr. Lloyd Roberts that Dr. Owen went to see the sketches for the medal at Mr. Edwards' studio, and, later on, it was at Mr. Edwards' desire that he was elected a member of the council. As to the part Dr. Owen has taken, and is taking, in the best movements for the elevation of our country, and his,—he was born in the English-speaking part of Monmouthshire,—is it not recorded in the journalistic annals of our gallant little Wales and in the volumes of "Y Cymmrodor?"

It appears that the idea of having a medal for the Society originated with Mr. Edwards himself, so when the idea was received favourably, it was naturally felt that he would be the best man for the work.

The first item of correspondence I find to be the draft of a letter to the late Sir Hugh Owen,—then plain Mr.,—from Mr. Edwards. It has no date, and is only in pencil.

Letter to Mr. Hugh Owen.

"MY DEAR MR. OWEN,

Though you so kindly wished me to write an explanation of my two designs, respectively for the obverse and the reverse sides of the new medal of the Honourable Society of Cymmrodorion, for the purpose of having it read at the Cymmrodorion section of the ensuing national eisteddfod at Carnarvon, I have found, with infinite regret, that it has been simply impossible for me, placed as I am just now, to give the necessary time to it, without encroaching unfairly upon urgent duties that cannot be set aside by me with impunity.

All I can, therefore, say at present on the subject, is, that I have throughout earnestly endeavoured, to the very best of my ability, to indicate artistically, what has seemed to me most characteristic and worthy of the society, especially with regard to its desire to promote the love of literature, science, and art in Wales; and with regard also to its hope, by so doing, to awaken in Wales a fresh and, shall I say, divine ardour for all noble ideas that are indeed, high, pure, and holy; scientific, great, and true,—to awaken ideas that in genuine modesty and true insight, tower high above all *mere sect*, *party*, and *class*; and which in holiest love, include all these in one undemonstrative aspiration, to move right onward with the rest of the most enlightened parts of the world; and so, get some slight glimmering at least, of the sublimest truths attainable at present by the collective mental forces of all the true kings and queens of mind on earth.

But to express all this, as it should be expressed, in explanation of the various symbolic means I have used in these designs, to indicate the society's finest aspirations would, unfortunately take time, and this time, as already mentioned, cannot, I am truly sorry to say again, be given by me at present.

So please make the kindest allowances for me, and with the highest regards to yourself and all so near and dear to you.

Believe me to remain,
My dear Mr. Owen,
Yours, indeed, ever faithfully and gratefully,
JOSEPH EDWARDS.

Hugh Owen, Esq."

The next letter is from Dr. Isambard Owen,—

"41, GLOUCESTER GARDENS, W.,
Jan. 30th, 1880.

MY DEAR MR. EDWARDS,

Do you think the following will express the objects of the medal,—

'It is the intention of the society to make use of this medal in aid of its endeavours to stimulate native talent. It will be offered as a prize of merit to persons connected with the Principality, by birth or residence; and great discrimination will be observed in making the award.'

I was unable to attend to the prospectus till yesterday; so I inserted the above experimentally. I should be glad to know your opinion, as there is no difficulty in altering it even before I bring the proofs to the meeting on Wednesday . . . . . ."

Then follows Mr. Edwards' reply,—

"40, ROBERT STREET,
HAMPSTEAD ROAD., W.N.,
Feb. 2nd, 1880.

MY DEAR DR. OWEN,

I am truly sorry at having been quite unadvoidably prevented till the present moment from thanking you very much for your most kind note and form enclosing herewith what seems to me a suitable wording for the part you mention. But I need hardly say that I leave the subject entirely to your own better judgment to decide whether it should be adopted or not . . . . . .

Believe me, dear Doctor,
Yours ever faithfully,
JOSEPH EDWARDS.

Dr. Isambard Owen."

Dr. Owen believes the following is the form referred to,—

Mr. Edwards' form.

"This medal in keeping with the special aim of the society will be used as one of the means for promoting high mental culture in the Principality, and for the steady encouraging there of a due acquisition of the best light of literature, science, and art. It will also be conferred in rare instances on natives of the Principality, and others who have added true lustre to the Welsh name."

In reply to the above I find a letter from Dr. Owen,—

"41, GLOUCESTER GARDENS,
Eeb. 5th, 1880.

MY DEAR MR. EDWARDS,

I attached your MS. to the proofs of the prospectus that I laid before the council yesterday; as it was too late to have the latter reset; but the council insisted on retaining what was on the proof, on the ground that it was necessary to include all the four points desired at the last meeting; namely, the stimulation of native talent; the intention of offering the medal as a prize; the restriction to Welshmen by birth and residence; and, the discrimination to be used in its award. They were not easily included in a single paragraph, and personally I should have preferred your views and wording to my own not very flowing sentences; but it was ruled otherwise for the above reason. It would be well, I think, if the objects of the medal, in a little fuller and more elevated language than that of the prospectus, could be expressed in 'Y Cymmrodor,' and when you complete the description of its meaning, I hope you will fully bring out our aims in that respect . . . .

Believe me,
Yours very sincerely,
ISAMBARD OWEN."

The next letter which refers to the medal is somewhat amusing, and I think well worthy of insertion in order to realize more effectively the period of its production, and as an indication of the thirst for news which fills the minds of reporters, so as to be up to date,—

"41, GLOUCESTER GARDENS,
HYDE PARK, W.,
Nov. 18th, 1880.

DEAR MR. EDWARDS,

Thanks to the negligence of the reporter for the ——— who, indeed reported most of our proceedings topsy-turvy, I was quite in the dark till our last meeting that you had completed your 'Description of the Cymmrodorion Medal,' and read it at the section. Otherwise, I owe it to my character as an editor to say you would have heard from me long since. Will you kindly let me have the MS. some time within the next fortnight, for insertion in 'Y Cymmrodor?'

I think we may congratulate ourselves on our meeting of the 10th. Mr. Jones writes to me that the subscription list, for the medal fund,* rose considerably during the evening. I do not despair to see the design committed to the engraver before Christmas . . . . . .

With kind regards,
Believe me very sincerely yours,
ISAMBARD OWEN."

"THE CYMMRODORION MEDAL DESIGNS SLIGHTLY EXPLAINED.

"The two designs, respectively for the obverse and reverse sides of the new medal of the Honourable Society of Cymmrodorion, have been composed and modelled only on a small scale. But notwithstanding this disadvantage, arising from a combination of causes, it is hoped they may sufficiently indicate the high purpose aimed at in them, by endeavouring to shadow forth in each some of the more distinctive characteristics of the Society itself, such as patriotism with the love of all things most divinely beautiful, good, great, and wise; as well as to give a fair idea of the main objects which the Council trusts to carry out always in the right spirit, and to the utmost limit of its power, for the true benefit of Wales.

"As the chief, perhaps, of these main objects of the Society, is to promote in Wales a deep and pure love of literature, science, and art of the finest kind, and for the highest good attainable on earth, these great sources of true enlightenment, well-being, and happiness, ever worthy of such love, have therefore been selected as the most desirable subjects that could well admit, by personification, of being artistically treated together, as a group of the highest meaning, such as would form a suitable design for the obverse side of this medal.

"Accordingly, these three great subjects, —literature, science, and art,—being in themselves such eminently high and powerful channels, by which the Spirit of the Eternal reveals itself in the human mind for infinite human joy and glory, they have, from this view of them, been personified as three mighty daughters of the Most High; and as being, also, in

* This refers not to any payment to Mr. Edwards of any sum for his part of the work, but for the preparation of the die for striking the medal. This work was entrusted I believe to Mr. Wyon, the eminent engraver of medals.

imagination, and under *their* and *our* Heavenly Father, the three great ideal queens paramount, respectively of all literature, science, and art of the highest kind attainable by human capacity, by the most valiant human energy.

"As such ideally heaven-born queens of mighty power and of all-stainless purity, they are here represented as being seated together enthroned on the adamantine Rock of Eternity, and under the everlasting arch of heaven's azure. So enthroned, they are here seen as being in deepest sisterly love, drawn close to each other in the forefront of a holy light divine. They are furthermore shown as being each alike, star-crowned and flame-crowned, to denote that they have the divinest star of the mind to illumine them, and the holiest flame of the soul to enkindle in them, and, in the kings and queens of mind on earth under them, the holiest rapture to do good, and to be great, wise, and holy, so as to set our world on fire with a glowing desire to move onward to a much higher and diviner state than it has ever yet attained.

"Wisely and well has our poet laureate sung, that we are now only 'in the morning of the times,' and, as a transatlantic poet sings,—'grey with morning light,' so, most reasonably and joyously may we, therefore, hope that when our world arrives at its full noon of all mental glory, at once intellectual, moral, and spiritual,—war, and all horrible things, will have almost, if not entirely, passed away from it, and profoundest wisdom, love, and truth, with everything good, great, and holy, will, by that time, have made this world, notwithstanding some still remaining shadows, a truly bright and happy paradise, leading sublimely and divinely to an eternal and ineffable beatitude in heaven.

"In due keeping with this happy view and hope divine, the first one of these three ideal daughters of the Most High,—the great queen paramount of all sublimest literature, is denoted by a slight symbol of the threefold scroll of God, which indicates the three universes of God, as revealed in the human mind, and which are named by us the real, the ideal, and the divine; or which might be named the all-boundless and real universe without us, the all-reflected universe within us, and the all-holy and eternal universe of our ever adorable and Triune Father in heaven. In the illimitable glories of these universes, 'ample room and verge enough' will be found for the profoundest science, poetry, and religion, together with the highest reason, imagination, and faith, to unfold their respective splendours in pure love and perfect harmony; and from the combined and heavenly lustre of all these mighty glories, a new and divine philosophy may arise, such as the world has never yet seen, and such as will abundantly satisfy all the just requirements of the human mind and of human hearts. As the first of these three daughters is denoted by the symbol of the scroll of God, so, her no less mighty sister, the great queen paramount of all-embracing science is denoted by the slight symbol of her great

> "'Telescope of truth,
> Which strips the distance of its phantasies,
> And brings life near in utter nakedness.'
>
> BYRON.

"But, let us remember, life and distance are never thus brought near by the present all divinely pure, though ever most closely investigating, daughter of the Most High, except when urgently needed, and then only for the high and sacred purpose of reclothing them as soon as possible with raiments pure and lovely as the lily and the rose in their utmost perfection. For the supreme object of this great telescope is, with the mightiest power, to sweep through each of the three universes of God, and thence to bring eternal laws to light, whereby the Omnipotent, in His all-ruling majesty, will be best revealed to the human soul for highest adoration of a heart-sanctifying kind, and whereby the future progress of the world towards its brightest noon of divinest excellences will be hastened ever steadily and triumphantly. The moment selected for representation is the one when this mighty daughter is gently pressing, with the two fingers of her right hand, the symbol, her great telescope of truth, held in her left hand; and when at the same moment she is supposed to be most powerfully explaining to her enraptured sisters the stupendous marvels of God, which are yet to be revealed for the highest

good by the far penetrating and soul-expanding power of her mighty instrument.

"When this warm glow of heavenly rapture has toned down, her other equally mighty sister,—the great queen paramount of the sublimest and divinest arts, including painting, sculpture, and architecture, as well as music,—will then no less powerfully and enchantingly explain the duties of her own special empire, and strike forth some most celestial strains upon her own great harp of heaven, the merest symbol of which is held by her right hand, when, in an instant, through the electric enchantment of those strains among the hosts of heaven, millions of holy angels, in joy incomparable, will assemble, and there and then, in harmony most thrilling, they will join together to resound their heavenliest allelujahs, for our world's bright and happy progress in all literature, science, and art, such as Wales already devoutly longs for, and which the Honourable Society of Cymmrodorion hopes to promote in Wales, with even a still more deep and pure love, to the utmost of its resources, inadequate as they undoubtedly are.

"Such is the most imperfectly expressed intention in this slight design, which from its close connection with Wales, may without presumption be named 'The Cambrian Three Heavenly Daughters of the living God.'

"The legend for this design is 'The Honourable Society of Cymmrodorion for promoting the love of literature, science, and art in Wales.'

"The subjects of the obverse and reverse sides of the medal may be entitled,—

1st. 'The Cambrian three ideal Daughters, daughters of the Most High.'

2nd. 'The Cambrian sacred Symbol of the mind's divinest glory.'

3rd. 'The Cambrian floral wreath of brightest Hope and Joy.'

"The first of these alone is on the obverse side, the second and third on the reverse side."

TO A CHILD.

PLAY on, play on, find pleasure
In life and light and youth,
While still thou hast the leisure
And hast not found the truth.

Years come when thou wouldst, turning
From evil and its power,
Give half thy wealth and learning
To live again this hour.

Enjoy to-day, to-morrow
May bring undreamed of woe,
The world is full of sorrow,
How full thou canst not know.

J. W.

FERVENT PRAYER.

From Ceiriog's *Jonah*, translated by *Mynorydd*.

O FERVENT prayer! How blest the heart
That pours forth its entreaty;
For to the soul's repentant voice
Our God is full of pity.
In lowly dust thy home doth lie,
And sackcloth dark thou wearest,
Ah! blest, thy weak and trembling voice,
For thou for heaven preparest.

O fervent prayer! Thou art a path
Angelic hosts are treading,
To reach the depths of misery
Their wings are ever spreading.
To moisten lips of fainting heart,
With wine the soul reviving,
O man! with thy offended God
In prayer be ever striving.

O fervent prayer! No night e'er falls
On guilt's dark valley shrouded
That hope doth not with its pure light
Soon make the sky unclouded.
The night is past, for in God's face
The wretched man sees glory,
Ah! many hearts have sung the praise
Of prayer's sweet, saving story.

IN THE LAND OF THE HARP AND FEATHERS.

A SERIES OF WELSH VILLAGE IDYLLS.

By Alfred Thomas.

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IV.—A RUMOUR THAT GRIFFY JOHN'S OLD SHOP IS IN THE HANDS OF CAERLLYN "SPEKKYLATERS."

POOR Gomer was nearly beside himself with grief at Gwenny's death. That he was not present to comfort her at the last was a sore trouble to him, and he constantly blamed himself for going to the metropolis without her. In this he did himself an injustice, for Gwenny absolutely refused to visit London, although we had begged of her to accompany us.

Let there be no mistake. Gomer's murmuring was all directed against himself. The senior elder of Wengroes knew in Whom he believed, and his confidence in God had no limit. There was no resemblance between him and certain superior people, who sometimes give us room to imagine that, given a fair chance, they could occasionally give points to the Almighty. O no! Gomer Shinkin was not ashamed of his Lord, and in this dark hour the hero of Wengroes level bowed his head reverently in prayer, and gave thanks for the infinitely greater Hero of Calvary.

Even to this day a Welsh Nonconformist funeral is, perhaps, the most solemn, and, at the same time, one of the most beautiful sights to be seen on this earth. Whilst avoiding elaborate ecclesiastical ritual, a rural Welsh funeral is entirely free from noisy and ill-timed religious buffoonery. The Welsh, as a nation, prefer to show their religion in their lives rather than in vulgar sensationalism.

Gwenny Shinkin's funeral was no exception to the rule. Wengroes choir headed the quaintly sad procession that formed at our cottage gate. Then came Gomer's fellow-members at the Angel Club, two by two, in full regalia; and they were constantly drafted, in rotation, to carry the bier, which came next. Mourners and sincere sympathisers followed in the rear, as the little funeral slowly wended its way to Capel Wengroes.

Gwenny's coffin was taken into the big seat at the chapel, and Gomer and I sat beside it as chief mourners. Alas! I had to assist the poor fellow up the well-remembered step leading into the "sate vawr," he was so broken down. The chapel was crowded, and half the congregation were in tears. They loved their neighbours at Wengroes, and tender hearts felt for the lone man at my side. It was unnecessary for Mr. Jeffers to dwell on the merits of "our dear sister." His appearance showed how keenly the good man loved his flock, for there be few more affecting sights than a funeral service conducted by a weeping minister.

We buried Gwenny under the schoolhouse window, by the side of her little son, in deep sorrow, but in certain hope of a glorious resurrection. Thank God, Wengroes knew nought about the hair-splitting theories of new-fangled theology. Nevertheless, it was a sad little party that returned to Gomer's cottage that afternoon. The minister and Gomer went first, and Griffy John and I followed. Marget Morgan had kindly prepared tea for us, but it was a gloomy, silent meal. The rich man's wealth was powerless to assuage his grief, and it was some time before he again crossed the threshold. True, his solicitor came to see him on several occasions, but poor Gomer took little or no interest in him or his voluminous papers. Pounds, shillings, and pence, proved a poor salve for a broken heart. They say that love is

stronger than death; nay, it is sometimes stronger than wealth also.

I offered to seek other lodgings, but the elder would not hear of it. I also delicately suggested that a larger house would be more in keeping with his altered circumstances; but Gomer's passionate rebuff put that out of the question.

"No, no! Ivor bach," said he. "Never, never will I lave the old house. Man! it wass here Gwenny an' me came on the day we were marrit, it wass here the boy wass born, an' here he an' his *mam anwyl* died. Lave the old . . . old house? But sure you ben't . . . in errnest. I'd buy . . . aye, I'd buy the whole . . . of Wengroes furst!!"

"As to your goin' away," he continued, "I trust you won't think of it. It can't . . . it can't be long before the end now . . . It's a lot for an old man to ask, I know, but if you'd only promis' to stand by me till the . . . till the end——" His emotion overpowered him at this point; and the erstwhile strongest man in Wengroes sobbed like a little child. By-and-bye, between the sobs came the words,—"Ivor, do you promis' . . . Ivor, do you promis' . . ."

I promised.

One evening, about three weeks after the funeral, I went out for a short walk, directing my steps towards a portion of the village that did not come within my route to school.

It is a curious, though indisputable fact, that during one's residence in a neighbourhood it appears to alter but little. Should one happen to be away for a short time, however, changes seem to crop up in an astonishing fashion. It was so in this instance. As I turned a particular bend in the road, my eye should have lighted upon Griffy John's old shop,—deserted, of course,—but still a landmark against the western horizon. Nothing of the kind was visible. A medley of builders' scaffolding, rising loftily into the evening sky, now stood on the old familiar spot. Getting nearer, I found that the scaffolding completely hemmed in the site of the old building, which had been pulled down; for, rising phœnix-like out of its ruins, was a noble erection, of fine frontage and stately proportions. Luckily Lewis Hopkin happened to be close at hand at the time, and I turned to him for information.

"Oh yes," said Lewis. "Haven't you heard the news?"

"No. What news?"

"Well," continued Lewis, "they *do* say down there," said he, pointing his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the village, "that some Caerllyn spekkylaters bought Griffy's shop an' land chape, an' they're goin' to build a new one, *with big glass windows* like they have in town."

Poor Lewis was particular about the windows, for he repeated the latter part of his sentence, so as to give me the full flavour of it, I presume.

"*With big glass windows* like they have in town," he repeated, weightily.

They've got between twenty an' thirty men from Caerllyn workin' on it," the Waver went on, "so as to get ready to open as soon as possible. An' O! I nearly forgot, they're going to have a big manager from Brista', as they think to do all the trade 'round Wengroes; so I've bin told."

"Indeed, Lewis," said I. Have you heard who these 'spekkylaters' are?"

"Well they *do* say," answered Lewis, "that that young man what marrit Marget Morgan's gerl is at the head of it,—what you call him, Maggyfarlane, 'en't it?"

"You mean Mr. Macfarlane?"

"Yes, that's it," said Lewis. "I wass never a good hand at oncommon names. Well, he was round here last night; I see him myself. He was lookin' at the spaces for the windows. They're goin' to have *big glass*——"

"Yes. Thank you very much, Lewis," I said, somewhat rudely interrupting him, I am afraid. The worthy weaver had got the great windows into his head, and apparently nothing satisfied him short of speaking of them entirely. It was a matter of intense delight to him that Wengroes would soon be able to boast of as smart a shop as any in the neighbouring town. A strange feeling came over me, and somewhat sick at heart, I bade the honest weaver good night, and turned homewards, full of regret that poor Griffy's old place should be demolished to make room for any *other* concern,—no matter how magnificent.

I had not proceeded far on my way before I met Marget Morgan. Ceremony was out of the question with her; so I asked at once whether Mr. Macfarlane had anything to do with the grand place further on.

"No," replied Marget. "He sed it would be a nice shop, but he thought the people was sinkin' too much—too much cap-it, cap-it—botherashun!"

"Capital, perhaps?" I mildly suggested.

"Yes, that's it," said Marget, beaming; glad to get out of a tight place in the language of the Saxon. "Liza's husband's got some funny words," she continued; "but that's what he sed, that the people were sinkin' too much coppital. But what *I* sed was, 'what about the sinkin' of pore Griffy John? It'll brake *his* heart sure anuff, pore fellow!' 'Oh,' sed Liza's husband, 'they en't got no hearts in bizness, it's only heads.' 'Oh! indeed,' I sed; 'so much the wurse for their heads then, the stupits.' An' would you beleeve it, Mr. Meredith, my son-in-law laffed at me, and called me a fellosepher, iss, indeed he did. There's thenks for rarin' a wife for him, en't it?"

When I got home I mentioned the news to Gomer, who smiled gravely when I spoke of Lewis and the windows. Gomer soon wearied however, and we changed the subject.

Weeks passed away, and the village wonder was fast approaching completion. Griffy John often came to see us, but the one theme most talked of in the little community of Wengroes had no place in our conversation. Gomer appeared most anxious to avoid the subject—evidently out of regard for Griffy's feelings. As for Griffy, he bore his burden like a stoic, though there was abundant indication that it pained him to see his old home disappear for ever. But Calvinists of that type are accustomed to suffer in silence.

On Wednesday morning, the children brought word to school that the stock for the great warehouse was beginning to arrive; and that there were placards in the windows stating that business would be commenced on the following Saturday.

Gomer was now not quite so feeble as he had been, so after tea that afternoon, I suggested that we might take a walk to inspect the "Spekkylaters' Folly;" for that was the name it was now known by, in the village. Gomer consented willingly, and leaning on my arm, he paced the well-known road.

In due time we reached the spot, and a really splendid building stood before us. High Street, Caerllyn, could not boast its equal. Money had been spent lavishly upon it by the proprietors. There was no stinting, for the fittings, even down to the smallest detail, were apparently the best that money could buy. Splendid mahogany counters ran round the spacious shop, and innumerable oak shelves,—now in process of being filled for the first time,—were ranged on the walls behind. All this was plainly visible from the windows, for the building itself was locked. Immense bales of goods still lay on the floor, waiting to be unpacked, but the stock already in position on the shelves must have cost a small fortune. Turning to Gomer, who had been all eyes since our arrival, I observed that the merchants must be very wealthy, or they would neither be able to make such a grand display or own such noble premises.

"I s'pose so," he answered, slowly. "They couldn't do better tho', for Wengroes wants a nice shop. I'm gettin' tired now. Shall we begin our way home?"

As we departed I noticed that the painters had commenced the gold-lettering on the brave signboard which ornamented the front of the shop. As yet, however, the only letters completed were GR——, obviously the first letters of the word "grocer." I drew Gomer's attention to their exceptional size, grandeur, and probable meaning; but he seemed too weary to take further interest in the matter.

Just as I was about to enter the school-house door, on the following morning, I was astonished to see Griffy John running down the lane at full speed; waving something bulky he had in his hand, evidently to attract my attention.

I stood still, and Griffy came up panting, having ran faster than he had probably done at any time during the last thirty years. The second elder of Wengroes was almost speechless, and all he could say for some moments was,—

"The shop! the shop! Ivor bach, the shop!!"

"Well, dear Griffy," said I. "Take your breath. Is it the new shop up the road you mean? What's about it?" I almost feared the good man had lost his reason, he was that excited.

"They say—it's mine! They say—it's MINE!!" panted the breathless elder.

"Yours?" I queried. Sure it was my turn to be excited now.

"Yes," said Griffy. "I don't—understand it—at all, an' I've bin runnin'—runnin' all over the village—to try to find you. I can't make anything of it—with my old eyes—an' Cinwen went to see her aunt—at Caerllyn yesterday. Here's the papers in this envelope. Please tell me—what it means?"

I took the bulky package from Griffy's shaking hands; though mine were none too steady, for it crossed my mind that some idiot was having a lark, and that the whole thing was a cruel hoax. Hastily slipping the contents from the envelope, I soon discovered that the documents were in reality the title-deeds of the new property. With a thrill of joy I told Griffy that there was indeed no mistake, for, pinned to the last folio, was a note from the solicitors who had prepared the papers. Griffy might well be pardoned for having missed it, in his flurried condition, for it was very small, and very brief,—but very precious. The solicitors merely stated that they had been instructed by their client,—who desired to remain anonymous,—"to hand over the whole of the property mentioned in the accompanying deeds, together with the stock now being placed therein."

There was no mistaking language of that kind, and for a moment or two Griffy and I did nothing but stare at each other in blank amazement. But the truth soon dawned upon me: for the little note was signed by Faithfull, Sharpe & Co., Gomer Shinkin's London solicitors. Reader, can you blame me for telling Griffy the name of his noble benefactor?

Wengroes was stirred to the depths of its honest heart by the good news, which spread like wildfire. A great huzzaing crowd surrounded the grand premises when I reached the spot after morning school. The golden sign had been completed, and it did one's heart good to read the inscription thereon, for the words were,—

GRIFFITH JOHN.

I now fully understood Gomer's mysterious disappearances when in London. He was no doubt then engaged in making arrangements for the purchase of the property so freely bestowed on his friend.

Griffy came in to thank Gomer, soon after I reached home. The poor fellow's heart was, however, too full for words, and he burst into grateful tears.

"Tut, tut! Don't cry Griffy," said the rich good man. "I only feel glad that God has opened a way for you to receive a part of your reward, here below; an' I'm sure no man ever deserved it better; an' many's the time people 'ood have starved only for you. Look at ——"

"No, no," said Gomer, waving his hand commandingly, for there were indications that Griffy was beginning to find his tongue, on being praised. "It's no use you denyin' it, an' I won't listen to you. Look how you spent your last penny on that flour, sooner nor let the valley starve. Man! it wass a grand deed; an' exactly like the good Samaritan of old. Don't thenk me, Griffy bach; the shop is from the Lord an' a part of his special Providence, for His ways are not as our ways, nor His thoughts as our thoughts. Let us now give thenks to Him who is willing and able to keep us. But talkin' of God's Providence, one of the finest hymns I ever heard was sung in the Old Poultry Chapel, in London, when I was there one Sunday mornin'. Lissen,—

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

* * * *

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face.

* * * *

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter
And He will make it plain."

THE ENGLISH LAWS RELATING TO WALES.

27 HENRY VIII., CAP. 26 *(Continued.)*

The reader will remember that the western slopes of the mountains of Wales were conquered by Edward I. in 1282-1284; and that the conquered lands were divided by him into the shires of Anglesey, Carnarvon, Merioneth, Flint, Cardigan, and Carmarthen.

The eastern and southern slopes had been conquered before, by the Norman barons, and they remained lordships until 1536, when they were either formed into new shires or added to the old ones.

III. "AND forasmuch as there be many and divers lordships marchers within the said country or dominion of Wales, lying between the shires of England and the shires of the said country or dominion of Wales, and being no parcel of any other shires where the laws and due correction is used and had, by reason whereof hath ensued, and hath been practised, perpetrated, committed, and done, within and among the said lordships and countries to them adjoining, manifold and divers detestable murthers, brenning of houses, robberies, thefts, trespasses, routs, riots, unlawful assemblies, embraceries, maintenances, receiving of felons, oppressions, ruptures of the peace, and manifold other malefacts, contrary to all laws and justice; and the said offenders thereupon making their refuge from lordship to lordship, were, and continued without punishment or correction; for due reformation whereof, and forasmuch as divers and many of the said lordships marchers be now in the hands and possession of our sovereign lord the king, and the smallest number of them in the possession of other lords, it is therefore enacted by the authority aforesaid, that divers of the said lordship marchers shall be united, annexed, and joined to divers of the shires of England, and divers of the said lordships marchers shall be united, annexed, and joined to divers of the shires of the said country or dominion of Wales, in manner and form hereafter following; and that all the rest of the said lordships marchers within the said country or dominion of Wales shall be severed and divided into certain particular counties or shires, that is to say," the counties and shires of Monmouth, Brecknock, Radnor, Montgomery, Denbigh.

The end of the march lordships.

The following account of the formation of the new shires is a summary of the statute. The place names are not modernised,—

Monmouth.

The shire of Monmouth is to consist of the lordships, townships, parishes, commotes, and cantreds of Monmouth, Chepstow, Matherne, Llanmihangel, Magour, Goldecliffe, Newport, Wenllouge, Llanwerne, Caerlion, Usk, Treleck, Tintern, Skynfreth, Gronsmont, Witecastle, Reglan, Calicote, Biston, Abergevenny, Penrose, Grenefield, Maghen, and Hochuyslate. Monmouth is to be the shire town, and the shire court is to be held at Monmouth and Newport alternately, according to the laws of the realm of England for ever.

IV. Actions for lands and other things in the shire of Monmouth shall be sued by original writ from the English Court of Chancery, and heard before the king's justices in England; the justices of the King's Bench shall direct all process to the sheriff of Monmouth; all the inhabitants shall be obedient to the Lord Chancellor, the king's justices, and Privy Council, and to the laws of England just like the inhabitants of any English shire, "any act, statute, usage, custom, liberty, privilege, or any other thing to the contrary in any wise notwithstanding." The sheriffs and escheators shall make their accounts to the king's Exchequer Court in England.

Brecknockshire.

V. Brecknockshire shall be the lordships, townships, parishes, commotes, and cantreds of Brecknock, Creckhowel, Tretowre, Penkelly, English Talgarth, Welsh Talgarth, Dyans, the Haye, Glynebogh, Broynlles, Cantercely, Lando, Blaynllinby, Estrodew, Buelthe, and Lingros. Brecknock shall be the shire town, and the shire court shall be held in it.

Radnorshire.

VI. Radnorshire shall be the lordships, townships, parishes, commotes, and cantreds of Radnor, Elistherman, Elue-les, Boughred, Glasebury, Glawdistre, Mihelles Church, Meleneth, Blewagh, Knighton, Norton, Preston, Commorhuder, Rayder, Gwethronyon, and Stanage. New

Radnor shall be the shire town; and the assizes shall be held at New Radnor and Rothergowy alternately.

Montgomeryshire.

VII. Montgomeryshire shall be the lordships, townships, parishes, commotes, or cantreds of Mountgomery, Kedewenkerry, Cawrsland, Arustely, Keviliock, Doythur, Powesland, Clunesland, Balesley, Tempcester, and Alcester. The shire town shall be Mountgomery; the shire court is to be held at Mountgomery and Maghenleth alternately.

Denbighshire.

VIII. Denbighshire shall be the lordships, townships, parishes, commotes, and cantreds of Denbighland, Ruthin, Saint Tasse, Kinllethowen, Bromfilde, Yale, Chirke and Chirkeland, Molesdale, and Hopesdale. The shire town shall be Denbigh; and the shire court at Denbigh and Wrixham alternately.

Justice and taxation.

IX., X. "And forasmuch as the counties and shires of Brecknock, Radnor, Mountgomery, and Denbigh, be far removed from the city of London, where the laws of England be commonly used, ministered, exercised, and executed; and for that the inhabitants of the said shires of Brecknock, Radnor, Mountgomery, and Denbigh, be not of substance, power, and ability to travel out of their countries to seek the administration of justice," the king shall have a Chancery and Exchequer for Brecknockshire and Radnorshire at his castle of Brecknock, and a Chancery and Exchequer for Montgomeryshire and Denbighshire at his town and castle of Denbigh. In these four shires, justice shall be administered according to the laws and statutes of England, "and according to such other customs and laws now used in Wales aforesaid as the king and his most honourable Council shall allow," after the fashion of the three shires of North Wales.

Parts of the Welsh marches added to English counties.

XI.—XII. To SALOP were added the lordships of Oswester, Whetington, Masbroke, Knoking, as the hundred of Oswestry; the lordship of Downe was added to Chirbury hundred. To HEREFORD were added the lordships of Wygmore and Logharneys, formed into the hundred of Wigmore; the lordship of Ewyas Lacy was turned into a hundred; Ewyas Harold was added to the hundred of Webtree; the lordships of Clifford, Wynsorton, Yerdesley, Whitney, and Huntington, were formed into the hundred of Huntington. To GLOUCESTER were added Wallastone, Tidnam, and Bechley, — all the land between Gloucester and Chepstow bridge, —united to the hundred of Wesebury.

Parts added to Welsh counties.

XIII.—XIX. To GLAMORGAN, — Gowerkilvy, Bishops Town, Landaffe, Singhnithe supra, Singhnithe subtus, Maskin, Ogmore, Glynerotheney, Tallagarney, Ruthien, Tallavan, Lanblethyan, Lantwid, Tyeryal, Avan, Nethe, Landewey. To CARMARTHEN, — Lanemthevery, Abermarlese, Kedwely, Elkenning, Cornwolthou, Newcastle Emel, Abergoyly. To PEMBROKE,—Haverfordwest, Kilgarran, Lansteffan, Langhorne (or Tellauherne), Walwynscastle, Dewysland, Lannehadein, Lanfey, Herberth, Slebeche, Rosmarket, Castellan, Landofleure. To CARDIGAN,—Tregaron, Glenergine, Landway, Ureny. To MERIONETH,—Mouthway.

The Welsh language.

XX. "Also be it enacted by the authority aforesaid that all justices, commissioners, sheriffs, coroners, escheators, stewards, and their lieutenants, and all other officers and ministers of the law, shall proclaim and keep the sessions, courts, hundreds, leets, sheriffs' courts, and all other courts, in the English tongue; and all oaths of officers, juries, and inquests, and all other affidavits, verdicts, and wagers of law, to be given and done in the English tongue; and also that from henceforth, no person or persons that use the Welsh speech or language shall have or enjoy any manner office or fees within this realm of England, Wales, or other the king's dominion, upon pain of forfeiting the same office or fees, unless he or they use or exercise the English speech or language."

A SUMMARY of the remainder of this important statute will be given in one of the next numbers,—an account of the creation of Welsh parliamentary representation.

The Tudor policy was a purely Anglicising one, and the existence of the Welsh language was regarded by the Welsh Tudor sovereigns as a misfortune. The result was the decline of a great literature, Tudur Aled being the last great poet of the period in which the Welsh princes were literary and patrons of Welsh literature. In its stead a peasant literature rose.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Address,—O. M. EDWARDS, LINCOLN COLLEGE, OXFORD.

TO those whose task it will be to write the history of Wales during the last years of the nineteenth century, the all-important subject will be the establishment of the University of Wales. It is the final expression of a long-deferred hope and of a sacrifice which a people, poor but not uncultured, possessed as the highest aim and most valuable discipline of its national life.

The University has not come into being without the greatest sacrifice of time and money on the part of Welsh patriots in the past, time and money which many of them could ill afford. Some time ago a request, signed by the Prince of Wales, for the continuation of the Government grant, was presented to the present Chancellor of the Exchequer. The request was presented by a very representative and very powerful deputation. There was no one in that body who had not sacrificed much in order to make Welsh education such that the Welshman will not be inferior to others in the duties of British citizenship. If the newspaper reports do not grossly misrepresent the character of the meeting, the reception which these educationalists got was very ungracious. They were treated pretty much as if they came to request money for themselves from Sir Michael Hicks Beach. What the Government will do remains to be seen, but it is very difficult to believe that less will be given by the Treasury than was given when Sir William Harcourt was Chancellor of the Exchequer.

It is true that the expenses of the University of Wales should be as low as possible, provided efficiency is not sacrificed. Meetings of Court, of Senate, and of Guild, should be as short and as infrequent as possible, if those meetings entail any demand on the University chest. The University should aim, at least, at being self-supporting. We admit all that.

Recently a number of anonymous letters have appeared in the *Times*, by someone absolutely ignorant of University matters, insinuating that the expenditure of the University is due to luxurious travelling and dining by the University officials. It is the cruel sneer of ignorant prejudice.

The Court decided, according to the power conferred upon it by the University Charter, that the travelling and hotel expenses of the members of the Senate should be paid, but at so low a rate that the professors must be out of pocket every time they attend. Their duty, a very onerous one, was forced upon these professors, and they knew nothing about it when accepting their professorships. Many of them are wretchedly paid, and it was hardly to be expected that they would give their vacations, not only for nothing, but at a sacrifice that many of them actually could not afford.

The Court allows its members to claim third class railway fare and about one half of the ordinary hotel expenses. It is understood that only those who cannot pay their own expenses claim even this moderate amount; and, as a matter of fact, only a small minority does. It is only those who have had the honour and pleasure of serving the Welsh University that know what a tax the meetings of the Court, and especially of the committee meetings, is upon their leisure and pockets. But it is difficult for them to be patient while ignorant scribblers are allowed to use the columns of the *Times* to insinuate that they spend the money of the University in providing themselves with good dinners.

As far as I am aware, the Court is still in doubt what the Chancellor of the Exchequer will do. He has not promised to continue his predecessor's grant, has not promised to give the additional grant required by the growing needs of the University. There are rumours that hard conditions will be exacted, conditions that will considerably fetter the action of the constituent colleges.

For myself, I would be glad to see the Court applying to the country, and not to Goverment, for its revenue. Wales would not accompany its gifts, however great a sacrifice they entailed, with continual references to the poverty of the University, would not exact conditions which, without doing any good, might seriously impair the efficiency of the constituent colleges.

In time, I have no doubt, the Welsh University will be endowed by rich Welshmen. Our forefathers have done much for education; the Oxford Colleges of Jesus, Pembroke, Lincoln, and Brasenose in England, those of Yale and Bryn Mawr in the United States of America, show that Welsh munificence in matters of education is not something of yesterday. For my own part, until our University has been endowed by voluntary gifts, I would prefer to see the University depending upon yearly collections in the various Welsh localities to seeing it depend upon a Chancellor of the Exchequer who has no love for any save rich men's Universities and no sympathy with those who sacrifice for citizenship sake.

I learn with the greatest satisfaction that the Cardiff corporation means to publish the archives of Cardiff,—a place that was once important as a Norman centre of government and that is important now as one of the chief ports of the world. The *Western Mail* states this service will be done by Mr. J. Hobson Matthews, who is not unfamiliar to the readers of WALES.

The donations towards the buildings of the University College of South Wales and Monmouthshire have already reached £16,000, and it is confidently hoped that the remaining £4,000 will be promised by July.

In this month's number of the *Llenor*, the Welsh quarterly, Mr. W. Llewelyn Williams writes a timely and powerful article on the views that have been taken on the use that ought to be made in Wales of the Welsh language. Mr. Williams writes with very full knowledge of people that have expressed views, and of people who express views at the present day. The article is exceedingly interesting.

Professor J. Morris Jones is still attacking the Gorsedd at full tilt. In his third article, in the March number of *Cymru*, he traces the growth of the Gorsedd myth. There is a good deal of snarling, and much regretting, but nothing like an answer to Professor Morris Jones' arguments has appeared yet.

I expressed a preference for the daffodil, as against the leek, as our national emblem. I would prefer the heather flower to either. The daffodil, as Mr. W. Cadwaladr Davies has pointed out long ago, is in flower about St. David's day and is called "Peter's leek" in Welsh, and it would be easy to substitute its lovely flower, braving the storms and "taking the March wind with its beauty," for the leek. But Mr. T. H. Thomas believes that the leek lends itself well to artistic treatment, and Mr. Thomas' own designs make this manifest to us all.

QUERIES.

XCV. Professor MacCallum says, in his lectures, delivered at the University College of Wales, and afterwards published,—"In Wales and Ireland, the runes gave rise, by further corruption, to a very peculiar alphabet called the ogham." Where can I get more information about this?

Oakfield College. M. R. HUGHES.

XCVI. Has anything reliable been written on the history of Welsh music? Has there been any attempt, for example, at fixing the date of any of the Welsh airs, from internal or from external evidence? MUS. BAC.

XCVII. Would anyone give us a list of Welshmen who are famous as writers in the history of English literature? Among them, let there be included the names of living writers. SAIS.

XCVIII. I am anxious to get ten pounds' worth of Welsh books for a country parish library. Among the books should be volumes on agriculture and on technical subjects. Would one of the readers of WALES mention books likely to suit, their prices, and where they can be got?

L. O. L.

XCIX. Would it not be well if someone who knows could furnish us with a list of Welsh learned societies, what they are doing, and what they have done? Have the records of any of the counties been published by any society? Many would be glad to know besides.

A MONTGOMERYSHIRE MAN.

C. I have begun a list of public statues in Wales, with their date, and the source of the money for raising them. I have come to the end of my information. Would any of your readers help me by compiling similar lists? PATRIOT.

CI. Where can I get the most reliable information about Owen Glendower?

REPLY.

Did not you have a query in Wales recently respecting a transliteration of an English hymn to the Virgin? The transliteration in question is well known, and is one of the standard authorities for English pronunciation of the early Tudor period. Transliterations, for the most part of single words, but equally important for a somewhat later period, are contained in Salesbury's two books, namely, (1) the well-known dictionary, published in 1547. The transliterations referred to occur in the "litle treatyse of the englyshe pronunciation of the letters," prefixed to the dictionary. This treatise, which was intended to teach Welshmen the pronunciation of English, was followed, three years later, by (2) a complementary treatise, the title page of which is too long for quotation here, intended to teach English people the "rules of the naturall powers of the letters in our [Welsh] toungue." Both tracts are reprinted, almost in extenso, in Ellis' "Early English Pronunciation," Vol. III., pp. 743-794. T. DARLINGTON.

THE DIARY OF A BARD. (EBEN FARDD.)

XII.—GROWING LITERARY ACTIVITY.

1845.

February 5th.—Catherine very ill today. Went to Pwllheli for the doctor at midnight; he came, said her complaint was brain fever or inflammation.

March 17th.—Griffith Hughes, Edern, called on his way to Liverpool to preach teetotalism.

19th.—Friend Mr. D. W. Pughe here. Wrote a letter to Dr. J. Pughe.

May 16th. — Sent off to Mr. Lewis Edwards, Bala, my review of Dewi Wyn's genius and writings.

19th.—John Williams, Llecheiddior, here coffeeing. Received Mr. Edwards Bala's approval.

24th.—Promised Mr. J. Pughe the hymn book in three months.

26th.—Opened a school at the new chapel, Clynnog.

June 6th.—Review of Williams, Pantycelyn, finished and folded up in a cover to be forwarded to E. Morgans next post.

26th.—Rev. Henry Rees preached eleven morning at Pentre, and William Roberts, Amlwch; paid 5s. each.

July 2nd.—Bont annual meeting commencing six o'clock p.m.; went there and heard Dolgelley minister, and John Pritchard, Llangollen, preached. Spoke to Roberts of Liverpool, bookseller, and received of him 5s. for twelve *Caniadau.* Spoke to John Evans, Bangor. Roberts said he was going to set up in Monmouthshire, and should probably want some more *Caniadau*; promised nothing definitely by way of exchange.

23rd.—Sir Love Parry called on his way to assizes.

September 16th.—The bishop's confirmation at Clynnog.

20th.—J. Jones, Blaenannerch, Llanllyfni 12, Clynnog 7.

December 26th.— Went to Carnarvon; had a lift on top of coach; stormy day. Called on P. Ellis, where I dined; at Pritchard; at T. R. Jones; at Hobley; at Griff. Owen, &c.; only ½ P. at Bulk.

27th.—Rev. Wm. Prydderch preached, paid 2s.; companion, paid 1s.

1846.

My eldest daughter to Carnarvon apprenticed dressmaker.

1847.

January 9th.—In Carnarvon first time this year, quite a teetotaller this day. Spoke to Mrs. Roberts, Dinas.

February 6th. — In Carnarvon. Sat beside Ambrose on top of coach returning.

12th.—Supped with Master Jones Parry, Madryn, at Plas, and lent him York's "Royal Tribes," Wynne's "History of Wales," and Wm. Jones' "Welsh Etymology;" he is an admirably clever and intelligent young gentleman.

18th.—Master J. Parry passed through in coach and four, lustily calling out "Eben" as he passed my door.

19th. — To Dinas returning accounts. One P. of A. on return on account of exhaustion.

March 9th.—Mr. R. J. Jones, Tremadoc, here.

21st.—Sunday. Sir Love Parry called.

April 5th,—To Llangybi and Chwilog. John Thomas agreeable in religious views, moderate and unsectarian. Robert Hughes, Llangybi, here, presented me with Pollock's *Course of Time.*

18th.—"Come and welcome to Jesus Christ," translated to Welsh, and sent to Mr. John Pughe, Aberdovey.

July 13.—Society, William Roberts and Captain Owen attending to assist in choosing deacons. Richard Jones was chosen by a large majority.

August 14th. — At Carnarvon. Queen expected. Address to her published in *Herald* of this day. Went and returned in Mr. Hughes' phaeton. Spoke to Mr. Nanney, Mr. Roberts, Dinas, &c.

19th.—Sent Elias's *Marwnad* to J. Roberts, Liverpool.

September 16th.—Ship wrecked on the bar, all the crew lost but one. Got a present from Mr. Pritchard of his *History of Carnarvon*, containing some English poetry by me.

20th.—Surveying Clogwyn, very great rain and wind all day; had only about four hours' time; went and returned in Plas car.

22nd. — Drew a map of above, and delivered same to Messrs. Joseph Jones and Co.; received 10s. for my services.

23rd.—At Sportsman with H. Ellis, asking Bess to marry.

25th.—Attended Betsey's wedding at Sportsman, was bridegroom's man.

October 4th.—Monthly meeting at Capel Ucha; went there in the evening; a great many leaders and preachers; spoke to Mr. Edwards, Bala, Mr. Jones, Carnarvon, and Williams.

5th.—At Capel Ucha. Messrs. Edwards, Bala, and Rees, Liverpool, preached; the latter most brilliantly.

10th.—Some stranger got cross for my not selling tobacco to him on Sunday; seemed drunk,

14th.—Dr. Pughe called in the evening; sent and resent up to ten o'clock.

December 12th.—Sunday. Dr. Pughe at prayer meeting.

18th.—Poorly all week till to-day. I feel much better.

April 25th.—Mr. D. Williams offered me the management of his office at Pwllheli.

1848.

January 1st.—Blessed be the God who granted me and mine the beginning of this new year in comparative comfort and happiness. I dedicate myself, O Christ, wholly unto thy service; accept and qualify me for thy mercy's sake,—Amen.

16th.—Elected superintendent of Sunday school.

29th.—Called on Rev. J. Davies, curate; visited the national school with him; inspected Roman coins, &c., dined with him.

March 31st.—Lent Rev. E. L. Davies Silvan Evans' *Blodau Ieuanc* and my MS. *St. Beuno's Ghost.*

April 1st.—Lent Rev. E. L. Davies *Y Flwyddyn Eglwysig* of Morris Williams.

29th.—Received £2 from Mr. Gee on account of *Traethodydd.*

May 12.—Received of Hugh Humphreys, Carnarvon, by orders of Rev. E. Morgan, Syston, one copy of *Elias' Letters*, a present by the editor,

June 16th.—Rev. E. L. Davies leaves Clynnog; paid me £3. I engaged to correct his Welsh weekly per post, he promising to pay me what should I deem fit.

24th.—Sportsman. S. L. much vitiates religion; P. knocks the forehead like a bludgeon; A. deranges the abdominal region. *Aqua fortis.*

June 23rd.—Received in bed * * * * "ac efe a'i dug i ben."

24th.—Received in waking * * * * "a gyflawna a mi."

July 15th.—Rob. Isaac Jones here; promised St. Beuno's Ghost, &c., to him.

19th.—Rev. Mr. Hughes gone to the bishop to give up Clynnog vicarage.

21st.—Rev. Mr. Hughes left Clynnog for ever.

26th.—Society, very badly conducted; Jaco conceited; Eliza Richards' case handled with little fairness, and already many members uneasy, symptoms of great antipathy.

27th.—Intelligence by letter that Rev. R. Williams, late of Bottwnog, is the new vicar of Clynnog. May the Lord make him useful to his own cause amongst men.

28th.—News of civil war broken out in Ireland; apathy of the military; confederate clubs in English towns prepared to rise simultaneously.

August 2nd.—Rev. Mr. Williams, accompanied by Mrs. Williams and Rev. Mr. Thomas, inspected the vicarage and church.

Sept. 23rd.—In the Carnarvon *Herald* of this date "Hints on the Bwlchmawr pass and other Clynnog antiquities" appeared, which the editor complimented,—"so interesting as to merit publication."

25th.—Rev. J. Jones, Llanedi, preaching;

promised him lines for his daughter's tomb in two months.

December 13th. — Ellen's seventeenth birthday. To God be praise and glory for his wondrous mercies for these seventeen years; may she be adopted by Him and be His for ever.

25th.—Returned proof of Chambers to Pwllheli as far as to the eclipses in astronomy.

30th.—Sent the concluding portion of the MS. of Chambers to printer.

31st.—Here is another year of precious time gone for ever; a year the most startling and anxious in its mighty and crowded events that ever dawned on Europe perhaps; but Britain has been shielded from harm by the almighty hand of God; praised be his name. As for self and family it has been to us a year of marked divine favour and mercy throughout; and, almighty and gracious Father, accept my thanksgiving through Jesus Christ and vouchsafe to me and my family the commencing and ending of the forthcoming year in thy favour, under thy protection and in thy service, for Jesus' sake; Amen.

1849.

Dechreu mlwyddyn fel dyn Duw
Na foed ynnof wŷd annuw.

January 1st.—To Cefnmeusydd and Tremadoc. Cyfarfod Misol Chwarterol; sleep at Rev. J. J.

2nd. — Tremadoc and Cefnmeusydd. Ioan Madawg, Richd. Roberts, Thos. Jones, &c., visited Cefnmeusydd.

3rd.—Returned from Cefnmeusydd.

February 5.—Lent Robt. Jones, Baptist minister, my MS. Hymn book for selecting extracts.

9th—"Since now with single life you part,
Learn well the true connubial art.
Whereof the secret I declare
Lies in two words, *Forgive! Forbear!*"

The above together with the account of Miss Roberts of Coedhowell's wedding with Mr. John Thomas, slate merchant, Bangor, appeared in the *N. W. Chronicle*, February 20th, and *C.* and *D. Herald*, February 24th; forwarded to each paper by me at the instance of the parties.

22nd.—Received the competitory compositions of the Llanharran Eisteddfod to be adjudicated.

24th.—Forwarded back the above parcel pre-paid 2s. 2d. to the Rev. T. M. Davies, Llanharran, Glamorganshire, with critique.

25th. — Received a letter from the secretary, Mr. Aaron Morgan. Stamps, 2s. 3d., and two englyn more.

26th.—Wrote back to the Rev. T. M. Davies two sheets full of letter paper the adjudicatory notes I had made in reading over the compositions, and upon which I had founded my award as above. Feel very low and much fatigued in mind from various arduous and distracting engagements, but I feel a refreshing rest in my God when I retire with pleasure.

March 12th.—At Zion signing peace petition.

May 15th.—Forwarded an article accompanied with a note to the Rev. L. Edwards, Bala, "Tafodiaith y Cymry."

June 19th. — Attended a preaching meeting at Bontlyfni. O how I wish religious parties of orthodox opinions were all manifesting more of Christian love and unity.

21st.—In reference to the eisteddfod parcel sent by Ellin Edward to Jos. Jones, Esq., Carnarvon, on the 15th, I may as well record here that I wrote to said Jos. Jones on Monday 18th, applying for his acknowledgment of receipt of said parcel,—having waited up to that time without any,—enclosing a stamp. No acknowledgment still arriving, wrote on the 20th inst. for same, and to-day, 21, I am not more likely to get it. Learnt by an express messenger sent to Carnarvon to enquire on the 22nd that the parcel was safe to hand, only Mr. Jones was from home, and so not in a condition to acknowledge it.

23rd.—Received two fresh parcels of eisteddfod communications from Mr. Owen per post, which had been pre-paid, the one 1s. 4d., the other 1s. 6d.

27th.—A small saucy fellow, whose name on a card he exhibited was "Fitzgibbon," called here for a job as a bookbinder. I said I had none, that I had given it up owing to pressure of other work. "Aye, translating Chambers," replied he. Then I offered him a halfpenny, which he threw back very indignantly, abused me, and said he conceived himself insulted thereby. Left with a very disdainful look.

THE REV. THOMAS WILLIAMS OF BETHESDA'S

"ADDRESS TO MARGARET WATKINS."*

MAGGIE, Maggie, why thy journey o'er the ocean's billowy surge?
Send me answer to Bethesda, from the earth's extremest verge;
Was it earthly boon that drew thee from thy home a home to find,
Or the hope of other friendship,—friends more faithful and more kind?

Why were olden friends deserted, why eternal farewells said,
Ere stern need had made the parting that of living from the dead?
Little dreamed I, once, to mourn thee buried from my sight, alive,—
Man in vain his pathway chooses, 'tis in vain with Heaven to strive.

Twenty years' revolving seasons, summer suns and wintry days,
Did my songs sound in thine ears, sweet as lover's tender lays;
After all my careful guarding, after all my toil and pains,
Labour lost! my nestling 'scaped me to the setting sun's domains.

Many a time, when harsh ill-usage preyed upon thy shrinking form,
Have I been thy stay and shelter from the pelting of the storm?
Nought, methought, save death, should part us, —death that sunders human ties,—
Yet thou livest, and thou lovest other friends 'neath other skies.

Let all others learn my lesson,—hold aloof from human-kind,
Adam's sons and Eva's daughters like their parents are inclined;
This is bitterness and sorrow; there is yet the crowning smart,—
How unfaithful to my Maker is my cold and sinful heart.

If the world, the flesh, the devil, still out-stripped the vessel's sails,
Couldst thou deem the New World better than thy former home in Wales?
If the curse of human nature still is found beyond the main,
Can the grief and loss of parting be o'er-balanced by the gain?

Pain and passion firmly wedded are united for life's span,
At the very hour of travail, at the birth of every man,
Ne'er can mortal man asunder rend the union of these twain,
Sailing seas or crossing mountains to escape will be in vain.

Cold the comfort this for mortals,—changeless nature though it ranged
Through the wide world's varying climates, wayward hearts are still unchanged;
Where we settle, hill or valley, human lusts and earthly care
Still will follow, still will haunt us, while we breathe this living air.

Even so hast thou too found it, after winging far thy flight
Like the flashing wing of morning o'er the seas of western night;
For the coiling flying serpent was before thee on the strand,
And thy hope did but deceive thee thou hast reached the happy land.

Be thou poor, or be thou wealthy, passing life in grief or jest
'Tis for thee as 'tis for others,—late and lagging cometh rest.
Turn thine eyes for ever earth-ward, and thy thoughts keep fixed on high,
To the earth will sink thy body, but thy soul will upward fly.

When my voice, borne on the breezes, speeds beyond the ocean's flow,
Thou wilt know the tones thou knewest in Bethesda long ago;
Then will sighs burst from thy bosom, and thy tears stream forth amain,
And methinks I hear thee saying,—"O to be there once again!"

Stay thou there and rest in patience,—here my dwelling still must be,
Till I fare o'er mightier waters than the earth's encircling sea,
Strong in faith that I shall meet thee, on no earthly region's shore,
Nor with weeping as we parted, but with joy for evermore.

London, February, 9th, 1896.

J. P. OWEN.

* In the January number of *Cymru*, the Rev. Walter Daniel of Barry Dock has a very interesting article on *Enwogion Bro Morgannwg*. In the course of that paper, the writer speaks of Thomas Williams of Bethesda, and quotes the *first* (not the *last*, as in the paper) three stanzas of the famous "Address to Margaret Watkins." As Mr. Daniel makes no reference to an article *(Emynwyr Cymru)* in the *Adolygydd* for December, 1852, in which, among many other quotations from *Dyfroedd Bethesda*, that ballad is given in full, I may, perhaps, be allowed to repeat what is to be found in the *Adolygydd* in reference to Margaret Watkins. "But of all that we have seen of his works of an amatory cast, the song that our poet sent to M. W., one of his church-members who emigrated to New York in 1818, is the most effective piece. It is said (but we know not whether the story is true or not) that the reading of this song so affected the feelings of 'Pegi' that it threw her into an illness which ended in her death." It is obvious that there was a strong temptation to fashion a tale of that kind. I like the way in which the *Adolygydd* deals with it. Is it possible to get at the real facts concerning the heroine of this pathetic and manly old ballad?—J. P. O.

GABRIEL YORETH.

A STORY ILLUSTRATIVE OF WELSH THOUGHT FIFTY YEARS AGO.

By the Rev. E. Cynffig Davies, M.A., Menai Bridge.

CHAPTER XVII.—*(Continued.)*

IN ANGLESEY.

ON the following Monday, the minister of a chapel called Paradise, spent a few hours at Sunnymeade, whose kindly disposition and gentle bearing took immediate possession of Gaybrey's esteem and good will. His name was James Powell.

"The life of a farmer in your country," said Gaybrey, "appears to me to be rather a monotonous one, Mr. Powell?"

"It is more so for the women than for the men. The latter attend fairs and markets nearly every week throughout the year, and acquire much sagacity in business matters, whilst women stay more at home."

"They have a deal of time hanging upon their hands, especially in winter. Do they use it to advantage?"

"Some of them," said Mr. Powell, "use their opportunities well. I know a few families who read through either the Old Testament or the New once a year, and it is no superficial reading, but is accompanied with meditation and prayer. In most of the farms there is public or family worship twice a day, morning and evening, in others once a day, mid-day."

"The condition of the farm labourer, if I may form a judgment from the little I have seen of him, is by no means to be envied, but, I have no doubt, you have formed an acquaintance with every phase of country life in this county?"

"The position of the farm labourer is often really painful,—a poor house, no education for his children, except the Sabbath school, inferior diet, indifferent clothing, and nothing to hope for in old age but pinched poverty. Yet, in spite of all these disadvantages, many a man, by energy and sheer force of talent, has risen from the labourer's poor cottage to a position of eminence, usefulness, and wealth."

"I met one of your ministers at Bethesda last week, a man of culture and refinement, and withal a preacher of preeminent excellence. His striking presence could not fail to arrest attention even in a large congregation. It was evident to all that he stands high in the esteem of Williams of Wern and of all who were at the Cymanfa."

"You refer to William Griffith of Holyhead, who I find preached before Williams at one of the meetings. Yes, he is a brother worthy of the utmost esteem of all who love peace, charity, and devotion to the work of the Gospel. He is a prince among men."

"You mention devotion to the work of the Gospel; I presume there is more devotion than renumeration connected with it in many an instance; is it not so, Mr. Powell?"

"I would not for much speak disparagingly of those whom I love in the churches of Anglesey; but liberality is not the forte of our churches. Some of us labour hard and receive barely what is sufficient to keep ourselves and families in food and clothing, leaving no margin for books, sickness, and old age."

"That is very distressing; yet I presume things are better than they were?"

"In one respect, however, there is an improvement; more ministers now have fixed salaries promised them, instead of what may be designated as charity or doles given on special seasons by way of presents. Though there is something touching in making gifts to the minister at special seasons of the year, yet sometimes the donors forget to send in season, and a difficulty arises in the family of the poor pastor. I know of an instance where the kindness of a wealthy member, towards one of our pastors, came as a relief in a time of trying need. Of a Saturday evening, in the home of one of our ministers, there was no prospect of having anything but an empty cupboard for the coming Sunday; and there had come to the bosom of the family, a few days previously, a little visitor, a fine baby-boy. The good man told his wife,—'The Master will not let his servant engage in the service of his kingdom to-morrow without food and strength, I feel sure.' About an hour before the time he used to retire to rest, there

came a knock at the door, which he opened to find standing on the threshold Mr. Hughes, Plas Bach, a gentleman farmer, one of his hearers, who said,—'I could not get quiet in my mind all this evening, and in preparing to go to rest for the night, something seemed to compel me to come and see you. Is everything all right with you? Take this guinea of me; it will cheer you in your work to-morrow.' The pastor burst into tears, and told Mr. Hughes that he was never more like an angel of peace and favour than that evening. Food was sent there as soon as it could be sent. The circumstance became known in the neighbourhood, and that minister has never since suffered want. It is my idea that our people have a heart to work and to give, could we only find the key which opens it."

Mr. Powell did not deem it necessary to say that the empty cupboard which was then filled was his own.

On the following two days an association of the Calvinistic Methodists was held at Shoefield. On Tuesday evening, at the close of the service, could be heard John Elias in the masterful tones of a born commander of men announcing the order of the services on the succeeding day,—

"Family prayer will be held," proclaimed Mr. Elias, "to-morrow, at eight o'clock. Let there not be a house in the town and the neighbourhood without prayer." Then looking up from the assembly, he prayed,—"Lord, pour forth thy spirit upon this people. Our God grant that the divine unction from thy Holy One should descend upon us all. Holy One of the Lord, cause the anointing to come. Good Spirit, may thy unction and mighty presence be felt throughout these meetings."

At eight o'clock the following morning, a large concourse of men and women had assembled in the street near the house where John Elias lodged, with the hope of hearing him lead the family devotions of that household. Many were simply amazed at the fact that so many hundreds had assembled without any preconcerted understanding to the same place, carried by the same motive,—the desire to hear Elias praying. The window was thrown open that the crowd might join him in the worship. His reading and prayer became the means of producing, in a mysterious way, feelings of religious ectasy in a preponderating part of the hearers, and all were more or less deeply excited and impressed. When he preached on the stage in the open air that morning, his words came as a message for the multitude from the unseen world. The six or seven thousand hearers who stood on the field literally moved with the waving of his hand. When John Elias had proceeded to about one half of his sermon, a striking incident occurred which appeared to the bulk of the assembly as an unmistakable miracle; a few of those present did not trouble themselves to analyse its elements; and others put it down as a remarkable coincidence. Rain began to fall, and a heavy shower came on which threatened to throw the important services of the day into confusion. He stood silent for two or three seconds, his arm uplifted and his forefinger pointing to heaven, as if under the spell of an inspiration; then he said, with a voice of intense earnestness,—"Let us pray to the owner of the work which is interrupted by the elements of the air,—the work for which we stand here, that He should bind the skirts *(godre)* of the clouds." What sublimity of expression and appropriateness his outburst of prayer revealed. By the time the prayer was concluded, the rain had ceased and a day of unusual clemency followed. The event was treasured in the memories of thousands as a transaction of supernatural import.

"Can you describe Elias' preaching, Gaybrey? Is it not magnificent?" said Roger Jones, in walking out of the field after the morning service.

"No, I cannot; it is simply indescribable, and yet, if I were obliged to do so, I would quote what was said of One who is greater than any Elias,—'He taught as one having authority.'"

Yet the memory of the morning prayer has left a deeper impression behind it, even than the powerful sermon of the forenoon, for it helped to render the homely family altars of the land nobler and diviner, as well as more easily erected in many a new home.

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J. A. JENKINS, B.A., Registrar.
University College, Cardiff, July 20th, 1895.

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EDITED BY

Owen M. Edwards, M.A.,

Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford.

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THE ANGEL OF LIGHT.

(From the Monument by Joseph Edwards.)

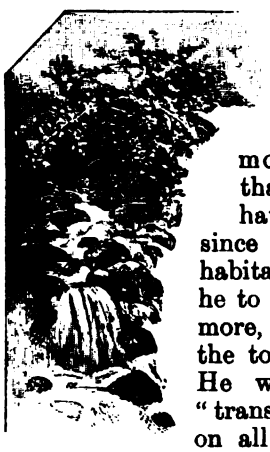
WALES.

VOL. III.] MAY, 1896. [No. 25.

THE OLD CHURCHES OF ABERYSTWYTH.

By DAVID SAMUEL, M.A.

III.



TO a man acquainted with Aberystwyth seventy years ago, nothing could be more extraordinary than the changes that have taken place here since then. An old inhabitant of that day, were he to visit the earth once more, would barely know the town of his childhood. He would be met with "transformation scenes" on all hands,—scarcely a street could he see which had not almost completely changed its aspect. No spot would perhaps excite his astonishment more than the neighbourhood of Laura Place. He would see Lady Caroline's house, as it was called by the country folk, and Castle House by the town folk, extended on both sides and become a part of that noble pile of College buildings of which Wales may justly be proud. He would see a strong sea-wall connecting King Street with the Castle grounds. The sea wall and the road way are comparatively a very modern thing. Where old St. Michael's stood, the church recently pulled down, there was a small green field sloping down towards the sea, and known as Judith's Little Field,—Cae bach Judith. Judith was the old house-keeper of Lady Caroline's house, and has now been dead sixty years and more. Below Judith's field, and not very far from the beach, there was a well of extraordinary transparency, a crystal spring of coolest water, a well which was always called by the name "Ffynnon Twlc yr Hwch,"—the well of the pig-sty. The fact of there being a spring near that spot may still even now be verified on peeping over the sea-wall, and observing the oozing of water through the interstices in the wall. The dampness of the adjoining land, too, is a matter of pretty general notoriety,—I shall refer to this again a little later on.

The old church-yard at that time did not cover the area it now does; in fact, as will be noticed from what I have just said, it was the size it now is, minus "Judith's field." This little field of Judith's was a spot widely known in the old times as a place where shows and circuses were held, and mountebanks performed their tricks and feats. There was the ring for the merry-go-rounds, and for the horse, whose rider could perform all sorts of strange achievements. There, too, it was customary to play football, though this was also played in the adjoining field, afterwards known as Laura Gardens, where the present St. Michael's stands. Judith's field has for sixty five years been devoted to other purposes, for, as I have said in a former paper, on it St. Michael No. 2 was built, and the adjoining ground was turned into a church-yard. That the ground is damp was proved by the quantity of dry rot that was visible on the walls and the pews of the old church. I adduce another fact, interesting as a bit of old history, and worth giving, as the subject of dreams may be not unacceptable to some of my readers. In 1844 or 1845, a child of about four or five years of age, fell through a trap door in one of the streets,—Market

Street,—a thoroughfare which had then been in existence twelve or thirteen years. From the effects of the fall, the child before long died. A grave was dug deep in St. Michael's church-yard, and a vault constructed, in which the little corpse, the darling of his father and grandfather, was laid. Some time after the burial, the grandfather dreamed a most extraordinary dream. In his dream he saw the child's little coffin afloat. He awoke. He was not superstitious, but he could not help thinking that the dream was very startling. He resolved, however, to tell no man of the vision. The next night came, and with it the dream a second time. The old man's mind began to be agitated; but still he did not want to give way to anything having the semblance of belief in visions and dreams. He consequently kept the whole secret to himself. The following night he laid himself down to sleep, and with sleep, marvellous to tell, came the dream the third time. The old man was absolutely certain of having seen the floating coffin. When he awoke, he determined not to keep the secret any longer from the child's father. The latter naturally got alarmed, and he resolved to put the matter to the test. He ordered the grave to be opened; and, on uncovering the vault, behold, it was full of water, and the coffin turned over. The subject is, perhaps, a gruesome one, but I could not forbear mentioning it.

In a history of this kind, something ought, perhaps, to be said about the old vicars and curates of these churches; but it would take me too long to tell the tale. Of Archdeacon Hughes a little has already been said. His immediate successor, Chancellor Phillips, recently raised to the Deanery of St. David's, was here for a quarter of a century. He is only removed from one sphere of labour to another; but he is much too near us, so to speak, to write even a brief memoir of him in this place. The Welsh church, St. Mary's, is a recent building, and does not come within the scope of the present paper. Its foundation stone was laid in 1866 by Miss Mary Morrice, of Carrog, a well-known local church benefactress. But had space permitted, there is one branch of the subject which should find a place in this paper, and that is, an account of the organists and choir-masters,—some of them really able musicians,—who have from time to time been masters of the organ at St. Michael's. That would form an interesting appendage to my rambling paper; for at a time when the choral music of Aberystwyth was the pride and glory of Wales, before Polytymnia left our shores to dwell in the rich vales of Glamorgan, or amidst the precipitous slopes of Eryri, not a little reputation, and even adornment, was added to our fame by the able and music-loving organists of St. Michael's.

MAJESTAS DEI.

From the Welsh of EDWARD JONES, Maes y Plwm, by R. BRYAN.

"*Mae'n llond y nefoedd, llond y byd.*"

HE fills the heavens, He fills the earth,
And Sheol too fills He,
He fills infinity itself
And long eternity;
He fills all space, the depth, the height,
He's all in all, He's one in might,
O boundless, endless God supreme,
Existing in thy right.

O grace beyond all measure great,
How meet for sinful man,
Our eyes have seen, our ears have heard
The deeds of Three in One;
As we have heard, so have we found—
O God to us thy grace profound
In wondrous bounty ever flows,
Tho' we in sin abound.

A self-existing God, ere He
Did heaven and earth create,
In long eternity ago,
A God almighty great.
No first of days e'er dawned for Thee,
No end of being aye to be,—
Eternal, wondrous God supreme,
O blessed Trinity.

HOW ENGLISH IS TAUGHT AT BASEL.

By E. D. Jones, M.A., Headmaster of the County School, Barmouth.

PROBABLY no country in Europe offers better opportunities for the study of the bi-lingual question than Switzerland. In some cantons German, in others French, and in others again Italian, is the native language. These different languages, however, have no very marked boundary lines, but gradually merge into one another. Moreover there is much inter-communication among the different cantons, and this makes it necessary for a large number of the inhabitants to be bi-lingual. And when we also take into account the great number of foreigners who visit Switzerland every year it is not surprising that modern languages are considered the most important department of the school curriculum, and that the best methods of teaching them are followed. As we, in Wales, are very similarly situated, it may be of interest to Welshmen, especially to Welsh teachers, to know how English is taught in Switzerland.

During a short stay at Basel, a town noted for the efficiency of its schools, I paid a visit to the Realschule, one of its best modern schools, and through the kindness of the Principal (Rektor Werder), I was able to see the English classes during school hours. But before I describe how the class I visited was taught, it may be well to describe how the subject is taught from its very commencement, as I was informed by Dr. Hay, the English master.

The first lessons, of course, deal with pronunciation, for the pupils are expected to speak English at a very early stage. Pronunciation is taught, not from a classified list of English sounds and their written equivalents, but by means of concrete examples,—names of objects in the schoolroom, &c. When a small number of words have thus been learnt, the class reads a simple story where only words that they have previously mastered occur. This method is continued, all new words occurring in a story being explained by the teacher and mastered by the children before the story is read. No systematic course of grammar is taken at this stage, but all new forms of words,—inflexions, &c.,—are explained and tabulated as they occur in the course of the reading. In this way the language is treated as a living tongue, and the interest of the children in it is awakened from the very first.

The class I visited had been studying English in this way for a year; and the progress had been most rapid. The average age of the class was thirteen years,—French is begun at a much earlier age. Though the class had been learning English for such a short time the teaching was almost entirely done in English,—Dr. Hay himself is an Englishman,—and the children answered readily and correctly in the same language. The first part of the lesson was occupied in reading English passages from the text-book and translating the most difficult expressions into German. Then some of the boys were called upon to give in their own words in English the substance of the passage read, and to answer questions naturally arising from the subject-matter. From a casual question asked in this way I was agreeably surprised to find that one boy had read some of Dickens' short stories. When a portion of the Reader had been studied in this way, new points of grammar occurring in the lesson were explained, and referred to the grammatical introduction of the Reader.

At the close of the lesson I examined some of the English copy-books of the children, and saw some very good specimens of English composition. The more advanced wrote short stories in English, the others detached sentences. This work compared very favourably too in neatness with similar work in schools in this country.

Original compositions is considered of much more importance in the school than translation from German to English. The latter, when taken, consists of imitatory exercises, *i.e.*, the teacher composes sentences in German containing the same expressions as the pupils have already met with in the course of their reading, and these sentences are to be translated by

them into English. This method is a safeguard against unidiomatic expressions in the English With the senior classes the teacher translates whole passages from the English author into German, and requires them to be re-translated into English, the children afterwards comparing their versions with the text.

As soon as they are sufficiently advanced the children read a work of an English author instead of selections from the Reader. Last year the upper classes were reading such works as Longfellow's "Evangeline," Milton's "Paradise Lost," and Shakespeare's "Tempest" in poetry, and Macaulay's "Essays" in prose. In connection with these works, too, a short account of the literature of the period is given to the class.

Judging from the admirable results that are attained by such methods as these, we cannot help coming to the conclusion that, if we wish to raise the teaching of English in the elementary schools of Wales to its highest efficiency, the present syllabus as given in the code, as well as the present methods of teaching that necessarily follow must be radically reformed, and brought into line with the teaching of modern languages on the continent.

IN THE LAND OF THE HARP AND FEATHERS.

A SERIES OF WELSH VILLAGE IDYLLS.

By Alfred Thomas.

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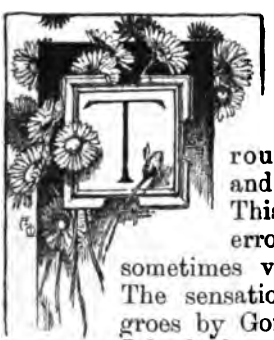
V.—A WANDERER'S RETURN.



TOWNSPEOPLE occasionally jump to the conclusion that village life is one continual round of uneventful and humdrum existence. This conclusion is often erroneous, and is indeed sometimes very far from true. The sensation caused in Wengroes by Gomer's gift to Griffy John had scarcely time to resolve itself, before another, and even more dramatic, series of incidents, in connection with Abel Oliver, the cobbler, became the absorbing topic in the village. Black as the position at first appeared, it was evident that Gomer Shinkin was fully satisfied with the final ending of the matter. Though very feeble, Gomer had taken intense interest in the case from the moment it began to look ominous; and, as we sat quietly discussing the subject at the fireside one evening, I could not fail to observe his joy at the happy turn events had taken. Before placing the reader in possession of the main facts which led up to so desirable a result, it may perhaps be well to understand what manner of man the cobbler was.

First, then, Abel Oliver was just the kind of person one would expect to see wearing the coveted Victoria Cross, had he been a soldier. He was the very picture of transparent honesty, and possessed enormous strength and the courage of a lion. Once he was fully assured that a certain line of action was correct, no power on earth could compel him to deviate as much as a hair's-breadth from the path he considered to be right and just. Abel was determined, as distinguished from stubborn. None of his conclusions were arrived at hastily, for he was the very embodiment of the man who proves all things, and holds fast to that which is good. He was careful to a degree, and it would take a clever man all his time to persuade Abel to change his mind once he had settled the matter in his own soul. Long before I knew him, his courage had been tested to the severest straining point, and the very severity of the test sufficed only to prove the invincible valour of the man.

All students of history are well aware

that the state of England in the closing years of the third decade of the present century was anything but encouraging. Not only were our relations abroad such as to require urgent and constant attention, but, in addition, there was a seething mass of growing discontent to be grappled with at home. Our national position was critical, and the condition of the masses was pitiful in the extreme. When the discontent was at its fiercest, that strange body of politicians, calling themselves Physical Force Chartists, attempted to remove our difficulties by endeavouring to make them worse. Suffice it to say that on the fourth of November, 1839, a small body of these men marched upon Newport. It is almost needless to add that when they arrived there, a few soldiers, and fewer rounds of shot, soon effected a general stampede in the ranks of the silly expedition; the leaders of the mob succeeding only in making both themselves and their cause ridiculous and contemptible.

Wengroes was slightly out of the main route traversed by the mistaken enthusiasts, who cruelly forced unoffending and unwilling men into their ranks from every village passed in their long tramp of thirty miles. The western valleys of Monmouth, and the eastern valleys of Glamorgan, were full of weeping women and children on that memorable Sunday. The full extent of the cruelty practised by the "People's Charter" party on that night will never be known. Should a man show himself at all unwilling to accompany them, these friends and lovers of the people had a way of placing him, together with similar honest laggards, well to the front, where they were occasionally goaded on with the business ends of pikes, and other gentle instruments of suasion alike thereunto.

Now it so happened that about a dozen wild hobbledehoys, calling themselves members of the Physical Force Party, passed through Wengroes on their way to join the main body at Newport. It was in the depth of the night that they reached the village, thirsty and tired. Consequently they knocked at the first house they came to,—which happened to be the cobbler's,—and demanded food and drink. Abel soon took their measure, and told them to depart; but the "Friends of the People," in proof of their great love of justice, promptly broke down the door, and thus gained admittance. This brought Abel downstairs to demand what they meant. Numbers, however, are powerful, and the cobbler was forced to submit to stand by and see the rascals eat and drink all that was eatable and drinkable in his house. At the conclusion of their meal they commanded him to follow them, but he replied,—

"Never, you cowards! Not, mind you, but what some of the things in the Charter may be useful an' good when the people are fit to receive them. But that is not yet. For sech scamps as yourselves I feel nothing but contempt, an' to put votin' power into the han's of sech roughs would be about as sensable as givin' an infant a razor to play with. You'd only cut your own throats. I'll never be a party to sech nonsance."

Abel evidently made some little impression on one or two of the more sensible of his vagabond guests, but the majority were in a playful mood, and so as to give Abel a foretaste of the grand time that was coming, these noble fellows stripped the defenceless cobbler to the waist, strapped him on his own bench with his own straps, and proceeded to belabour him with a cat hurriedly manufactured from the leather laces hanging in the shop, until the blood spurted from the wounds.

"Will you come with us? Will you come with us?" roared the fiends.

"Lay on! Lay on, you rascals!" said the cobbler. "I'd rather die a man than live a rascal. O God," he groaned, as the lash put in its cruel work, "and these . . . these would have us believe that they are the fren's of the people."

Frightened, probably, quite as much by the unyielding courage and outspoken language of a martyr to principle as they were by the cruel chastisement he had received at their hands, these cowardly followers of an ignoble cause beat a hasty retreat, and were never more heard of.

Abel was a widower, with an only son, then a little child of tender years. The little fellow stood behind the stairs door in

an agony of fear during the maltreatment of his father. Instantly the louts had left, however, the boy emerged from his place of concealment, and ran to the bench upon which his poor parent was firmly strapped. Like the brave little chap he was, he tried to cut the straps, but the task proved too much for his strength, and,—middle of the night though it was,—he ran down the deserted street, clad only in his nightgown, to fetch Gomer Shinkin, who soon came on the scene.

Gomer unstrapped the bleeding cobbler, and promptly put him to bed, but it was some months before Abel fully recovered from his wounds.

This incident in Abel's career had, however, long since been forgotten, and, indeed, it was only now, when Abel had once more come into strong prominence in the village gossip, that Gomer told me the story.

Easy-going people may consider Abel foolish for not having submitted to his tormentors, but it must be remembered that he was a man of strong principle and not of putty. The unthinking may laugh, but it is of such stuff as Abel Oliver that heroes are made.

Abel was also an elder of Wengroes, and the most silent of them all. Gomer Shinkin ran him close in this matter of silence, but in fairness the palm belonged to the man of understandings. Abel Oliver the cobbler, and Abel Oliver the elder, were, however, distinct beings. The cobbler, who was self-taught, and rejoiced in the possession of a marvellously retentive memory, would argue for hours anent the splitting of theological hairs, in his shop, but in the *seiat* his chief occupation seemed to consist in burying his face in his hands, apparently in total indifference to what happened to be going on. But no greater mistake could be made than to think so. This rugged, black-eyed, black-haired, silent man, sitting in a bowed attitude in a corner of the big seat, was a man to be reckoned with. In the wordy wrangles that sometimes occurred, in which the parties engaged therein generally spoke for the purpose of hearing their own voices, Abel rarely interfered or altered his bowed attitude one iota. There were one or two good blowers of their own trumpet even at Wengroes, and I once ventured to ask Abel why he never gave them a word in season.

"No, no!" said he. "That would never do, man. Let the froth find its way out of the barral, by all means; it'll save the cask from goin' sour."

From the above brief outline, it will be seen that Abel was no ordinary man. Indeed, righteousness had been reduced by him to a rule to be followed, rather than a quality to be admired at a distance, though impossible in practice.

In course of time Abel's little son, Hiram, became one of the brightest ornaments of Wengroes day-school. Nothing seemed too difficult for this curly black-haired child of a clever father to accomplish. The cobbler's prodigious memory appeared as an inherited gift in his son, and it was a day of sadness to me when my clever pupil closed the doors of the old school-house behind him for ever, to enter the world in earnest as a draper's apprentice at Caerllyn.

True, there was some talk that Hiram would eventually study for the ministry,—a course which I, amongst others, seriously urged upon his father. The cautious cobbler, however, preferred to take time, and do nothing rash.

"If he has a call from God to become a minister by-and-bye," said Abel, "I won't be the man to stop him from goin' to college, if he shows 'grace,' an' there's some reason to think that the call is from on high, an' not from laziness."

"You see," continued the cobbler, "there's a good many lazy young men about who are afraid of hard wurk, an' think it's asy to be a minister. Why, man! it's the hardest wurk on this earth, is a minister's,—if he's in errnest,—an' a man who wants to be a minister for a livin' had better never live to be a minister. It's a sight for men an' angels to weep over to see sech a man in a pulpit!"

Abel Oliver was a careful man, a very careful man; but O that all the sons of men were as pure and good as the happy boy in whom that rigid Calvinist looked for evidences of "grace," on the morning he left Wengroes to become a shopman at Caerllyn.

"The Drapery" was looked upon in Wengroes as a genteel and easy trade.

The homely villagers regarded the lot of the "shopman" as an enviable one in comparison with the monotonous drudgery of a farm labourer, or the dangerous occupation of a miner; which were, generally speaking, the only two occupations open to the youths of the neighbourhood. Taken altogether, the little community were as delightfully innocent of the "wurld,"—the hard, cruel, selfish, and avaricious world,—as little children. The mothers of the village, after their occasional visits to Caerllyn, returned home with glowing accounts of the smart and genteel shopmen in "town;" and vowing that little Johnnie or little Willie should become a shopman too. Poor, innocent, loving mothers, how they were deceived. Could they only see behind the smart clothes of many a shop-assistant, what a rude awakening would be theirs. The aching heart, the wretched pay, the long hours,—all these were not seen by the fond women. They only saw the *smartness* of the assistant, they never imagined he might be *smarting*, too. Of the cry, "O Lord, how long, how long!" that nightly ascends to the throne of God from myriads of worn and weary drapery slaves, these tender Wengroes hearts knew naught, and suspected less. Piety and pity went together in the village, and had they but known . . . O God! *Thou* knowest, and perhaps it was best that the good honest people beside the Dwrwen knew so little of evil. There was hard work, and plenty of it at Wengroes, but slavery did not exist there. It is only in towns they manufacture slaves.

All drapers are not sweaters, nor are all sweaters drapers. The draper in Caerllyn to whom Hiram Oliver was apprenticed was a God-fearing man, who looked not upon his youthful servant as a dog. Hiram, who had a natural aptitude for his work, soon enjoyed the high appreciation of his master.

A faithful master makes a faithful servant, and Abram Judd, the Quaker draper of Caerllyn, was above shoddy. His heart was as good as his goods. No wonder the deeply religious Wengroes lad throve, as everything and everybody throve in that upright Quaker establishment. "Honesty is the best policy" was writ large in all the doings of the follower of John Fox; and anything that came from his quaint shop in St. Mary Street, Caerllyn, could be depended upon. The Quaker draper had experienced that it *pays* to be honest, even in this world.

When Hiram's period of apprenticeship was drawing to a close, he developed a strong tendency to enter the ministry. "I'll let thee free of thy indentures gladly, friend," said the Quaker to him, "if thou thinkest in thine heart that it is thy duty to serve the Lord in the manner that thy talents appear to indicate. Thou hast faithfully served me these many days, and if the Lord calls thee, it is thy duty to serve Him, and my privilege, as His servant, to loose thee and let thee go. If thou thinkest it right, after much prayer, to take upon thyself the yoke of the Man of Sorrows, it is not for such as Abram Judd to detain thee in commercial bondage."

Hiram, like his father, was made of stern stuff, and to him a bond was a bond.

"I thank you, sir," was his reply to the Quaker. "If it is the Lord's will that I am to become a minister, He will accomplish His purpose in His own good time. It is my present duty to serve you to the end of the period stipulated in my indentures; and it would ill become me to enter the vineyard of the Master until I had done my duty to His servant."

Like the Friend he was, Abram Judd, after that conversation, left the upright lad to pursue the course which he thought right. Hiram was making the best of his time, too, and three months previous to the close of his apprenticeship, I received a polite note from him, requesting my presence on a certain Sunday at the Independent Chapel in Caerllyn, to hear his first lay sermon. Abel Oliver also got an invitation by the same post; and, as a matter of fact, half Wengroes was present at St. Mary Street Chapel on the important Sunday morning. Hiram was to preach in English, and we humble folk of Wengroes felt a thrill of joy as our little lad ascended the pulpit stairs to preach to the large and well-to-do audience of the grand church in "town."

The congregation was a fashionable one, but immediately Hiram entered the pulpit, it could be seen that it was on the little knot of villagers that his attention was centred. He knew from what quarter to expect the severest but loving criticism, and was well aware that there was little to fear if he satisfied the contingent from Capel Wengroes.

It was charming to hear my erstwhile pupil as he read the first lesson in the splendid English of Morgannwg. His second lesson, also admirably read, was in the fifth of Matthew. The visitors from Wengroes were evidently moved, and before the long prayer it was easy to see that the sermon-tasters from home were preparing to get their heads into nodding condition for the "points" expected to be made shortly by their man.

At last the great moment came. Marget Morgan sat in her son-in-law's pew in front of us, watching Hiram narrowly. As the preacher opened the Bible to take the text, she could hardly contain herself, and turned round to Abel and me to whisper that it was in Zechariah. Marget knew our pulpit Bible at Wengroes better than most, and could tell almost to a chapter where it was opened. St. Mary Street Bible was slightly larger than ours, and though she made a fair guess, the text was not in Zechariah. A second later, Hiram's voice rang clear and loud through the chapel,—

"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

"There's a text for you," Marget whispered to Mr. Macfarlane; and the Wengroes heads were all wagging delightedly at each other, except Abel, who was busy putting it down on the yellow fly-leaf of his little Welsh pocket Testament.

It was a great text, and the youth in the pulpit did well. Wengroes got up from the cushioned seats of St. Mary Street Chapel, fully satisfied that their village had once more produced a "Pracher." From that hour Hiram Oliver was looked upon as an orator of no mean ability, and bright prophecies were made concerning his future.

The remnant of Hiram's apprenticeship soon passed away, and on the day he was free, Wengroes was all expectation as to the date he would enter college.

But it was not to be yet. Hiram felt still in doubt regarding his "call" and proposed to go to London to serve another year in the drapery, previous to making his final decision. Poor lad, he was seriously troubled about the matter, and looked for a "sign."

Wengroes was sore vexed when they heard the news. The great sermon had been much admired by them, and it was possible to piece the whole of it together from the bits still remembered by those who had heard it.

Hiram went to London,—"that city of dry bones" as Gomer Shinkin called it. At first his letters home were satisfactory. Later on he began to complain of the "stand-offishness" of London Nonconformity, and of the long hours, bad food, and miserable fines with which he had to put up with in his business.

Alas! One morning a dreadful letter came to Abel, in which Hiram announced himself an atheist. Mr. Jeffers, it appears, was passing along the village street just behind the postman; and when he arrived opposite Abel's shop, the cobbler was lying across the doorstep in a swoon,—the awful letter tightly grasped in his hand. The tender old minister raised him up, and shouted for aid. As soon as Abel could speak, he said,—

"Look at that letther, Mr. Jeffers! Look at it! I cast him off for ever . . . . He's no longer son of mine. An atheist! An atheist! I've done . . . . done with him. The curse of God be . . . . upon his——"

"Stop!" commanded the minister of Wengroes. "The lad is more likely to be suffering from overwork and overstudy than atheism. You have never yet set eyes on a Welsh atheist, Abel; and Wengroes will see that Hiram Oliver is not the first."

The calm old gentleman then proceeded to read the letter, which, on the face of it was anything but hopeful. The note was addressed from one of the largest sweating establishments in the London drapery trade, and was as follows,—

"DEAR FATHER,—

After an intense struggle, I have come to the conclusion that there is no God; and I now write to you as an avowed atheist. Amongst the scenes of my boyhood, and the piety of Wengroes, belief was easy; but cruel London makes it far easier to disbelieve. I am working from fourteen to sixteen hours daily, but I would not mind that if my cough would only allow me to sleep at night. There is little or no time for study, and my room-mates are given to playing too many practical jokes to make it at all possible. This annoyance and my work would be nothing though, if I could only believe,—but I have lost all my faith, and have become an atheist, in despair. The pastor of the chapel I attended never took the slighest interest in my case; and when I wished to speak to him of my trouble, he would always excuse himself by saying,—'Read John iii. 16; my dear young friend, and you'll be better. Excuse me now, or I shall lose my train to the suburbs.' That, dear father, is the treatment I received from a minister of the Gospel, who thought more of the loss of a train than of an immortal soul. The pastor was always busy, busy, busy, either writing tracts and books that nobody ever reads, or catching trains on a Sunday; neither of which, I imagine, would be done by Jeffers of Wengroes, whose shoes Storne-Sprawling of London is not worthy to unloose.

I know how bitter this letter must be to you, but I cannot live a lie. There is no peace further for me, and that my days may be short is the earnest wish of

Your miserable son,
HIRAM OLIVER."

"Poor lad! poor lad!" were Mr. Jeffers' first words. "What illness, and persecution, and sweating could not do, indifference has accomplished. Thank God though, Abel bach, he's no atheist. It is the cry of a great soul in despair. The lad's ill bodily and mentally, man; and we must have him home for rest, and at once, if his life is to be saved."

"But he *says* he's an atheist," Abel cried. "O! what have I done to rear this vessel unto dishonour. An atheist! . . . an atheist!! . . ." And for the second time the strongest man in Wengroes swooned. Religion is a power on the Welsh hills.

When Abel came to, he was dumb. Dr. Llywelyn said that the cobbler had received a stroke, due to a sudden and violent shock to his system. The son's letter had paralyzed the father. Was there any sympathy? Yes, in abundance. All Wengroes wept, as it had never wept before; and loving hearts and honest hands vied with each other in their attention to the stricken man.

"Will he ever spake agen?" was the burden of the good folk as they surrounded Llywelyn on his emerging from the cobbler's shop, after the daily visit.

"P'raps, p'raps!" said the kindly old doctor, dropping into the village dialect, "Yn wir, I can't tell yet. It's a sarious case, but it might be wurse. It might be wurse," he repeated thoughtfully. "I'll do all I can, though," he said, as he jumped into the saddle; and the little crowd parted respectfully to let him pass, for Wengroes had unbounded confidence in Llywelyn, who had doctored them and theirs for nearly fifty years.

While all this was going on at Wengroes, Mr. Jeffers,—a pastor indeed,—was in London looking for the lost sheep of the village fold. There was a sort of rumour that he had gone to fulfil an engagement at a London Welsh chapel on the following Sunday,—but we all knew the real reason, and no amount of subterfuge could hide it. The minister had some little difficulty in unearthing Hiram in the drapery shop in the borough,—

"I wish to see Mr. Oliver of Caerllyn,' said the good old man to the swell shop-walker.

"Upstairs, second floor, third to the left, second counter," muttered that matter-of-fact functionary.

This was a somewhat bewildering direction to the uninitiated, but at last the minister arrived at what he thought to be the spot, but failed to detect the object of his search. Certainly there was a very pale, black-haired, emaciated youth, apparently in the last stage of consumption, standing, or rather leaning against the counter as if for support. This person had not yet seen Mr. Jeffers, who was about to turn away to make further enquiries; when the consumptive youth gave a great agonizing cry as he caught sight of the silver-haired old gentleman. The minister heard his own name pronounced, and in another moment all that was left of Hiram Oliver fell into his arms.

Poor Jeffers. He had expected to see the lad ill, but this,—surely this could not be the bright plump youth whom he remembered from the day he had christened him. Alas, it was; and the tears trickled fast down the minister's cheeks.

When Hiram recovered sufficiently to speak, he said,—

"It *is* you then, Mr Jeffers. At first . . . I thought it was a vision . . . and that my time had come. All my life crowded into that second, and . . . and it seemed so peaceful and glorious to die, with my old minister's face shining before me to . . . to light the way. Indeed . . . indeed I have seen the Lord's hand this day, and I thank Him for you. It was kind of you . . . wondrous kind of you . . . to come. God have mercy upon me, and forgive me . . ."

The minister soothed the excited lad, and carried him up the terrible stairs to the garret bedroom of the huge establishment; where he laid him, O, so gently on the hard bed that the wealthy proprietor thought good enough for assistants.

After Hiram had calmed down a little, the minister left him for a while, promising to return shortly. Those who know best, say that Mr. Jeffers used the opportunity to ferret out pastor Storne-Sprawling, and that such a lecture was administered to that busy gentleman, that he found it convenient to inform his congregation on the following Sunday that he had received a call to some other sphere of duty.

Storne-Sprawling with all his trains, and all his tracts, was but a poor match to Jeffers of Wengroes; and if that godly man threatened to expose him, who can be sorry?

Be this as it may, Mr. Jeffers lost no time in bringing the emaciated youth back to his native village. During their journey the minister strictly avoided any reference to Hiram's fault, and was also silent regarding the condition of poor Abel. He understood his calling better than to add to the overwhelming sorrow of the penitent prodigal. Not as an admonition, but as a healing balm, his gentle words fell on the ears of the poor soul returning from the far country of doubt.

Calvinist though he was, Mr. Jeffers always preferred to dwell on the bounteous forgiveness of the Son of Righteousness, rather than on the thunders of Sinai. Love was his constant theme, and it is certain that Hiram Oliver got such a glimpse of the mystery of divine love during the journey home, as made him cry "Gogoniant" in the agony of glad repentance.

The horror of his late position now weighed on Hiram with appalling force. Thoughts crowded upon thoughts in his poor, worried, overworked brain. The letter to his father,—O! that he had never written it,—that it had been delayed, —that it had been lost. Anything, anything but that cruel, cruel, selfish letter. What *could* his father think of it?

When they reached the village, Hiram became almost uncontrollable,—

"I deserve it all, I deserve it all," he said to Mr. Jeffers. "I am altogether unworthy. I have sinned deeply, and my Christianity is as filthy rags. O self, self, self . . . I was indifferent to all but self. My lot is hard . . . hard . . . but it is just. How *can* my father forgive me."

What with sickness and emotion, the poor lad's highly nervous system was now worked up to fever pitch. Breaking away from Mr. Jeffers, who could no longer restrain him, Hiram darted down the village street in the direction of his father's shop, all unconscious of the fact that the poor cobbler lay upstairs in a critical state. As he lifted the well-remembered latch, the wanderer cried,—"Father! Father!" but alas, there was no response from the little bench behind the counter, and the stool upon which his father used to sit was vacant. A fear, too terrible for words, instantly flashed through Hiram's brain, and in another second he had bounded up the narrow stone stairs leading to the loft overhead, and burst into the presence of his father. At that moment Abel was engaged in feebly writing replies on a slate to Gomer Shinkin's anxious enquiries, but it was a sad, tedious, fatiguing work.

In describing the scene which followed, Gomer told me that it seemed an age before either father or son spoke, though it could not really have been more than an instant of time. The sick man looked with infinite pity on the youth, whose cheeks were now of deathly pallor; and Hiram, in his turn, gazed in agony at his paralyzed and speechless father. Hiram ran forward, crying rather than saying,—

"Oh! father, father! I've killed you. Oh, that I had known. Oh, that I had

known. I'm too bad to ask you to forgive me. I *dare* not ask you. Oh! my poor, poor father."

Abel's strength asserted itself in an almost miraculous manner at this point; for, on turning to search the slate which had dropped from his hand, he felt a slight crick in his neck, and his voice immediately returned,—

"My boy, my boy!" were his first words. "I judged you, too . . . too harshly. I did, indeed. Forgive me, forgive me . . . for I also want forgiveness. The straight path is often difficult to follow," he continued, stroking Hiram's black curls as the lad knelt and wept at the bedside,—"but it is *the* path . . . and . . . and poor humanity cannot follow it, alone. We all need His help . . . His help . . . for the Saviour is greater than the law, else . . . , else all would perish . . ."

Speaking, however, proved too much for Abel just yet, and he sank forward exhausted into the arms of his reconciled son, just as Mr. Jeffers entered the room.

* * * * *

But Abel did not die. Thanks to an iron constitution, it was not long before the cobbler was himself again. As for Hiram, braced by the pure air of his native village, he rapidly regained strength of mind as well as body; and indeed it is an open secret that Abel Oliver, the cobbler of Wengroes, lived to see the Rev. Hiram Oliver become one of the very foremost lights of modern Nonconformity.

THE DIARY OF A BARD. (EBEN FARDD).

XIII.—A FAMOUS EISTEDDFOD QUARREL.

1849.

July 31st.—Forwarded my critique, a sixpenny copyful nearly, on the eisteddfod production, to the Rev. Hugh Owen, secretary, prepaid postage 10d. Same post forwarded a letter to Rev. M. Williams, promising what help I could give with the Bible orthography, &c., in reply to his of the 20th instant.

August 4th.—At Carnarvon; went on board the Prince Edward in the river. On return home found R. Wyn here, and learnt from him that the substance of my critique at Aberffro was well known amongst the Portmadoc poets and others. He said *Monwyson* was R. Parry, Conway formerly; *Edwi*, H. Tegai; *Addolwr*, Ambrose; *Llwynog*, Pearce, Liverpool. Ioan Madawg, he said, had written on Gibraltar.

6th.—On waking in bed in the morning,—

"Mawl i Dduw am ei law ddoeth
Yn troi inni ein trannoeth."

Mr. William Rees called; accompanied him to Maesneuadd.

9th.—Started for Aberffro Eisteddfod at the request of the secretary. Reached Trefeilir about three o'clock in the evening or later, having lost my way a little, and been overtaken by a great thunderstorm. Rested there for the night, but had no sleep owing to a very painful internal complaint.

10th.—At the committee room, Aberffro, sitting with the other adjudicators, where I was at last outvoted on the best *awdl* by the sudden vaccillation of Mr. Joseph Jones, who dropped his own decision in favour of "Creadur," and adopted that of Mr. Richards without any reperusal or more than a few minutes' consideration. Witness present Rev. Mr. H. Owen, Mr. Lloyd, Clwydfardd. Messrs. Owen and Lloyd were evidently quite embarrassed by Mr. Jones' conduct.

11th.—Started homewards from Trefeilir; from Carnarvon on top of coach; very heavy rain.

14th.—Revs. Messrs. Rees and Ambrose called to see me, stopped for some hours; Mr. Rees promised to preach ere long in this chapel. Allowed them to peruse my critique on the compositions sent to Aberffro Eisteddfod. Related to them the fact of Mr. Jones' swallowing up his own successful candidate.

22nd.—One of working printers of *Cymro* called in passing to Pwllheli, hinted to family,—I wasn't in,—that I could not

pronounce whether to A—s or Nic to award best, but had left it to the discretion of ye other judges. I wonder if this is not significant of tactics of *Cymro*.

23rd.—I am fully convinced that hymns are much better wholly without a *cynghanedd*. Mentioned this to Revs. W. Rees and William Ambrose, and they unanimously concurred.

October 13th.—Rev. H. Owen's public letter to me in *Herald* of this day. Sought the advice of two trusty friends as how to proceed in my present public correspondence with the greatest propriety; enjoined on both the utmost secresy.

15th.—Consulted Mr. W., one of the friends alluded to, on Saturday; showed in confidence my letters, &c.

20th.—My letter in reply to Mr. O. Trefeilir, in *Herald* of to-day.

27th.—Rev. H. Owen's note advertising a delay in his public reply to me till he could get the sense of a general committee on my public letter to him on the 20th. John Richards' violent and insulting letter respecting my app. A young Independent preacher, "Hwfa Mon," called in the morning.

29th.—Eisteddfod article to *Traethodydd*. Divulged secret to R. Hughes Uwchlaw'r Ffynnon.

November 3rd.—Rev. M. Williams' public avowal of his letter to me respecting principal adjudication.

24th. — My defence, letter three, in *Herald*.

December 3rd.—Letter from Rev. Robert Williams, stating his inability to appoint me master of his new school unless I became a church communicant, owing to a proviso to that effect in the trust deed. Hopes I shall conform.

6th.—Letter to Mr. Williams, vicar, stating, in reply to his of the 3rd, my objection to conform, and therefore my relinquishment of the school. This is twenty-two years and three months from the date of my first induction to this school by the late Mr. Williams, vicar.

This year is gone, to be henceforward the subject of history. I never in my short life experienced a more eventful year. At the beginning, the face of the waters was calm and still; friendship was all sunshine; new friends, but false ones, sought my attention, and obtained it. The most remarkable event was the Aberffraw Eisteddfod, which affected my position in society very much, and gave me immense trouble; however, I am glad I can answer, to the best of my knowledge, a good conscience before God and man for upright and honest conduct. In general, I am, with my family, protected by God, and we feel a gracious disposition to serve Him. The school is taken from me by Mr. Williams, but God will, and does, find for me and mine.

To God be the glory and praise.—Amen.

1850.

January 23rd. — Received Talhaiarn's letter of apology for his ill-conduct towards me in the *Herald*.

24th.—Sent Talhaiarn a plenary indulgence. Sent my translation to Rev. T. C. Edwards, London.

April 3rd.—Mr. Robert Jones, Sandeman Baptist, preacher at Pentre Chapel. Got to the top of the church with him. David the clerk said a gentleman took the stone that was preserved in a hole in the chancel to the inn, pretending to copy it, and engaging to bring it back, but it was never returned.

Rhuddlan Eisteddfod. Failed as candidate for chair with my *pryddest*,—"Yr Adgyfodiad,"—but unfairly by the public voice. National school in building; was offered it by vicar on condition of conformity; declined. Church and chapel placed in antagonism through the measures adopted by the former relative to the daily school and times of church service.

October.—At the Bangor British School. Frequent appearance in public. Patronised by the Calvinistic Methodists, and sympathised with at the Brynaera Monthly Meeting. £15 granted. Above 120 in school, which was re-opened on a free British popular plan. Proclaimed Madog Eisteddfod at Portmadoc as a privileged chair bard.

1851.

January 28th.—Received from the secretary of Madog Eisteddfod an intimation that Rev. Morris Williams and Caledfryn would be my coadjudicators at their eisteddfod.

March 1st.—Applied to to become adjudicator in conjunction with the Ven. Archdeacon Williams and Rev. E. Evans at the Cardiff Athenæum eisteddfod next Whit Tuesday.

February 2nd.—Wrote to Ambrose, Bangor, declining sitting for my potrait. Also to Robyn Wyn transferring to him and R. Thomas the right of taking my likeness for the public.

3rd.—T. ab Ieuan called, gave me a number of his *Bwrdd y Beirdd* gratis.

12th.—Received a money order for £3 to self from Mr. Gee, Denbigh.

19th.—At Carnarvon. My paper on the Madog Eisteddfod in this day's Herald, signed Evard.

23.—Mr. Williams, artist, Ruthin, called on the portrait business; referred him to the Pwllheli committee.

April 30th.—In this day's *Amserau* my Merthyr critique, commenced in the last preceding number, was included.

May 9th.—Letters to Ieuan Gwynedd, Glan Aled, and Rhydderch. Received D. Ionawr's epitaph parcel from Mr. R. O. Rees.

21st.—At Penygroes. Rev. Wm. Rees lectured on "Dyn Pechod."

23rd.—The Cardiff Eisteddfod six poems on the "Conquest of Glanmorgan" forwarded in a parcel to Rev. Hugh Williams, Bassalleg, Monmouthshire. Received Iolo's life from Dr. Tregelles.

24th.—Forwarded the *Ionawr* englynion to Ellis Owen. Letter to Dr. Tregelles.

June 1st.—Forwarded my criticism on the "Conquest of Glanmorgan" to the secretary of the Athenæum this day, also a letter to Mr. Hughes, Gogarth, and one to Wm. Parry, Carneddi, Bethesda. Received Mr. Ellis Owen's decision on the D. Ionawr epitaphs.

3rd.—Forwarded a letter to Mr. Ellis Owen entreating him to write a critique on the Ionawr epitaphs.

4th—Received the "Awdlau Morwriaeth," four in number, from Liverpool; very bad health,—shivering and giddiness.

June 5th.—Letter to Ieuan Gwynedd, enclosing stamps, 1s., for half year of *Cymraes.*

12th.—Forwarded "Awdlau Morwriaeth" to Tegid. I am a little better. Ellin gone to Liverpool.

17th.—Forwarded two poems, Chancellor Williams' critique and own letter to Cardiff this morning. Tremadoc school coming in view,—O wonderful Providence. Ellin's letter received, thanks be to God.

24th.—Forwarded the compositions on "Golygfa Moses" to the Rev. Wm. Rees, Liverpool, also a letter; and returned proof critique to Glan Aled.

July 15th.--Forwarded letters to Dr. Pughe, and Iorwerth Glan Aled allowing every credit to his poem, but demurring to his plan as respects the subject and title being opposite.

18th.—Forwarded letter to Glan Aled, persisted in my own demur as to the plan, but refused all other clue to him as to any view entertained by the adjudicators of his comparative merits.

19th.—Received a letter from Rev. J. C. Edwards, M.A., L.L.D., from Amsterdam.

23rd.—Rev. Wm. Rees and Mrs. Rees here, poorly both,—off about four p.m., in a Pwllheli car.

August 4th.—Received message from Llanllechid Monthly Meeting by Thos. Roberts of Bryn Eryr to the effect that £15 was allowed me yearly salary as Miss. Clynnog, from the Miss. fund.

12th.—Forwarded a letter to Rev. Mr. Hughes, Gogarth. Rode with Abr. Williams, Esq., to Sportsman, had 1 glass of P. there (Wms., Stumllech, present) 1 more afterwards. Got a sad curtain lecture. Evan Owen's first sermon. Received letter from secretary of Dowlais Eisteddfod.

23rd.—Sitting to my portrait,—artist Mr. E. Williams, Carnarvon; and adjudicating all this week for Eisteddfod Madog.

September 3rd.—Forwarded letter to Caledfryn with my opinion as to who was best on the subjects I had adjudicated. At Sportsman with Mr. W., artist, 2½ p. each.

4th. — Forwarded letter to Rev. M. Williams, M.A., embodying hints about my opinion as to the best on each subject I had adjudicated.

10th.—Association begins at Carnarvon; heard Dr. Duff; slept at Bulkeley.

11th.—Arrived home at four p.m. Dined with Rev. Henry Rees, and J. Phillips, and Dr. Duff, with one or two others at Mr. Owen, timber merchant. Rev. J. Phillips

assured me that I need have no anxiety whatever about my circumstances, that whenever I could not do well at Clynnog he would find me a place elsewhere, thank God.

18th.—The *Awdlau* parcel forwarded to Amlwch.

26th. — Received newspaper from I. Gwynedd.

October 7th.—Started for the Madog Eisteddfod; met the procession, announced the successful candidates on the several subjects.

8th.—The presentation of my portrait by T. L. D. Jones Parry, Esq. Read my thanks rather badly.

18th.—Rev. O. Thomas engaged in conjunction with Rev. L. Edwards, M.A., to procure for me a Government pension. I commit the control of this affair again to my God, who alone can give effect to the operations of love. Received £7 for adjudicating at the Madog Eisteddfod.

20th.—Letter from Dr. Pughe, and the Mormon foremost newspaper. Conversed with Mr. R. Thomas, Glyn, at Plas. Robert Hughes called, ridiculed my thanks speech at the eisteddfod!

November 1st.—Went to Pwllheli with James. People are very kind to me, thank God,—Mr. D. Williams, druggist, Mr. J. Breese and family, &c., &c.

11th.—Forwarded letter respecting Mr. Thomas, Chwilog, to *Herald.*

13th.—With J. Ambrose Lloyd at Plas, R. Griff. there, I had 2 g. of wine; Griff. almost abusive.

17.—Letter to Daniel Davies, remonstrating with the committee for their inconsistency in keeping their engagements respecting the "Chair of Glenydd Taf," letter to Wm. Evans, Mur.

22nd.—My sketch of Sion Wyn under the name of "Hywel y Fwyall" appeared in this day's *Herald.*

25th.—My literary life; a sketch sent to Crockford, London. Very much tired with public doings, and fagged with school drudgery. Madog Eisteddfod, one of the trio judges, my public exhibitions awkward yet greeted with enthusiasm from the assembled countrymen. School on same scale; visit Festiniog quarries; building a new kitchen at back; got £20 for my miscarried poem at Rhuddlan from the proprietors of *Traethodydd,* at beginning of the year it appeard in print. /e

1852.

Engaged to accept the Portmadoc schoolmastership and to go to London to qualify; was remonstrated with by the Clynnog people, opposition to my leaving; went to Bangor to consult Mr. Phillips and advised to remain at Clynnog; Mr. Phillips' Darlith, attended at his request at Bangor; recited a written poem for occasion publicly; got my Portmadoc engagement rescinded; £30 salary granted to me by the Arvon Presbytery for five years Commenced a literary society or a competitory reading meeting, the first of the kind established in this country, and in the world on that plan. It subsequently spread through Britain and America. Appended its operation to the Sunday school chiefly in this locality.

FROM WILLIAMS, PANTYCELYN.

WE'LL journey on boldly, the king goes before!
We'll fear not the storm, nor the flame's wildest roar!
The crown and the palm, and our guerdon above,
Are safe in God's keeping, sure gifts of his love.

Afflictions and crosses we doubtless shall have;
What tongue can tell His, from His birth to the grave?
In meekness and innocence, He bore them all,
He hallowed each trial that can us befall.

Come, then, ye afflictions, that scared me of old,
I'll stand in the midst of you, fearless and bold;
And beat you your worst on my soul every hour,
You're harmless! My Saviour hath spoiled you of power.

For ever I'll thank Him! He hallowed the cross,
He lightened its burden, gives grace out of loss;
'Tis heaven now to bear it, and blessed are they
Who follow Christ Jesus each step of the way.

ENOCH HUGHES.

By Daniel Owen,

Author of *The Autobiography of Rhys Lewis, Green Tomos, &c.*

Translated from the Welsh by the Hon. Claud Vivian.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

WHEN he was left alone, Enoch pulled his chair up to the morsel of fire there was in the grate; he loaded and lighted his pipe, and put himself in the most advantageous corporeal position for reviewing the whole situation.

Captain Trevor had only added one more proof to the innumerable proofs he had before acquired of his knowledge of human nature, when he had said, on seeing Mr. Denman going home so early after the supper that night at Ty'nyrardd, that he was in a hurry to tell the "good news" to Mrs. Denman. That was the fact. This was the happiest night Mr. Denman had experienced for a long time. Poor wretch! In unbounded faith in the capabilities, foresight, and honesty of Captain Trevor, he had pledged all he owned, and this, as it were, unknown to his wife; for though she guessed that he had spent a heap on mines, she did not imagine that all had gone "down a mine shaft," as Thomas Bartley used to say. Between Pwllygwynt and Coed Madog, Mr. Denman had had a very miserable world of it for some time. The Captain had an enchanter's influence over him, Mr. Denman remembered the time when he had had a few houses, some land, and a little money, and when he had looked upon himself as being in fairly comfortable circumstances. But now, nearly all had gone through the hands of the Captain, and were buried in the bowels of the earth, without a hope of a resurrection. And the more he spent, the more difficult it was to give up speculating, for no one had ever been known to come across the "big lode" except those who had speculated, and, in hope of "luck," Mr. Denman's property had dwindled away like frost on slate roofs in the heat of the sun. Besides this, Mr. Denman had suffered for years the daily croakings of his wife, who deafened and pained him with her reproaches for his folly in carrying his money to "that cursed old Captain." This had destroyed his home comforts, and for a long time before Pwllygwynt had stopped, Mr. Denman had not taken his wife into his secrets, and had lived in daily fear that she would get to know how much he had spent, and how little he had of what he could call his very own. If he had seen his way clearly to getting through the business, and disclosing his position to Mrs. Denman, he would have been only too delighted to have thrown the whole thing up, and to have begun life again. He planned day and night how to break the ice, and tell the worst to his wife; and the matter had got to weigh heavier on him each day, for he saw clearly it would be necessary for the end to come sooner or later. He felt that keeping all this a secret gave him pain, and was gradually eating him away, and his neighbours often used to say that Mr. Denman was agoing fast. Little did they know about his anxieties and his fears.

But it's a long lane that has no turning in it, and on this night I am speaking of, after hearing Sam Lloyd's good news, there was a joyful smile on Mr. Denman's face, and his spirits were revived throughout him. Scarcely anyone would have recognised his walk as he hastened quickly home. He walked like a young man. And what wonder, for, like Bunyan's pilgrim, the load that was nearly overcoming him had fallen to the ground. Mr. Denman remembered the prophetic words of the Captain on the night when he agreed to join him in Coed Madog mine. "Mr. Denman," the Captain had said, "I shall see the time when you will tell all to Mrs. Denman, and she will praise you." Mr. Denman was astonished at the Captain's power of foresight. "And what luck," said he to himself, "that I didn't lose heart! What a blessing! Hundreds would have lost heart and given it all up long ago. But I always believed that the Captain was somewhere about it. What other person would have spent all he had, I wonder? But I'll get it all back, now, a hundredfold. And I am thankful that I can go home with a glad face and tell all to my wife! I'll get a bit of home comfort, now, I expect, a thing I haven't had for years. 'The Lord has given,'" and with the words of Job on his lips, Mr. Denman went to his home in joyfulness.

By nature, Mrs. Denman was not ill-tempered; but frequent long waitings for her husband to come home, till ten, eleven, and sometimes mid-

night, together with the fact, which was sufficiently apparent to her, that they were getting poorer each day, had given a morose aspect to her face and a querulous tone to her voice. The children had just gone to bed, and Mrs. Denman had placed herself in a chair by the fire, to have a snooze whilst waiting for her husband's return. She was surprised when she saw Mr. Denman come in, briskly and bright, before she had settled her head for the first nap. She realised from his look that something more than ordinary had happened, and she said, a little ironically, —

"Dear me! What's up?"

"I'll tell you, Mary dear, as soon as I have pulled off my boots," said Mr. Denman. And after he had done this, he pulled his chair to the fire, he put his feet on the hob, he looked contentedly at his wife, and said,—

"At last! at last! Mary."

"At last what, Denman?" asked Mrs. Denman.

"Come — to — the lead — come — to — the lead, Mary—struck the lode, Mary, at last! And I am like a cuckoo—I am another man. I know that I have caused you a lot of anxiety by venturing, and venturing for so many years, and spending so much money, but you would have been a deal more anxious if you had known all. But I always knew,—something told me that we should find lead soon, and now it has come, and thank heaven for it, for it was nearly all up with me; I was just about losing heart, and very nearly believed that I should die a poor man. Thank heaven, I say."

"Speak more clearly to me, Denman, I don't understand you," said Mrs. Denman.

"I will, Mary dear, as clear as the sun at midday. I know I have kept you iu the dark, Mary, and you don't know much about a mine. I was to blame, but now I can ask you to forgive me, and I know you will forgive me when I have told you all. I have spent on mines, Mary, more than you have ever dreamt. Well, I may as well confess the truth now. I have spent all I had,—the houses, and the land, and all are gone, except the little stock in the shop, and now, to-night, I am not sorry,—indeed, I feel thankful that I stuck to it; for had I given up only a week ago, I should have lost the lot. But I shall get all back now, and a lot more besides. I could never work myself up enough to tell you this before to-night, Mary, but everything is all right, now. Many a time you have called Captain Trevor 'a cursed Captain,' eh, Mary? But you will never call him so again. A right good man the Captain is. But to come to the point, and to speak plainly, Sam Lloyd has struck the lode in Coed Madog, Mary, that is, you know, come on lead, and no one knows what our wealth will be, for the Captain, and I, and Mr. Hughes of the Cross Shop, own the whole mine. No, no one knows what our wealth will be, Mary."

"But is it true, Denman? What if the whole thing is a lie, and you have spent all you have? Oh dear! I feel quite ill; is it true, Denman?"

"True, my dear wife? Do you think that Sam doesn't know the difference between lead and rubbish? True? It's as true as that you are sitting in that chair. I know that the news is so good that it is difficult to credit it, but it is quite true,—we are made for life, Mary, and thank God for it! And do you know what, Mary, I was just thinking that you and I are beginning to get on in years, and that the best thing for us now, that is to say, at the end of a few weeks, will be to give this business of ours up, for it is only trouble and anxiety. Why should we bother with business when we have enough means to live respectable? It would be only madness. I'll buy a pony and trap just to run to the mine and to knock around a bit, and to take you out a little on a fine day. We *must* think too about giving a good education to our children,—the little dears. I think Bobby would make a preacher or an attorney, he is so sharp; and after he has been to a good school, I'll send him to Bala, to the College. And as to Lucy, we must teach her music, for that it is in the girl is plain to everyone. We will talk again about the other children," said Mr. Denman.

"Oh! Denman, it's like a dream hearing you talk like this," said Mrs. Denman.

"Yes, it is; but it's true enough all the same, Mary. The way of Providence is wonderful, is wonderful. But tell me, Mary, haven't you anything in the house that we could have as a nice bit for supper? For to tell you the truth, though the Captain had a first class supper, I couldn't for the life of me make anything of it, somehow, after learning that we had come to the lead in Coed Madog, and I should like to have a nice supper together now, if we could?"

"There are some steaks, Denman, but I had settled to keep them for to-morrow's dinner," said Mrs. Denman.

"Never mind to-morrow, Mary, let's have them. We needn't stint ourselves for the future. We shall have enough of everything, and more than enough. Oh, let us have a comfortable supper together, and talk a bit over things, what we shall do and so on, for I know I sha'n't sleep to-night, my mind is too excited," said Mr. Denman.

Mrs. Denman would scarcely believe that it was Mr. Denman who was talking to her, so soft and amiable were his words, and so different were his spirits. For a long period she had experienced nothing but short and crabbed answers and a sour and touchy temper from him. She felt as though

she had been cast back to the first six months after her marriage, and she was agreeably amazed. She had never, at any time, had much belief that any good would come of Mr. Denman's "venturing" to such an extent, but there was something so new in his temper, and his words were so destitute of "if" and "but for" on this night, which was so utterly rare to her, that she almost believed that a period of joy and happiness had dawned on them. And yet she would not entirely believe it, and could not, though she tried, give way to joy in the same way as Mr. Denman did. She felt a thousand hopes awake in her bosom; and at the same time a doubt, that she could not account for, prevented her giving them rope to play with. When Mrs. Denman, poor soul, was looking for the "pleasant bit" of supper, according to her husband's wish, who had built innumerable castles in the air, it would have been difficult to have divined her real feelings. For as soon as her face was lighted up by a smile of gladness, it was immediately followed by a deep sigh. She was both full of hope and full of fear; merry and sad in turns, and more than once she asked Mr. Denman,—"But, Denman, do you really believe that it is quite true?" And when Denman declared that it was as true as the Lord's prayer, well, she could do no more than believe him, and Mrs. Denman, at last, felt that she also had been, as it were, re-created. Indeed, so fully did she become possessed with the same good spirits as her husband, that, at some amusing remark of the latter, her laugh rang right through the house. She had not laughed before for years, and this laughter was so loud and harsh that it woke up Sammy, their youngest boy. This occurred just when Mrs. Denman had put the onions into the pan to fry with the steaks. After waking up, the little chap listened attentively, and heard his father's joyful and loud voice talking in the kitchen. Then the fragrant smell of the onions and steaks reached his nostrils. He slipped quietly out of bed and down the stairs, and as Denman was in the middle of his remark, and the noise of the frying-pan was at its highest, to the great amazement of his parents, Sammy stood in his nightgown in the middle of the kitchen floor, and said,—

"Shall *me* get meat, daddy?"

If Sammy had happened to get up in this fashion the night before, he would have had a licking that he would not have forgotten. But circumstances were changed,—his father had "got to lead," and so Mr. Denman said, hospitably,—

"You shall, my dear little chap, come here to your daddy's knee, you dear little bit of gold."

"Shall me get food?"

"You shall get as much as ever you like as long as you live. And you shall get everything else that your dear heart may imagine, sha'n't he, Mary?"

In this way, till it grew morning, Mr. and Mrs. Denman passed the happy time planning a thousand things that they would do after they had got to the big lode. And it was not before the cochin china cock had crowed on his roost, in the back yard, that Mr. Denman said,—

"Well, Mary, we *must* go to bed,—just for fashion's sake,—but as to sleeping, that's out of the question."

I must now return to the subject of my story, whom I left meditating before his scrap of a fire.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A NEW LOVER.

WHILST Enoch meditated before his small fire, —it had by now nearly gone out,—was "Sam Lloyd's good news" about the discovery of the lead in Coed Madog the subject that filled his thoughts? I don't think so. Before now a man has been oblivious of his necessary sustenance,—defied the advice and forfeited the love of his parents,—despised his inheritance and made small of his own soul,—all because of some imp, or principle, or sentiment, in his heart, called LOVE. The fact is ridiculous enough, but a fact it is in spite of that. And when we remember that it is not the fools of the world only that have been overcome,—but, sometimes, the best and foremost of our race,—it is necessary and correct for us, bachelors, to doff our hats to it and acknowledge that there is some much greater mystery in it than we can discern or fathom. In a person like Enoch Hughes, who was, if he was anything, "a man of business," and as quick sighted as anyone in the making of money, it might have been thought that the fact that had been made known to him to-night, namely, that they had struck the lode in Coed Madog, would have been enough to fill his thoughts for a fortnight at the least. But, marvellous to say, whilst he was ruminating before the fire, "Sam Lloyd's good news" never came once across his mind. There was no room in his heart for it. He had only one great thought,—it diverged, it is true, into different directions,—and that thought was,—to right and to left of him,—behind and in front of him,—*Susan Trevor*. Now-a-days she was everything to him, and with the exception of her, there was no value in anything, in his sight. And the more he saw of her,—the

more he associated with her,—the fairer, the handsomer, and the more precious she became in his mind. At one time he looked on her as a treasure too valuable for him ever to hope to possess. But circumstances had changed a good deal since then. He himself was richer than he ever had been, and his business continued to increase. His doings with Captain Trevor had brought him into nearer connections with his idol, and familiarity had not, as often happens, lessened the charm in the least, but, on the contrary, had intensified it. To earn the love and heart of Miss Trevor was, in his view, now within the bounds of possibility if not of probability. He saw that he was not unworthy of respect in her sight,—they generally agreed in their views, and, at times, Enoch thought she admired some things in him. He had from the commencement plotted the gaining of the good opinion of her mother, and had succeeded beyond his expectation, for he knew that he had a warm place in Mrs. Trevor's heart. If Captain Trevor's courteous behaviour had any omen in it, Enoch was not despicable in his sight either. Enoch felt sure, now, that he had gained the outworks, and he had fully armed himself on this night to make an energetic endeavour to get possession of the castle itself. But no sooner, as the reader will remember, had he begun his attack, than he was contemptuously repulsed, and this entirely from a mishap. To speak clearly,—without a simile,—Enoch thought that he had never had a better opportunity than he had had that night, of making known to Miss Trevor his true feelings towards her. Her story about the straitness of her father's circumstances had been an excellent opportunity, in his view, for him to show the magnanimity of his nature, and the unfeignedness of his admiration of her,—of her personally,—and independently of her property and position. But his words had hurt and angered her seriously, and before he had had the opportunity to explain their meaning to her, the Captain,—a plague on him!—had made his appearance.

"The best news," said Enoch to himself, "that I have had for I don't know how long, was hearing her say that they are poor. Now, I think, she is more likely to listen to my proposal. Now, a defence and security against want will not be valueless in her sight, and, under the circumstances, my love for her will be bound to appear more disinterested. And that is what I was going to say to her, if I had had the time. But that old Captain came downstairs. Confound him! Two minutes would have done it. No one was ever so unlucky as I am, I'll take my oath. And she misunderstood my words. I hurt her, poor dear, and now I'd be heartily glad if I hadn't said a word. Little does she know that I'd much sooner cut off my finger than cause her the smallest pain. She feels angry with me to-night, I know. And what will be best for me to do? I have a good mind to write her a letter to explain myself and tell all. But that would be ridiculous, seeing her as I do so often. I'll go there, to-morrow,—for things *must* come to a point now. I *must* explain why I said that 'I was glad to hear that they were poor.' But the worst of it is, they *are* not poor. It was easy to understand all about that from the Captain's words to-night. He has deceived them,—he has kept his affairs from them, the old fox. I knew the thing wasn't really possible. And yet, I should have been better pleased if they had been *really* poor, for if they had been, I might have room to hope that she would perhaps be more ready to accept my proposal, and, heaven knows, I should have been glad to put all I have in the world at her service, and to keep the old people, too, if necessary. But I wonder if she was trying me? It's not possible that she doesn't know that I am thinking about her, and, perhaps, she was testing me. No one knows. But it must come to something soon, for I can't go on living like ——"

Someone knocked at the window softly. Enoch looked in a fright in that direction, and perceived what he had not previously noticed, namely, that Margaret had not drawn down the blind. Behind the glass Enoch saw a shining helmet, with a beaming face under it, namely, that of Jones, the policeman, smiling at him. Enoch opened the door, and Jones said,—

"In a brown study! In a brown study! Mr. Hughes. I was only just calling your attention to the blind not being pulled down."

"Thank you," said Enoch, "I hadn't noticed it. How, I wonder, did Margaret forget it? Come in, Mr. Jones."

"Only for a minute, sir, for I must go about my business," said Jones. "How did you get on at Ty'nyrardd? Did you enjoy yourself there? Now I remember it, how are the eyes? Oh, I see, they're all right. I knew the beef would mend them."

"You are a first rate doctor, Mr. Jones," said Enoch. "No one noticed there was anything wrong with them, so far as I know. Well, we had a very happy night of it, and got good news, too. I am glad to say, Mr. Jones, and you will be glad to hear it, that we have come on lead in Coed Madog."

"Is that a fact, Mr. Hughes?" asked Jones.

"A fact it is. Sam Lloyd struck the lode to-night," said Enoch.

"Sam Lloyd, eh?" said Jones. "Sam wouldn't mind a pin taking a bit of lead down the shaft in

his pocket. Sam is an old stager, Mr. Hughes. Did you ever hear about Ellis, the Baptist, some time ago? No? Well this was it. Ellis and one or two others were searching for lead somewhere near Penybonc over yonder, and working shift and shift about. They had been at it for months, and Ellis had almost lost heart, and they had a lot of trouble to get him to work his shift. One day, what did one of the partners do,—he knew that the next shift was Ellis' turn,—but take a lump of lead as big as his fist and hide it in the spot Ellis was to go to. On his way home, after finishing his shift, he called at Ellis' house, and said,—'Aren't you going to go at it, Ellis? Do you know what, there's a better look yonder than I have ever seen, Ellis?' 'Is there?' said Ellis. 'Why do you say that?' 'Well,' said the partner, 'I can't tell you exactly, but you go and judge for yourself.' 'Well, I suppose I must go once more, though I am just quite hopeless,' said Ellis. And away he went in his woollen jacket and hard hat. But he hadn't been down more than ten minutes when he rushed up the ladders, he doesn't know to this day how, and down to the town with his hat in one had and the lead in the other hand, half breathless, shouting,—'The Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken away.' That bit was all the lead Ellis ever got in Penybonc. But the fun of the thing was this. Just after this trick on Ellis a preacher came to the Baptist chapel, and his text was,—'The Lord hath given,' and there was everybody turning their eyes on Ellis, and he slipped out of the chapel in disgust. If I were you, Mr. Hughes, I would go and have a look for myself. Go down the mine to-morrow."

"What? I go down the shaft, Mr. Jones? I wouldn't take a thousand pounds to do it," said Enoch.

"Ha, ha!" said Jones, "you are a fine chap, Mr. Hughes, to venture. How do you know that the miners are telling you the truth? I never believe a miner."

"If they were to tell me lies all my life," said Enoch, "I'd never go down the shaft, for I know my head would go light, and I should be at the bottom, as dead as a door nail, before I could count two, and what good after that would lead or anything else be to be?"

"None," said Jones; "but you would stand a good chance of having a lead coffin like a gentleman. But tell me, wasn't it odd for the Captain to be out so late to-night?"

"Oh! you saw the Captain?" asked Enoch.

"Yes," said Jones, "I have just come from Ty'nyrardd. "I was in clover after you had had dinner, and I got something there that you teetotallers didn't get,—I got a glass of whiskey with the old man."

"Where did you fall in with the Captain?" asked Enoch.

"Very oddly," said Jones. "I was just getting to the corner of the main street and I heard a knocking at a door, and what did I see but someone knocking at Lloyd the attorney's door. Lloyd had gone to bed, for there was a light in the window of the attic. I couldn't see who was knocking, but whoever it was, he went in, and, thinks I, I'd like to know who it was. He was not more than five minutes, and who did it turn out to be but the Captain. He was delighted to see me, and I went to see him home. The old man is breaking up,—he walked very zig-zaggy to-night. But what he could have wanted with old Lloyd at that time of night I don't know.

"Some business, most likely," said Enoch, contemplatively.

"So he said," said Jones, and on seeing that Enoch looked rather astonished, he added,—"Haven't you any idea about it, Mr. Hughes?"

"None at all," said Enoch, and he thought that Jones, when their acquaintanceship was so slight, was a little barefaced and inquisitive.

"Eh," said Jones; and after a short silence continued,—"Do you know what, Mr. Hughes, I don't think the Captain is so well off as people believe he is."

"What makes you think so?" asked Enoch.

"Well," said Jones, "I can't tell you exactly, somehow, but what do you think about it, Mr. Hughes?"

"Well, the brazen-faced man!" said Enoch to himself, adding audibly,—

"Captain Trevor's worldly position is quite unknown to me, and it's not of much importance to me what his position is,—whether he is rich or poor."

"Ah," said Jones, "it looks very much like rain. I can scarcely believe you, Mr. Hughes."

"Why?" asked Enoch.

"Because," said Jones, "people are wiser now than they were a time ago. I married when I was three and twenty years old, and I married a poor girl. If I had had patience, it would not have been a bit more trouble for me to have married a girl with two or three thousand pounds,—the parson would not have been a bit longer in going through the service, and I should have been saved having to wear this here livery. But now men take time to look about them, and take care that the wife brings something besides a sharp tongue to the house with her. Quite right, too. And though I must confess that there is beauty, learning, and sense, over yonder without doubt, I

don't think someone I know would be so attentive at Ty'nyrardd, if he didn't believe there was something else besides there too."

"The one you refer to, Mr. Jones, is not so worldly and mercenary as that, and if there was anything more than friendship between him and Miss Trevor, and he found out that her father was not well off, or even that he was poor, it would not make the least change in his intentions towards her," said Enoch.

"You are a wonderful man, Mr. Hughes; you are quite an exception in this kind of thing," said Jones.

"I know nothing about that," said Enoch, "but I do know this,—that I should not consider love to be love at all if circumstances changed it in the least."

"I see," said Jones, "that you have old-fashioned notions, Mr. Hughes, about love,—the love that novels talk about. But when you come to actual life, you see very little trust placed in that sort of love, even amongst those who thought they possessed it. And you remember the proverb, —'When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out of the window.'"

"No proverb was ever more false in my opinion," said Enoch. No doubt poverty coming in at the door has been of service in showing, many a time, that there was never any *true* love in the house. When a man has fallen over head and ears in love with beauty and worth, and has been struck, as though by lightning, deaf and dumb, he can never shake *that* off,—no matter how many things may come to light, if they do not unanimously militate against the one he has fallen in love with,—they can't change him at all, according to my notion,—poverty is a misfortune and not an evil, and wealth is an accident, and neither the one nor the other can detract much from or add to the true value of a beautiful and virtuous girl. That is my opinion, Mr. Jones."

"You are getting beyond me now, Mr. Hughes," said Jones. "I don't know much about such like things. But would you be surprised if I were to tell you that the Captain was hard up?"

"I should, of course," said Enoch.

"What would you say, if I said that the Captain had been served with a writ for five and twenty pounds?" asked Jones.

"I should say someone had told you a lie," said Enoch.

"What if I were to say that I *know* it is a fact?" asked Jones.

"I should say," said Enoch, "that I *know* that the Captain, to-night, is not short of two or three five and twenty pounds. There is some mistake, Mr. Jones.

"There isn't, sir, any mistake. And if the Captain had two five and twenty pounds, I know he has parted with the half of them to-night," said Jones.

(Enoch smiled, and said to himself,—"They are poor after all, and thank goodness for it.")

"I thought," said Jones, "that it was my duty, as a friend, to tell you this, Mr. Hughes, for it would be a bad thing for you to take a false step, and if I were in your place I should make myself conspicuous by my absence at Ty'nyrardd. I don't doubt but that they will do their best to get you into a trap to marry their daughter, but it will be a bad look out for you, Mr. Hughes."

"The fact," said Enoch, "if fact it is, that the Captain has been served with a writ does not prove that he is poor. The Captain is an odd sort of man, and perhaps he made up his mind not to pay the money till he chose to himself. But how did you get at this, Mr. Jones?"

"I can't answer that question, Mr. Hughes, without betraying a confidence. Policemen get at a thousand things that it's no use their telling how they get at. But it is true enough, believe me, and I could tell you more, but I see from your face that you don't believe me," said Jones.

Enoch had not been able to conceal his joy, and Jones rose to go away, and said,—

"Time will show, Mr. Hughes, but take care and keep your eyes open, and you are sure to find that I—— What was that noise? Have you got any cats here?"

"No," said Enoch, "there are more mice than cats here. Margaret kills every cat that comes to the place. But there was a noise there, wasn't there? What was it, I wonder?"

"It was in the back room. Let us go and look for fear there are thieves there," said Jones.

Enoch lighted a candle, and it was not without trepidation, after having heard thieves mentioned, that he went towards the back room, but he felt fairly courageous too, as Jones was at his heels. Enoch opened the door, holding the candle at arm's length, and keeping his body as far back as he could. As soon as Enoch held the candle in front of him, out into the room, someone tried to blow it out from behind the door, and Enoch jumped back in a fright, striking against Jones' stomach. Jones snatched the candle from his hand and pushed Enoch before him into the room, in spite of his utmost opposition, and in the scuffle they heard someone say, in a low voice,—

"It's me, master."

"Yes, and who besides," said Jones, holding the light in every direction. The light disclosed a very harmless sight,—too harmless to occasion such a fright to Enoch, for he had been dreadfully

frightened,—he was trembling like a leaf, and his face was as white as death. In the room there was a bench, about two yards long, which was used by Margaret on washing days for holding the tubs. When Jones and Enoch entered Margaret was sitting at one end of this bench, with her chin on her breast, and her finger in her mouth, looking bashfully and guiltily at the floor. Behind the door stood,—or rather, like one who was in the act of rising from his seat,—a well-known character called Tom Solid. Tom had on corduroy trousers which were too short at top and bottom. At the bottom they were tied in to the legs, and bound with a cord under his knees, and at top they were loose over his hips but were secured by a strap and buckle, and a shirt all of one colour popped out untidily over their sides. Tom's shirt had always been of one colour,—a colour that did not show dirt,—with a big collar like a coat collar, —so as to avoid the necessity of wearing a neckerchief. To avoid the usual waistcoat, Tom wore a waistcoat with sleeves, and though it was double breasted, and had big buttons on it, it was always open,—summer and winter. This was Tom's style of coming acourting. It was not the first time that he had been at the business,—for he had buried three wives, and he had not seen any necessity for anything extra in his dress on this occasion. Still Tom was an honest man, and he had for years been working under the Local Board, and had wheeled a barrow so much that he could never stand up straight, but was, as has been said, as if half sitting and half standing always. When he found himself caught in the back room by Jones the policeman, Tom did not show anything like the confusion Margaret did, and there was more of fun to be detected in his face than of fright. Jones asked him,—

"Well, Tom, what's your business in a house like this at this time of night?"

Tom smiled, and pointed with a nod and a wink to Margaret, the meaning of which was, "My business is with her."

"What?" said Jones, "did you come here to make love to Margaret?"

Tom gave an affirmative nod, and a hitch to his trousers.

"Oh," said Jones, "how long has this business been going on, Tom?"

Tom gave a double nod at Margaret, the meaning of which indicated "Ask her."

"How long, Margaret?" asked Jones.

"He's wanted to talk to me for a long time, but he never has come in till to-night," said Margaret.

"So," said Jones. "But stop, Tom. You buried your last wife some time ago,—quite three months, wasn't it, Tom?"

"Tom gave a triple nod, which, being interpreted, meant "Yes, poor thing."

"I thought so," said Jones. "And you are thinking of closing with Margaret, and making a wife of her, Tom?"

Tom gave a conditional nod, as much as to say, "If she is willing."

"Well, Margaret, what do you say about Tom's offer? Tom is an honest man, sober, in regular work, gets fifteen shillings a week, and has a house and furniture. Are you agreeable, Margaret?"

"I don't know exactly; but perhaps I couldn't do much better," said Margaret.

"I believe," said Jones, "that you will be doing quite right. You will not get such an offer every day. And you, Tom, can consider yourself extremely lucky if you get Margaret for a wife, for she is a tidy sort of woman, healthy, handy, and hard-working, besides having a bit of money," —Tom's face lightened up at hearing this,—"and it would be a foolish thing for you to lose any time about the matter; the sooner you come together the better. What do you say, Tom?"

Tom gave a nod of entire consent.

"What do *you* say, Margaret," asked Jones.

"Just as he likes," said Margaret.

"Well," said Jones, "if Mr. Hughes is willing to let Margaret leave without giving notice, the best thing, Tom, will be for you to put the banns up next Sunday."

Tom looked enquiringly at Mr. Hughes' face, and Enoch said,—

"If Margaret wishes it, I will not prevent her. Indeed I shall be glad to see her make a home for herself, though I shall be sorry to lose her," said Enoch, and in this he told a little bit of a lie.

"You have stopped too suddenly, Mr. Hughes," said Jones. "I quite expected to hear you say that you would give a wedding breakfast."

"Well, I will do so, and perhaps I will give her a small present, too, for Margaret has been a good and honest servant," said Enoch.

"I knew," said Jones, "you would act like a gentleman."

"I thank you, sir," said Margaret, and Tom touched his forelock as an acknowledgment of the kindness.

"Now," said Jones, "I'll leave you, and you be off home, Tom, in ten minutes or so, and remember, Tom, that it won't do for us to hear about a breach of promise, for there are two witnesses here, remember."

Tom gave a nod with the left side of his head, as much as to say "No fear."

And thus the lovers were left by Enoch and Jones.

After getting out of their hearing, the latter said,—

"That's a big enough bit of business got through isn't it, Mr. Hughes?"

"I think so, indeed," said Enoch, "and just fancy, the man never uttered a word out of his own head the whole time."

"He spoke a lot *with* his head though," said Jones. "That man's nod, sir, is as good as his wink or word. Do you know what, Mr. Hughes, it is pouring favours upon you to-day."

"It's useless my denying," said Enoch, "that I shan't be heartily glad to get rid of Margaret, and that Tom Solid has taken a great weight off my mind."

"I believe you," said Jones. "And now I must go about my business. But I have a favour to ask you, Mr. Hughes. I noticed, yesterday, that you have some home cured hams of grand appearance in your shop,—and will you trust me with one till the next pay day? I am a bit hard up for brass just now, but I'll be sure to pay you next pay day."

"You shall do nothing of the sort, Mr. Jones," said Enoch. But I'll send you a ham free and gratis to-morrow, and thanks for your kindness. It shall be in your house before mid-day."

"You are too generous, Mr. Hughes, and I can only thank you from the bottom of my heart and say good night," said Jones.

ISLWYN.

There is a growing belief among Welsh readers that Islwyn is the greatest poet that Wales has so far produced. There is also considerable impatience to possess his poetical works, and continual inquiries why they are allowed to remain in manuscript. At last, the great poet's works are being rapidly pulled through the press, and very soon a handsome volume will be in the market. The demand for beautiful volumes of Welsh poetry is continually increasing, and the Welsh press has evidently a busy time before it in all branches of literature.

Islwyn died Nov. 20th, 1878.

INQUIRY.

A FADED letter, full of love,
Before me lies;
The friend who wrote it is above—
Beyond the skies.

Oh, that once more with him I could
The valley roam;
Muse in the meadows, view each wood
Around his home.

Islwyn! thy spirit seemeth near,
Thy touch I feel;
Songs sung to angels now I hear;
Like bells they peal.

Thy genius showed itself in lines
That should not die;
Jewels hadst thou from richest mines—
Where do they lie?

The land thou lov'dst so well would be
Rejoiced by them;
Whose hand has closed the treasury—
Kept back each gem?

ISRAEL.

Cardiff, July 2nd, 1893.

WELCOME.

SWEET spirit in the silent land,
The strains of thy pure soul
Will soon again on every hand
In waves of music roll;
Thy native hills and vales shall hear
The lays that were to us so dear.

Long since we've asked for them, and prayed
Devoutly they might be
No longer silenced. Why delayed,
And so mysteriously,
We oft have wondered; but at last
Our souls shall have a grand repast.

Delightful prospect! On each line
With fondness we shall dwell;
So good was every thought of thine,
So great its potent spell;
The *Awen* ever seemed to be
Within thy home at Ynys Ddu.

J. T. JACOB.

THE CYMMRODORION MEDAL. (Reverse side.)

JOSEPH EDWARDS, SCULPTOR.

BY WILLIAM DAVIES *(Mynorydd)*.

XIII.—THE CYMMRODORION MEDAL (PART 2.)

AS stated in the foregoing part, the design for the reverse side of this medal is made up of two subjects, which are here brought together for the purpose of giving variety and effect to the composition, as well as to convey ideas to the observers such as should be in due keeping with the high and pure tone of mind aimed at in the preceding part.

The first of these two occupies the uppermost part of the design, and is entitled,—"The Cambrian sacred symbol of the mind's divinest glory."

This is composed of the holiest star of the soul, *i.e.*, the "Star of Arthur," which makes a silent music up in heaven, and its three mystic rays of heavenly light, "seven times brighter than the light of day." From these a "bright effluence of bright essence increate" emanates in all directions to illuminate with its celestial radiance the many emblematic clouds of life indicated here as surrounding the sacred symbol. Through the celestial radiance, life can become indeed a glory notwithstanding all the clouds wherewith it is surrounded, a glory free from all narrowness, and made indeed divine with the brightest and purest lustre of wisdom, love, and truth, in science, poetry, and religion,—of reason, imagination, and faith.

All this, too, can be nobly realised in complete accordance with God's eternal order of the all-boundless universe, as revealed in the collective human mind, which is "the light of all our seeing."

It may be stated here that the holiest star of the soul, in this symbol, founded on "the bright and morning star" in Revelation, denotes our Triune Heavenly Father as "the high and lofty One, that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy," and who says of Himself,—"I dwell in the high and holy place, with him, also, that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones." Yes! and, moreover, "to bind up the broken-hearted, and to comfort all that mourn." Isaiah lvii. 15, and lxi. 1-2. These three mystic rays of heavenly light have a corresponding sevenfold meaning in each ray. Beginning

with the eternal author of all, our Divine Creator, we come to the Redeemer, who is "the angel on the throne of God," and who says "Come unto me all ye that are heavy laden and I will give you rest;" and then to the Sanctifier; or, as Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. These are followed downwards by the three universes of God, as revealed in the human mind, already named the real, the ideal, the divine. Then come the three empires of the human mind, as all literature, all science, and all art.

The next subject on this side is "The Cambrian floral wreath of brightest hope and joy." The wreath begins at the upper part on the right hand of the observer, with an indication of "the holy herb of our forefathers,"—"the sacred vervain, an herb of grace," which, in the language of flowers, denotes "enchantment," here meaning the enchantment of the soul at having the joy to begin its bright career from heaven to heaven, from God to God, this being the allegory of this floral wreath. Then comes the holy misletoe (*viscum album*), which was held in great veneration by the druids and ancient Britons, as the curer of all ills, and called "All-heal;" its meaning here is intended to be "I surmount all obstacles," *i.e.*, obstacles to the full developement of the soul's brightest and divinest glory. Then follows the Cape jasmine (*gardenia florida*), meaning ecstasy, or transport of joy at having surmounted all obstacles. And then the ever-blooming rose (*agrostemina cœlirosa*), its meaning being "beauty ever new," such as a well-trained soul clearly sees in the myriad marvels of the three universes of God. Next follows the tall sunflower, meaning "valiant deeds and towering thoughts," which, like this "eagle of flowers, can gaze without blinking even at the noonday glory of the sun." But neither towering thoughts nor valiant deeds can wholly keep away the heavy trials of this world at present, so, under the tall sunflower comes the odorous night blooming nyctanthus (*arbor tristis*), *i.e.*, the night flower of sorrow, which

> "Like timid jasmine buds that keep
> Their odour to themselves all day;
> But when the sunlight dies away,
> Let their delicious fragrance out,"

as a great soul does in the hour of deepest sorrow and adversity.

The next in order is the Roman camomile, which means "courage in adversity." Then follows an indication of the flowers of the Welsh golden rod plant (*solidago Cambrica*), the meaning of which is obvious, I trust, without a word of explanation. And then comes the fruit and leaves of the white mulberry tree (*morus alba*), which means wisdom. The next in order is the veronica, *i.e.*, speedwell, meaning fidelity. And then the violet,—

> "The violet dim,
> But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
> Or Cytharea's breath."

The sweet violet means modesty, which is an ever attendant grace of the truly great in mind. Then the white chrysanthemum follows, denoting truth, which the wise ever seek devoutly. Next we have the large and magnificently scented magnolia grandiflora, indicating the love of nature and of science; and O what a world of wisdom and truth and glory can be derived from this great love.

As a completion and foundation of this side of the wreath, we have placed oak leaves and acorns,—the poet Herrick calls the oak 'the gospel tree,'—they mean magnanimity, bravery, and hospitality, glorious qualities of the mind.

On the other half of the wreath, on the left hand of the observer, but on the right hand of the sacred symbol, we have, as a foundation for an ascending series of emblematic flowers, an indication of olive leaves and berries, meaning peace and joy divine. Immediately above this is the divinely scented sacred lotus, the sacred bean of India, which is emblematic of the holy love of God and of religion. This balances the magnolia on the other side. Next comes the pure white lily, "the flower of heaven," or purity in majesty. Close to this is the globe amaranth, to denote "the amaranth of the eternal realm," and emblematic of love unchangeable. Above this is an indication of the Star of Bethlehem (*ornithogalum umbellatum*), its meaning "faith," and "Christ's flower of May" (hawthorn), accompanied by what Coleridge so beautifully calls "hope's gentle gem, the sweet forget-

me-not." Over these is placed the "great passion flower of God's love," of His everlasting desire to save,—"For His mercy endureth for ever." Above this is the indication of "the flower of the Holy Spirit" (*El Spirito Santo*), which is surmounted by the "flower of God," or divine flower (*deianthus carophyllus*). The next is the alleluiah plant (*oxalis acetosella*), with its "holy trefoil's charm," a symbol of the Trinity, this being surmounted by a spray of white asphodel from the Cape of Good Hope, indicating eternal beatitude in heaven,—

> "By the streams that ever flow,
> By the fragrant winds that blow
> O'er Elysian flowers;
> By those happy souls that dwell
> In yellow meads of asphodel,
> Or amaranthine bowers."
> POPE'S ode "St. Cecilia."

And thus we indicate the progress of the redeemed soul from heaven to heaven, from God to God.

This is then a slight and imperfect description of "the Cambrian floral wreath of brightest hope and joy."

The motto for this side is "Wales, and everything great, wise, and holy."

In connection with the description of the medal, the following extract from a supplementary leaflet, found amongst Mr. Edwards' notes, is interesting,—

"After attending the council meeting of the Honourable Society of Cymmrodorion, on Wednesday, October 30th, 1878, I had a call on the Saturday following from the Rev. Jones Davies, M.A., Hugh Lloyd Roberts, Esq., barrister, and Howell Thomas, Esq., to see my designs for the contemplated medal. They were very much pleased with the work, and at the following council meeting, November 13th, the designs were unanimously adopted.

"After the Cymmrodorion dinner on the following Wednesday, November 20th, the undermentioned members of the council called on me,—John Thomas, Esq. (*Pencerdd Gwalia*), and T. Marchant Williams, Esq. On the next Friday I had a call on the same subject from Dr. Isambard Owen and William Davies Esq. (*Mynorydd*). On the next day I had a call from the following barristers,—Ignatius Williams, Esq., David Lewis, Esq., William Evans, Esq. All these gentlemen expressed themselves much pleased with the work."

I have failed to find any reference to a visit by the late Sir Hugh Owen,—then plain Mr. Owen. A letter from Mr. Edwards to him is in the previous article, but he had not then completed his description of it. I remember, however, Mr. Owen told me that to listen to Mr. Edwards' oral description of the medal was to listen to a sermon, the sculptor being so absorbed in it, as he revealed his various ideas in the composition, that he was lifted on the wings of his imagination, and got to have quite a "hwyl" in its delivery.

If my readers will carefully observe the order of the various emblems, and endeavour to follow the thought conveyed by each, I think a unity will be found. The building up of the motives connected with each separate item will be revealed, and will enable them to realize the whole as the result of much reflection on the sculptor's part. A glance at the materials for this purpose in manuscript would form an impressive lesson to any mind.

Reference was made in the correspondence on the subject to a fund for the production of the medal. The subscriptions of the members of the society amounted to £60; and the council voted another £60 to make up the necessary amount for its completion.

The work was executed by Messrs. Elkington (not Wyon).

The first medal was awarded to Gwilym Hiraethog, who came to town on purpose to receive it. When we reflect on the fact that Hiraethog was a poet and a preacher of a high order, and that his political writings formed a most powerful lever in the awakening of Wales to a new life, and were forming the dawn of the time when Wales was to become a factor in the United Kingdom, it would be difficult to point to a man more deserving of the honour of the medal, combining, as he did in so able a manner, the threefold character of poet, preacher, politician. And thus the lines laid down by the sculptor in his wonderful incorporation of the purely Welsh form of all excellence,—the Triad,—were well applied in the selection.

There was a talk of giving another

medal to one who was eminent as a scholar, but I believe he was not a poet, nor a particularly powerful preacher,—at any rate, not well known as such. The purpose fell through at the time.

Would it not be wise for the council to revive the subject? And, now that the University of Wales is a reality, would it not be advisable that the forthcoming ceremonial of installation at Aberystwyth should form an opportunity for an award of this medal?

A GREAT PREACHER.*

By the Rev. John Owen, Mold.

It may be stated, without fear of contradiction, that Edward Morgan ranked amongst the foremost Welsh preachers of the middle of this century. It would be impossible to name the six best preachers who flourished in the fifties and the sixties without including him. Further, it may be added that his published sermons have secured for him an abiding position amongst the great preachers of Wales. If a plebiscite of the readers of sermons in Wales was taken to-day, he would probably come out first, though perhaps some of us would hesitate to take that verdict as a final one. The very mention of the names of his contemporaries will help to give us an idea of the high qualities which Mr. Morgan must have possessed before he could ever have taken his place among them. They were John Jones, Talysarn, Henry Rees, and William Roberts, Amlwch. These three were then at the height of their power and popularity. Others, such as the late Dr. O. Thomas, were rapidly coming to the front, soon again to be followed by others, whose loss we have mourned during the last ten years, and whom I suppose most of us have heard. You will find that Mr. Morgan took his place from the first among the above mentioned. In fact, before he had attained his thirtieth year he was recognized as one of the foremost preachers of his day,—not unworthy to be placed side by side with such men as Henry Rees and John Jones, Talysarn.

Had he not been a brilliant preacher, it is almost certain that he would never have succeeded in his great task of collecting the endowment fund of Bala College. There can be no doubt that his success in "begging" is to be largely attributed to his brilliant and attractive preaching. To collect money at any time, and under any ciucumstances, is not an easy task; and no one who cares much for his ease and comfort, and is anxious to be in good odour, will ever undertake such work. But we must remember that Edward Morgan's labours in this respect revolutionized the Calvinistic Methodists, and indeed created a new epoch in the history of all the free churches of our land. The voluntary principle was too often understood as meaning that every man had a right to give as little as he liked, and even to give nothing at all, if he so willed.

We must not forget also that Mr. Morgan not only laboured in behalf of securing suitable training for those who enter the ministry, but he further boldly advocated the pastorate, and that ministers should "live by the Gospel." It is not true that Mr. Morgan laboured alone in this respect. He had undoubtedly in the advocacy of these reforms the support of the most far-seeing man who ever served the Calvinistic Methodists,—the late Dr. Edwards of Bala. But Mr. Morgan was the spokesman of these movements. He it was that agitated in the *Corff*. And it must not be forgotten that the stand he made on these questions, and his vigorous advocacy of them, made him very unpopular with a large section, probably the

* This article was delivered in the form of an address to students, at Bala Theological College, which will explain the use of some expressions.

majority at that time, within the Calvinistic connexion. He was certainly the best hated and I must add the most slandered man, in Methodism for a large part of his life. One blushes to think how he was spoken of, and how he was vilified as a lover of money, and classed among those who made merchandise of the Word of God. I do not exaggerate as you might naturally suppose, for in the first Monthly Meeting after his death, most of the speakers addressed themselves to the task of clearing his good name from such charges as those I have already mentioned. It is somewhat painful to recall these facts. It lowers our estimate of the generation which gave countenance to such cruel and unjust charges. My reason for referring to this point is, that it helps us to realize more fully the preaching power of the man. It was impossible for close-fisted, earthly souls to resist his preaching; they flocked to hear him, though they had to do this at the peril of having to subscribe towards the College Fund before he had done with them. If his fame as a preacher had not been firmly established before he set out on his great task he would probably never have succeeded, in spite of his indomitable courage, force of character, and versatility.

Mr. Morgan attained his pre-eminence as a preacher in spite of his lacking some advantages, which were distinguishing features in most of the great preachers of Wales. From reading the "Biography of John Jones, Talysarn, and his Times,"—which gives us the best insight into Welsh preaching,—you will find that the great preachers of the past, almost without exception, were men of fine physique. Dr. Thomas tells us that John Jones and John Elias were quite five foot ten in height, and Henry Rees was an inch taller, and from the portraits and traditions of the old preachers which have come down to us, we know them to have been men of commanding and imposing appearance. Perhaps it appears childish to refer to a matter of this kind; but I noticed that in the prolonged discussions which preceded the election of a new Speaker of the House of Commons, when the merits of different members were canvassed, great emphasis was being laid upon the First Commoner being a man of commanding and dignified bearing. If the appearance of the outward man was a matter worthy of consideration to the House of Commons,—the most hard-headed, least sentimental body of men in Great Britain,—surely it cannot be left out of account, when estimating the qualities which go to make up the influence of a popular preacher. Now whilst the great preachers of Wales almost invariably had been men of a tall, commanding, and most prepossessing appearance,—they literally *filled* their pulpits,—Mr. Morgan on the other hand could not lay claim to this outward advantage. He was undersized. He was known as "y dyn bach." In bodily presence he was weak like Paul, and I well remember that Dr. Thomas made a veiled allusion to this resemblance in his funeral sermon to Mr. Morgan. And Mr. Morgan, himself, used to say that it took him a full quarter of an hour to remove the unfavourable impression which his insignificant outward appearance made upon a strange congregation. You will find that learned commentators are somewhat puzzled to explain that verse in Matt. vi. 27,—"Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature." Sitting in their studies, they cannot understand why any man should be so very much concerned as to adding a cubit to his stature. If they were placed before a large audience in some of our largest chapels, and especially before the thousands on the Sassiwn field, they would, I believe, soon share in this anxiety. Further most of the great preachers had been endowed with fine powerful voices. They must, in a certain sense, be regarded as among the "singers of Wales." They were capable also on occasions of giving a "bloedd." The English word "shout" is a very inadequate and misleading translation of the word *bloedd.* Though Mr. Morgan had a clear piercing voice, which ascended into pleasant modulations, yet it fell far below that of the great preachers of our land in volume and in strength, some of whom were then living. I remember well that, the first time I heard him, I thought him very tame coming after a preacher who could run the gamut of sound from bass to tenor, and from tenor to alto, and down again. This

was a treat to a young lad, I can assure you. One would be inclined to repeat the words of Bottom in *Midsummer's Night Dream*,—"Let him roar again, let him roar again."

Where lay his strength as a preacher? I shall mention a few points, not in the order of importance, but as they struck one in listening to him.

The first thing that struck you in listening to him was the naturalness of his delivery. One was somewhat surprised to hear a man speak in the pulpit in the same tone of voice, and with the same ease and naturalness, as when speaking outside. I imagine that this was a happy change, and a welcome relief to hearers, who had been long oppressed with the heavy drawling style so prevalent in those days, especially among the common run of preachers. Nor, perhaps, can it be said that some of our greatest preachers were entirely free from it, for where did the ordinary preacher get it? They must have copied it, though Dr. O. Thomas tells us, in his masterly delineation of the great preachers of Wales, in the tenth chapter of the *Cofiant* of John Jones, that John Elias was entirely free from it, and that he delivered the greater part of his sermons in a high speaking voice, and it appears from Dr. Thomas' portraiture that the charm of Williams of Wern, as a preacher, consisted partly in the unaffected style of his delivery. That this naturalness of delivery was a distinguishing feature, and contributed to the success of Mr. Morgan as a preacher, is seen at once when listening to him outside the pulpit. Nothing tests the style of a man's preaching better than placing him to speak in a public meeting, or in a set debate in one of our Associations. We have perhaps become so accustomed to the tone,—some call it the Methodistical tone,—that slow, ponderous, drawling style,—that we do not feel it so much in a sermon. But let this style of speech be removed from its surroundings, say to the platform of a public meeting for example, and we instantly detect it, and we realize then how unnatural it is. May this not be the reason that astonishingly few of our preachers have been recognized as effective public speakers on platforms. Mr. Morgan was remarkably free from this pulpit mannerism, hence he was a brilliant success on the platform or on the hustings. Though he was not a "political parson," yet in the great general elections of 1859 and 1865, when Merioneth was striving for her political independence, he came out boldly, and proved himself a most effective speaker. He carried all before him. Again in our Church Assembly he was an acknowledged master. The traditions of his powerful advocacy of many questions have not yet died from our midst. His success in these spheres must be attributed partly, though not wholly, to his natural way of expressing his thoughts.

Another distinguishing trait was the place he gave to the imagination in the construction and elaboration of his sermons. The two volumes of Mr. Morgan's sermons are perhaps the best illustration of this in our language. It is this quality in his sermons more than anything else that explains his great popularity from his first setting out. Men had become tired of the dry, technical, controversial theology which was often preached to them. Also practical sermons, in which the sins, and sometimes customs that were not sins, were denounced with a coarseness and brutality which was not always divine, made the advent of such a preacher very timely. It must have been a welcome relief to the hearers to listen to a preacher setting forth the truths of the Gospel in an interesting and attractive form, whose practical exhortations were softened by gleams of imagination. His touch was lighter, yet more thrilling and electric, than was generally the case at that time, especially in the districts where Mr. Morgan laboured oftenest. His hearers felt in listening to him as if passing from a monotonous canal to a winding river with green grass, flowers, and trees growing on its banks.

If asked the question which was the one distinguishing feature in his sermons, I am inclined to answer that it is imagination. This was the most prominent and prevailing quality in his sermons. He certainly had a quick, vigorous, and nimble intellect, but he cannot be said to possess the power of creative thought such as is seen in the sermons of the late David

Charles of Carmarthen. Nor had he the grasp and wide sweep of thought that we see in Mr. Rees' sermons, nor the philosophic depth and power of thought which characterizes some of the sermons of John Jones of Talysarn. We certainly find imagination in Mr. Rees' sermons, though under severe restraint, and John Jones' imagination too often soars upward to the highest heavens. Yet the basis of the former's thoughts was theological, and that of the latter philosophical. But I would not be far from the mark in saying that all Mr. Morgan's thinking ran naturally into an imaginative mould. In order to realize this more clearly, let anyone compare Mr. Morgan's sermons with those of Mr. Rees, when they treat of the same subject.* The theological standpoint of both was the same. It was Puritan in both, yet their treatment is very different in manner. Mr. Rees seems to divide and treat his subject after the manner of the Puritans, though with far greater literary charm than some of them. Again, if we turn to Mr. Morgan's sermons, though he had read the Puritans in his earlier years, yet one would have scarcely suspected this in reading his sermons. Possibly, after all, he may have learnt much of his aptness in making use of the Scriptures from some of the Puritans, for we must bear in mind that some of them,—such as Goodwin, Adams, and Sibbs,—make use largely of the imagination.

In order to illustrate the use he makes of the imagination in the thinking out of his subject. I shall give a sketch of Sermon XIV., Vol. I. The text is,—"Who hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel." He divides his text into two divisions,—he seemed rather fond of doing this,—placing them in antithetical form. Here are the two divisions,—I. What Christ accomplished, and the way he did this,—to "abolish death." II. The proof we have that Christ hath abolished death,—"have brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel." Now whilst the divisions are not unlike those we meet with in Robertson's sermons, the treatment is totally different. I am not referring to their theological views, but to the manner of working out the idea of the sermon. Whilst Robertson would probably give us happily expressed definitions tinged with scientific and poetical colour, proceeding with an analysis of the different feelings with which men in different times have met death, Mr. Morgan sets out by stating under the first division that "Christ dealt with death even as death had dealt with us." How hath death dealt with us? Then he turns to the dictionary and finds that this word *death* is translated in different parts to mean "to make unfruitful," "to wither," "to make of no avail," "to weaken," "to destroy," "blot out," "to annihilate," and he takes up one figure after another, illustrating them in very vivid colours, showing how death had brought all this about. Then he turns to the other side of the statement, illustrating how Christ had dealt with death even in the same manner as death had done with the world and with man. Here you have the body of the sermon. That he should have chosen this mode of treating his subject shews the boldness of his imagination, and that he should have succeeded in working out the idea, shews the strength and fertility of his imagination. In the hands of men ordinarily endowed with imagination, and of less resources and sureness of aim, such a treatment would inevitably result in the mixing together of colours, and in presenting a confused and confusing scene to the eyes of the audience.

It was the imaginative quality of his mind that caused him to set forth every truth in concrete form, and for this reason the simplest, as well as the most refined, among his hearers, understood and appreciated him. I knew a half-witted woman, a few years ago, who had the eyes of her mind opened in listening to him preaching on those words of the prophet, Zechariah iv. 6,—"Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts."

For this reason, also, his sermons are of an objective character. They do not turn your eyes inward, like the sermons of Rees

* Compare for example Sermon IV., Vol. I. of Morgan's with Sermon XXXIII., Vol. II. of Rees'. The subject is almost the same, and yet how different the treatment.

or Newman. You do not meet with the subtle analysis of motive and minute descriptions of the various moods of the inner life which one finds in Newman; nor have we that application of the truths of the Gospel to the sense of sin, which is so marked a feature in the sermons of Mr. Rees. Mr. Morgan, on the other hand, was objective in his preaching, and probably those in whom the imagination is the ruling faculty are always objective. He endeavoured to set forth the Gospel in its fulness, and whatever text he took, the greatness and glory of the Gospel shone through the sermon, even when he preached on such historical subjects as that of Jacob.* As it has been said that the Alps look at you through the windows in Switzerland, so it may be said that the everlasting hills peer through every text and illustration of these sermons. In reading his sermons, one does not find that he was fascinated by any special aspect of the truth. There is no trend of thought seen in them, as, for example, in the sermons of Dr. Saunders. He was not the prophet of any school of thought.

Here we may glance at what would be considered his limitations, I cannot call them defects; or, if they are defects, they are those of his qualities, as the French happily express it. Mr. Morgan, I believe, had a very conservative intellect. He was impenetrable to new ideas. In this respect he was behind, not only John Jones Talysarn, who had in him strong speculative tendencies, but behind even Mr. Rees, who, though he was of a most cautious, if not timid nature, yet had a mind of great elasticity, and who had, in fact, moved much during his life-time, and I was told by one who had the best opportunity of knowing him that he was beginning to take a wider view even in his very last years. Almost all Mr. Morgan's references to modern writers are of a disparaging character, and one is compelled to believe that he was not in the least touched by the current of modern thought. Compare, in this respect, his sermons with those of Robertson, who was preaching at Brighton in the very same period as that in which Mr. Morgan wrote almost all the sermons published in the two published volumes. The thought of his time may be said to have passed through Robertson's mind, colouring, yea, transforming much of his preaching. His "Life and Letters" indeed prove to us that he was caught in an intellectual cyclone; and it is interesting to study his sermons in the light of his own life, which is revealed to us so unreservedly in his letters. Possibly this might be said of Dr. Saunders' sermons, and, perhaps, this is more true of him than any other Welsh preacher whose sermons have yet appeared.

For this reason there is no growth in Mr. Morgan's views. In this respect he may be said to have been cast and not planted, as was said of the younger Pitt. In comparing some of the sermons of his latter years,—of which there are but few published,—with his earlier sermons, you do not perceive any advance or change, except that the style is simpler, and that he gives us fewer illustrations, and perhaps the sermons are of a more ethical character, such as the one on "Deliwch i mi y llwyn-ogod bychain," which is the last in the second volume. I hope that there is nothing offensive to the most sensitive in pointing out what appears as limitations in one who has taken a historical place among the great preachers of Wales.

In Mr. Morgan we find a rich and versatile imagination united to a strong practical nature. It was the former element in his preaching that made him so irresistible even to misers,—a hard-hearted race. On the other hand, it was his strongly practical nature which caused him to turn away instinctively from all speculative thought that might weaken action, or cripple organization It was this innate tendency of his nature that made him a church reformer. In fact he seems to have been somewhat absorbed in his practical work, for you will find that almost all these sermons were written before he had set out on his great labours on behalf of Bala College and the ministry. Those who are "Bala boys" ought to produce some good sermons, for clearly Mr. Morgan sacrificed a good many, in order that our old college should be properly endowed. I do not intend to follow him in this direction. I referred to his work as church leader and

* Ser. VII., Vol. I.

reformer in order to explain certain limitations which we may find in him, and also in order to help us to understand the quality of his imagination. His character was all of a piece, as is that of every sound and healthy nature. His was a remarkably compact and genuine nature; not loosely knit together. Now when we look at the quality of his imagination, we find it to be of that kind which is oftenest allied to practicalness of character, — *rhetorical imagination.* We must not allow ourselves to be carried away by the associations of the word rhetoric, so as to suppose that rhetoric has not a legitimate place in the Christian pulpit. Mr. Morgan's imagination was of the rhetorical kind, not the dramatic, such as we see in Christmas Evans or Edward Matthews. How are we to distinguish between them? I would say that the dramatic imagination is absorbed in the scenes which it describes, whilst the rhetorical imagination, on the other hand, is occupied in presenting the truth before the mind's eye in the manner most likely to tell upon the reader or hearer. And it is a fact that the most energetic and practical nations have produced the highest rhetorical oratory, and it is often found that men who are great in action, such as a statesman and commander of armies, and rulers of men, have often excelled in rhetorical power, — such as Pitt, Fox, Nelson, Napoleon, Peel, Gladstone.

John Elias seems to have possessed both qualities in a very high degree, — the rhetorical and dramatic,—and possibly it was this that made him the most powerful speaker which Wales has ever produced or ever heard.

Now it is the rhetorical imagination that distinguishes Mr. Morgan's sermons,— as far as his style and form go.* It is the rhetorical imagination that leads him to make such a happy use of scriptural allusions and illustrations. He saw instinctively the aptness of a scriptural illustration. He knew how much to take; and what is still more difficult, he knew what to leave out, which, according to Schiller, is the crucial test of literary art. It would be interesting to compare Mr. Morgan's use of Scriptural episodes with that of the beloved evangelist, Joseph Thomas Carno. While the latter brought up the whole circumstances of the story before the congregation in all its bearing, pointing out its lessons, and invariably touching upon its humorous or pathetic side, Mr. Morgan, on the other hand, made use of the scriptural allusion only so far as it served the main purpose of his sermon. In reading his sermons, one is impressed, also, with the ease with which he works out his illustrations, whether Scriptural or otherwise. There was nothing forced in his treatment of them. They seem to have waited upon him. His imagination seemed to have exercised a spell over them like that of a magician's wand. Possibly one is tempted to think that these illustrations are found in too great profusion, especially in his earlier sermons. It is different in the later sermons. One is almost blinded by the rapid recurrence of these brilliant images. To use a homely, but expressive, phrase, one sometimes cannot see the wood for the trees.*

We cannot dismiss our study of Mr. Morgan, as a preacher, without attempting to account for his genius. If you look at him closely, and compare him with his contemporaries, though he is not in all respects the greatest, yet he holds a unique position, in his character and genius as a preacher. This cannot be attributed to his possessing rare intellectual powers like the late Dr. Edwards, or an angelic type of character and piety akin to that of a saintly recluse, such as we find in Mr. Rees. But in reading his sermons closely, and marking the peculiar traits of his mind, I am very much inclined to believe that there is a foreign element in his genius, which I cannot describe better than as being a high artistic talent. I have been informed, and there is scarcely a doubt as to the fact, that he was either of Huguenot or Flemish extraction. The influx of foreign blood into our country from France and the Netherlands has introduced a new artistic element into the industrial life of

* As an instance, notice Sermon XIX., "The end of time" (*Diwedd Amser*), page 280.

* As an example of the manner in which he worked out an illustration to perfection, I may instance Sermon IV., page 48.

England, as seen in London, East Anglia, and that part of Montgomeryshire where Mr. Morgan was brought up. And very grave and cautious critics have attributed certain traits and excellences in English art and literature to this infusion of foreign blood. Is it altogether fanciful then to suppose that this current has entered into Welsh preaching in the person of the late Edward Morgan? The Celts, we are told by those who have studied questions of ethnology, though they possess imagination, vivacity, and brilliancy, are deficient in a sense of form, proportion, and completeness. They lack that sustained power in the plastic arts which enables them to attain high excellence. I ask with all humility, and under correction,—may this criticism not be applied, to some extent, to Welsh preaching? It fails, not so much in power of thought and knowledge, and a certain kind of passion, as in a stern enthusiasm and patient endeavour to work out a line of thought, or to set forth an aspect of the truth with that finish which will give it a right to live as literature. Is not this the reason that, in a country like ours, so few volumes of sermons have taken a permanent place in our literature?

In reckoning up the influences which formed his character as a preacher, we ought not to forget that the years of his childhood and youth were very stirring and stimulating times in his native town of Llanidloes. It had probably the most active intellectual life in the whole of Wales, as you will see in reading the memoir of John Mills, who was brought up at Llanidloes. The chartist agitation was then at its height. The five points of the charter were fiercely discussed there from day to day. Birmingham weavers not only imported revolutionary and socialistic ideas into the politics of the town; but Paine's "Age of Reason" was read and freely discussed in its mills and streets in those days. One cannot doubt that this intellectual awakening of young Edward Morgan took place in those early days; and though he passed through those perilous years unscathed, yet probably his character was braced by coming into daily contact with hostile influences. Again, when quite young, he removed to Dyffryn, and thus he came under the influence of Richard Humphreys, a man of great natural powers, and one of those men who fertilizes the minds of others. He was keen enough to detect the talents of the young schoolmaster, and noble and generous enough to give him every encouragement. All honour to him for what he did. It was probably Mr. Humphreys that introduced the works of Robert Hall to the notice of Mr. Morgan, for the former was a great admirer of Robert Hall, and it is well-known that Mr. Morgan regarded Robert Hall as a model preacher, and there is an undoubted resemblance between the two.

It is unnecessary to follow his career at Bala, and afterwards at Edinburgh. Such men as Dr. Edwards and Dr. Chalmers must have done much to bring his talents into maturity. But what made him a true preacher of the Gospel, let us not forget, was his entire consecration to the service of Christ. His naturally keen practical nature had been possessed by his Lord and Master. This was at the root of everything. It embodied and sustained all the energies of his eager versatile nature. Thus his passion for preaching became something infinitely higher than a love for his art, or a desire exercising influence upon his fellow-men. It became a high service to his Saviour. It was this that made him magnify his office. Yet in him we have a shining example of one who never fell into the error of thinking that his reliance upon a higher Power than his own made it unnecessary for him to develop his own natural faculties to the utmost, and to endeavour to give of his best to the Master's service. It is surprising what pains he took with his sermons, especially when his quickness and the wealth of his resources are considered. There was a story told in Merioneth, years ago, that an old minister asked Mr. Morgan how long it took him to prepare his sermons. "Well," said Mr. Morgan, "sometimes a fortnight, or even a month, and sometimes more." "Dear me," said the innocent old man, "I compose one sermon a day, and keep a school in the bargain."

Mr. Morgan was most careful to complete his sermons,—a very difficult thing to do,

as many of us have felt. I was told that he never preached a sermon until it had been finished. He wrote the sketch first, putting down some of the leading thoughts. Then he wrote it out in full once or twice, and when he gave the sermon its final form, he spoke out the words as he wrote them, in order that he might hear the rhythm of the sentences. This was told me by a minister who was a near neighbour of his. In mentioning these facts I do not wish, in the least, to imply that we ought to copy his methods. In fact it would be paying Mr. Morgan the worst compliment possible to endeavour to imitate his style and methods. He imitated no man, and it is interesting to recall the fact that he castigated very severely, many years ago, in the *Traethodydd*, some brethren who were given to imitate some of our great preachers. What we can legitimately do is to imitate his spirit, his passionate devotion to his work, yea, his pride in his preaching. It was this that caused him to spend and be spent in the service of Christ.

STRAY LEAVES.

THE growing tyranny of Germany is not shown in any meaner light than in the deliberate attempt at changing the old place names of its conquered Danish and Polish subjects. The German emperors apparently wish to eradicate, as far as possible, all memories of the heroic deeds of the nations which are part of the German Empire or subject to it, and to substitute for them the degrading memories of modern Prussian story,—the meanest and the most brutal of all the stories of the west of Europe.

In Britain, the more is the pity, many of the musical and expressive Celtic place names are disappearing; not through any deliberate effort on the part of a tyrannical government, but through the stupid Philistinism of the local authorities. The ugly form "Swansea" has, it is to be feared, taken the place of the musical and expressive "Abertawe;" the meaningless monster "Barmouth" has ousted the sonorous "Abermaw" from every map; and, a short time ago, a Pwllheli Eisteddfod Committee actually offered a prize for an equally successful attempt at taking all music and meaning out of Pwllheli.

The ignoring of all Welsh place names by the Post Office authorities is often a source of great inconvenience to those subjects of the queen who live in Wales. I nearly lost a valued friend because the Post Office authorities are not able to take a letter from a Welsh country place to Tyddewi (St. David's). The letter was returned to me because the most famous place in Welsh story was "not known" by its ordinary name to the Post Office.

I asked the Postmaster General whether he could not see his way to putting the Welsh names of some of the most important Welsh centres,—Abertawe *(Swansea)*, Caerfyrddin *(Carmarthen)*, Casnewydd *(Newport)*, Aberhonddu *(Brecon)*, Y Wyddgrug *(Mold)*, Caergybi *(Holyhead)*,—in the Post Office Guide. But it seems that even this can not, or will not, be done.

In connection with *Cymru'r Plant*, the popular children's magazine,—the only undenominational one in Wales,—a children's Order has been instituted. To speak and write Welsh, to play the harp, to become acquainted with the masterpieces of Welsh literature, to live according to the precepts of the noblest Welsh thinkers,—these are some of the aims of the Order. It was suggested by a Breconshire lady, and the French Association of the same kind is well known. The name of the Order is

"The Order of the Harp" *(Urdd y Delyn)*, its badge the heather flower, its motto "God and Wales."

The following is taken from one of W. Goscombe John's latest works,—a monument placed in Sandhurst church.

Is it not a pity that so many of these beautiful works of art are buried in churches, where it is difficult for the public and for the light to get? The American can almost be pardoned for what he said about the occupation of many of our sculptors,—"It seems to me that there is a very extensive churchyard practice in this country."

Let us hope that our schools will, before long, contain many ennobling examples of the sculptor's art. The education of our children would be well served by placing

FROM A MONUMENT BY W. GOSCOMBE JOHN.

beautiful statues or statuettes or medallions of the famous men of our country in our schools. Portmodoc County School should have an inspiring tablet to the memory of David of the White Rock, a representative of Welsh music and of Welsh love of music. Newtown should have a statue of Robert Owen, to tell posterity that labour questions have been pondered over in the tiny manufacturing towns of Montgomeryshire. Children in Radnorshire schools should be reminded of the clear powerful intellect of George Cornewall Lewis,—every locality in Wales shows the footsteps of a life worthy to be imitated,—footsteps that perhaps another, a girl or a boy in our county schools, might strive to follow.

If indeed education is to be entrusted to our County Councils and Parish Councils, it behoves us to spend on education though we have to stint ourselves in all other directions. In the development of technical education, in cultivating a taste for fine art, in adding perseverance and method to our love even for music and theology,—in all these, and in many other directions we have still much to do. It is to be hoped, and the hope seems to be a fair one, that Wales will become famous for the excellence of its system of education. If it will, it will be amply repaid; it will find that knowledge is power, and its gratitude to knowledge will be expressed as the Genevese have done,—in building institutions and in founding lectures that have given Geneva a power and an influence which its position and wealth could never have given it.

If our ideals seem too high to be practicable, all the better. We do not know what possibilities are open to our country until we have dared to dream and striven to realise the dream.

STRANGE NOTES.

I. INTRODUCTION.

I have been collecting translations of their own works by Welsh bards. Many of them, I have no doubt, feel that, while forced by their own genius to find utterance in Welsh, they would get more readers, and wider fame possibly, if they wrote in English. When they try to turn their thoughts into English, the old power departs from them with the old naturalness. Their Welsh poetry has the fragrance of the heather flowers of their mountains, but, when they try to write in English, they seem to be imitating the most dull and ponderous of the early eighteenth century poets.

Welsh readers know how dramatic, how natural, how humorous Gwilym Hiraethog is. Sometimes the pastoral life of the Hiraethog mountains rises before us in all the restful charm of those grand mountain solitudes, sometimes one is startled by the daring imagination of the poet as he arises under the influence of the Hebrew or of the old Welsh muse.

Once upon a time Gwilym Hiraethog put on his stiffest black broadcloth, as it were, and forced some of his thoughts into English,—captive in their new chains, not soaring as in their Welsh freedom.

I copy the translation from his own manuscript. The sound is strange and hollow compared with Gwilym Hiraethog's natural voice.

II. SELECTIONS FROM GWILYM HIRAETHOG.

1. *The Burial of Abel.*

THERE stood the parents overwhelmed with grief
O'er their beloved Abel's mangled corpse,
Drenched in his own blood, murdered by his own
And only brother, Cain, their first born son.
Weep they could not, tears refused to come
To their relief; there is a secret law
Deeply implanted in the human heart,
Which seals its tears, and restrains them when
The soul is pressed down to the lowest depths
Of misery and distress; and even the sigh,
The tender sigh, refused to assist
The poor despairing parents on that day.
Each would endeavour, panting, to inhale
A full long breath, to fetch the struggling groan
And bring it forth, but every effort failed,
Their sighs and groans all died within their breast,
Their bosoms thus became the sepulchres
Wherein were buried their miscarried moans.
Their feelings were benumbed, their grief assumed
The death-like form of hopeless mute despair.
The father and the tender mother, both

Together, were compelled to wash the dead
And bloody corpse of their beloved son
With their own hands. Eve clothed him in a shroud
Of olive leaves, whilst Adam dug the grave,
The first grave ever opened in the earth.
Next day they laid their Abel in the dust,
And closed the door upon his lovely face.
No tear was shed, no sigh was heard, no word
Was spoken on the sad occasion, no,
They who performed the service were as mute,
As silent, as the silent tomb itself.
The tender branches of the weeping willow
Which cast their shadows o'er the gloomy spot,
Alone did give a sign of sympathy.

2. *Cain's Sentence and Despair.*

Whilst both the sorrowing parents were engaged
On that distressing service, God met Cain,
Who, walking by himself in dismal mood,
Seemed as one wild, and eager to escape
From his own breast, remorse like burning flame
Feeding upon his conscience.
The mortal, but forgiving, tender glance
His murdered brother in the very act
Of dying, cast upon him, ever was
Before his eyes; turn he whichever way
He might, it haunted his disturbed mind.
Close would he his eyes, in hope thereby to find
Deliverance from the frightful vision,—no,
From that last glance there was no way to escape.
"Where is thy brother, Abel?" asked God.
The guilty murderer, in his mad despair,
Flew in the face of God, Jehovah, Himself,—
"I know not, neither do I care," he said,
"Am I my brother's keeper?" It belongs
To him this day who did indeed confer
Such honour on that brother, him to keep.
"What hast thou done?" said God, "have I not heard
The voice of Abel's blood, which thou hast spilt,
Crying to heaven for vengeance from the ground?
Upon the earth accursed shalt thou be,
A fugitive and vagabond all thy days.
The land thou tillest shall not yield its fruit,
The earth which drank thy innocent brother's blood,
Is wroth with thee; the heavens which heard the cry
Of that same blood, are also wroth with thee."
"My punishment is greater than my guilt,"
The murderer said; and off he went in rage
To seek a refuge from the face of God.

3. *The entrance of Abel into Heaven.*

The protomartyr's soul on seraph's wing,
Was borne straightway triumphantly to heaven,
A guard selected from the higher rank
Of angels stood by the celestial gate
Awaiting his arrival; when he came
Their shouts of acclamation shook the heavens,
They smiled, they gazed upon him, smiled again,
It was to them a new, a novel sight.
A human soul redeemed from sin, and cleansed
From all pollution, dressed in purity,—
That new and wondrous sight at once produced
New feelings, new emotions, in their breast,—
And on their golden harps a sweet new song
They sung in strains unknown in heaven before,
And in a spirit of exalted joy.
And deep delightful transports, such as none
There ever had experienced till that day.
They led the blessed martyr throug the gate
Into the heavenly city, amid shouts
Of welcoming acclamations. Then the chief
Among the angel hosts presented him
Before the throne of God as the first fruit
Of that great increase, which was yet to come,
The harvest of Divine redeeming grace.
The loving smiles of God, Jehovah, shone
Upon, and through his spirit, which adorned
Him in a glorious beauty that eclipsed
The glory and beauty of all the sons of God.
They gazed once more upon him, and they looked
Upon each other, and again on him,
Continued showers of those heavenly and pure
Admiring, loving, glances thus were poured
From myriad eyes upon his blessed head.
The heavenly choir again attuned their lyre
And sang. He sang, they all subdued their tones,
To listen to the strange melodious strains,—
The sweetest that had ever yet been heard
In even heaven itself,—the sinner's song,
Declaring for the praise of love divine
In pardoning sin, in raising from the dust
The poor and guilty soul to glory and to bliss.
The harpers all at once spell-bound became,
Their fingers lost their cunning,—they remained
In quiet rest upon their silent strings;
And Abel had the singing all to himself.
His voice at first was still, and small, and low,
By slow degrees it swelled in higher tones,
Until at last it reached, and struck a note,
Which note no angel ever could have reached,—
That note, when touched, at once electrified
All heaven, and sent a thrill of ecstasy
Which ravished every heart.
When Abel did conclude his thrilling song,
A thunder after thunder of applause
Burst forth from all the angels round the throne.
His entrance into heaven did thus augment
The bliss and happiness of the happy land,
New fountain of enjoyment there was opened
Whose limpid waters ran in sparkling streams,
Of which the heavenly hosts drank sweet delight.
His guardian angel led him forth to view
The glory and beauty of the land of life,—
Its hills and mountains, where eternal peace
Reigns on its throne, and smiles upon the land;
The extensive plains, the fruitful trees, the green
And verdant leaves that never fall nor fade,
All clothed in youthful beauty undecayed.
The beauty and glory of Eden was but faint
Imperfect image of this paradise,—
All things appeared to his wondering eye
As new and strange, all things imbued with life,
Life full of bliss, enjoyment, and delight.
Each soft and gentle breeze in passing by
Saluted him, whispering in his ear,—
"Welcome, thou blessed stranger, satisfy
Thyself with joy and life for evermore;"
And ever streams from all the wells around
To him were issues full of life and love.

A WELSH LEGEND.

By R. E. Hughes of Llanidloes.

CHAPTER I.

THE SORROW OF IOAN AP GWENT.

MANY years ago,—how many I cannot tell,—in one of the wildest parts of wild Wales there lived an old chieftain Ioan ap Gwent and his daughter Gwen.

It was on an eminence, overlooking the rugged valley of the upper Wye, that the Castell stood in which Ioan, like his ancestors before him, dispensed justice to his servitors, and held occasional high orgie with his compeers. He was hereditary lord of Glencurig, and no Highland gentleman could be more proud of his race and lineage than was Ioan. To him it was a deep though silent grief that he had no young Ioan to succeed him in the duties, dignities, and rights of the lordship of Glencurig and Plynlimon. Often times would the old man look down the valley spreading out to the river, and with eyes glistening with unwelcome tears gaze upon his fair broad lands, surrounded on all sides by the rugged rocks of Steddfod and Duffryn, lying like a bed of roses in a desert of barrenness,—and then would the untrammelled mind wander back to the days when he had brought his young wife, Gwendoline of Glamorgan, home to his eyrie amongst the hills, and then was the world full of promise and beauty. He would rear a son who should be another Ioan ap Gwent. But, alas! the strings of the harp were now broken, his girl wife had gone to that place where we are seen no more, and his name and worth were passing to his nephew, Iorwerth,—a good well-spoken youth indeed, but not a Ioan ap Gwent. "Many and many a time did the old man brood over this trouble," says the chronicler, "feeling at times even bitter towards the unconscious Iorwerth."

Now at this time the religion of Wales, though Christian, was curiously unlike that of the neighbouring Saxon land, and many were the peculiar rites and customs still kept up by this church,—relics of an older religion which hitherto had remained in spite of Roman influence. One custom, vigorously enforced by the priests, was the illegality of marriages betwixt cousins, and when Ioan, trying to preserve his domains to his own blood, suggested to Dafydd ap Gruffydd, his chaplain and bard, how readily their difficulty might be solved by a marriage between Iorwerth and Gwen, the man of God looked grave, and said,—

"Ioan, thou knowest even as I that such be not seemly. T'would, indeed, be a ready, and withal agreeable, solution to thy trouble; but I fear me that, besides not being good in the sight of God, it would not even be in keeping with thy kindred's feelings; and should such a thing come to pass, then surely would Wye-side become a diseased spot in Cymru, cursed of God and man, and thou and thy child and thy child's children would become as if ye were not."

At this would Ioan's features become grave, hard, and sorrow smitten.

"Aye, aye, Dafydd. But thou gaugest not the sorrow of my heart, nor the longings that rack me. Would that God had given me a Ioan, a son in whom I should see myself growing young again,—living a second youth, and dying contented that a Ioan ap Gwent reigns in my stead. Am I

to lie silent whilst the stranger enters my gates and plundereth bloodless the spoils of generations of bye gone Ioans?"

And Dafydd, with kindest looks that were ever seen, replies,—

"Silence, Ioan; thank God that He has seen fit to bless thee with as fair a maid as ever trod these broad fields of Glencurig, loving thee as no son would, whose soul is but thine own softened and beautified, and who oft-times forces to thy lips the cup of happiness despite thy carking cares. Thy nephew, Iorwerth, is as fine a man as ever trod Plynlimon's side, full of strength, uprightness, and manly beauty."

Whilst the two old friends thus discussed these matters over and over, Iorwerth and Gwen were, even as they had been for so long, becoming more and more to one another. Their love was like the dew on the hill slopes, pure and beautiful, covering everything around with a bright halo of sweet beauty, and so making their lives one long harmonious song. It was such a love as that of David and Jonathan, surpassing, if one may so express it, the love of women. They knew not how powerful and all sufficing was their love, until once Iorwerth, going on an expedition to Teivy Vale, felt a bitter anguish fill his breast as he rode away, leaving Gwen's figure fading in the far distance,—and she,—well she went home, took down her harp and sang low tender *penillion*, and then burst into tears,—and knew her sin; even as Iorwerth knew his.

In Teivy Vale Iorwerth met an old comrade of his father, with whom he had much conversation. This friend inquired about his dead comrade, about the lord of Glencurig and his kindred, and noticing the strong emotion Iorwerth showed when speaking of Gwen, he questioned him closely, and found out the secret love of the cousins. Now this man told Iorwerth it were possible for him to obtain his soul's desire even now.

"For," said he, "all thou hast need to do, lad, is to slay ten infidels, bring home their helmets, place them in thy priest's hands, and he must needs marry thee to whomsoever thou wilt; though, truth to tell, 'tis now a nigh forgotten custom."

So when Iorwerth heard these words, his heart was filled with a great joy; and, having saddled his steed, he hied him home with much speed to Wye side, his mind ever full of the doughty deeds he would soon perform against the infidels with the image of Gwen to urge him forward and home again.

So it befell that when he had come again into the presence of Dafydd and Ioan that he spake these words,—

"My fathers, I have a grievous sin to confess to you both, for ye I have wronged, the one by reason of my blood, the other that he hath been my teacher in all good. I love thy daughter, Ioan, even as I love mine own soul, aye, with a love that is fuller than life, and more certain than death; and I would fain believe she loves me, also. But this is a sinful love, say ye; yea, I know it, but God wot I cried not for it. Yet I have heard it said that the head pieces of ten dead infidels will buy me my desire. Is it so, Dafydd, or not?"

"I have heard of this old custom, my son, and doubtless he who told thee spake of a full and true knowledge; but to obtain thy wish thou must needs reach the land of the Saracens, where, perchance, thou mayest meet rather than cause death. Moreover, long years will such an endeavour cost thee, full of perils and uncertain it is. And e'en when the attempt is finished, it may hap that the autumn winds have hurled thy desired fruit to the ground, and only a withered core shalt thou gather. Rest thee content, my son, for Gwen let others strive." So spoke the old priest. But Ioan said never a word, though one might see the dimmed eyes of the old war-horse wax bright as he perceived Iorwerth's determination.

The latter sought out Gwen, and found her with her harp alone in the hall of the women, singing a sad little song of a helpless love, such as for ever maids will sing; and Iorwerth, bending his head over hers, kissed her, and told her all,—how he loved, and hoped, and determined; and she was glad, though she saw also the long weary years trailing onwards and onwards, until they are merged into the glow of the home-coming. She sang a song of glad hope and sweet faith, tender, subdued, and

calm as is the summer eve in Glencurig vale; whilst Iorwerth stood by with bent head, endeavouring to catch some of the joyous outpourings of the soul.

To digress for a moment,—you remember that beautiful old Greek (or Egyptian) conception of the music of the spheres, how that the revolving worlds, like spinning tops, gave out a sweet music, too beautiful for most men to comprehend with their coarse sense-organs, though a few gifted souls may hear it. I fear I am not one of those gifted souls, but I have often, late on a summer or autumn evening, lain me down on the slopes of Plynlimon, with nought near, nothing but I and the universal mother nature together; and a silence so sweet enthrals the scene that, when I close my eyes, the silence becomes sensible, nay, even audible, and a low musical murmur is heard, like a beautiful fugue played on a great organ far, far away; so far that everything harsh, or even distinctive, is eliminated, and only the echo of a collective harmony remains. This is what I have heard, and who knows but that it is the voice of mother Nature, or the piping of Pan, that one hears up there on the mountains, where, surely, we are nearer the secret of life than elsewhere. To me the mountains are the play ground of the gods, and the vales between their couches, they are in very truth the ladders to heaven; for who can touch heaven, or even feel the thrill that makes a hero on the plain? All the world's heroes, whether nations or individuals, were suckled on or under the shadow of these old play-grounds of the gods, and from the mountains, whatever is noble, aspiring, and heroic in man's nature, is ultimately derivable. Mighty was the force that made them, great is the force within them, and all-powerful is the force derived from them.

But to return. Gwen, having poured forth her thanks in song, laid aside her harp, thinking that when next 'twere struck, her fingers would perforce call forth a sadder strain, the hour of parting being past. Looking up into her lover's eyes, she said,—

"Iorwerth, you know the legend of the Ring of Curig; well, to-night, when you have said good-bye to all, I will come with you to the summit of Curig, and there will I sing the incantation in the ring, whilst you, on horseback near by, shall listen for the answer, for I would fain know something of the outcome of your endeavours."

At this Iorwerth laughed, for he thought she was but jesting; yet, when he saw how serious she was, then a chill passed through him.

That night Iorwerth saddled his steed and prepared for the journey; then he said good-bye to all on Wye-side, even to Gwen, for she hastened ostentatiously forward to do so, so that he hoped she had repented of her determination to consult the fay.

A sad parting was it; and not a dry eye, not a light laugh was there in Wye-side the night that Iorwerth left for the wars, for he was a bright winning youth, favoured of God and man, and well spoken of by all.

Outside the Castell gates, a figure Iorwerth knew well glided up, and seizing his hand, stepped forward briskly by the steed's side. He would fain she rode or not come; but she refused both, smiling, and so went they.

AGNOLO FIRENZUOLA.

BUSY messer Agnolo,
Tired of loosing ink to flow
Into sonnets on the fame
Due to fair Selvaggia's name,
Turned him to a dialogue*
Long enough to choke a dog,
Where the sleepy vowels drone
In a mist of monotone;
Disputants, with days to spare,
Urge what makes a woman fair.
"Beauty sits upon the brow."
"Nay, 'tis in the eyes, I trow."
"Beauty's home is in the face."
"Beauty! it is nought but grace."
Vain were such disputes could they
Bridge the ages till to-day,
Pity 'twere that Italy
Never knew Cymodoce.

J. W.

* Dialogo delle Bellezze delle Donne.

ABERYSTWYTH ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS AGO.

By Lewis Morris, Mon.*

THIS is one of the greatest fisheries in Wales; but there is at least one half of the season lost for want of a good harbour, which also would be very convenient in this bay for the sake of shipping that are often drove in here by stress of weather, and stranded or lost.

Aberystwyth bar is often choked up, so that the smallest vessels can neither pass or repass, and all the vessels in the harbour are obliged to lie there, till a land-flood from the rivers Rheidol and Ystwyth sets them at liberty.

Improvements.

A pier head of timber carried to sea on the west side of the river would probably keep it within bounds. But if a passage was cut for the river Rheidol through the beach under or near the castle, where it seems it hath been in ancient times, it would make here a very convenient harbour; but this must also be defended by a wooden pier on the west side of the entrance.

At the Weeg (Wîg) on the north side of the town, a pier of stones might be run out on the ridge of rocks there, and a good harbour made at the expense of about four thousand pounds. The river Rheidol may be brought there with a very small expense to fill a basin for backwater.

Natural commodities and trade.

The chief commodities of this place are herrings and other fish, lead ore, wool, timber and oak bark.

Of the herring fishery.

In this bay there are employed during the herring fishery fifty nine small sloops out of Aberystwyth, and between Aberdovey, Borth, Aberaeron and New Qey thirty eight more, in all ninety seven. The fishery generally begins in September, sometimes sooner, and holds three or four months. The rest of the year they are employed in the coast and Irish trades, with some larger sloops they have to carry lead ore, timber, and bark.

I cannot help taking this opportunity to mention what I have seen at Aberystwyth, under all the inconveniences of a bad harbour, and the lack of many other necessaries that are required to carry on properly this most valuable branch of our native trade.

October 5th, 1745. Forty seven fishing boats of about twelve tons each,—being as many as could get out that tide, because of the heavy sea on the bar,—took among

* Lewis Morris' "Plans of Harbours, Bars, Bays, and Roads in St. George's Channel" was published September 29th, 1748.

them 2,160 meases of herrings, which at 126 to the hundred, and five of those hundreds to the mease come to 1,360,800 fish; and allow nine of these hundred to a barrel of 32 gallons, makes 1,111 barrels, all in one night. This would often happen if they had a convenient harbour. This place supplies also the very middle of England with fresh herrings, which they carry off in great quantities, at least equal, if not more than what they cure.

There are very few pilchards found among the herrings upon this coast, which shews that fish as well as men have their particular countries allotted to them.

During the herring season, they have such a glut of cod, whiting, pollack whiting, ray, and other fish, that they set but a little value upon them.

Of bottle-noses and porpesses,—in this bay at Morfa Bach in the year 1732, a shoal of 113 bottle-noses were stranded on the rocks, and left a prey for the country, who made great profit of them, by making oil of the blubber. The largest of these fish, which was about fifteen feet long, had a slug of lead in his head, having been wounded by a gun, but not mortally, which seems was the reason of the others hunting him so eagerly, that they ran themselves upon the rocks. It is remarkable that when a porpess or a bottle-nose is wounded the rest of the shoal fall upon him and devour him. These bottle-noses and porpesses are seen in great shoals in this bay, and all this coast, hunting after the herrings and other small fish.

As naturalists have not made a distinction between bottle-noses and porpesses, it may not be improper to give the following account of the difference between them. The snout of the porpess is sharp, and comes to a point like a cone. The snout of the bottle-nose is blunt, and they also grow to a larger size than the porpess, and have more blubber upon them, and each kind go in shoals by themselves.

It is generally observed that when the porpesses play, there is one much larger than the rest among them, as if he was their king or leader.

The natives here call them "llambidyddion" (tumblers), and "pysgod duon" (black fish), but they are seen of various colours,—whitish, speckled, and black,—and fishermen say that the older and larger they grow, the blacker they are. There might be great profit made of these fish, if there was a proper method of taking them.

Of the monk fish.

This fish breeds in plenty about Sarn Gynfelyn and Sarn y Bwch, and is called by the natives "maelgi." It grows to the size of a man, and frequently pops its head out of the water, which probably gave rise to the story of the mermaid. This is the *aquatina*, and is called in some parts of England the "monk fish" or "angel fish." It is taken in nets made of small ropes, with about ten inches meshes, and is reckoned a delicious fish.

Of the blue shark.

These fish are common in these seas, and grow to about five yards long, but it seems they are not so voracious as the white shark, for I have heard of no harm these have done, except destroying of nets. The liver of this fish fills almost the cavity of the body, and is so tender that the heat of the sun will turn it into oil.

Of the lead and silver mines of this country, and the lead ore trade of Aberystwyth.

This harbour is the place where most of the lead ore of Cardiganshire is shipped off. But they often meet with difficulties and disappointments, on account of the badness of the bar. It will not be improper here, as we had an occasion to mention lead ore, to give a short account of the mines of this country. Cardiganshire is a country abounding with veins of lead and silver ore, *i.e.* ore so rich in silver that it produces from seventy to eighty ounces of silver in a ton of metal. This extraordinary bounty of nature hath been so much neglected and overlooked by us,—as well as the British fishery,—that we choose to rummage the East and West Indies for money, rather than to go fifty or a hundred yards under-ground in our own island, where, with proper management, we may find the very thing we so much strive for. In this we imitate Mr. Selden's butcher, who sought about for his knife when he had it in his mouth.

Some Germans in Queen Elizabeth's time worked these mines to good profit; and Sir Hugh Middleton, in James the First's time

made a vast fortune here, which he spent in bringing the New River water towards London. He cleared two thousand pounds a month for some years out of the silver mine here, and after him Mr. Bushel (a pupil of Sir Francis Bacon's) made an immense fortune out of this and other mines in this county, so that King Charles the First allowed him to set up a mint in the castle of Aberystwyth for the convenience of paying his workmen, made him governor of the Isle of Lundy, to secure his shipping, and made him a present of the duty of his own lead, and made him farmer of the king's duties on lead. Mr. Bushel, out of the profit of these mines, made a present to the king of a regiment of horse in the civil wars, clothed the king's whole army, and lent him £40,000; but, falling in the general ruin of the party, the chief mines have ever since laid under water, though easily recoverable. After these gentlemen, the Company of Mine Adventurers of England were the first that laid out any considerable sums of money to works mines in Cardiganshire, wherein they succeeded very well, till they fell out among themselves, which hath been a great hindrance to their works in general. Some private adventurers have since worked here to great profit, but not laying out a proper stock, they could not expect great things. Since our knowledge in engines, and other arts and sciences requisite to make ourselves masters of the art of mining, increases daily in Britain, it may be hoped our manufacturers of our own natural commodities may one time or other flourish for the benefit and honour of the natives.

Caer Wyddno. This is a spot of foul ground, lying about two leagues north of Aberystwyth, which comes dry on some low veres, and is very dangerous.

There is a tradition that this was formerly dry land, part of Cantre'r Gwaelod, belonging to Gwyddno Garanhir, a nobleman mentioned in the writings of Taliesin and other of the poets.

Here is a ridge of shoal ground from this to Gwallog, called Sarn Cynfelyn, which makes the bay off Aberystwyth, and covers the herring fishery.

A perch might be erected on Caer Wyddno, which would be of great service to navigation.

N.B.—Cynfelyn is a man's name, the same that Roman writers turned to Cumbelinus.

WHEN THE WORLD WAS YOUNG.

By George Howell Baker, Cardiff.

When the world was young and laughing,
Flowers clothed each dimpled vale,
Mountain streams with mirth were glowing,
Simpering came the southern gale,
Rocking gently trees and bushes,
Whilst the streamlet with its gushes,
Over pebbles gave a song,
Like a pretty jingling rattle,
As it skipped and ran along,
For all the world was young and laughing.

When the world was gay and smiling,
Zephyrs whispered of the skies,
Sunshine beamed to see the blossoms
With the dew-like laughing eyes,
Beauty wore her million dresses,
And her gold and silver tresses
Trailed along o'er earth and sea,
Hung in tangles in the forests
With the shadows of the tree,
For all the world was gay and smiling.

When the world was bright and singing
Nature's soul seemed melody,
And the oceans' sturdy voices
Notes for love and mystery,
Merry voices roved the mountains,
Silver laughter played o'er fountains
Where the rustling branches sway,
Or the reeds in bending whisper
Like a harp that's far away,
For all the world was bright and singing.

When the world was new and pretty,
On the wings of butterflies
Written was the name of flowers,
With the bee their sweet supplies,
And the lark, her usher, singing
Praises sweet with pleasures ringing,
From aloft saw all these pleasures,
From the bright and fleecy heavens;
For these gifts, "our earthly treasures,"
Now the echo's voice is lisping
Prayers to live it o'er again,
With this lame and feeble utterance,
Sighing with a poet's strain,
For all the world in youth and beauty.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Address,—O. M. EDWARDS, LINCOLN COLLEGE, OXFORD.

THE question is often asked,—If Welsh poetry is as good as many literary critics say, why do the Welsh bards not express themselves in English? It is perverse of these same bards, many think, to express their thoughts in a language which few understand, while the same thoughts, expressed in English, would benefit a greater circle of mankind. The answer is simple,—the Welsh poets cannot. They use English as the language of business, even of ordinary conversation, but their muse is always that of Wales.

Some of them have tried to write English poetry,—Hiraethog and Ceiriog and Islwyn among them. I give specimens of these attempts, and they will prove, to every Welsh reader at any rate, that the language the Welsh poets ought to use is Welsh.

In his new article on the "Gorsedd of the Bards of the Isle of Britain," Professor J. Morris Jones, in the April number of *Cymru*, proves that the Gorsedd theology is not druidical at all, but an echo of the Cabbalistic literature which accompanied the Revival of Letters and the Reformation, between the fourteenth and the seventeenth centuries.

Professor Jones will probably succeed in proving that nothing connected with the Gorsedd can be traced back to a date earlier than Tudor times. It is to be hoped that, henceforth, the ignorant generalising concerning hoary antiquity and impossible druids will cease. The Gorsedd, divested of the humbug which is too often associated with it, might serve a good purpose. It might be used to show to the thousands that frequent the Eisteddfod how Literature and Music and Art are honoured in our Republic of Letters, in an Eisteddfod that is the creation of a literary peasantry. But the alacrity with which the bards will hold a "special Gorsedd," in order to confer a degree upon any rich tradesman or country squire,—though absolutely wanting in the learning or genius which those degrees pre-suppose,—degrades it in the eyes of all who care anything for genius, for learning, or for Wales.

Twm Shon Catti, the Welsh highwayman of the Vale of Towy, is worthy of better treatment than has been accorded to him hitherto. The mountainous reaches between Tregaron and Llandovery, the grand solitudes between the Teivy and the Towy, are his country.

Many are the tales told of him by the country side,—not of murder or of cruelty, but of exploits in which real bravery and chivalry are the rule, and law-breaking by force or fraud the exception.

Howell Victor sends the following account of one of the highwayman's characteristic doings,—

"God give us this day our daily bread,"
A woman in her cottage said;
Twm Shon Catti was on the spree,
And passing by he heard her plea;
Straightway to a baker's shop he went,
To the old woman a loaf he sent;
"Although it comes from a devil like me,
The loaf is God's loaf, old woman," said he.

I do not read many novels,—though it is a form of dissipation that gives real rest. The last novel I finished was Edwards Tirebuck's *Miss Grace of All Souls*. I had heard much about it, and I found it took possession of me immediately. The capitalist, the collier, the Welsh lover, and the heroine especially, are delineated in such a way that one can not forget them; the scenes remain in one's mind like a soothing dream; the wealth of thoughts in no way confuses one. No one can read *Miss Grace of All Souls* without being the better for it.

At present I am resting in an upland Welsh village, where everything is so still that the distant sound of numerous mountain rills can be heard by day as well as by night, reading Ernest Rhys' *Fiddler of Carne*. I have not got to the end of it yet; but I shall, whatever must remain undone. In it we are in the strange weird world,—some call it a pure Celtic one,—which Ernest Rhys can create so well.

The second part of the vicar of Llanuwchllyn's *Church of the Kymry* is out. It carries one to the death of the last Llywelyn, and there is much in it that I thoroughly like. The part is disfigured, however, by careless proof reading. What in the world made the reverend author, generally well informed on such points, think the Cistercians were a mendicant order? He could have remembered that their wealth was enormous, and that their abbeys,—Tintern, Strata Florida, Cwm Hir, Valle Crucis, Basingwerk, and others in Wales,—were gorgeous. Possibly he remembered they came as a protest against the wealth of the Benedictines, and so thought they were friars.

The Cistercians were a reformed offshoot of the Benedictines. The Benedictines in Britain had spread over the great rich plains of the south and east, and wealth brought corruption with it. The Cistercians felt sure, when they took to the mountains of Wales and the north of England, that wealth would never follow them unto those wild regions. In a very short time, however, the demand for wool for the factories of the Low Countries made the monks sheep-farmers, and very rich ones to boot. "The wealth of the Cistercians" figures largely in mediæval descriptions of taxation.

QUERIES.

CII. Where can a detailed account be got of the battle of Hirwain and the fall of Brycheiniog?
CYMRO KIDDER.

CIII. Where can the details of the love story of Myfanwy Fychan, of Castell Dinas Brân be obtained? CYMRO KIDDER.

CIV. REV. EDWARD MORGAN OF SYSTON, LEICESTERSHIRE.—Will someone give, in WALES, some account of the life and literary labours,—so far as they refer to Welsh subjects,—of the Rev. Edward Morgan of Syston? BRWYN.

REPLIES.

95. For the best account of ogams I would advise Mr. M. R. Hughes to consult Professor Rhys' works, especially the *Lectures on Celtic Philology*. CELT.

96. There is an interesting book on Welsh music written in French,—*Etudes Historiques sur le Poésie et la Musique dans la Cambrie*,—by Ernest David. It was published in Paris, in 1884. These studies are not always trustworthy, but they are very interesting, and they show how the date of many of our national airs can be fixed.

97. As Brittany has given Chateaubriand, Renan, and Souvestre to French literature, Wales has given English literature some of its most famous names. The foundation of English literature may almost be said to have been laid by three Welshmen,—Geoffrey of Monmouth, Gerald the Welshman, and Walter de Map. They wrote in Latin, but the material they gave became the building material of the fabric of later English literature. In the age of Wyclif and Chaucer and Langland, Wales gave English literature Pecock's *Repressor of the Over-much Witing of the Clergy*, one of the first appeals to reason in matters theological, and one of the first attempts to condemn persecution.

In later English poetry we have the names of George Herbert, Henry Vaughan, and John Dyer. In English prose we have James Howell, probably the most interesting English prose writer before Defoe. In modern literature, the greatest living novelists of Britain and of America are Welshmen,—George Meredith and W. D. Howells. Among modern English poets we have Sir Lewis Morris, William Morris, Ernest Rhys, and many others.

98. I would advise L.O.L. to get for his parish library *Gweithiau Ieuan Gwynedd* (a five shilling volume, now sold for 1s. 3d. by D. Williams, Royal Exchange Inn, Carmarthen); *Cofiant Ann Griffiths* (2s., Gee); Gwalchmai's *John Elias* (1s. 6d., Gee); *Cyfres y Ceinion* volumes (1s. each, Foulkes); *Caneuon* series, especially Ceiriog's works (1s. each, Hughes). Write for catalogues to Messrs. Hughes and Son, 56, Hope Street, Wrexham; Isaac Foulkes, 18, Brunswick Street, Liverpool; Mr. Gee, Denbigh; H. Humphreys, Castle Square, Carnarvon. So far, there are few books in Welsh relating to agriculture and technical subjects. Many are on the point of appearing. I would recommend *Gwersi ar Lysieuaeth* (*Cambrian News* Office, Aberystwyth, 2s. 6d.) for interest and good Welsh.

101. Much of the most important information relating to Owen Glendower may be found in the first volume of Mr. Wylie's very concise and carefully compiled *History of the Reign of Henry IV.*

Among contemporary authorities are the *Annales Ricardi Secundi et Henrici Quarti, regum Angliae*, 1392-1406, published in the Rolls Series; the *Chronicle of England*, by John Capgrave, also in the Rolls Series; the letters in Ellis' *Original Letters*, published by the Camden Society; *Chronicle of Adam of Usk*,—recently published. Adam of Usk was a turbulent Oxford undergraduate who chronicles Owen's history as he heard it at Rome. There are many letters relating to Glendower in the collection of royal letters relating to the reign of Henry IV. published in the Rolls Series.

Walsingham's *Historia Anglicana* is worth looking at. So is an article in the *Retrospective Review*, Vol. XIII. Tyler's *Life of Henry V.* might be consulted, and much that is helpful may be found in Pennant's *Tours in Wales*.

Above all, the poems of *Iolo Goch* should be read. Of these, some are printed in *Gorchestion Beirdd Cymru* (Humphreys, Carnarvon), others have appeared in *Cymru*, some have never been printed.

For descriptions of contemporary politics and life, one might read Pecock's *Repressor*, Sir John Fortescue's *De Laudibus Legum Angliæ*, the Paston Letters, and, above all, the *Diary of a Citizen of London*, published in the Camden series. All these were written after Owen's time, but they all show what the ideas and customs of his time were.

It should be noticed that, in Mr. Wylie's otherwise accurate account, Glendower's two residences, the one in Glyndyfrdwy and Sycharth, are confused.

102. Cymro Kidder will find it worth his while to consult *Brut y Tywysogion*; the chronicle of Florence of Worcester; the writings of Giraldus Cambrensis, notably the Itinerary through Wales; Ordericus Vitalis, *Ecclesiastical History of England and Normandy*.

GABRIEL YORETH.

A STORY ILLUSTRATIVE OF WELSH THOUGHT FIFTY YEARS AGO.

By the Rev. E. Cynffig Davies, M.A., Menai Bridge.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LOVE AND DISCOVERY.

IN due time Gaybrey graduated at Edinburgh University, and departed from Scotland for South Wales, leaving behind him a large circle of friends and well-wishers.

He felt a strange attraction for Abervale, and during the three years since he visited his friends at Havod y Bryn, he had not forgotten the pleasant hours he spent under Mr. Idris Jones' roof. It had been arranged that he should take charge of the English chapel at Abervale for a month, and, according to a hospitable custom, which is prevalent in many parts of Wales, the family of Mr. Idris Jones gave assistance to the new and thriving English cause by entertaining in generous hospitality the greater number of the ministers who gave their service at the English church, though Mr. Jones and the members of his family belonged to the old Welsh cause of Abervale where Gabriel Yoreth was once a member.

The friendship of Gaybrey and Gladys was evidently developing into a stronger sentiment than mere ordinary attachment, and they understood each other so well by a species of instinctive sympathy, and their lives were naturally so transparent to their intimate friends, that they both perceived how matters were drifting as certainly as iron filings are seen drawn to a magnet.

"It is very clear to me," said Gaybrey to Gladys one afternoon, after spending a part of every day in her company for about three weeks, "it is very clear you are fond of mission work and missionary literature."

"Your conclusions are correct," Gladys replied, "and I may as well be honest; you have taught me in this more than any other; for of the hundreds of ministers and students who have been staying here, you are the only missionary student."

"There is one thing besides I should intensely wish to be able to teach you."

"What is that, Mr. John? If you are so desirous of becoming a teacher, I would not mind promising to become a docile pupil, for in all I have seen, you have been the most able and conscientious of teachers."

"I wish to teach you to love me, my dear Gladys, because I love you with all my heart," said Gaybrey.

"You have no need to teach me that, because I have already learnt the lesson only too well."

Gladys had, without knowing, mastered the lesson of true love three years before, as Gaybrey might have easily known, if he had sought the satisfaction; but he had other things to think of then, and they hid the fact of his own love from him as well. The deep undertone of religious reality of character possessed by Mr. Idris Jones became particularly manifest when Gaybrey asked his consent to consider Gladys as his future wife.

"I conceived a strong liking for you when you were here three years ago, and your experience during these years have made you more worthy still to entrust to your care the most precious gift I can bestow of all things in the world; your calling, too, is such as to evoke confidence in granting you your request; and I cannot but think highly of you as the friend of Mr. Penrith. Yet there is one Friend above all others to whom we will now commend all."

It was then approaching the hour of their evening prayer, and he read portions of the Psalms suitable to the occasion, and prayed as only a man of fervent practical piety could pray. It was patent, if he was not voluble in converse with men, that he knew what it was to hold frequent communion with God. All were profoundly moved when the unseen Guest was besought to give them a token of His good-will and blessing.

In a day or two, Gladys showed Gaybrey a letter she had received from the owner

of their farm, and of the land upon which a large part of the house-property of Abervale was built. He scarcely glanced at the letter, but asked her to read it, and it was well he had done so, or she could not fail to observe the excitement and shock it caused him.

"DEAR GLADYS,—Many thanks for the Welsh papers you sent me through my Melbourne solicitors, Messrs. Wilfred. It pleases me more than pen and ink can express to find that my native church at Ebenezer is sending forth its branches in all directions. Glad to find that your good and faithful pastor, Mr. Rhys, enjoys the book I caused to be sent to him from Edinburgh.—('That is the book I sent,' said Gaybrey to himself). I should much like to see you and thank you, my dear child, for the kind letters you have written;—('You shall do both, dear father,' said he again to himself),—but that cannot be before the cloud which hangs over my name is dispersed.—('It must disperse in a year, then, dear father, for she will be there in fifteen months or so, if all is well,' said he again to himself) * * * "

The discovery he had made was so astounding that, in spite of being possessed with a fair measure of self-control, he found much difficulty in deciding how to act; and he sought refuge in silence by taking upon him to run for a book he had placed on the summer-seat in the garden. He told himself,—"I have been here literally walking in my dear father's foot-marks, and I knew it not, though I felt it the first time I climbed the hill. All is clear now. O Spirit of Truth, help me to track the lie and unravel the mystery! My Gladys is now doubly dear to me, for she has been my father's friend even from her childhood. Shall I tell her all I know? No. I must write to him first, and prove to him that I keep my promise by trusting him. What was it I heard on board the ship? He is as innocent as an angel,—happy play upon his name, Gabriel."

When Gladys and her mother happened to go out together to call him in, they found him so engrossed in thought as to be oblivious of all else; but his face, when he entered the house, bespoke feelings which they were not able then to understand. His looks bore upon them traces of agony, resolve, and victory, quickly read by the eyes of both daughter and mother.

"I gave the contents of our last letter from Australia to Gaybrey," said Gladys to her mother the last thing that evening, "and I forgot to ask him if he knew anything of Gabriel Yoreth. In fact he went out to fetch a book from the summer-seat before I had time to say a word after reading the letter."

"You may tell him the history of Gabriel," said Mrs. Jones, "as far as we know it, to-morrow; it may interest him, and he may help us to solve the mystery."

On the following day, Gladys showed Gaybrey the old house where Gabriel and his grandparents lived, and told him much of what is already known to the reader.

"I am greatly interested in the story you relate, and it would give me pleasure to see the grave of his grand-parents, if you will kindly accompany me to the grave-yard."

They both went that very afternoon, and he copied carefully the inscriptions of the tomb stone.

"Suppose he or his family returned here," said Gaybrey, "would they be welcomed by the inhabitants, or would Gabriel Yoreth be treated as if guilty?"

"Twenty or thirty years make a deal of difference in a neighbourhood; so many of those who knew him are gone away to other parts, and others to the grave, that there are not as many here of his old acquaintances as one might think; but he would receive a fine ovation by the whole district if he came," replied Gladys.

"You told me he has two sons and a daughter; do you think you would treat them, if you met them, in the same way as if their father had not been in penal servitude?"

"Penal servitude through a gross miscarriage of justice would not make an atom of difference to me in my treatment and estimation of them."

Two months passed by most happily for the family of Havod y Bryn and for the lovers, who were so well matched in tastes, disposition, and thorough goodness of character.

The following letter was written by Gabrey to his father,—

"DEAR FATHER,—You will be pleased to know that Gladys Jones of Havod y Bryn, Abervale, has promised to become my wife, and I trust you will give us your blessing. It is not my intention in

this letter to use circumlocution. After Gladys had promised to be mine, she showed me your last letter concerning the estate over which her father is your agent, and other matters. It appeared to me more circumspect for the present to tell them nothing of the discovery I had made through your letter. I went the following day to see the grave of my great grandparents. I met a man of the name Jack Wilson at Coalfield, who is intensely desirous to communicate with you concerning facts bearing upon your welfare. He handed me a small book which you had given him, containing the name of the giver and the receiver, and I recognised immediately your handwriting. He is under the impression that he has done you some wrong. With your permission I shall go to him to impart the information he longs for before I leave this country. As you desire, I shall go to a Welsh college to study theology for a few months, and I shall arrive in London Christmas, to attend the hospital where my friend Dr. Roger Jones has taken a post; and I scarcely need tell you I shall be reckoning the weeks and the days until I meet my mother and my sister next March at the London docks * * *"

During the three months he followed classes at the Welsh college specified by his father, Gaybrey made diligent and conscientious use of all the opportunities available for the purpose he had in view, but the institution, though useful after its kind, appeared a poor affair as compared with the theological advantages of Edinburgh. It is true enlightened and progressive theology was proclaimed with warmth and vigour by a handful of eloquent and ardent men from their pulpits every Sunday, but they could expect no encouragement from this theological seminary, where a conservative hyper-Calvinism of a cast-iron type was propounded in a spirit of dogmatism bordering upon infallibility. The devotional spirit which pervaded the institution partly atoned for its lack of leading and freshness.

As soon as Gaybrey arrived in London, he was questioned by his friend, Dr. Roger Jones, as to his opinion of the Welsh Theological College.

"Are not their ideas on some Biblical questions," asked Dr. Jones, "somewhat fossilized?"

"Though in sympathy with the earnest and devout tone of the men's minds, yet I found but little of anything that tended to cultivate enquiry and independent thought. Induction and Baconian investigation were an unknown quantity in the whole field of their study. Nevertheless, I learnt some lessons there which I shall never forget, and I have made a few life-long friends among the students and in the churches where I preached. Blessed is the country whose pulpits are filled with such a single-hearted prayerful class of students, though their mental furniture and training are far from being as liberal as is to be desired."

Evidently Gaybrey did not wish to discuss the merits and demerits of an institution which he would wish to look back upon in the future with as much kindliness of feeling as he could command for that end. Changing the turn of the conversation, he added,—

"I am pleased with the look of the apartments you have taken for us. Do you think there are two rooms in addition in the house which I may obtain in March?"

"If you are going to repeat the prodigality you showed in Edinburgh by paying for poor people's lodgings, I shall decidedly object, my old friend," said Roger, in a semi-serious bantering tone.

"No fear of that. The expenses I am about to incur will prevent all prodigality. I forgot to tell you before; my mother and my sister are coming to Europe for a few months, and will return when I go out."

"I am glad to hear it, Gaybrey, for you have had a long bout among strangers. I shall be happy to make their acquaintance."

"Will you come out to the mission field with me, Roger? I think you were inclined to take my line in life once."

"After much thought, I have come to the conclusion that my sphere of usefulness lies in another direction; and I may serve my Saviour equally well in my profession in civilized countries as in uncivilized ones."

"It would be an unfeigned pleasure to have you to accompany me; however, I am glad to hear you enunciate the principle of your career in life, for it is my firm belief that the labours and duties of every calling may be consecrated entirely to the service and the glory of the Master. Have you been able to engage in any direct spiritual work whilst pursuing your profession in the metropolis?"

"I attended a case last week, and perceived the poor woman's life fast ebbing out. Human aid was there of little avail, and I have reason to think that a simple prayer I offered helped her to cross the bar to the ocean of endless life. Yet some of those who were in the house at the time seemed astounded at hearing a doctor pray."

A LOVING BALLAD.

Made for a young girl that lost her true love in the battle of St. Fagan's, where, in less than two hours, sixty-two wives were widowed in the parish of St. Fagan's alone, and the river Lay, as far as the sea, six miles away, was dyed red with the blood of the slain, May 8th, 1648. There were ten thousand armed soldiers under Oliver Cromwell, and with the king to oppose them twenty thousand; but of these, ten thousand were killed, and ten thousand others were taken prisoners of war by Oliver's men.*

"I WANDERED through the churchyard with slow and longing tread,
The heart within my bosom a very load of lead,
When a gentle voice and clear, methought to me, did say,—
'Lift up thy heart, my Gwenny, thy sorrows drive away.'

"How can my heart be lifted, my face be freed from gloom,
When the lad I love is lying so lowly in the tomb?
Ay, lowly art thou lying, and dearer far to me
Than store of earthly treasure, the earth that presses thee.

"'Lift up thy heart, my Gwenny, lamenting is in vain,
And list a word of counsel I tender for thy gain;
Go, now and then, and mingle with the youthful and the gay,—
Thy fainting heart's deep sorrow will gently wear away.'

"My heart knows nought of fainting, but the sharp and bitter woe
Of true love sorely wounded and bleeding from the blow,
There's none my heart can lighten, this side of heaven above,
For low, ah! low is lying the head of him I love.

"'I was a merry youngster, before my life was sped;
Thee, thee alone I worshipped, and thee I longed to wed,
But I was harshly driven to roam beyond the seas,—
I had no store of riches thy parents' eyes to please.'

"'Twas greed from home that drove thee to wander to and fro,
Woe's me that e'er my reason survived to feel the blow!
A flower untimely blasted, when spring-time on me smiled,—
My parents were too cruel to a tender, only child.

"'From thee they roughly dragged me to battle's stern array,
Where soon, amid the fighting, beneath my wounds I lay;
From the shrine where dwelt thine image the blood in rivers poured,
But the thought of lovers sundered was keener than the sword.'

"'Though death with cruel kindness spared me alone to pine,—
A death-in-life of sickness and lingering decline,—
Far worse than health departed was the longing in my breast
For thee, fair flower of maidens, that day nor night would rest.'

"Ay, cruel men did wound thee, on a morning fair of May,
And thy blood in torrents gushing dyed red the river Lay;
Ah! would that God's sweet mercy had mingled with the flood
For thy dear sake, my true-love, each drop of my heart's blood.

"I watched thy health declining and bitter was the sight,
Thy short convulsive breathing ere quenching of the light;
Beneath the earth and gravel in its narrow coffin laid
Is the form so fondly cherised by me, unhappy maid.

"Where merry youth assemble no more shalt thou be seen,
For me all joy is over,—the joy that once hath been;
No more the lad I worshipped, the pleasant earth will tread;
Ah me! my heart is breaking,—would God that I were dead!"

Sung by William Saunders on behalf of a young girl by the name of Jane Robert, and now Englished by

London, September, 1895. J. P. OWEN.

* The battle of St. Fagan's, fought in the Second Civil War, was a battle between Parliament and the South Wales Presbyterians and Royalists. Horton commanded on the winning Parliamentary side; Oliver Cromwell came up later to superintend the famous seige of Pembroke. The rebel leaders were Laugharne and Poyer. Prince Philip of the Palatinate was given permission to ship a thousand of the Welsh prisoners to the Venetian wars.

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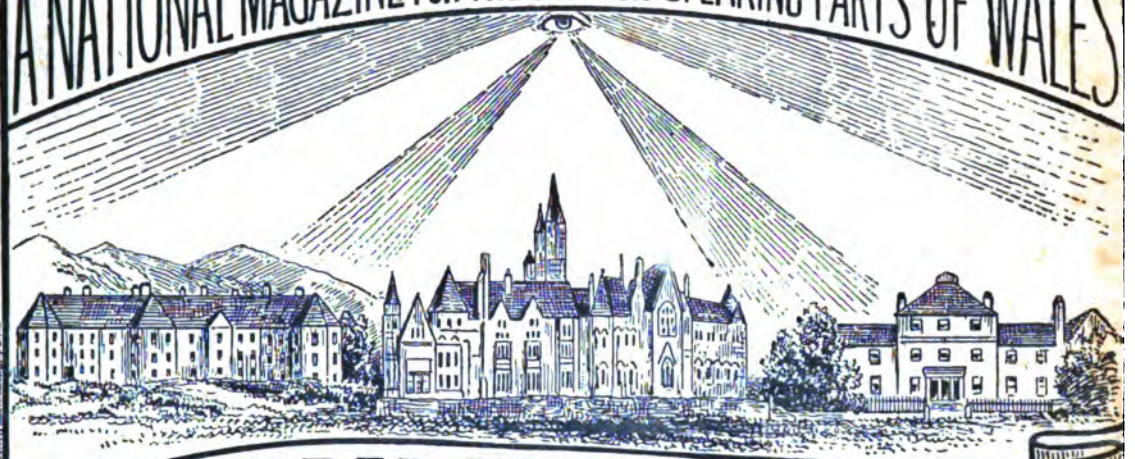

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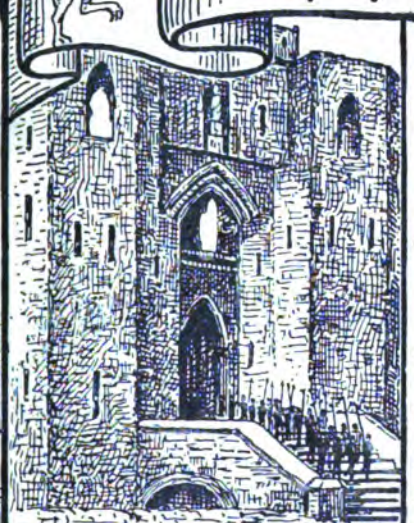

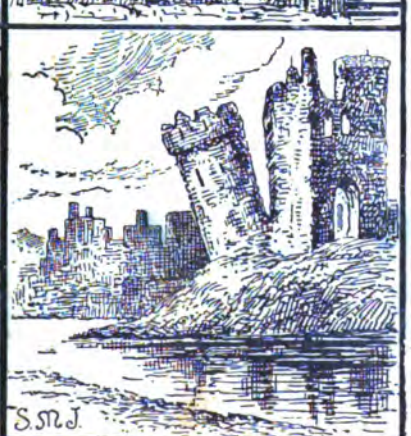

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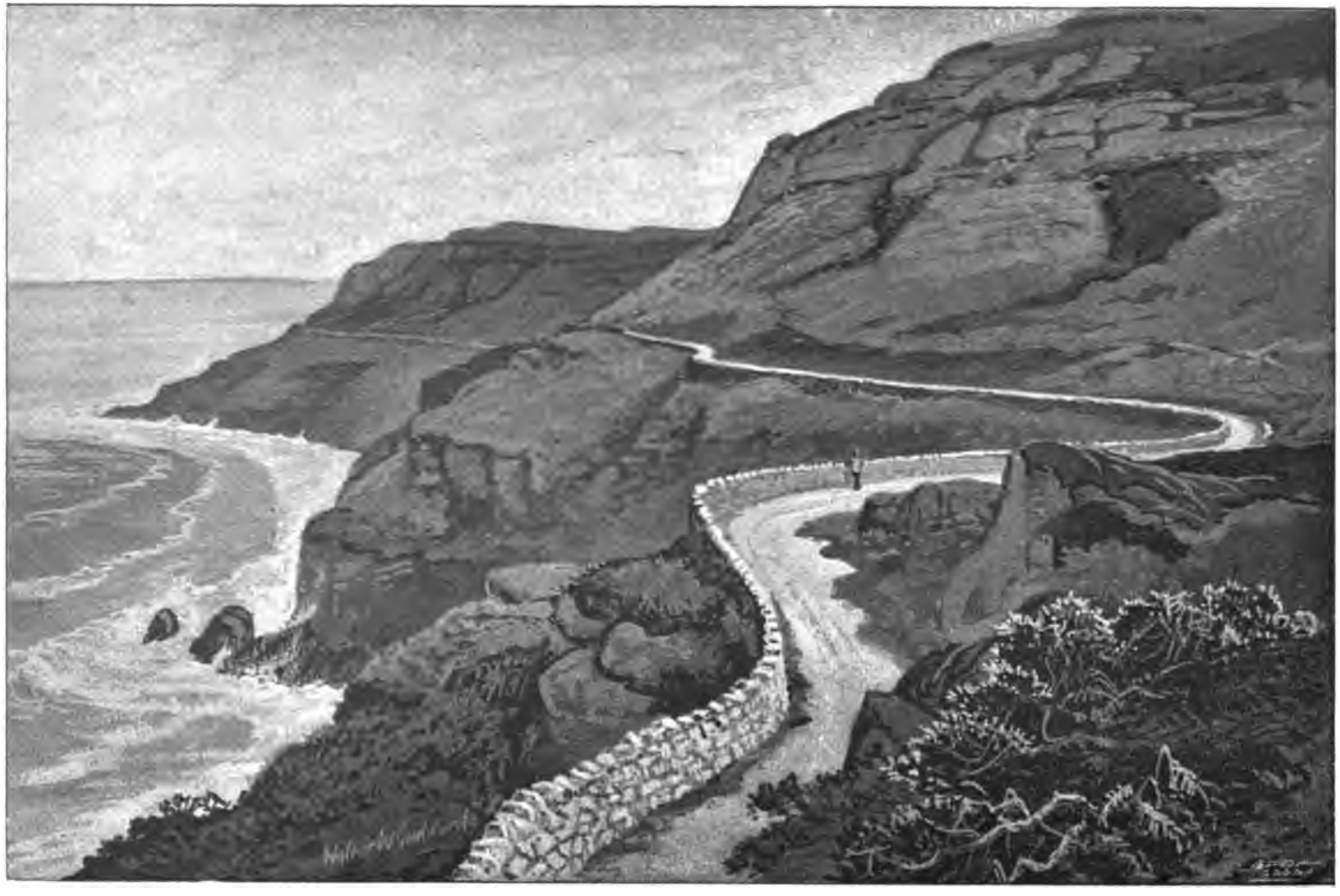

ON THE NORTH COAST, NEAR LLANDUDNO.

WALES.

VOL. III.] JUNE, 1896. [No. 26.

THE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF WALES.

By W. J. WALLIS-JONES, U. C. W

THE University College of Wales, situated at Aberystwyth, in the north of Cardiganshire, deserves to be more well-known as regards its inner working and history than it is. The eve of the installation, within it, of the Prince of Wales as the Chancellor of the University of Wales,—a memorable occasion in the history of Welsh education, is a fit time for presenting a short sketch of the history, progress, and influence of this college.

The University College of Wales has been the pioneer of education in Wales; and has, in a short time, attained to the very first rank of the University Colleges of the United Kingdom,—indeed, I doubt whether any college in the kingdom can show a better list of successes in the educational world for the past year, more particularly those in connection with the University of London, than Aberystwyth College. Even now, in its infancy we might say, it can boast of a host of names closely connected with the life of Wales to-day, and with that of the world at large, as the names of its *alumni*.

In this paper I should like to answer three questions concerning the institution,—what it is; how it works; and with what success,—and to give a short history of its rise, together with a few remarks on its influence in Wales.

Perhaps it would be well, before coming to the period of its definite formation, to give a brief outline of the efforts which culminated in its establishment in 1872. The great name in connection with the movement from the very beginning to the end is that of Sir Hugh Owen, whose efforts on behalf of education in general, and especially in connection with the establishment of the University College of Wales at Aberystwyth, deserves the sincerest gratitude of his countrymen for his life of toil and self-sacrifice on their behalf.

In April, 1854, Sir Hugh Owen convened a private meeting in London for the promotion of the establishment of colleges in Wales similar to the Queen's College in Ireland. A committee with officials was formed and an "outline of constitution" of Welsh Queen's Colleges drawn up. For various reasons this was soon dropped, and the project lay dormant till 1862, when public attention was aroused to the subject of higher education in Wales by a series of able letters by Dr. Nicholas in the *Cambria Daily Leader*. Sir Hugh Owen and Dr. Nicholas met each other at meetings in connection with the National Eisteddfod in September, 1863. October 26th, they and Sir G. (then Mr.) Osborne Morgan and Mr. Morgan Lloyd met in London at 1, Mitre Court, Temple, and there discussed the question of establishing colleges in Wales. They resolved to embark on an undertaking, invited those interested to join them, and drew up an address calling attention to the subject of higher education in Wales, setting forth the brilliant advantages possessed by Ireland and Scotland, and the substantial aid extended by Government to the University of London. Welshmen were called upon to set matters aright and to be up and

doing. In response to this an influential meeting was held on December 1st, in the same year, at the Freemasons' Tavern, London, under the presidency of Mr. William Williams, M.P. Resolutions were passed and the establishment of a University determined upon. An executive committee was appointed, having Dr. Nicholas as secretary, Mr. Osborne Morgan and Sir (then Mr.) Hugh Owen as honorary secretaries, Mr. Williams, M.P., treasurer, with Mr. Morgan Lloyd as sub-treasurer. In 1864, through the endeavours of Dr. Perowne, then of Lampeter, it was agreed to establish an unsectarian University College, which was then to combine with St. David's College, Lampeter, to form a Welsh University. Though the prospects were bright for a time, differences began to arise, until, ultimately, June 16th, 1864, the committee of the University College communicated their opinion "that further consideration of that, which appears to us an admirable arrangement, should be deferred." From then till 1872 the clouds seemed to gather thicker and thicker around the University College, and seven years of hard work passed without seeing its doors opened. Many changes took place in the official staff, and we next find Dr. David Charles as secretary and Mr. Morgan Lloyd as treasurer. The years which elapsed before the opening of the College were devoted to strenuous efforts to raise the funds needed for the beginning of the work,—years of hard work and bitter disappointment. The great landed proprietors of Wales, with a few honourable exceptions, are conspicuously absent from the list of subscribers. The most generous contributors, up to 1873, were the late Mr. David Davies, Llandinam, Mr. Lewis Davies, Ferndale (both colliery proprietors), Mr. Samuel Morley, and some of the large commercial firms of Manchester. Dissensions continued to arise about trifling matters, and even the hopeful and indefatigable Sir Hugh Owen himself confessed that "the outlook was not promising."

Up to October, 1872, the total amount collected was £12,034 11s. 3d., out of which £4,008 12s. 10d. went to officials, travelling expenses, and incidentals. They were, however, men in earnest, and ready to take the tide at its flood whenever the chance came.

In 1872, the promoters of higher education in Wales were fortunate enough to obtain a magnificent building which had just been erected at a cost of about £80,000 at the extreme south end of the crescent-shaped Marine Terrace at Aberystwyth, and intended for an hotel. This fine Gothic pile was raised by one of the contractors of the Cambrian Railway, whose intention was to issue tickets which were to cover travelling and also board and residence at the "Castle Hotel," Aberystwyth, or at other hotels on the Welsh coast. The scheme, however, was never carried out, for the contractor failed before he had quite completed the building, which was subsequently bought for £10,000 by those gentlemen who, since 1863, when the Welsh education movement commenced, had striven so nobly to improve the state of education in their native country, which, so far, had been so sadly neglected in this respect.

In this building the College was opened in October the same year, 1872, as a national institution on a purely unsectarian basis, and supported by the whole Welsh nation. The idea and aims of its promoters were, that it should be "a national institution maintaining the completest freedom from all ecclesiastical preferences, which, while holding the Holy Scripture as the ultimate authority in all religious matters, left all teaching properly theological to the religious instructors of the different churches, and aimed in its own department of labour at uniting all ranks of the community in the work of promoting the mental culture and development of the nation; that it should be a first-class college, with University privileges, on the status of the Queen's College in Ireland or University and King's Colleges, London; the course of study to be adapted for the different liberal professions, and to embrace special preparation for academic degrees." Nobly has it, so far, fulfilled the original intentions. It has erred only in exceeding in execution the demands of intention.

The matter was warmly taken up by all classes of the inhabitants of Wales, the slate quarrymen of Festiniog being

especially enthusiastic in its support. They and the commercial travellers of North Wales founded scholarships, and the College was opened for instruction under the charge of a Principal,—who was a host in himself,—and two professors. For ten years it flourished on the voluntary system, receiving no grant or aid whatsoever. An "University Sunday" was fixed upon, when contributions were taken for the College in the chapels. During this period the Welsh people and their friends contributed towards its maintenance, in all, about £60,000. This fact alone is a most eloquent testimony to the love of education and learning which is so characteristic of the Welsh people. The idealism of a Celtic nature was having material to work upon; and this, almost first, realisation of an ideal hope was grandly supported by a nation small in numbers and comparatively poor. However, in 1882, it received a government grant of £4,000 a year, which was, nevertheless, transferred to Bangor College on its establishment in 1884,—U. C. W.,—as Aberystwyth College is familiarly called,—being left with only a temporary grant of £2,500, increased again in 1882 to £4,000, which it still continues to receive. The year 1885 is also noted by the disastrous fire which then broke out and threatened the very existence of the College. Instead, however, of being its death-blow, it serves as the starting point of a rapid and steady advance unparalleled in the history of education. The College was carried on in the spacious Queen's Hotel until 1888, when the old building was ready to be re-occupied, having been restored at a cost of over £26,000. In the year 1893, the Chancellor of the Exchequer made a special grant of £10,000 for the purpose of liquidating the existing debt, and completing and extending the building,—both due to the fire. This was granted on condition that a sum of £5,000 be also collected by private subscriptions. Public appeals for subscriptions as well as appeals to the chapels and churches of Wales were made by the College authorities, and we soon saw how the education-loving Celts and their many friends speedily met the demand.

Next in historical sequence after the fire comes the establishment of the Hall of Residence for women students, in September, 1887, under the superintendence of the present Lady Principal, Miss E. A. Carpenter, to whom the unique success of this department is mostly due. Eleven years ago there were no women students at U. C. W., during the session 1887-88 there were 23, now there are 154 of them. They occupy the whole of the Queen's Hotel,—which is leased to the College authorities, who, together with the Lady Principal, manage the Hall of Residence,—as well as three other houses on the Terrace, not counting an "infirmary," which is generally empty, due to the healthy situation of the place and to the fact that only the physically fit are admitted to College. A magnificent permanent Hall of Residence is now in course of erection at the extreme north end of the Terrace, and is to be completed by June, 1896. It is even then doubtful whether it will meet with the steady increase of women-students which goes on here. Since session 1888-9 their numbers have been as follows, during consecutive sessions,—40, 42, 33, 45, 84, 102, 132, 154. They stand on exactly the same footing as the men-students with regard to their connection with the College,—attending the same lectures and class-rooms,—occupying the front desks,—and appearing on the same terminal list, which they generally head. The Charter, granted in September, 1889, has this clause,—"Female students shall be admissible to all the benefactions and emoluments of the College, and women shall be eligible to sit on the Governing Body, on the Council, and on the Senate,"—consequently on the staff, as it composes the senate. It is worthy of note that in the new University of Wales every degree and office is open to women equally with men,—even up to that of chancellorship, there being no distinction whatever between the sexes. Women-students come to Aberystwyth from all parts, being by no means limited to Wales, and former ones are scattered over a wide area,—some holding scholarships and positions on the staff of Colleges and Universities in America, seven being head-mistresses of and a great number assistant-mistresses in Secondary Schools,

in addition to a great number lately elected head and assistant-teachers in the new Intermediate Schools. Their University successes have been, approximately, as follows,—

I. *London University* (1) Matriculation, 68 ; (2) Inter. Arts, Pass, 63; Honours, 17; (3) B.A., Pass, 57; Honours, 18; (4) Inter. and Prelim. Sci., Pass, 21; Hons., 2; (5) B.Sc., Pass, 4; Honours, 2; M.A., 4; (6) D.Sc., 1.

II. *Oxford and Cambridge Scholarships*, Biology 2; Mathematics, 1; Classics, 1.

III. *Research Scholarship*, 1, (for Botany).

The success of Aberystwyth as a centre for the higher education of women is due, among other causes, to (1) The close union between the Hall and College, and the thorough manner in which the mixed system is carried out; (2) the reasonable fees, ranging from £40 to £49 for board, residence, and tution for the whole session; (3) the quality and success of the College teaching; and (4) the healthy situation. The addition of such sweetness and light to the College, in the social life of which they take their full share, makes the life of an Aberystwyth student very pleasant, especially if he is of a social turn of mind. The success of a good many of the College societies and functions is due in a great measure to the presence and active co-operation of the women-students. They share everything in common with the men except those affairs which are in the nature of things peculiar to either sex. The women-students have a magazine, a boating and hockey club of their own,—the tennis club being common to both sexes. Residence is compulsory except for those who live in town with their parents or guardians, and those who are specially exempted, all however being under the superintendence of the Lady Principal. In this respect alone are they different to the men-students who "dig" in registered lodging-houses in the town. Before the fire, they used to live in the College buildings which now, however, notwithstanding its being one of the finest edifices in Wales, having a frontage of over 412 feet, is hardly sufficient for the performance of the teaching and other functions of the College,—the present number of students being about 350.

Living is very cheap at Aberystwyth during the winter months,—a splendid sitting-room and a bed-room being obtainable on the Terrace by two students for 4s. 6d. to 6s. a week, including light, fuel, attendance, and all other necessaries. The composition College fee for all classes, except practical science work and Normal classes, being only £10 for the whole session, a student can thus live in comfort at Aberystwyth for some £30. The Normal students receive a government grant of £25, from which they also pay the £10 to the College; and some of them manage to live on the remaining £15 during the three terms they are up.

The College is affiliated to the University of Cambridge and Strassburg,—students who have been at U. C. W. for three years and who have obtained a Certificate of Honour,—for which Greek is not necessary, —being allowed to enter for their Tripos at Cambridge at the end of two years' residence there, and without being obliged to pass the previous or any other examination before the Tripos for which they enter.

The College consists of the following departments,—(1) the ordinary courses of instruction in Arts and Science for examinations of the Universities of London and Wales, and for scholarships at the older Universities and elsewhere; (2) the In-College Agricultural Department, in which systematic and scientific instruction is given in preparation for the advanced examinations of the Royal Agricultural Society; (3) the Normal Department now under the direction of the well-known educationist, Mr. Foster Watson, M.A., and Miss Anna Rowlands, B.A., who is the only lady on the staff of a College which consists of twenty five professors and lecturers. The Normal Department includes (*a*) that for the training of primary teachers,—the College being instituted as a Day Training College in 1892, and now authorised to admit thirty men and thirty women students each year for a two years' course, being allowed to remain a third year, as Normals, in the case of special merit. They are encouraged to study for London University Examinations, in which they have already distinguished them-

selves. (*b*) A department for the training of secondary teachers, in which students are prepared for the London and Cambridge Teachers' Certificate, the College of Preceptors Diplomas, the Degrees in Education in the University of Wales, and other teachers' examinations. The majority of students of both sexes at U C. W. being prospective teachers, this department is very likely to become both popular and useful.

The College is open to all above the age of sixteen, of whatever creed and nationality, there being often students here from Scotland, Ireland, Switzerland, America, and the Channel Islands. Englishmen and foreigners enjoy exactly the same privileges as Welsh students, with the exception of a few entrance scholarships and exhibitions confined to Welsh candidates. The scholarships and exhibitions for new-comers are annually awarded at the commencement of the College session in September. They number about twenty two, ranging in value from £40 to £10, half of them being open and half confined. The only limitations with regard to the open ones are,—that candidates should not have graduated, nor held scholarships for three years at one of the sister colleges of Bangor and Cardiff. They are all tenable, as a rule, for three years. The College session closes about the third week in June, there being vacations of about three weeks at Christmas and Easter.

Lectures are delivered in the mornings from nine a.m. to one p.m., certain lectures being also given in the afternoons when a convenient hour cannot be found in the morning, as also in the evening from six to eight o'clock. All sections of the undergraduate contingent have Wednesday and Saturday afternoons free, unless they desire to do practical work in the laboratories, or study in the spacious library, of which all are justly proud. This library was opened by the Hon. A. H. D. Acland, in November, 1892, and what was previously a vast and empty room, is now, thanks to the labour of the late principal, Dr. Edwards, and the patriotism of the generous contributors here and in America, — a magnificent library and a fitting symbol of the more complete richer progress which will mark off the future of Wales from its past. It gladly offers a home to all gifs of books and MSS., which will be carefully preserved and arranged. Thither the more studious wend their way when their lectures do not consecutively follow each other. Between lectures, there is a rest of about ten minutes, when the splendid quadrangle is filled with an heterogeneous mass of students intermingling in a most picturesque manner, as viewed from the corridors above which surround the "quad." The whole is covered, at a great height, with coloured glass. Then, also, is the reading room and common room filled, in which last alone smoking is allowed within the college precincts. The students at Aberystwyth enjoy many privileges and freedom. These privileges they jealously guard and seldom abuse. The men and women students are allowed to speak to one another within the college walls, and on the football, cricket, and tennis fields. Men students are required to wear academicals when attending lectures, in the library, and at all academical functions.

Every year there is a series of soirees,—about three,—at homes, musical, literary and dramatic evenings, &c., to the success of which the women students contribute the most important part.

There are numerous college societies and clubs, that of the Literary and Debating Society being *facile princeps* in order of popularity. It has a president for the session in the person of a member of the staff, and a well-tried student is elected to the vice-chair. It holds its meetings on Friday evenings during the Michaelmas and Lent terms. Then there is the Celtic Society, at which the ardent Celt can pour forth his eloquence in his native tongue, and serve the best interests of his country. The Musical Society is in a flourishing state; and annually, in March, gives a performance of an oratorio such as the "Messiah" or "Elijah," the pieces selected for last year being Spohr's "Last Judgement" and Stanford's "Revenge." The Athletic Club includes the football, cricket, lawn tennis, and boating clubs. The "sports" are held at the beginning of Easter term. The Dramatic Committee

undertake the production of some Shakspearian or other play just before Christmas. They perform their duties in such an admirable manner that the evening set apart for the townspeople sees the spacious examination hall always filled with the *élite* of the town and neighbourhood. During the session frequent "scenes" are given on soiree and other evenings,—sometimes in Greek and French. The Scientific Society, the Common Room, Reading Room, Gymnasium, and the Magazine, are all under committees of their own. There are other flourishing societies in connection with the College, but not recognised as "College" societies.—such as the Church Guild and the Students' Christian Mission.

To show with what success the labours of the Principal and his able staff of teachers are attended, I will simply give a list of university successes and distinctions obtained during the 1894 year only,—direct from the college, except in three or four instances (M.B. of course).

I. *London University* Matriculation, *January*, 6; one in honours taking first prize. *June*, 28.

Inter. Arts Pass, 19; Honours, 10; total, 29.

B.Sc., 4; B.A., 23; Inter. Sci., 5; Prelim. Sci., 7 (including those in biology only); M.A., 5; M.B., 4.

Honours were obtained as follows,—

Matric., 1; Inter. Arts, 10; B.A., 16; B.Sc., 3; M.B., 2. Twelve honours were obtained in English alone at B.A.

Top Places were obtained at M.A. in Classics, English and French (a lady), and English and Celtic; at B.A. in Mental and Moral Sc. (a lady); at B.Sc. in Physics and at M.B. in Medicine.

II. *Oxford.*—Scholarships and Exhibitions were obtained at Christ Church (Open Science), Jesus (Science, Mathematics (2), and History), Mansfield.

III. *America.*—A scholarship and a position on the staff of Brynmawr College was obtained by a lady, and another lady obtained a bursary at McGill University, Canada, which she has entered.

IV. Among other successes may be mentioned the Dr. Williams' scholarship at Glasgow University.

It may be added that for the last three years the name of Aberystwyth College has invariably appeared oftener than that of any similar institution on the London University Matriculation, Intermediate, and B.A. lists, having last year,—1895,—as many as three times the number of successful candidates to its credit as any other institution, at both the Intermediate and final B.A. examinations. Thus it has practically constituted itself the premier college of the kingdom, in so far as that position can be judged by successes.

The College motto is "Nid byd, byd heb wybodaeth," — "A world without knowledge is no world,"—and Aberystwyth will henceforth be indissolubly connected with the world of knowledge.

Having thus briefly reviewed the rise and progress of the University College of Wales, and glanced at its inner working, we are now in a better position to consider the influence which it can and does exercise over Wales and its life. It is an indisputable fact that this College has proved, does, and will prove, to be a most potent factor in the moulding of that "Wales to be" which we talk and hear so much about in these days. Its influence over Wales is exercised in many and various ways, — some open and visible, others subtle, and others again of which to-day we do not dream, for they work as a sort of invisible under-current, whose paths we do not comprehend, but whose effects will be more plainly visible to another generation. The latent energy will some day disclose itself, and show more clearly what a revolution this College has brought about. There are "general" and there are "particular" influences which can be said to be at work to-day in Wales, and which emanate from the University College at Aberystwyth, either directly or indirectly.

Let me first speak of the general influences of education in the abstract on a country, and in doing this we are, in fact, only saying what the University College of Wales has done, does, and will do in Wales. Education must have its fixed place as one of the first essentials which a nation must possess before it can be entrusted with political rights and know how to judiciously utilise and appreciate them. Citizens must be taught and educated so as to comprehend the duties that the state of society imposes on them; they must be taught what political rights *are* before they are offered them for their enjoyment. It is certain that education in Wales is fast making the soil ripe for seeds which will soon bear fruit and be of

great national import for Wales and its people. Education is the arch enemy of darkness, ignorance, and superstition, and the foster mother of noble aims and high ambitions. It will put an end to dreams and prepare the way for action. The Celtic idealism of the Welsh people will be guided into the right paths so as to serve those who, so far, have been its slaves, but who, henceforth, will be taught how to use those peculiar gifts of the Celtic genius for the best interests of themselves and their native country. Barbaric superstition will give place to enlightened and more practical common sense, which will demonstrate to the people the commercial value of those qualities, hitherto useless because misdirected, which are inherent in their Celtic and Cymric natures. It is, however, to a great extent, due to the idealism of the Welsh people that we have perfected such a splendid system of education from the University downwards,—such a one as no other country can boast of a better. Now it is only natural to expect that this education which pervades the land will turn out men and women of reason, intellect, and talent, who will be able to focus the ideas so fertile in the Welsh brain, and utilise those which can prove of most use to the country. The Welsh people have always been characterised, even in the darkest periods of their history, for an inherent love of learning and literature. Mental exercise has always been a pleasure to them; and before education, in the modern sense of the word, had ever penetrated into their country, they had produced literary works which, as examples of mental vigour and ability, can rank among the best literature of almost any nation. What, then, can we expect when education and culture is brought to the doors, as it were, of the meanest cot among the hills and dales of wild Wales? The foundations of a great educational, social, and political revival have been firmly laid, but it depends very much on the Welsh people themselves on what lines they will develop it. They stand, as it were, on the cross roads of national life or death. Are they going to make a bold and final stand for the maintenance of every national quality and characteristic of them as a people, or are they going to let Wales become a mere geographical unit? All the signs that can at present be read seem to strongly point out that they are going to adopt the first alternative, and are going to carry it out to its ultimate logical climax with determined strength, vigour, and boldness. Aberystwyth is the Athens of Wales, and ever since the establishment of the University College in it in 1872, it has been the pivot around which Welsh national life,—educational, religious, political,—has been turning, and it is to-day more than ever prominent as the place from which the Welsh people naturally expect those things which are to ennoble them as a people and raise them as a nation to emanate. The hold which it has on the affections of the Welsh people is most striking, and consequently much more is the power it can influence over their lives. It is here, in this college, that their leaders are being reared,—here their political leaders see the good which they afterwards realize. Those who wield the pen, which is mightier than the sword, have here put a hall mark on their love of country, their patriotism, and their nationalism, and have here learnt how to express themselves with vigour and effect in proclaiming the abuses whose redress they demand, in defending their native land from the calumnies of its enemies, and saving it from an ignominious neglect. Henceforth there will be plenty of men to be found having a hold on the periodical papers of this land, who will take care that Wales will get its proper share of attention, and who will give it a habitation and a name among the nations of the globe. Here, also, the most prominent preachers of the land have had, and will get instruction in those secular subjects without a knowledge of which they cannot do full justice to the best of all sciences. Here, also, are brought together, and here live in harmony, concord, and peace, the sons of the wild regions of the north and the dwellers in the flatter and industrial south; here Calvinist and Unitarian, Churchman and Congregationalist, Baptist and Freethinker, drink together from the fountain of knowledge, breathe the same atmosphere, travel the same ways, and live and eat in

the same houses. Here lasting friendships are made and earnest lives begun. Here, too, the fiery, choleric, impulsive, idyllic Celt freely rubs shoulders with the more phlegmatic, practical, common-sense Saxon. What does all this mean? Far more than I can put on paper. The narrow-minded, bigoted Welshman, born and bred among the mountains and dales of his native parish, which he has been accustomed to consider as the whole world,—with the parson, minister, schoolmaster, or himself, as the pivot around which everything turns,—will begin to open his eyes and see that there are lands beyond his own little domain, beyond even his own Wales, and that there are creeds and religions besides his own. He will soon get rid of his bigotry, and look upon all men as brothers. He will see points to admire even in those persons and things which, before, he considered as an abomination and a sin, and will profit thereby. His corners will be rubbed off one by one, his mind will get broadened and widened, his habits will get less uncouth, and by the time he returns to his native place to take up his life work, or enter on spheres and pastures new, he will be most fully equipped for a useful life, refined and cultured in his mind, methodic in his habits, and the influence he will be able to exercise over his less fortunate brothers and sisters will be tremendous. He will act on them in the same way as college associations acted on him, only in a less degree. When we consider the hundreds that will thus be turned out every year from college, we can have an idea of the vast social changes that will take place in the life of the Welsh people in the future.

The question arises as to what effect the College has on the vitality of the Welsh language. It can be said, and it may also prove true, that the College is a great factor in making the Welsh more and more English in temperament and language. So long as the Welsh language remains a living tongue, it can never make the Welsh English in temperament, but the doubtful point is,—does it hasten the death of the language? To me there seem to be two alternatives only,—it will either "scotch" the language, or it will be one of the most important factors imaginable for sustaining its vitality. This entirely depends on the wisdom of those who have in their hands the drafting of the lines of education to be pursued at the University of Wales. So far there has been a slight impetus given to the learning of the Welsh language by the University; but, to me, it seems that the provisions so far made are too weak to make it a powerful agent in sustaining the vitality of the language. It is pleasant, however, to notice the great increase this year of those students who take up Welsh at the College, and we trust it is only an earnest of what is to come, and then the language and lays of Wales will be true to Taliesin's prophecy.

Aberystwyth College, in addition to its social, religious, literary, and political influence on Wales, also exercises a kind of superintendence over its agricultural interests. The farmers of the land are told by its professors what is good for their soil, their cattle, and their crops; and there is no doubt that this will soon bring about a great improvement in Welsh agricultural prospects. Artisans and others in towns, who cannot afford the time or money to go to college, feel the influence of Aberystwyth College, and benefit by it; for it sends over the country its professors and lecturers to deliver popular addresses on subjects of interest and usefulness to men in general. The giving of these extension lectures will greatly contribute to the advance of intelligence and culture among the Welsh people, and will be a great boon to a large number of towns-people and country people who are not too far removed from the centres of population.

This paper will not be complete without mentioning the fact that the coping stone of the Welsh education system was laid in November, 1893, when the University of Wales received its charter of incorporation. By this charter, the three Welsh colleges of Aberystwyth, Bangor, and Cardiff are incorporated into a University, empowered to confer degrees in arts, science, and law.

Thus Wales has at last got into its own hands almost all the materials necessary for it to work out its own salvation, and I trust that it will nobly rise to the occasion.

May it in the long run corroborate Matthew Arnold's saying, — "That nations disinherited of political success may yet leave their mark on the world's progress, and contribute powerfully to the civilization of mankind."

A LULLABY.

From the Welsh of IOAN MAETHLU, by R. BRYAN.

"O cwsg! O cwsg! fy maban bach."

O SLEEP! O sleep! my darling babe,
Thy mother, dear, is guard
To watch in holy love o'er thee
And harm away to ward;
Tho' terrors soar by night and day
On wings of dread alarm,
My life in love will I lay down
Ere they to thee do darm.

Si-si, Si-si; the wind is cold,
And dark the night; Si-si, Si-si;
O fair thy face, my darling babe,
My joy, my love! Si-si, Si-si.

Thy face reveals my soul's true friend,
Thine eyes are papa's own,
They smile upon a lily mead
Where roses twain are blown;
Mine image? Why, there's not a line
Engraven on thy face;
Supremest joy of one I know
To muse o'er thee and gaze.

Si-si, Si-si; the wind is cold,
And dark the night; Si-si, Si-si;
O fair thy face, my darling babe,
My joy, my love! Si-si, Si-si.

I gaze upon thy face and ween
What fare may fall to thee
Upon the journey from a babe
To long eternity;
And lo! afar mine eyes behold
A morn of dread and gloom;
Knows God alone thy weal or woe
When dawns the day of doom.

Si-si, Si-si; the wind is cold,
And dark the night; Si-si, Si-si;
O fair thy face, my darling babe,
My joy, my love! Si-si, Si-si.

In innocence, so gentle, fair
Cam'st thou on earth to dwell,
Where men as numberless as leaves
Bid God's good will farewell;
While ope remain the gates of heaven,
While I can bend the knee,
Thy name will ne'er forgotten be,
In prayer, my baby wee.

Si-si, Si-si; the wind is cold,
And dark the night; Si-si, Si-si;
O fair thy face, my darling babe,
My joy, my love! Si-si, Si-si.

I fain would live to show the path
That leads to yon fair land,
And leave thee safe upon the way
In God's almighty hand;
O bliss it were, ere I depart
To wait for thee above,
To hear thee lisp a word of prayer
To Him, the God of love.

Si-si, Si-si; the wind is cold,
And dark the night; Si-si, Si-si;
O fair thy face, my darling babe,
My joy, my love! Si-si, Si-si.

Maybe, when many years are gone,
And I in peace do sleep,
Thy love will lead thee to the grave
Thereon to gaze and weep;
Should yearning then thine head bow down
In sorrow, grief, and gloom,
Lo! words divine of bliss and joy
Upon thy mother's tomb.

Si-si, Si-si; the wind is cold,
And dark the night; Si-si, Si-si;
O fair thy face, my darling babe,
My joy, my love! Si-si, Si-si.

IN THE LAND OF THE HARP AND FEATHERS.

A SERIES OF WELSH VILLAGE IDYLLS.

By Alfred Thomas.

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VI.—MORE THAN CONQUEROR.

IT was the Monday before Christmas. The season was always a time of great rejoicing at Wengroes, but on this occasion there was a special reason for an even larger amount of enthusiasm than was customary in the little community. Wengroes was on the tip-toe of joy and expectation, for Dydd Nadolig would be a red-letter day in the village history. Gomer Shinkin had been as good as, some said even better than, his promise. The folk had been worshipping for many weeks in the schoolroom, and now the word had been passed round that on the greatest anniversary of the year Capel Wengroes would open its kindly doors once more, clean and beautiful, renovated and restored by the bounty of its humblest and richest member.

During the repairs the chapel had, of course, been entirely in the hands of the Caerllyn contractor who was carrying out the work. Whether the contractor was a man of morose temperament, or whether he was acting under orders, is unknown; but from the day he took the work in hand until Christmas Eve, when he delivered the keys into the minister's charge, none save his own workmen were allowed to enter Capel Wengroes. Some of the villagers felt inclined to resent this at first, but the tactful builder bowed such intruders off the chapel premises with so many smiles and cheery words that he soon disarmed opposition; and he and his workmen were left to their labours in peace, at least in the daytime.

I say *at least in the daytime*, because I have a suspicion, based on sundry mysterious whisperings circulating amongst us, that one of the villagers, at any rate, had seen more than he would have cared to say. Taking into consideration also the fact that a lighted lantern had been seen in the vicinity of the chapel, late one evening, the whisperings began to assume an air of probability that served but to increase the longing of the villagers for Christmas Day.

"Somebody had seen somebody else,"—so the gossips averred,—"who had seen somebody who knew somebody else who had gone with a lantern to the chapel ground one evening, and finding a window open,—possibly to let the smell of the paint out,—what should the Will-o'-the-wisp do but take advantage of the opportunity thus afforded him to enter. He did so, and the whisperings were the result. Such sates! Such cushions! Such a grand stove, and wonder of wonders, GAS!!!"

Wengroes gossip was generally correct in detail, though sadly tortuous to listen to, for confidences were always respected. The villagers had an eye for the quaint side of things, and though most of them could have made a shrewd guess as to the identity of the midnight surveyor, their lips were sealed. It was always "somebody who had seen somebody else," and so on *ad infinitum*. The little community were jubilant over the affair, for they could appreciate the feelings of a man whose yearning to catch a glimpse of the old Meeting-house in its new dress was so great, that even contractors from Caerllyn could not keep him out. Wengroes kept its secret, though one could not help observing that Lewis Hopkin was mysteriously popular just then. Perhaps it was because the whisperings seemed

to have originated with him. Who knows?

Wengroes was in a right joyous mood, and would have been in ecstasy but for one dark cloud. Gomer Shinkin, poor Gomer,—"*Our* Gomer," as we in our pride called him,—was not quite so well as he had been a week ago, and great anxiety began to commingle with the general joy, for the village had set its heart on his being present at the re-opening ceremony.

"If he can't walk, we'll carry him, gladly, if Dr. Llewellyn will only let us," said some. But others,—the knowing ones of the village, these,—made no proffer of help. Perhaps it was because a brougham, a real brougham from Caerllyn, a thing scarcely ever before seen in Wengroes,—was at that moment standing in the coach-house of the "Angel," awaiting the further orders of one Davy Jones. Again, who knows?

Gomer had been looking forward to the day, too. The Sunday before Christmas was bright and cold, and the frost-work on the bushes in the garden filled him with admiration and delight, as he viewed the scene from the front room window. Although he had not been across the threshold for many weeks, there was nothing in his condition at present to excite alarm. Gomer was, as it were, saving himself for Christmas Day.

"Look at the butiful wurk of God on the bushes," said he to me. "None save the tender hand of the Master could have done it, an' well I remember, Ivor bach, that I have speshal rason to thenk God for the frost. It was in this way. When I was a young man, at sea, Richet Roberts had been stickin' to me for a good many voyages, wantin' me to join the chapal when we came home. We were partners at sea, he said, so we ought to be partners in the chapal, as well. That looked fair anuff, an' tho' I half promis'd to think the matter over, I managed to kape away from the chapal most of the time we spent at home. Richet did not get out of temper with me, but one voyage in partikeler he stuck to me closer than ever. 'Now Gomer,' he said, 'promis' me faithful that next time we go home you will join Capel Wengroes!' 'Pooh!' I said,—for I was very wild then,—'don't be so sarious, boy. Let me have time. There's a lot in the Bible that I don't understand,'—an' O, Ivor bach, I joked him on it. I'd give the wurld, now, not to have done it, but p'r'aps it was all for the best, tho' I've often shuddered since at my own wickedness.'

"'Well, Richet,' I said in a joke, 'I'm only a ignorant boy; but if you can show me a bush that will burn without bein' consumed, I'll join the chapel.' I expected him to smile, but he didn't. He was more sarious than ever. 'If that's all that's kapin' you back, Gomer,' he said, 'you'll be a member of Wengroes next time we go home, for I'll show you then, not one, but hundreds and thousands of bushes every bit as wonderful as the kind you wish to see!'

"Time passed on," continued Gomer, "an' Richet an' I were goin' home once more. It was Christmas time, an' jest such weather as it is now. When we got to the village here, Richet looked hard at me, an' sed,—'Gomer, do you remember your promise?' 'Oh yes, I sed,'—altho' I had raley forgotten all about it,—'an' I'll kape it when you kape yours.' 'Then,' said he, 'look around!'

"I shall never forget that moment, Ivor. It was as if scales had suddenly dropped from my eyes. I saw as I had never seen before. It was a frosty night, an' every shrub an' blade of grass sparkled an' glittered in the moonlight. 'Look,' sed Richet, pointing to the hedges, 'look at those bushes. *Dare* you say that they are not on fire? See, they sparkle with light for miles, an' still remain unconsumed. O, Gomer! these very hedges are a miracle fresh from God, an' a man who could gaze on such wonders without seeing the hand of the great Creator, would see little or nothin' oncommon in a *single* burnin' and unconsumed bush.'"

"Richet's words struck home, an' in an instant I was convinced. Previous sasons had come and gone, and I had taken little notice of the changin' year, but that moment changed my heart. The old hedges an' fields an' mountens that I had known from a boy seemed changed, too. I realised now, for the first time, that they were all a part of *one constant miracle*,—

God's panorama of Nature. O, Ivor, I was too frightened to pray that night, for I trembled with awe as I thought of the spotless purity, power, and majesty of Him with Whom we have to do. Richet was more than a brother to me at the time; for he never left my side until Mr. Jeffers had given me the right hand of fellowship into Capel Wengroes. It was a good hand-shakin', too, for I happened to be the first member he ever received. What a fine young man he was then. He had only bin ordained a week before, an' the elders were delighted with him. Ah me! it seems only yesterday, tho' on Christmas Day, forty years will have passed by since that Sunday. As it was Christmas Day, too, I had expected that the sermon would have been on the birth of Christ, but even the text was a surprise in its terrible grandeur. It was,—

'Now ye are the body of Christ.'

"I must have seen it many times before, in the Corinthians, but at that moment it came upon me like a clap of thunder. We, us,—all true Christians, were the body of Christ? What a tremend'us responsibility and honour to confer on us poor mortals, I thought. There was not a dry eye in Capel Wengroes that mornin'. All our surroundings seemed to vanish, sates, gallery, everything. Only the minister's voice appeared to remain as he proceeded to expound the wonderful scheme of redemption. '*Ye are the body of Christ, ye are the body of Christ*,' rang in our ears through it all. It was a wonderful sermon."

"My poor old mother was alive then," Gomer went on, with a tear in his eye. "She was deaf, and used to sit on the bottom step of the pulpit-stairs durin' the service, so as to hear better. She was in her ushal place, but had been sittin' unasy for some time, an' I could see that the excitement of my bein' received an' the earnestness of the minister, was tellin' on her. I don't know how it was, but towards the end of the sermon an unushal thing occurred. It happened in a moment, and strange as it was, nobody thought it peculiar at the time. All of a sudden my mother rose from the step, straightened herself out to her full height, waved her hand to Mr. Jeffers, an' sed,—'That's it, laddie, that's it, laddie. Gogoniant, gogoniant!' After sayin' which, she sat herself down agen on the bottom step, quite comfortable. What a solem' moment it was, tho'. You could have heard a pin drop as Mr. Jeffers stopped short in his sermon, leant over the pulpit door, an' sed to her,—'Diolch, diolch, Nanny Shinkin; you've touched my heart. The best encouragement a young preacher can have is the approval of an old saint.'

"'Twas proud my mother was that day, Ivor. Wengroes is, as you know, very sevare on anyone who dares to interrupt the sermon; but bless you, they were all so delighted with their young minister, that likely anuff if she hadn't done it, somebody else would."

"I *do* hope I'll be able to go to chapal on Christmas Day," continued Gomer. "Many happy memories crowd on one at this sason; an' I asked Mr. Jeffers, when he was here yesterday, if he would mind prachin' that sermon agen, on the re-openin' of the chapal. 'Of course I will, gladly and willingly,' he said, 'if it was only in memory of your dear mother, whose hearty encouragement during the early days of my ministry I can never forget.' You can understand now, Ivor, why I am so very anxious to go."

Reader, I thanked Gomer from the bottom of my heart for the foregoing reminiscences. To me, at any rate, the words of the quaint old-fashioned elder contained an element of profound fascination,—a sort of *otherworldliness*,—in their beautiful simplicity. The irresistible charm of his manner lingers fresh around them yet, although his body has long since become part of the sacred dust of the village he loved so well.

Not only was it pleasant to hear Gomer speak of the past, it was encouraging also. It raised one's hopes. Saturday would be Christmas Day. Only five more clear days, and Gomer's wish to see the chapel again would be gratified.

When the minister and some of the members came in on Sunday evening, he was still quite spruce and very hopeful. He chatted pleasantly with them all, in his old familiar manner. Wealth had not

spoiled him, and as for flattery, Wengroes was above it, and Gomer neither expected, and would certainly not have accepted it. It was a pleasant picture,—that of his old life-long friends greeting him, one by one. The minister, Griffy John, Davy Jones, Abel Oliver, Lewis Hopkin, Job Gower, and several others presented themselves.

Griffy John had a wonderful tale to tell us, about the new shop. It seems Griffy had been in a fix about *naming* it. London House, Manchester House, or Bristol House, were all meaningless synonyms to the poetic Griffy, whose first wish had been to call it after Gomer, but that was out of the question, as the latter strongly objected. A name had now been found. It was certainly appropriate, and, strange to stay, it was Lewis Hopkin's little grandson, — a tiny tot of five summers,—who really suggested it. Griffy was extremely fond of children, and it appears he had not been long in the new building before his attention was drawn to a little child who visited the front of the shop daily, and gazed, and gazed, and gazed at it, until his little face shone with wonder and admiration. The child's curious conduct naturally impressed Griffy, and one morning he spoke to the little fellow,—

"This is a grand shop, isn't it, little boy?" said he, by way of opening the conversation.

"Yeth. It's a be—u—tiful shop," said the child. "I do love yours shop, Mithter John. It's so be—u—tiful. But it ought to be, oughtn't it, seein' *who* built it?"

"Oh!" exclaimed Griffy, getting interested. "An' *who* built it, then, bachgen bach?"

"O, Mithter John, don't you know that?" queried the child, and eyeing Griffy reprovingly the while. "I thought everybody knew that!"

"An' who was it, then?" said Griffy, humbly, as the child's blue eyes opened wider and wider, apparently in astonishment at the grocer's appalling ignorance.

"Don't you *really* know, Mithter John? Gransha told me. *I* know. 'Twas GOD."

"Aye sure, aye sure!" answered the second elder of Wengroes. "It *is* the Lord's doin'."

"Gransha told me *all* about it," the little prattler went on, "an' I *know* that God built it,—didn't He?"

Griffy caught up the wondering child in his arms, and kissed him.

"Yes, yes!" said Griffy. "God *did* build it. It *is* Providence House. Surely the Lord has abundantly blessed me."

The child's idea of the Great Architect as the *actual builder of the fabric of his shop*, was as novel to Griffy as it would have been to most. But, different to most, his faith enabled him to bridge over all intermediate steps. He, too,—in a larger and nobler sense,—could trace the plan of the Master Builder in his own life-story, with no uncertain hand. Griffy's confidence in the Almighty was as perfect and complete as the child's reliance upon the word of his grandfather.

Needless to say, we were all pleased with Griffy's story, and Gomer was specially delighted with it.

One by one the friends departed, until Davy Jones alone remained. Davy had been curiously silent hitherto, and I now noticed that his face wore an anxious look that I did not recollect having seen before. There was no doubt about his agitation, for his knees trembled visibly as he crossed the floor in obedience to Gomer's invitation to him to take the chair opposite the fire, which had only just been vacated by the minister. The door had scarcely closed behind Mr. Jeffers, however, before Davy commenced speaking. At first his voice was low, but it gathered strength as he went on, until at last the very rafters overhead echoed his words,—

"Gomer," he said. "It's long I've wanted to spake to you quietly, but my pride has kept me back. I'm now determined tho' to have things put straight, by God's help; for my conscience tells me it's my duty to spake to you."

Gomer simply looked at Davy in silent wonder.

"Ah, well you *may* look at me," continued Davy, "but you don't know all. Do you recollect my foolish talk in 'ciety one night some time ago, about havin' my locker ready packed an' locked, for the great journey?"

No, Gomer did not remember.

"Well," said Davy, "you then gave me one of the best bits of advice that I ever had. 'Take another peep, Davy, take another peep,' were your words. D'you know, Gomer, I was that pleased with myself at the time,—an' so consaited-like,—that I began to think bad of you. 'Oh,' I said to myself, 'who's he, who's Gomer Shinkin. *His* locker may want lookin' into a bit, but I'm sure mine is pretty fair. It is likely an' r'asonable that a shoppwr like me is goin' to lissen to what an old collier like Gomer says.' My head was full of thoughts like that, for over a twel'month, till I almost hated to see you in the big sate, an' had a mind to kape away from chapal myself. But I saw no change in you. In the badness of my heart I fancied that you could see what was goin' on in my mind, you know. Well, as time went on, an' you kept the same as ever, I began to think that p'r'aps there might be something wrong with me, after all. So one afternoon I decided to turn out my locker, an' look it over, once more.

"Well done!" said Gomer, in an approving tone.

"Yes, it was well done, an' ought to have been done, long before," continued Davy. "When I spoke of it in the 'ciety I imagined it was brimful of good things, but when I got sariously to wurk takin' stock, and tryin' to balance the contents with the account in the Old Ledger, my poor locker became a pitiful sight. I acted the man tho', Gomer, and determined that I'd have a thoro' search thro' it, anyhow. Then I pulled my treasures out, one by one, an' what do you think they were all,—nothin' but empty brags. I do thenk God that you had the kindness to tell me to look over the wretched rubbish. I once lent five pounds to Sally Edmonds the widow, to get her son home, after he had 'listed. *That* was in, if you please, tho' Sally returned the money, with interest, years ago. Trust me, *that* never went back again. I felt ashamed of myself, Gomer. It wasn't even 'wurks.' Then there was the hundred pound I lent the chapal. That came out too, an' pretty sharp. Why the Chapal Trust is as safe as the Bank of England! The deeper I dived, the more I was astonished, aye and humbled. I was in hopes that I might come across something good before I finished my task. But no, nothing would stand the test. Thenk God, I've tried to kape the rubbish out since then,—all except one big sin, an' I hope to get rid of that to-night."

"Poor Davy! Why didn't you spake of your trubble before, man," said Gomer.

"That's jest where it is," continued Davy. "I dared not spake about it to you or anyone else, for the big sin still left in the box was Pride."

"But you tried to get it out?" queried Gomer.

"No, Gomer bach! I hugged it closer an' closer. It was my darlin' sin, an' when the news came that you had a fortune left you, I thought to myself, 'Ah! ther'll be someone in the village now, even prouder than I.' It was only when you began to use your great wealth, that I realised what a very very small Christian I am, compared with you——"

"Davy!" said Gomer, raising a warning finger.

"Oh, don't try to stop me. I *must* confess," said Davy. "I was nothin' but a bundle of pride, an' almost hated you. The pride is all gone now, Gomer anwyl, and I've come to ask humbly for your forgiveness. Oh, Gomer, Gomer! I've wronged you, in my heart, I have indeed. Will you forgive me?"

"Of course I forgive you, Davy," said Gomer, shaking his hand heartily. "Of course I do."

"I *do* thenk you . . . very very much," Davy replied, with some emotion. His feelings were now getting the better of him. "I've thrown away . . . the old rubbishy locker . . . an' now my only plea is Jesus only . . . Jesus only . . . Iesu anwyl . . ."

"That's it, that's it, Davy bach!" Gomer said, warmly, for his own enthusiasm was rising rapidly.

There was a silence that could be felt, for some moments, and then Davy commenced again, but his voice was now much calmer,—

"Do you know, Gomer, I had awful trubble with that pride. Oh, the devil hit me hard over that, 'specially since you've bin a gentleman. Every time I

made up my mind to tell you all, he whispered, 'Gomer will only think *you* want a new shop, an' likely anuff he'll laff at you in the bargen! The strange thing about it tho', is that I'm doin' better business than ever I did. Griffy John an' I were talkin' over the matter only yesterday. You see, there's the new collieries opened jest above here, an' then there's the navvies on the new railway, and takin' everything together, both of us are doin' double the trade we ever did before. Griffy's doin' grand, an' no man is more glad of it than I. Man, there was a time when *I* might have been jealous, but that's past long ago. You don't know how much I owe to your noble example."

"Don't talk like that, Davy bach'" said Gomer. "I'm altogether unworthy, an' would have fallen many times by the way, but for the blessed promis'. The old Adam often tries to get the upper hand on one, an' whenever my faith begins to waver, if only for an instant, I take down the old Bibl from the drawers-top, an' have one more look at the precious, precious promis', an' then everything is calm an' right agen. Sure, it's a glorious promis', an' worthy of Him that promised. How broad, and high, and deep it is, an' so unlike man's paltry gifts. God's gifts are Godlike."

Gomer was certainly in a *hwyl* now, and a strangely beautiful light shone in his eyes,—

"Lissen, man!" he continued, taking up his well-worn Bible. "Is it not anuff to make a man *strive* to enter in at the strait gate; an' above all, remember He is faithful who hath promised. Lissen,—

'A dywedodd yr hwn oedd yn eistedd ar yr orsedd-fainc, Wele, yr wyf yn gwneuthur pob peth yn newydd. Ac efe a ddywedodd wrthyf, Ysgrifenna: canys y mae y geiriau hyn yn gywir ac yn ffyddlawn.

'Ac efe a ddywedodd wrthyf, Darfu. Myfi yw Alpha ac Omega, y dechreu a'r diwedd. I'r hwn sydd sychedig y rhoddaf o ffynnon dwfr y bywyd yn rhad.

'Yr hwn sydd yn gorchfygu, a etifedda bob peth: ac mi a fyddaf iddo ef yn Dduw, ac yntau a fydd i minnau yn fab.'*

Well might the old martyrs ascend the stake, full of courage an' joy, with this promis' shinin' before them. How much more then should we, who are not called upon to become livin' sacrifices for His name's sake, see to it that we may be counted worthy at the last. 'If God be for us, who can be agenst us?' O, Davy, we shall be more than conquerors through Him that loved us."

Gomer was in terrible earnest and we listened to him in silence,—aye, and with awe,—for the old pilgrim spoke as one having authority. To him the Bible was a *personal* message from God, and he believed every line of it. He was no half-and-half Christian. With modern theology and its learned tinkerings, he had no sympathy. Ruth and Revelation were equally the Word of God to him, and in defence of which he would willingly have shed his heart's blood. His faith was of the kind that removes mountains, and he lived and worked in the belief that he stood face to face with God Almighty.

Gomer was very happy when Davy bade us good-night. He sang "Coronwch ef yn ben" through, two or three times, before he retired to rest. When he rose to go upstairs I noticed a great change in him,—not that he looked worse,—but there was an indescribable something about him, that made one feel that the Messenger was not far off.

This proved to be the case, for on Monday Gomer was unable to rise, hence the consternation in the village. He rapidly got worse, and on Thursday his condition was critical. On Friday he was all but unconscious, and alas, Dr. Llewellyn gave no hope. In one of Gomer's conscious intervals Mr. Jeffers asked him if the re-opening services had not better be delayed. The minister failed to make him understand, so I knelt at the bedside, and whispered the request.

"Oh no, no, Mr. Jeffers bach!" he said. "Open the Chapal . . . by all means. Yes . . . open it on Christmas Day. I will be there . . . too. I'll be better . . . better then. An' the text . . . O, the precious, precious text . . . Now ye . . . that's you an' me, you know . . . are the body . . . of Christ. O, man it's a grand . . . grand text . . ."

Gomer sank back exhausted. Mr. Jeffers sobbed like a child, and the doctor was not

* Rev. xxi. 5—7.

much better. We felt that the mysterious Presence was indeed very near.

What a terrible night it was. Only those who have watched at the bedside of dying friends can understand it. We were painfully aware during the long night hours that each tick of the solemn old clock in the front-room underneath brought Gomer a moment nearer to the great change.

There were lights too in nearly every cottage in the village; for Wengroes was praying earnestly that their sick brother might be spared to them yet a little while.

About four o'clock on Christmas morning, Gomer rallied a little, and looking round, beckoned to me, and said,—

"Ivor—it's you, Ivor, isn't it?"

I said "yes" as well as I could, though the tears were now nearly stifling me, in my endeavour to keep them back.

"Ivor," he said,—(as I lifted him up a little)—"marry Griffy's gerl . . . Cinwen . . . I know you've wished to do so long . . . but you did your duty . . . to an old man first. Good bye, Ivor bach . . . good bye . . . I feel I'm goin' . . . to my Father's house . . . of many mansions. See that the Bible Society . . . thenk God for Charles o'r Bala . . . an' the Chapal . . . an' the College, get . . . all I promised them . . . the rest is for you . . . an' see about the will . . . with Mr. Faithfull. Tell . . ."

There was an ominous pause for a moment, and then Gomer, with unexpected strength, seated himself firmly on the bed, shaded his eyes with his hand sailor-fashion, and shouted,—

"It's a cold . . . rough day, an' we're sinkin' . . . sinkin'. But see . . . there's a boat in the offing . . . she's coming nearer and nearer too. Look . . . O look at the Captain's face . . . it's shinin' . . . shinin' . . . with glory. Quick man . . . throw the life-line . . . an' we shall be saved . . . yet . . . Iesu, Iesu anwyl . . ."

He suddenly fell back, and remained motionless for some hours; and was barely alive when Mr. Jeffers went sorrowfully to preach the old sweet sermon. Just at the moment the minister must have been giving out the great text, Dr. Llewellyn examined Gomer anxiously. His examination, however, was very brief, and soon he motioned to me,—for he could not speak,—that all was over.

* * * * *

Gomer Shinkin had entered into the enjoyment of a second and better heritage,—a heritage incorruptible and that fadeth not away; beside which all the pomp and pride of this world becomes mere tinsel and altogether vanity.

Thrice happy Gomer. He was a labourer worthy of his hire. May *our* last end be like his. Amen.

[THE END.]

A FOREST MADRIGAL.

AWAY, my love, to the dark ravine,
Away to the lone and tangled scene,
Where flowers grow in woodland green,
Come away, my love, come away.
'Neath oak and knoll and woodbine tree
With thy virgin sweetness come with me;
Then far from the whir of the loom we'll be,
Come away my love, come away.

From the forest glade with wandering eye
Let us climb the dark hill steep and high,
Where the babbling brook flows laughing by,
Come away, my love, come away.
In sweet nature's cool cathedral aisle
We'll praise the Lord till our voices fail,
And love's own song will our hearts avail,
Come away, my love, come away.

HOWELL VICTOR.

UNIVERSITY, COLLEGES, SCHOOLS.

I regret that there has been so long an interruption of the articles on our intermediate schools. "Let me see how our scheme will work, and I will write," is the answer I get to requests for articles.

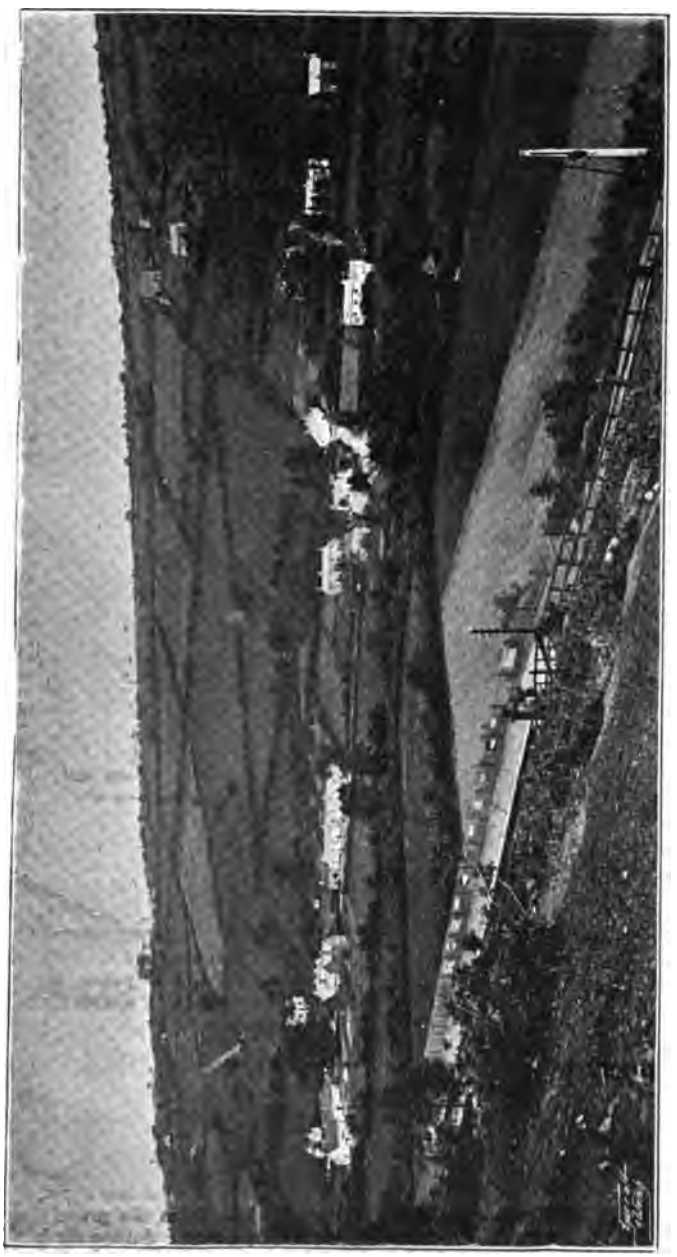
An article on Aberystwyth College will be found in this number, and it is to be followed by similar articles on other colleges. I should be very grateful for information concerning the inner life of the colleges; it might possibly interest those who are not in a position to see the excellent college magazines which appear during term time.

I should be very glad to get accounts of what is being done at our new intermediate schools also.

STRANGE NOTES.

III.—ISLWYN'S ENGLISH VERSES.

ISLWYN spent the whole of his life, from his birth in 1832 to his death in 1878, in his Monmouthshire home at the foot of Mynydd Islwyn.



MYNYDD ISLWYN, MONMOUTHSHIRE. (*From "Gwaith Islwyn," now in the Press.*)

His longest poem is the "Storm," which runs, I believe, to five or six thousand lines altogether. It is a fragment only; he evidently meant it to be the chief work of his life. It is the expression of his sorrow for the untimely death of his affianced a short time before the day fixed upon as their wedding day. He was quite young, not more than twenty years of age, when he composed the first books of the "Storm." There is much that is Wordsworthian, much that is Hegelian in it; but, from the first, Islwyn strikes a note of his own. Parts of the "Storm" have been published, — such as "Seeking brighter skies," "Faith," "Stand on the rock," —and they are already regarded as some of the gems of Welsh literature.

"The Storm," though the longest, is not his only production. His "Cymru," soon to be published in its entirety for the first time, is the most beautiful description of Wales ever penned. The subjects of other poems, many in alliterative metres, are,—"The Dawn," "Home," "St. Paul," "Peace and War," "The Cross," "The Welsh Nation," "Prayer," "Night, "Moses," "The Angel," "The Grave."

Islwyn turned some of his own verses into English. They are like muffled bells, like a disguised voice,—the strength, the freshness, and the deep melody of the original have not been kept. The translations were sent by him to his friend, the Venerable Archdeacon Howell, by whose kind permission they are now printed.

The Storm.

And hast thou fallen, proud majestic oak?
And hast thou felt the last resistless stroke?
Not thou alone; there is a storm shall blow
Huge worlds to dust, and lay the heavens low;
The bark of time shall founder mid the ire
Of Heaven's furious tides surging with liquid fire,
Or anchor 'mid the mighty flames of doom,
Or find a harbour in eternal gloom.
The epoch, O eternity, thy day,
It dawns in universal flames, dawns never to decay.

Again the nimble lightnings spread on high
Their blazing banner full across the sky;
All nature seems a universal blaze
Far o'er the clouds, I tremble as I gaze.
And now the solemn thunder shakes the ground
And caverns deep and distant heavens resound.

Fresh, dripping from the cloud, each maddening gale,
Roused by the lion-thunders that roar along the vale,
The vale of night, keeping all heaven awake
Vocal with mighty echoes,—'mid the quake
Of hills and heavens each maddening gale flies forth,
Led by the lightning from the stormy north,
The nursery of tempests. Forth the wind
Careers aloft in grandeur undefined,
Hills trembling far before, proud forests wrecked behind.
Yon everlasting mountains, reared on high,
Sit loose upon their thrones, and shudder in mid sky,
Loud is the blast and terrible the doom
As if the heavens descended wrapped in gloom
The hills to shatter and the skies entomb,
The oak blows hard for breath, and overthrown
Each towering forest falls dismantled down.

And still it raves, and still we hear the crash
Of falling forests! Still the cloud-born flash,
Beacon of the storm, lays bare the deep of night,
Roofing the vault of heaven with vivid light,
And showing the proud winds the trophies of their might.
For still they lash the mountains and the main
To liquid mountains; still impel the rain
In torrents down, the riches of the sky
Poured from the floating reservoirs on high.
And lo! the watery plain, field of the whale,
Surged into madness, rises with the gale.
Its high-wrought waves reflect the lightning's glare,
Huge hills of water moving through the air
Resistless as the winds that lash them foaming there.

Alas for thee! Led in thy lonely bark
By raging billows o'er the gloomy dark,
The helm obedient to each ruffian wave,
Each moving by a blue, a mountain grave,
Yawning along the deep,—alas for thee!
Around wild billows throng in mighty glee,
Shouting the triumph of the rising sea.
The heavens frown and move their stars away,
And o'er the mountain-clouds there comes no hope of day,
Nor lingers yon a solitary ray.
The Storm, enthroned triumphant in the cloud,
Safe in his fort of lightning, roars aloud.
Impelled aloft, ten thousand billows rise
And, marshelled by the winds, besiege the skies.
Alas for thee! far from thy native shore,
Saluted only by the wave, the wild triumphant roar
Of air and ocean mingling in the storm!
Pale is thy cheek, faded thy stalwart form.
And thinkest thou of home amid the waves
That yawn around thee like ten thousand graves?
Love, the eternal star, illumes the way
Clear through the storm, back to thy native bay,
And thou art home again. Thy mighty heart,
Whilst breaking, feels for others, feels for thy weaker part,
For to thy soul her name is ever dear,
And she deserves full well thy parting tear.
A rose from heaven, love blooms above the wave
With freshest hue, and blossoms on the grave.
Let all the seas of tribulation rise,
Affection never wavers, never dies,
But rises with the storm. High o'er the wave
She lights her torch, she lights it in the grave,
And views her object there, disclosing bright
The deeps of memory to mournful light.
The portals of the past all open wide
At her command, each curtain thrown aside;
Lo, a forgotten world at once appears,
Lit with bright memories and glistening tears.
It was indeed a paradise of love!
The portals close again, again to ope above
Where Eden shines eternal on the plain
Of immortality, where love again
Shall bloom and fade no more. Thrice blissful day!
Burst o'er the grave, and chase my fears away.
The object still is dear, though between
The shade of death and worlds may intervene.
Why would ye weep, why shed still heavier tears,
Why climb again the steeps of rugged years,
And roam the dreary deserts of the past?
Why do these sighs, these lamentations last,
Whilst those we grieve enjoy a heaven above?
'Tis natural, we weep because we love.
The mists of time now softly gather o'er
That silent tomb, and many sigh no more;
Thy star, O Love! rays through the misty shroud,
And scatters every morning every cloud.
How soothing to review that morning scene
Through all the frightful storms that intervene!
And still we love, far on the tide of years,
To view the sunny bay of youth still visible through tears.
There we remember many a blissful isle,
Where in the beams of hope we basked awhile,
And seldom saw a tear or heard a sigh,
And never thought the young and fair could die.

Again the lightnings ope their fiery lids
Wide as the heavens. I tremble at the sight,
As if the torch of death rose from the grave
And flared across the skies. The daring flash

Sets heaven ablaze, and all the clouds on fire.
Again the pall of night veils half the globe;
And all the closing chambers of the sky
Send forth huge thunders, till the ascending waves
Pause trembling in the wind. No daring star
Looks o'er the stormy heights of heaven, nor seeks
A solitary path, hid from the storm,
Along the which may traverse unobserved
A beam of hope. Nor doth the moon appear
In her nocturnal shades. Again the clouds
Pour forth a tide of lightning till the heavens
Seem to the zenith deluged o'er with fire.
Yon fields of azure redden as with gore,
Like an ethereal battle-plain where gods
Had fought and fallen, leaving all in blood
Down to th' horizon. It seems as if a world
Of huge dimensions, wandering from its path,
Passed with a blazing hemisphere, at full glare,
Right o'er the earth, and in a moment lost
In space immense among far nobler orbs.
I hear the voice of mourning in the vale.
Hush! 'tis a brother seeking in the dark
The scene of fairer days, a father's house,
Remembered still, still clinging to the soul
Firm as existence. Ere the shades of even
Grew black with rage and mustered thick on high,
He sate him on a well-known gate, where erst
In love's first guiltless raptures many an hour
Passed onwards full-winged; he recounted there
The names of all the friends, whom he, ere night,
Hoped to caress. Alas! he passed their graves
An hour ago. And when I think of this
My heart is full, and, like a mighty shower
Pent in a narrow cloud, could well-nigh break.
I vainly dream; I would forget all friends
But those I see, and every grave save that,
Oh that! to which some friend shall point ere long,
And tell the gloomy mourner,—"There he lies."

Hark! mighty is the roar, and loud the blast
High o'er the clouds, frail bubbles, wasting fast,
Though watered from the ocean morn and even,
Light floating magazines, air buoyant stores of heaven,
On wings of zephyrs borne, or wild through ether driven,
Chased by the storm. Lo, emptied of their store
Hung on the winds, they drench the heavens no more.

Aspire.

Fair youth, aspire!
For see on the heights of fame a glorious choir
Astounding ages with their wondrous story,
And with the lofty music of their glory;
Stars fixed immovable in the night of time,
Illumining the world through many a land and clime.
And were they born illustrious? Did the ray
Of glory circle their once youthful day?
Triumphant was the first attempt? Immortal the first lay?
Ah no! the mightiest orator of time
Began a stammerer. Wretched was the rhyme
Of many a Dryden once. Gasping they clomb
The heights of immortality to Fame's far, shining dome.
Thou mayest follow these, if thou desire,
Only aspire!

Only aspire!
For thou art young, ardent, and full of fire,
And mighty to resist, despite the world's cold ire.
Hope blooms along the paradise of youth,
It blossoms, fresh with innocence and youth,
Expanding far, and beauteous as the dawn
That with its rosy touch makes up the silver lawn
To the grand chorus of the rising day,
Thrilling a thousand vales.
Aspire, I say!

While yet the blooming vales of youth display
The flowers of hope all doomed to fade away,
Young hearts are broken. Oh! a baleful gloom
May cloud the morning path and wither every bloom,
The hopes of many a year lie dead beneath the tomb,
There lie to rise no more.
O then aspire!
While yet thou hast the heart, the proud desire,
For time blows out the flame of hope, quenching ambition's fire.
The lofty aim, the bold and grand design,
The thrill of new-born hopes,—all, all are thine;
And thine the visions of eternal fame,
Garland of hue immortal, thine a name
Lasting as Time, emblazoned on the page
Of history, and read by many an age
Revered evermore. Visions of gold!
They vanish in the sleep of years, nor e'er incite the old.

O then, aspire!
High be the aim, and lift the mark yet higher,
For thou art young, ardent, and full of fire,
And mighty to resist, despite the world's cold ire.

THE BETRAYAL OF AP RHYS.

By W. H. Kersey.

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I.

AP Einion gripped his staff tighter as the girl's refusal, albeit tenderly spoken, sank a dead weight to the depths of his heart. A painful silence followed. He felt an emphasis on her decision when she unconsciously turned her face from him; appearing to forget his presence. Yet, even now, Ap Einion could scarcely realise that Nest had said nay to his suit. Surely her answer was not final. 'Twas some girlish conceit, unconsidered, cruel without intent, the outcome of innocence and youth, that were slow to awaken to anything of affection.

Thus Ap Einion stood reflecting; and fixed his eyes on the girl's face.

Nest remained motionless; and her medium height, rounded figure was thrown into delicate relief against a large, ragged bush of blackthorn smothered with floral snow and climbing above her up the hillside. No head covering kept the midday sun from haloing the fair hair falling thickly in golden lengths about her neck and shoulders to frame a charming face, inclined to the oval, having ripe, sensitive lips, complexion florid with health, and two limpid, blue-grey eyes. In Nest was realised the spirit of many traditions anent budding Welsh womanhood; of whom the Cymry were proud in the possession of numerous beautiful types, but none lovelier or more piquant than this Gwentian girl who stood upon a slope beneath the shadow of Machen Mount.

And her vantage point, some distance above the wooded bottom of the bold prominence terminating a spur of the tortuous range trending along the Ebbw Vale, overlooked all the land lowering itself in undulations away in front as far as umbrageous, swampy Wentloog Level, which extended, a sea-border, southward from the mouth of river Usk. Beyond, across the burnished surface of Severn Sea, the suggestion of English shires rose grey against the horizon. Mid-distances were replete with lingering March browns of sylvan slopes velveting in the sunshine. Over the foreground was spread the fulness of spring,—fresh greens and hueful flowers rustling and swaying in the slight breeze; brightening or losing lustre as clouds white or grey sailed across the sunny blue.

"Thy words have made it unwell with me," said Ap Einion at length. "Art sure of thyself, Nest?" he asked; and keenly watched the girl's unchanging profile.

"Ay," she said simply.

Ap Einion thought that she displayed little interest. His next words came quick, and with a show of anger.

"It gives thee small concern," said he. "I wot the reason, too, look ye. Thou'rt in love with Ap Rhys. There! said I not sooth? Thy cheeks burn for him."

"My cheeks burn with vexation at thee!" she cried, turning to confront him. "Wherefore dost talk to me of Ap Rhys? Though, methinks, he is the better of ye twain."

"I wot thou thinkest so. And ye say so to discomfit me."

"What would ye," she replied, in softer tones. "I like ye, Ap Einion. Thou'rt a worthy son of a good sire. Ye do me honour to ask me to wife ye. But, good Ap Einion, I cannot be thy wife an' I do not love thee. There's many another maid in the tref will make thee better wife than I."

"I want only thee, Nest."

She shook her bent head; kept her gaze on the ground.

"Thou lovest Ap Rhys," he cried, the words coming strong and deep from the chest. "Answer me. Dost love Ap Rhys?"

Nest looked up quickly.

"By what right dost ask? I will not answer thee," she said, and set her lips, and flashed defiance at him from her eyes.

Following an impetuous movement of his arm, Ap Einion bent forward, with eyes dully glowing and deep flushed face, and said, imperatively,—

"Tell me!"

Nest made no reply; only looked at him with a harder expression, and firmer compressed lips.

"Thou wilt not marry him," he cried. "Mark me. I will see to it. Thy dower goes not to his house. He hath no house. He is not of the tribe. He is a stranger; a northerner. What want we with northerners? He was a starveling whom we took in, a weakling, who could neither use a hammer at the forge, nor guide a plough, nor delve; much less wield a sword."

"He can beat thy best arrow," Nest retorted, "anywhere, at any time. And so, look ye. And he is respected by all—save thou. Shame on thy words. An he were here thou wouldst bridle thy tongue. I tell ye, an I thought thou didst mean but a part of what thou saidst—look ye, Ap Einion, he would bring thee to book for't."

"Go to now. That is idle talk," he said. "See now, I have a home and everything to offer ye for comfort. Kine, sheep, swine, grazing ground and pannage; the bed and bed-clothes my sire did leave me; the things in the store-room of my mother,—all will be thine. I will even forego my just share for thy sake. Thou wilt be happy. Nor in seven years, or less, wilt thou want back thy dower and maiden fee. The wife of Ap Einion, the smith, takes no mean place at the headman's board when there is feasting. She doth sit a-nigh the headman's wife. Think on't, now. Thou hast spoken rashly. I will seek thee for an answer in two days after this day."

"Why wilt thus persecute me?" protested Nest. "I have done with thee. Come ye this day or the next, I will say thee another nay. Look ye, I will not be pestered!"

"Pestered, forsooth."

"So thou dost. I do not love thee."

"Thou lovest Ap Rhys."

"Well; what on't?"

"Thou wilt not marry him."

"An he ask me,—I will." And she turned away down the hillside; leaving Ap Einion standing staring after her.

Nest was not far down the descent before she had forgotten her anger, and had forgiven Ap Einion his hasty words. Poor Ap Einion! He said he loved her. She was sorry she could not return his affection; though for that she was not to blame; she had given him no encouragement. He was disappointed, doubtless. However, he would find a better wife than she would make. Anon Ap Einion's place in Nest's thoughts were usurped by another,—to wit, handsome Harry Ap Rhys,—the welcome guest and esteemed friend of all the Welsh in the country-side; and their ever ready ears he never failed to ravish with strains evoked from the harp he played on and sang to like one inspired. Nest smiled faintly, and her cheeks coloured and dimpled as memories and anticipations respecting the young minstrel flitted across her mind. Presently she was tripping down the hillside; humming a tune to herself the while.

Her elastic tread crackled the dry skeleton fronds of dead bracken; but scarce left an impression upon the moss and thick growing whortleberry shrubs. She kept a careful course through the scrub and furze that dressed its dingy brown with spikes of green. Soon she entered a dimly lighted beechen grove, plunged through a thicket, afterwards pursued a path among the pines. There the sun threw dancing shadows athwart the mounting masts; and the notes of the cuckoo rounded and mellowed as they travelled down the aisles. All round, the earth was azure with wild hyacinths; further on was patched with white wood anemones. The atmosphere of the woodland was borne in on Nest; and, as she left the trees, she burst out into an extempore song which caught the tilt of the theme carolled by spring's chosen choristers,

the birds. Reaching the wider, rougher track that ran to the foot of the hill, then skirted the bottom of a low ridge for some miles as far as the highway to Newport, Nest turned to the right; and a short walk brought the hamlet, or tref, in view.

The twenty or thirty rude wooden huts constituting the tref, hid snugly under the hillside, facing due south; and in front lay staken-in, ditch-protected portions of land roughly cultivated, or serving for pasture. The whole place was a presentment pastoral, like a picturesque large farmstead. Besides the rambling hovels serving for habitations, with roofs thatched or shingled, and exterior walls covered with a whitewash, whose tints varied with age from light greys to dirty browns and olives, there were all the accessories and appurtenances in the shape of cattle, and pigs, and poultry; a plough here, a harrow there, a wooden spade against the wall, flails near the threshing-floor, small ricks, and a litter of straw in places; also there were, further afield, rough roadways where the wains stuck; and hawthorn-bowered paths, between primrose-covered banks, where the children played; and outhouses which shook in the wind, being but temporary erections for the benefit of shepherds tending the flocks in the springtime. Likewise a medley of noises, and mixed odours, went to the making of this bit of Cymric Arcadia.

Nest sauntered along in the outstretching shade of the bank, her feet crunching over the strew of brown dead leaves and husks and beech-mast; and paused here and there to pick white violets nestling in the long bleached grass, and blue ones which bloomed profusely under the furze and among the winter-browned brake. She added to the bunch of flowers until its dimensions distended her little hand uncomfortably; then forthwith she seated herself upon the bank to re-arrange the blossoms. She was meditating while she trimmed the stalks, when a shout, "Hi! Nest! is't thou?"—paused her occupation; and she looked up to see Harry Ap Rhys running from the tref towards her.

"'Twas by sheer good chance I caught sight of thee," said the young man, as he came up. "I have been seeking thee." He glanced at the flowers in Nest's hand; then inhaled their ascending fragrance. "They—smell—sweet," he added; inserting a word between the sniffs.

Nest turned eyes from him to the violets, and back again. His look followed and caught hers; and when he extended his arm, Nest gave him a few of the flowers. He pushed them into the lacing of his jerkin. Then he sat down beside her.

"Whither wentest, all the forenoon?" she questioned; resting sympathetic eyes on his face.

"Why? Have ye missed me?"

She half turned her head, and cocked a roguish eye at him.

"Nay, not much," she answered; and fell to plucking the grass absently.

"Nay—not—much," he echoed, with a merry laugh. "O!" he continued, in feigned surprise. "What's this, now? O! Why—thou'rt blushing. Nest—ye be blushing." He bent his head nearer her crimson cheeks; and his arm stole around her. "Sweetheart," he murmured. And Nest blushed hotter, and smiled.

"Now, tell me, Harry, what led ye away so early this morn?" the girl said gaily. "Thou didst go ere daybreak. So Ap Einion told me."

"Hast seen him, then?"

"For a short while," Nest answered.

"What did he talk to thee about?"

"O, 'twas naught of much consequence."

"I would like to see him," mused Ap Rhys. "I looked in the smithy. He was not there. Ay—though—hark!" He motioned Nest to silence. The ring of hammer upon anvil came faintly from the hamlet. "He hath returned, I trow. Come, Nest. Come along with me. I have business with Ap Einion."

They parted as they entered the tref. Ap Rhys walked on down the rugged roadway as far as Ap Einion's workshop.

The smith was busy and bent over his work when Ap Rhys entered the shed; and his small hammer made music flat and sharp as it fell alternately upon the glowing iron bar and the anvil. Apparently he was unaware of an arrival.

Ap Rhys drew nearer.

The smith stood up,—his hammer raised, and a pair of pincers in his left hand still clipping the cooling metal. After a quick glance at Ap Rhys, and without giving his visitor "good day," he settled down to renewed assiduous hammering.

Ap Rhys inwardly resented the evident surliness, but ventured no remark thereon; he was bent on business.

"Hast intention to come to-night?" asked he.

Appearing not to hear, Ap Einion applied himself closer to his toil; such conduct gaining him an aggravated glance from Ap Rhys, and a repetition of the question.

"I wot not," answered the smith, not looking up.

"What ails thee, man?" said Ap Rhys. "Thou'rt as cross as two sticks."

Ap Einion turned from the anvil to thrust the black bar into the fire. Then he fronted Ap Rhys.

"Ye have found time to tell me,—at last," he remarked. And he folded his arms, and eyed the other unfavourably.

"Have done, now!" cried Ap Rhys. "I came here before I started. Ye were away. I told them to tell ye."

"Ap Richard told me some tale or other. I doubted me whether it were true,—the gossiping old greybeard!"

"Said he that we would arrange a plan at midnight coming?"

"Ay, methinks so."

"Did he tell thee where we meet?"

"At the house of Dame Iseult, the alewife."

"'Tis so. Midnight, mind ye. There is a full moon. The nights be not so cold. We will have a goodly number, look ye. What thinkest on't all?"

Ap Einion raised his eyebrows at the question, but made no answer.

"Wilt go thyself?" continued Ap Rhys. "I will. Also others from the tref."

"Rumour will have it that the Glendower hath been defeated so often in northern parts," cautiously observed Ap Einion. "Will they support him well hereabout?"

"That will we!" cried Ap Rhys. "Man, man, be not faint-hearted! We want such as thee,—sinews that can strike a blow, look ye. In fighting for Owen Glendower, ye fight for Wales. On the morrow, at midday, his army will be near Usk town. We will add hundreds to his following. The Prince's bard, John o' Kent, will be with us at the gathering this night. I have heard of him. He is a marvel,—*a marvel!* A wizard, the English call him. 'As great as the Devil and John o' Kent' was all the saying. So, make up thy mind to join us, Ap Einion. Wales hath need of all her sons."

Ap Einion made no reply, nor did he seem disposed to prolong the conversation, so Ap Rhys took his departure. The smith, with darkening face, watched the young man's springy, careless walk down the roadway. Then Ap Einion fell to thinking, and brooding. In the background of his thoughts he beheld Nest; and he grew very bitter as he saw her being borne away in the arms of Ap Rhys. In this wise did he acquire the morbid manner. And during the time he thought, and sat and thought, his mind cramped with his limbs. Disappointed self urged him to seek satisfaction. Calculation assuredly stifled conscience, Finally he got up with a gloomy visage and an angry growl to rake the black ashes of the dying fire. His work progressed fitfully; until, of a sudden, he threw down his tools to the thrill of an idea his active brain suggested. Impulse allowed him no reflection,—he accepted the notion as inspired; and, resolved on action, he proceeded to elaborate his scheme.

The day was closing in duskily, and a slight mist arose under the brightening moon, when Ap Einion, with the heart of a Judas and the declined head and sideling look of a conscious traitor, secretly left the tref and hurried across country in the direction of Newport. There, in the castle, dwelt a knightly official who held fief of the Lord Marcher of the district. Ap Einion felt confident of gaining an interview with the knight; inasmuch as the contemplated meeting of conspiring Welsh was contrary to English statute, which distinctly stated that "no host, rhymer, minstrel, or other vagabond should presume to assemble or collect together,'—any Welsh people in these troublesome times."

II.

The hours sped by. Before midnight, Nest, in company with a younger brother and a sheep-dog, was established in tolerably comfortable quarters within a hut standing upon the outskirts of the tref. Previous to leaving their home to seek this nocturnal residence, the youthful pair had eaten a hearty meal; completing the repast with a portion of mulled ale,—"to keep the night air above their midriff," said their father, and he finished the stoup; after which they had started forth, warmly clad, and bearing additional hides and wraps and sheep-skins, to commence a night's watching of the full-uddered ewes and young lambs; such unwonted duty being consequent on the temporary absence of all the able-bodied men from the hamlet.

The country lit and shadowed weirdly under the influence of moonlight filtered eerily through a thin film of shimmering vapour streaking aloft and about the hill-crests; the freezing shine being reflected from the golden disc floating in a broad zone of liquid sea-green revealed amid the clinging untangible blue,—deep, cold, unclouded blue sky; about whose extending limits were scattered a few stars, exceeding bright. A nipping frost had set in at the midnight hour. Now, the ground gleamed with rime; and every spot of moisture upon herbage and thicket was converted into hoar-frost or sparkling particles of ice. The wind cut with a steely hiss through dead, dry bush and brake; and penetrated the three loose wattle-and-daub walls of the hut wherein Nest and her brother were necessarily making the best use of the warm coverings they had brought with them.

They sat side by side upon a sheep-skin stretched beside the fire; his head buried snugly in his hood, hers in her wimple, the dog curled alongside of them. At first they had chatted and laughed gaily. Repeatedly their combined merriment had rung far out into the silence of the night; more often than not provoking some restless lamb to prolonged bleating, which would be caught up from different quarters and become a hubbub; and once the boy's frantic yell, exuberant, born of sheer animal spirits, was heard and echoed lustily from the lungs of a companion watcher upon an adjacent sheep-run. But at length the mystery of the night affected them into silence; and each found occupation with their thoughts. Then the boy fell asleep, leaning against his sister. Nest eased herself of the lad's weight, letting his head lower gently to rest upon a wool pile.

Wide awake, nor incommoded by her position, Nest gazed thoughtfully through the wide doorway; anon lapsing into vague wanderings and various faintly conceived ideas and speculations, which moved hazily through her mind; and she unconsciously arose under the influence of sky, and stars, and the prevailing quiet in the serene moonlight.

While thus meditating, Nest became cognizant of a dark line, with flashing points of light and dancing dull glitters crawling across the foreground limit. The moving line was a party of mounted men; and the accompanying intermittent sparkle was the glint of the moonlight upon their equipments. The horsemen had evidently ridden round the hamlet to avoid the houses, and now were making for the main road. Armed men, thought Nest; what were they? And instantly she answered herself, recollecting the convened midnight meeting of the Cymry, and connecting with it the advent of these horsemen; also being convinced that the seemingly well-appointed cavaliers were English, who intended no good to Welshfolk. She awoke her brother with a shake; and quieted the whimpering dog, whose suddenly unclosing eyes had detected the last gleams of the disappearing cavalcade. Nest quickly told the lad what she had seen; and, ere he was quite aware of the particulars, she had mentioned the idea suggesting itself to her, and had started off at a run, making for the meeting place of the Welsh patriots. Her father, her brothers, her lover,—all were there; and fear for their safety sped her feet. She reached the road. The horsemen were in front. Nest crossed the way, and flew up the slope. Her destination was nearly two miles distant by the track she would take. The horsemen must ride more than three miles to arrive at the same point.

Nest's pace up the incline was too rapid to last; and this notwithstanding numerous other impediments to her progress, such as the uneven ground and the nature of the growth, with straggling, trailing tussocks, over which she lurched and stumbled nearly at every step. Being so hampered, it was not long before panting lungs and a palpitating heart appealed to her to slacken her speed; which, perforce, she did, with deep-drawn breaths that were almost sobs. Her throat swelled, her temples throbbed; she felt hot, feverish, and threw away her skin cloak, even her wimple; then, refreshed by the wrapping chill of the frosty air, she mended her pace, urged on by growing mental agony. Unconsciously her hurry quickened; the more so as obstacles seemed to increase. Bits of banks, sudden hollowings of the hillside, provoking patches of close thicket, tangles of twigs, and the like, constantly cropping up along her unchosen path, were soul-vexations, adding to her nervous state and anxiety as to the success of her errand. She scrambled over the shoulder of the hill, and began to descend to where a stream glinted below, like a twining sheeny thread, losing and finding itself among dark masses which were trees. Frequently and fearfully her wild eyes turned in the direction of the indistinct road circling the obtrusion of the hill-bottom, as continually she dreaded to perceive the approach of the body of horsemen. With an increase in the gradient, her loosened nether limbs appeared to be endowed with a momentum, which sped her, dazed, listless, and mind-vacant, down to the gently declining ground approaching the stream. A cry of heart-pain was wrung from her as she stumbled over an obstacle. But she recovered her balance, and bore on, with slower, tottering steps, towards the whereabouts of stepping-stones across the stream. Now that she had reached soft turf her feet trailed. She was sobbing great sobs when she paused upon the bank; and she scarcely durst step down to the water's edge, mistrusting her power to rise from a stooping position. She essayed. The trial turned out as she had feared; the sudden deadening of body-weight upon her weakening legs swam her head in a vertigo; the moon seemed to flicker out with a report which filled her ears with an after rumble, and, stricken by the concussion and the sense of dominant darkness, she fell forward prone upon the stepping stones; though only for an instant, inasmuch as the counter-shock of icy cold water washing her face and form revived her, restrung her flaccid sinews, so that she reached the further bank with renewed vigour and the energy of an almost maniacal determination not to diverge from the purpose now fermenting her whole being.

Another five minutes brought her upon the verge of the winding roadway, and she caught a glimpse of the glimmering light of the inn which was her destination. For the first time she felt her numbed heart feebly thrill to something of gladness. She darted onward; and, in her intentness on the brightening light in front, was all but oblivious to a sense of the trials of the hour. She had arrived within three hundred yards of the wayside hostelry, when she became aware of the increasing clatter of hard-riding horsemen upon the firm frozen road behind her. A quick, frightened turn of the head informed her how the dark squadron pressed on. She flew before the goad of their proximity. A suppressed cry was like to choke her when a call followed fast after her,—one of the riders had remarked her flitting figure. Now she simply raced. She was conscious of the possession of only one faculty,—the starting eyes directed to the looming inn. Her mind was a blank; movements of her limbs were mechanical; she was merely the form of a female careering madly in front of a pursuing troop intent on capturing their quarry, and who hurled execration at the object of the hunt likely to elude them.

Ten yards from the inn, and the animal ridden by the foremost horseman breathed unearthly vapour nigh the female's back. Another instant and she would be overridden, when, of a sudden, the door of the inn opened to spread a bewildering flood of light upon the road. The female plunged forward, then, without a sound, fell fainting into the arms of a man who presented himself upon the threshold.

In the backyard of the inn had arisen a

commotion, a bustle, and a babble of voices; albeit quickly subdued; for, hearing the alarm, the forty men who were there collected around a rude rostrum, lit with lanterns, had immediately dispersed the illumination and their congregation, and had melted away among the trees behind the inn, ere the small building was surrounded by English soldiers.

Inside the inn was a pother. The leader of the troop railed and reviled. He aired threats, denunciations, and various expressive forms of expletives; which, forsooth, availed him little; they being lost to the unheeding ears of the distressed alewife and her insensible charge, over whom bent white-faced Ap Einion.

Finding no other Welsh upon the premises, the chagrined chief cavalier, to appease his spleen in part, made a prisoner of the distraught, unopposing smith.

His followers were not less active. They captured sundry casks; and so soon as each man-at-arms had drunk enough ale to unsteady his seat in the saddle, the merry party set out for Newport. And their jovial, jubilant leader hiccoughed and cracked ribald jokes; and was vastly amused at his own choice chaff delivered, in bad Welsh idiom, at the head of the silent and downcast pinioned prisoner, who ran, haltered, beside his horse.

A Village in Gower.

THE LAND OF THE CYMRY.

WHERE mountain streams dance rippling
To water verdant vales; [down,
The birch trees fling their shadows brown
Scarce stirred by western gales.

The golden gorse-slopes scent the air,
And hide the stone-chat's nest.
What woods and glens! With beauties rare,
Methinks our land is blest.

Oh! wild rough hills, we feel your spell;
If voices ye could find,
What glorious legends could ye tell,
What heroes call to mind!

What of the bards, who neath thy shades,
Pure inspiration found
And tuned the *telyn* while the glades
Made echo with the sound?

Rough ruined grass-grown castles hoar,
On mounds of pasture green,
Where Cambria's princes lived of yore,
What brave men have ye seen!

Their red blood flowed on many a field,
To guard their country dear,
They joyed to die, n'er would they yield,
The Cymry knew not fear.

The Cymry of these latter days
Still share that spirit bold,
And Gwalia's bards still sing their lays
In Gwalia's language old.

Ciliau Aeron. Evelyn Lewes.

ENOCH HUGHES.

By Daniel Owen,

Author of *The Autobiography of Rhys Lewis, Green Tomos, &c.*

Translated from the Welsh by the Hon. Claud Vivian.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

AT LAST.

THE certain signs that Margaret was going to be married, and that shortly, afforded a good deal of comfort to Enoch's mind, for the greater part of his fears and anxieties about the future were connected with her, and he could not do less than be astonished and marvel at the easy way in which Tom Solid had reached his goal, whilst he himself had been in the turmoil of love for years, and, as far as he could see, was no nearer to his goal now than he was at the beginning. This led Enoch's contemplations into a natural channel, namely, in the direction of Miss Trevor, whither they kept going at all times and from every quarter. He scarcely slept at all that night. He had resolved to make his love for her known to Miss Trevor, but he had made an unhappy preface, a preface that had wounded her severely. Enoch looked to the sermon to explain the preface,—slightly contrary to the usual rule,—and it's a weighty matter to go contrary to custom. He never got, as has been seen, to the delivery of the sermon, and so the preface remained dark. At the same time, after hearing what Jones the policeman had said, Enoch considered that the preface had been good, and that the misfortune had been that he had not had the opportunity of preaching the sermon. In other words, after the conversation with Jones, Enoch failed to see that he had made a mistake in declaring his joy when Miss Trevor informed him that her father was poor, as his doing so had given her a proof of the rectitude and constancy of his affection for her. After the mishap that had happened, he could not rest till he had explained himself to Miss Trevor, and therefore as early as was decent he went to Ty'nyrardd under the excuse of enquiring after Mrs. Trevor's health. On asking Kitty, the maid, he found out Mrs. Trevor was a good deal worse, that they had been obliged to get the doctor to her, that she had been ordered to be kept perfectly quiet, and that the Captain had gone to the mine to look into Sam Lloyd's discovery. Enoch did not like turning back at this, and told Kitty to inform Mrs. Trevor that he was asking for them, which she did, and returned in a minute with word that Mrs. Trevor was too ill to see anyone. Enoch went back with downcast head, but he determined to make another attempt in the evening. He was very sorry for Mrs. Trevor's illness, yet what grieved him most was that he had not got an opportunity of explaining himself to Miss Trevor. As he was on the point of starting for Ty'nyrardd in the evening, hoping to get an opportunity, if it were only for two minutes, of talking with Miss Trevor, the Captain came in, and said,—

"There's never a sweet without a bitter, Mr. Hughes, but I never felt till to-day how true the proverb is. I had intended to call here early to give you a report about my visit to the mine and I would have done so had it not been that family trials, namely, Mrs. Trevor's illness,—who, as you know, I understand, is considerably worse to-day than she was last night,—prevented me. And she *is* ill in reality, though the doctor assures us there is no danger at present, however. I know, Mr. Hughes, that you understand my feelings and sympathize with me in my trouble, for though I expect that with your prayers, and that of others, she will recover, yet, I say, if wise Providence sees fit to take her away, my pilgrimage will be at an end, with regard to this world and its matters; for, so to speak, I should have nothing left in the world worth living to enjoy. But what I was going to refer to is this,—and I must be short,—I cannot in the present circumstances stop long; I was going to refer to this,—that I would have called earlier in the day, if it had not been for what I have alluded to, in order to give you a report as to the real value of what we were informed of, last night, by Sam Lloyd. It comes to this, Mr. Hughes, for me to put it shortly,—it is, as I said last night, like the leaves on the water, and shows that the mainland is near by. In itself it is not great,—indeed it is but small,—except as a sure sign of more. Under ordinary circumstances, sir, this would be a subject of great joy to me; but when one has reached,—that is to say, to a person of my age, and in the anxiety that I am in to-day about my wife's life,—it is neither here nor there, for if she is taken away,"—and here the Captain blew his nose hard,—"I shall be left alone,—entirely alone, sir."

"You forget, Captain Trevor," said Enoch, "even if you lost Mrs. Trevor,—which I hope and believe you will not for a long time to come,—you will still have a most excellent daughter left with you."

"No," said the Captain, "I do not forget that, Mr. Hughes; but what security have I that someone, —indeed, that is the probability,—that you, or someone like you, will not take her from me,—that is the way of the world,—that is the order of Providence."

It was pleasant to Enoch to hear the Captain talk like this, and it flashed across his mind whether it would not be wise for him to give him a hint of his love for his daughter, and of the intense desire he had to make her his wife. But before he could frame the idea into words the Captain said,—

"And now, Mr. Hughes, I must say good night, and till there is a change at home I am afraid I shall not be able to give much attention to Coed Madog, and under the circumstances, I know you will excuse me," and away he went.

Once again Enoch had lost his chance,—he was always losing it, and he began to think that some evil fate was pursuing him, and that he had been born under an unlucky star. Enoch believed a little in fate, and with downcast head on that night he recited to himself more than once the old verse he had seen in some song or other,—

"My planet rules my helpless life,
To strive against it is in vain;
I'm sworn a soldier for the strife,
To serve king George beyond the main."

But he could draw little comfort from the verse, and though he called frequently during the following days at Ty'nyrardd, he utterly failed to get an opportunity of talking with Miss Trevor, and explaining himself. The serious and prolonged illness of Mrs. Trevor prevented Enoch each day getting even a glimpse of the one he loved so much. A fortnight went by without a sign of improvement in the state of Mrs. Trevor's health,—a fortnight that was as long as a year in Enoch's sight, inasmuch as he was utterly deprived of the society of his Morvudd. He could have submitted to this bravely if it had not been for the consciousness that he felt in himself every hour of the day and night that Susie was fostering unkind feelings towards him, which had entirely arisen from a misunderstanding.

Although Margaret was remarkably civil and good-tempered at the prospect of her marriage, which was to take place in a few days' time, Enoch was not able to eat or sleep. Margaret perceived that something was worrying her master a great deal, but she could not imagine that anything could account for this except the fact that she intended leaving him, and she would frequently say, on seeing him unable to eat,—"Don't fret yourself, master, you'll get as good a servant as me from somewhere." "I don't know," was the only answer of Enoch. Enoch's troubles were so heavy on him that he could stand it no longer, so he wrote to Miss Trevor to beg of her to let him have a few minutes' conversation with her on an important matter. Though she had pretended to be extremely angry with him, Miss Trevor thought, when she received Enoch's note, that her father was in some trouble, and that it would be folly to do him an injury through appearing obstinate to Enoch. She fixed a time for Enoch to pay her a visit,—namely, the next afternoon. After receiving the permission, Enoch did nothing but make up, in his mind, a full explanation of what he had said to her a fortnight back. He composed a clear, compact, and effective exposition of his feelings towards her, and went over it hundreds of times, till he knew it better than his prayers. But when the time came, and when he came face to face with Miss Trevor in Ty'nyrardd parlour, after the long fast of a fortnight, without having seen her pretty face, he felt like a man who has been too long without food being taken to a banquet table. Enoch instantly noticed that Miss Trevor looked thinner and more troubled, but he had never seen her look more charming. His tongue stuck to the roof of his mouth, and every word of what he had composed went clean out of his mind. Miss Trevor shook hands with him coldly and ceremoniously, and asked him to sit down, and after waiting a minute in silence, she said,—

"Well, Mr. Hughes, what is it you want to say to me?"

After coughing and clearing his throat a good deal, Enoch said, half chokingly,—

"I have a lot of things I want to say to you, if I only knew how——. The thing that troubles me most is that I fear I wounded you by saying I was glad to hear that your father was poor, and you know that I did not get the opportunity to explain what I meant by saying so. I know it was a curious thing to say ——."

"Go on, Mr. Hughes, for I have not much time to stay," said Miss Trevor.

"Well," said Enoch, and he began to feel that he was getting help, and "there's wonderful help to be got," as Mrs. Trevor said with reference to another subject. "Well," said Enoch, "in a sense I say the same thing again; and let me beg of you not to run away till I finish my story. The common opinion of your neighbours, Miss Trevor, is that your father is fairly well off, and those were my opinions till quite lately. But now I am obliged to believe that your father is not, to say the least, rich. In one sense, I am very sorry,—and in another sense I am very glad to have learnt that

that is his position, as I said the other evening. I know when I said this before,—a fortnight ago,—that I hurt you greatly, and perhaps, I shall make you angry again when I tell you why I did, and do still, say so. And I am not without fear, Miss Trevor, when I tell my reason, that you will be angry with me for ever ——."

"Go on, Mr. Hughes; there's no one with mother except Kitty, and she will be calling for me directly," said Miss Trevor.

"Well," said Enoch, "it is difficult for me to believe that you don't know what I feel before I tell you. It is impossible for you not to have gathered from my behaviour for a long time back that I cherish a feeling towards you for which friendship is not the correct name. I know that it is presumptuous of me, but I can't help it. I love you, Miss Trevor, and love you so greatly, that I can not imagine that it is possible to love anyone more ——."

Enoch stopped for a moment, expecting her to say something, but she did not say a word; she only looked calmly and composedly in his face. Enoch continued, with a little more confidence,—

"That was the only reason I had for saying I was glad to hear of the needy position of your father. If you had been rich,—and thank goodness you are not,—you might have thought that I had some selfish motives; but, indeed, it is you yourself that I love, and not anything that is around you. I am sorry to speak about a thing like this when your mother is so ill; but forgive me; I cannot stand it any longer. Give me one word,—only one word of encouragement,—and I shall be a perfectly happy man. But if you refuse me,—well, I am afraid I shall go mad."

"Mr. Hughes," said Susie, and Enoch wondered how she could speak with such self-possession, "I am heartily sorry to hear your story, believe me. I am very sorry to hear you talk like this. I remember the time,—when I was a silly, thoughtless flirt,—when I looked down upon you and jeered at you in my heart. Forgive me that weak-headedness,—I did not know you at that time. After I knew you well, and saw your integrity,—your honesty,—your incessant kindness,—I learnt to respect you, and to respect you greatly. I knew long ago that every word you say is true,—or I ought to say that you at all times try to speak the truth,—you always carry your heart on your sleeve,—it is impossible not to see that. I am indebted to you for a thousand things, and more. You have put a great deal into my empty head,—you have, indeed. You have made me believe that such a thing as an honest, upright, and good man exists. I see only one weakness in you, and that is,—that you have been so foolish as to place your love on a heartless flirt like me. And let me be the same as you in one respect, Mr. Hughes, namely, honest and not hypocritical. I have known for a long time that you thought something of me. I must have been as blind as a post not to have seen it. And I gave you an opportunity, dozens of times, to speak your mind. And why? In order that I might tell you, Mr. Hughes, that it is of no use for you to think anything about me in that way,—no use in the world."

"Miss Trevor," said Enoch, with his heart in his throat, "you are not serious in saying this?"

"As serious," said she, "as if I were being tried, and I am very sorry to be obliged to say it, Mr. Hughes; for I know,—it would only be hypocrisy for me to say otherwise,—that it will give great pain to you. But to listen to your request, Mr. Hughes, is impossible,—impossible."

"Why? Give me a reason why?" said Enoch sadly.

"I can't tell you why, Mr. Hughes," said Susie. "And remember, the pain is not all on your side. The knowledge,—and it was impossible for me not to know,—that you had set your mind on me, pained me severely. Not, remember, that I don't consider it a great compliment. For a girl to be liked,—to be loved by any man,—let him be as mean as he may,—is a compliment to her, and she ought to esteem it. But when one like me,—yes, like me, whom you know well,—is loved by one like you, Mr. Hughes,—a man, as I said before, for whom I have the greatest respect,—well she ought to feel proud. And I do feel proud; and remember that no ear shall ever,—for ever and ever,—hear that Susan Trevor refused Enoch Hughes."

"It will not do so, I hope, because Susan Trevor will, I trust, some day accept Enoch Hughes' offer, and then people could not believe it if it was said," said Enoch.

"Never, Mr. Hughes. Let me beseech you to put the thought away, wholly and for ever, and not to mention it again. Come here daily,—there's no one I like seeing so much as you. Mother thinks a world of you, and father, I am afraid, lives on you; but, dear Mr. Hughes, don't ever mention such a thing again," said Susie.

"Why? Tell me the reason why?" said Enoch.

"Well," said Susie, after hesitating for a little, "we are too like each other. We have talked so much together, exchanged thoughts, and that for so long a time, that I sometimes am frightened at trying to make out whether I am Susan Trevor or Enoch Hughes. We are too much like each other to be husband and wife. That is not my idea of what a husband and wife should be. My idea is that they ought to be entirely opposite to each

other, for I know that if I had a husband like myself, I should at once get to hate him as I hate myself."

Enoch smiled joyfully, and said,—

"I am glad to learn, Miss Trevor, that you do not hate me *now*, and I shall be quite content to get hated at any time, as a part of yourself. I'll take the risk."

"It's more of a risk than you have imagined, Mr. Hughes; you would have reason to repent it all your life. Now I must go; and don't you waste a minute in thinking of me again, Mr. Hughes, I beseech you," said she.

"Then," said Enoch, gravely, "I must cease to live. Not to think of you, Miss Trevor, is the same thing to me as to go out of existence. Before you go,—I am sorry to keep you so long,—say you will take a week, a fortnight,—yes,—a month even, to consider the matter, and don't say that the thing is impossible."

"I considered the matter carefully, Mr. Hughes, before you brought it forward. I am not playing with you in order to tease you. I have too much respect for you to do that. I have told you my mind honestly, and nothing will make me change my mind. You will see, some day, that it is the best thing for you and me. I hope that we shall always be friends,—great friends,—but anything more than that,—well, you understand what I mean, Mr. Hughes. I am desirous of causing as little pain to you as possible; for anything that gives you pain is certain to give me pain, too."

"Well," said Enoch, "if that is your decision, you may be sure that you will be in pain so long as you live,—or, rather, so long as I am alive,—for I know that henceforth I shall have no peace day or night."

"You make a mistake, Mr. Hughes," said Susie. "Now that we understand each other, this will pass over like everything else,—the love and the hate of the best of us is only like a lodger for a night; something else will come in its place to occupy our thoughts, and so on for ever,—for ever,—till we ourselves pass into forgetfulness."

"You would not talk like that, Miss Trevor," said Enoch, very sadly, "if you knew *how* I love you. God knows that you are my all, and that I put no value on anything on earth except you. But will you answer me one question before you go?"

"I don't know, really, Mr. Hughes, for I ask myself a lot of questions that I can't answer," said she.

"But you will be able to answer the question I ask," said Enoch.

"There are some questions that it is not wise to answer, and that ought not to be answered," said she.

"You can judge for yourself as to that," said Enoch. "Allow me to ask you,—Have you given your love to someone else?"

For a moment, and for the first time in the course of the conversation, Susie appeared confused, and as though she had lost her self-possession slightly, but she said at once,—

"To whom, Mr. Hughes, could I have given my love? You know that there is no man that comes near Ty'nyrardd except you."

"You have not answered my question, Miss Trevor," said Enoch.

"Well," said she, measuring her words cautiously, "for some years I have not met any man I admire more than yourself, Mr. Hughes. Will not that satisfy you?"

"It will not," said Enoch. "I am very bold, I confess, but you have not answered my question."

"I have answered it as best I can," said she.

"And you have nothing better and nothing more comforting to tell me before you go?" said Enoch, rising to his feet; and his eyes filled with tears in spite of his utmost.

And so she left Enoch, going towards her mother's room. At the top of the stairs she stopped suddenly, turned into her own room, and looked in the glass,—the first thing that every pretty girl does on going to her bedroom. Then she flung herself into a chair, and cried bitterly. At the end of two minutes she jumped up, bathed her face, and did not forget to tidy her hair. If anyone had been beside her, he might have heard her whisper,—

"Poor fellow,—I knew very well that it was like that with him. He is a good man,—very good,—and he gets better and better as you get to know him,—I must confess I like him better every day. He is an upright and honourable man, and there's no humbug about him. If I were sure,—quite sure,—that Will wasn't going to come,—well, I would put my arms around his neck and kiss him,—for I must confess the truth,—I am very fond of him. No, I couldn't either! The idea! Never, everlastingly never! I don't know what will become of me though. I will have to earn my living somehow. But I'll stick to my oath and I'll take my chance. And yet perhaps I am standing in my own light,—it's all sentiment. How proud many a one would have been of the compliment. Oh, good heavens, what troubles there are in the world! And we shan't be here long! How is mother, poor dear, now, I wonder?"

And to her mother's room she tripped as merry as a cuckoo, just as if nothing had occurred.

CHAPTER XL.

ENOCH HUGHES' OATH.

NEVER had Enoch Hughes been so miserable in his mind,—of course the last sorrow is best remembered. In all his trials he had, for some time latterly, been accustomed to get some amount of happiness by dreaming of himself and Miss Trevor as man and wife. Indeed, the dream had been so vivid to him at times, and had extended so far into the future, that he had pictured himself, with his hair beginning to get grey, a father of four children,—two boys and two girls,—with whose names and looks he was well acquainted, and he was especially fond of the youngest. But now his dream had vanished like mist in the morning. Not quite so either, for he confessed to himself that he had cut a most sorry figure in making his proposal to Miss Trevor, and he thought, sometimes, that if he had been able to be sufficiently self possessed as to speak to her in the manner he had prepared, the consequence might have been different. And yet he could not forget how determined she was in the refusal of his proposal. At the same time Enoch recollected how good natured and kind she had been even in that refusal. Indeed, she had admitted that she had respected him more and more as her acquaintance with him had increased, and who knew but that, as she came to know him still better, she would not by and bye get to love him deeply? Thoughts like these filled the heart of Enoch, poor fellow, and indeed his stomach as well, for he ate next to nothing, and Margaret frequently used to say, "that it was sheer waste to prepare his meals, and that a robin could not live on what Enoch ate." Little did she know that angels' food was his sustenance on these days.

Enoch was not conceited or proud, nor in any way one who entertained high opinions about himself,—his tendency was the other way,—so to a fault. But his non-success with Miss Trevor was a cause of disturbance to the very roots of his nature. This was natural enough, for there is nothing that causes a man so much to feel as if he had been skinned alive as being refused by a girl. Mercifully, such a thing seldom takes place, for men, as a rule, are wise, and like the good man who composed "Mother's Gift," he knows what the answer will be before he asks the question. That's where Enoch made a mistake,—he ought to have known the answer before he asked the question. There is a little self-respect in the humblest and meekest man, and you have only to tread on his corn to find this out. Treading on his corn makes him clench his fist on the instant. Few men, I think, thought less of themselves or about themselves, than Enoch Hughes, but Miss Trevor's refusal of him was the means of making him spend some little time in measuring and weighing himself. After doing this, the result he arrived at was,—that he was a better man than he had thought he was. Enoch came to a conscientious conclusion that he was not a fool,—that he was not, so far as appearance went, to be despised,—that he was, in a worldly sense, fairly comfortably off,—as to his position in the town, fairly respected, and that Miss Trevor by accepting his proposal would not have had to climb down. He determined,—and determination was a great event to him,—to fall back on his honour; and he inwardly vowed that he would never go to Ty'nyrardd again without being asked to. The oath was not to mean,—for he took care to have a most perfect understanding between himself and his conscience,—that he would not propose again to Miss Trevor at some future time,—indeed, he was not without hope of succeeding in his proposal by and bye. The oath was to be only a sort of tribute due to his wounded dignity. And in putting the oath into execution, he felt that it meant a big sacrifice on his part, and someone else also felt something from it, but he did not know that. Enoch kept his oath for,—well we shall see for how long. It must be admitted, although Enoch seldom went over the threshold of his house during this time, that his thoughts were more than ever at Tyn'yrardd. He fell naturally into the old custom of going, after supper, to his office, pretending to Margaret that he had business to do. There he stayed for hours every night, and the only business that he did was to smoke unceasingly, significantly nodding his head, and spitting as formerly, in an emphatic way, into the middle of the fire. If every talk and conversation with himself that took place in the office on these nights had been written down, they would make a thick volume.

To break in a little on the monotony of his meditations, the wedding of Margaret and Tom Solid came upon Enoch without his expecting it. It is true that Margaret had hinted more than once at the approaching event,—such as by reminding him that he had promised to give a breakfast, and afterwards by asking what she should prepare for the breakfast, and who and what number of people she was to invite to come and partake of the feast. Enoch gave her *carte blanche* to do as she liked, and to invite whomsoever she liked, and thought no more about the matter. So absent in his mind was he, that he did not fully realize the fact that Margaret was going to leave him, till the latter, on the afternoon before the wedding, invited him into the back kitchen to see

the preparations with his own eyes. There were a couple of fowls, a home cured ham, a tongue, and a big bit of beef cooked and cold,—the fowls dressed with parsley, and the neck of the ham adorned prettily enough with pink and white paper. Enoch had not imagined that Margaret would have taken advantage of the permission he had given her, by indulging in things like these. But though he knew that the whole of it was to be at his expense, his heart did not begrudge it, for Enoch believed that what was worth doing at all was worth doing well. When Enoch saw the dainties, he smiled,—the first smile there had been on his cheeks for some days, and said,—

"Who cooked for you, Margaret?"

"I, myself, of course," said Margaret.

And Enoch said in his bosom,—"Where there's a will there's a way. I never saw her turn things out like this before;" and he added, intending the remark to be a little sarcastic,—

"You have forgotten one important thing, Margaret,—where's the wedding cake?"

"No I didn't forget it, master, but I didn't like to be so bold as to order too many things, and I expect it is too late now?" said Margaret.

"It probably is,—we must try to manage without one," said Enoch; and added, "who's coming to eat all these things, Margaret?"

"Well," said Margaret, "there's me, and Tom, and you and Betsy Powell, and Robert Jones, and you, and the men in the shop, I suppose, and me. Oh there will be a lot of us here, and there's Tom too."

"You ought," said Enoch, "by all means to ask Mr. Brown, the parson, to come here, and Hugh, the sexton, he has put away a lot in his time, and Jones the policeman, and especially Didymus, the reporter, or you won't get a report of the wedding in the newspaper."

"I should very much like an account of it to be in the newspaper, but I have never spoken to Didymus," said Margaret.

"Well," said Enoch, "*I* will ask Didymus and Jones, the policeman, and you ask the others, and if it had not been too late, I would have invited the Chairman of the Local Board, and the Lord Lieutenant of the County. Lord Mostyn and Sir Watkin are abroad, or there would have been no harm in the world in asking them too!"

"What a pity," said Margaret.

"There's not help for it," said Enoch, with a sad face. He had no difficulty in the world in putting on a sad face now-a-days.

"You understand, master," said Margaret, when Enoch was moving away, "that you have to give me away?"

"What do you say, Margaret?" said Enoch, and his face was sad in truth now.

"That you have to give me away," said Margaret.

"I don't understand you," said Enoch.

"Well," said Margaret, "Mr. Brown, the parson, said it would be necessary for me to have someone to *give* me away, and I couldn't think of anyone except you, master, and Mr. Brown said you would do very well,—there was no need for anyone better."

"I don't know anything about such a thing, and I would prefer someone else doing the job, Margaret," said Enoch.

"It's too late to ask anyone else, master," said Margaret.

"What time to-morrow is the wedding to take place?" asked Enoch.

"As soon as the clock strikes eight," said Margaret.

Enoch hesitated for a minute, and then thinking that no one would be about at that time of day, said,—

"Well, it seems that I must try to do the job, but, remember, Margaret, to call me early enough."

"Trust me for that," said Margaret.

As Enoch had never seen a wedding in the Church of England he did not know what duties were connected with the "giving away," and yet there was some impression on his mind that "giving in marriage" was a Scriptural quotation. He began to feel nervous, and uncomfortable. And in order not to make a fool of himself, he thought that the best thing, after shutting up the shop, would be to run down as far as Mr. Brown, the parson's, and find out the nature of the duties; and this he did. Enoch and the kind old parson were on excellent terms of friendship, and he got a hearty welcome, and some relief to his mind, when Mr. Brown explained that he would not be expected to do anything except say "I do" when he asked who gave the bride away.

"And now, Mr. Hughes," said the old parson, fat in body and jovial in appearance,—he had, by this time, completely forgotten the sharp lecture he had had from Rhys Lewis, though his Welsh was not one bit better,—"now, Mr. Hughes," said he, "it's not often you come here, —won't you take a glass of wine?"

"No thank you, Mr. Brown. I am not in the habit of taking it. I am an abstainer," said Enoch.

"Do you know what, Mr. Hughes, you Calvinists are a very bigoted lot,—you are worse than papists. You think yourself too godly to take the good things that the Great King has given to

his humble creatures, and think that you will go to heaven before other people because of it? But believe me, Mr. Hughes, you won't. You won't get there a step sooner for not taking God's good things,—you will see. And you are always,—as I have said many a time to Abel Hughes,—he was a good Christian, he was,—hanging your heads just like a hen moulting. It is soon enough for us to moult when we have to leave this tabernacle. It's a sin too not to take the best things you can get in life,—and fancy pulling a long face always just as if your nose was on a grindstone all the time. It shows a thankless and a wrong spirit, and you'll see some day, Mr. Hughes, that I am right."

"I am ready to believe already that you are right, Mr. Brown, for my nose has been long enough on a grindstone,—goodness knows," said Enoch.

"I was aware of that," said Mr. Brown, "but let me see,—however, I'd better hold my tongue. I know that Mr. Simon will marry you, but that will make no odds. When is it to take place, Mr. Hughes? Miss Trevor is a very proper sort of girl, and likely to make a good wife. When is it to be, Mr. Hughes?"

"The heavens above know!" said Enoch, rising to leave.

"There you are, Mr. Hughes," said Mr. Brown, on shaking hands with Enoch, "ain't you ashamed of your self? Here have I married Tom Solid three times, and am going to marry him to-morrow for the fourth time. It's a shame of you. Remember, Mr. Hughes, if Mr. Simon won't marry you, I will, and for nothing. I'll count it an honour, and I will tie you up safe enough."

Nothing is better for a man when tried and depressed in spirits than mixing with other people. Enoch felt,—after having been worrying his head all alone for days and nights,—more buoyant and more lively in spirit after he had been to the Rectory and had a talk with Mr. Brown. Though Enoch was so despondent, Mr. Brown's reference to Miss Trevor as his future wife was some, if not an entire, balm to his wounds. "Why does everyone talk like this, if the thing is not to be?" said Enoch, within himself. Now, he began to feel a little interested in Margaret's wedding, and he was not sorry that he would have to take some sort of part in it,—it would give him a little experience for when his turn came. He directed his steps towards Didymus's dwelling in order to invite him to the breakfast, but the journey was saved him, for on his way he came across Jones the policeman. Jones,—quite unlike his brethren,—came into sight in some way Enoch could not account for on every occasion when he was wanted, and though he was not particularly fond of him, Enoch felt that he was under so many obligations to him, and Jones had so much to do with his fate, that he could not do less than admire and respect him.

"Halloh," said Jones, "you are a stranger, you are. I haven't seen you for I don't know how long, Mr. Hughes. Tell me, have you given up going to Ty'nyrardd?"

"I have not been there for some days," said Enoch.

"Ah," said Jones, "I knew it would be so. Wasn't I right? I am glad you understand all about it now. But the old woman is very bad I heard?"

"Have you heard anything, to-day?" asked Enoch.

"Yes, Mr. Hughes. She is a deal worse. There'll be a break up there some day; but I'm glad you understand things clearly," said Jones.

"Will you be disengaged in the morning? Will you come to Margaret's wedding breakfast? She has prepared a lot of food, and it will be a pity for it not to be eaten. Will you be able to come?" asked Enoch.

"Good gracious, yes; and I shall be glad to come," said Jones. "And so the old Mary Magdalen is going to leave you? What a deliverance!"

"It is," said Enoch, "and I should be glad if it was all over. But tell me, have you seen Didymus to-night? I should like him to be there, too."

"Leave that to me, Mr. Hughes. I'll see him directly," said Jones.

"Thank you, and mind that you are there in good time," said Enoch, rather anxious as to whether he himself would be able to get up early enough to give Margaret away.

"Tristiora; or Songs in the Night," is the title of a new volume of poems by the Rev. J. Hughes, M.A., of Liverpool, published by Nisbet. The stanzas are all melodious and thoughtful,—the expressions of longing and sorrow. They have the echo of despair which we hear so often in modern poetry, but accompanied by a thorough and a simple faith in God. Herein lies the strength and the health of the author's message. He shows us the mystery in which the doings of Providence are shrouded, but leads us in the end to believe that the protector of the innocent sleepeth not,—

> "There dwells above a watchful eye,
> Stern is its glance, it suffers long;
> But every righteous sigh for wrong
> Is building retribution high."

TWO LETTERS.

Here are two letters throwing light on the history of Welsh education. The first is by J. R. Jones of Ramoth, a genius and the founder of a sect; the other gives a glimpse of the beginning of our colleges. The first was sent me by E. O. Humphreys, of Pen y Groes; the second by the Rev. J. M. Jones, of Cerrig y Drudion.

I.

Y Garreg Fawr,
17*th January*, 1806.

Very Dear Brother,

It is now several months since I went out of thy hospitable house; and since we both parted on the road by Llanrhaiadr, several important events in the course of divine Providence have occurred far and near. But as to our state as a church in these parts, we are all, blessed be God, in our ordinary way, and without any additions or exclusions this long while.

I have lately received a letter from a few Baptists in Lleyn, Carnarvonshire, about forty miles westward from this place. The letter is signed by nine men and five women; wherein they inform me that they have conscientiously separated from the Popular Baptists, and that from the same motives and principles as we formerly did; and they invite me to pay them a visit, and with a view to form a junction with our connection. I also have since sent them a pretty large letter, signifying my wish to hear something more of their affairs, and especially of their union as a visible society, and of their assembling together every first day of the week, &c. For Christians must not only be separated from the profane and irreligious world, but be united together as a visible body, in order to observe all things whatsoever Christ hath commanded, and to edify one another in the most holy faith. And the institutions of the Gospel are not given to Christians considered as individuals, in a personal capacity, but in a social capacity, as united members of a visible body or society. I have not yet received an answer to my letter from these few people; and I expect to hear of their affairs not long hence.

The aspect of the present time is very serious and alarming,—wars and rumours of wars, nation rising against nation, and kingdom against kingdom, distress of nations with perplexity, &c. These are signs of the Son of Man's coming in a cloud, with power and great glory. It would be an immense surprise if the Son of God were now to appear, and settle all the differences between the contending powers, and "put down all rule, and all authority and power." And I also think it would be no small surprise and disappointment to those professors who look for reigning and prevailing Christianity in this mortal and sinful life. But it would be better, and much more safe, for Christians to look and hasten unto the coming of the day of God.

I rather wonder at the lame and poor shift our brother McLean has made to turn away the force of my objections to his view of the millennium and the first resurrection. His notion of this subject carries in it a strong reflection on the hope and expectation of the primitive Christians in their sufferings and tribulations, and coincides exactly with the popular delusion of the present days; for every popular party is full of expectation that its own distinct way in the Christian profession shall soon prevail over every other sect, and over all the world. After all, it would be but a poor encouragement to sufferers for righteousness' sake to rejoice in affliction and death, in hope that some other persons, in time to come, should live happy, and reign on account of their calamities. Our

Lord and his apostles made no use of such argument to encourage the Christians in their sufferings, for the truth's sake; the self-deemed obedience and sufferings of the saints for Christ's sake are always personally connected with the heavenly reward in the most literal sense. On this account I am resolved to be steadfast in my own mind respecting this subject, and to leave the old man alone after sending him one letter more. Although I highly esteem his writings in many respects, nevertheless, I do not think him infallible, perfect, nor sound upon this subject.

I am hitherto a looser in my last publication, as I have still about one half of the impression unsold. I am persuaded that thou wilt do thy best to dispose of as much as possible of those which I have left in thy parts.

I have obtained "Newton on the Prophecies" when I was at Ruthin, and the only set that was in the shop. They are new edition, three vols. in strong boards, price 12s. 6d. Thou shalt have this set if thou likest; as I can get another any time from London. And if thou wilt have it, please to send me a word that I may send it thee when brother R. Morgan will come to visit you next spring. Meantime, I might send thee the new "Welsh and English Dictionary," lately published at Carmarthen. This is a very good performance in my opinion.

I have seen advertised in the first *Chester Chonicle* for the present year, "in one neat pocket volume, price 7s. 6d. in boards, a Welsh and English Dictionary by W. Owen, being a faithful abridgment of his great dictionary already published, sold by Thos. Poole, Chester, and all other booksellers in the united kingdom."

It is now confirmed hy all authentic accounts that all the kingdoms of Europe, Great Britain excepted, are now prostrate at the French tyrant's feet. What will be the issue of the present commotions, God only knoweth. There were bounds set by divine providence, beyond which the greatest and most ambitious of men cannot go. The Lord Almighty reigneth, and His will shall be done.

I shall conclude with my kind and sincere respects to thy wife, and thy two brothers and their wives, and all the church. Brother R. M. joins with me in Christian respects to you all.

I am, dear brother, thine sincerely in the ancient and most holy faith,

J. R. JONES.

To John Roberts, Bryndeunydd Isa, Llanefydd.

II.

LLANDOVERY,
December 15*th*. 1848.

MY DEAR THOMAS RICHARDS,

I want your help and you must not fail me.

You, and every person connected with you who cares for Wales, and high education in Wales, ought now to come forward and support our institution.

The extraordinary success which our "appeal" has experienced has enabled me to enter, with every prospect of success, into negociation with some of the leading Government men respecting the establishment of a really good College or Colleges partaking of an University character in Wales.

Our subscription, which now amounts to very nearly four thousand pounds, with the addition of four hundred pounds for the site, has astonished not only the "Cymro," but the Saxon.

But,—and mark this,—the persons with whom I have to deal think as much of the number of the subscribers, as of the amount of the subscription, and especially set a high value on small sums contributed by clergymen.

Pray therefore give us your one pound, and induce every friend with whom you have any influence to contribute with their name the same sum. Depend upon it, neither you nor they will ever want a sum so beneficially and judiciously bestowed.

I am now in correspondence with our House of Commons representative for Wales, as soon as I have closed accounts with them I intend to open one with the Peers, when I shall give you a due account of my appliciation to the Earl of Powis.

In the meantime, my dear Tom, with kind regards to your brothers and sisters,

I remain,

Your old school-fellow and friend,

JOHN WILLIAMS.

THE DIARY OF A BARD. (EBEN FARDD).

XIV.—AN ANXIOUS YEAR.

1852.

January 1st.—Having yesterday, that is the last night of the year just ended, returned from Festiniog, I proceeded this morning to assist the mason in finding lintels, &c. May our Father, who is in heaven, be a God unto me and my family this new year throughout, and prosper our works in providence and grace, and protect us, so as to give peace, which the world cannot give. I and my family will serve Him.

5th. — Preparing my poetry on the Darlith.

7th. — Attended at the Tabernacle, Bangor, and read my lines publicly to the meeting.

11th.—Cyfarfod Ysgol Capel Uchaf. I was asked to preside at the meeting, and consented.

19th.—A gig was sent to take me to Carnarvon this evening, where I went and attended the Phillips' Darlith, reading my own lines at the close of the meeting to a large audience.

February 5th.—Forwarded letters to Rev. E. Morgan, Syston, enclosing translation for him; to Mr. Gee, acknowledging £20, and engaging to do epitaph for his father; to Tre'rgarth people excusing my not going there.

7th.—At Carnarvon to-day. Augmented my bank funds to £400.

11th.—At Sportsman; Messrs. William Owen and Robert Jones Madoc here for the night; authorized them to propose me for the school.

16th.—Letter from Robert Jones, stating my unanimous appointment by the committee to the Portmadoc school. Chairman, D. Williams, Esq., Broneryri, who, with S. Holland, Esq., also in my favour, are the trustees of the school.

20th. — Letters to Messrs. Greaves, Holland, Jones, Garth, Glan Aled, and Glandwyryd.

21st.—Ditto to Edwards Bala, Nicander, and Ambrose.

25th.—At Broneryri with the committee; agreed to accept the school, £80 guaranteed, with an understanding that I should attend the Borough Road school for one month previously.

27th.—The school at Clynnog broken up; a dark day for feelings.

27th.—Noticed Mr. Churchill, recommending Hugh Ellis as successor on the middle of May next.

March 1st.—To Bangor. May the Lord God of Hosts stand on my right hand to defend me, preserve me and mine from accidents, dangers, and sudden griefs and catastrophe, and give me and mine peace, favour, and safety.

2nd.—Conversed with Mr. Phillips on the subject of my going to London, he holding that course as not likely to be of any considerable benefit to me. Gave up. Had a conference with two or three friends besides Mr. Phillips and Robert Hughes Uwchlaw'rffynnon, at the Porkshop, Bangor.

3rd. — Returned home in the coach, greatly distressed in mind.

6th.—Society. Had some refreshment to my soul. Public allusion made to the threatened rupture in our Congregational Union.

7th.—Anonymous letter.

9th.—Cyfarfod Misol y Graig. Received the written engagement of the Monthly Meeting to augment my salary at Clynnog, and continue it five years. This is a wonderful fact, evolved from the present convulsion in my affairs, the character of which I cannot, as yet, fully ascertain. Poor Robert Jones here all the way from Portmadoc respecting my demur.

10th.—Letters forwarded to D. Williams and Robert Jones, Esqrs., to entreat their consent to withdraw my Portmadoc engagement. This renders my prospect very dark still, as I apprehend their angry disgust at this course, and further, fear their displeasure. May my good God, who knows my heart and motives, touch their minds with sympathy and kind disposition to judge me favourably.

15th.—Received a release from my Port-

madoc engagement, couched in a very kind and courteous letter from David Williams, Esq, Broneryri.

22nd.—Opened school on a new plan.

April 10th.—Lent "Glimpse of the Dark Ages" and "Dawn of the Dark Ages" to Mr. David Pughe.

15th.—Letter to T. Stephens, Merthyr.

18th.—John Owen, Penygroes, to preach (not come). I was requested to give a word of exhortation. Explained a little, morning and evening, about the sacrificial system in the Mosaic economy, and the corresponding substance under the Gospel.

19th. — Lent Dr. Hughes, Pwllheli, "Yorke's Royal Tribes."

24th.—Iorwerth Glan Aled here.

May 15th.—Delivered Sunday school account to J. Owen to go off. Composing lines on Canaan for Mr. Lloyd, Holywell. Drawing plan for Mrs. Williams, Brynaera.

17th.—Rev. R. Parry here in conference respecting the adjudication of the Merthyr Eisteddfod.

20.—Completed my Merthyr criticism this day. Robyn Wyn and family going per coach to Bangor to settle.

25th. — Letter to Stephens, Merthyr. Letter and parcel containing the Merthyr Eisteddfod compositions forwarded to Ieuan Llwyd, Mr. John Benyon, &c.

31st.—Reading meeting at Clynnog, four Sunday schools in Union. The meeting proved most satisfactory throughout. To God be the glory, good-will to men.

June 8th.—Received invitation to Llangefni Association from Miss Anne Williams, Llyslew, Brynshenkin.

9th.—Forwarded reply to Miss Williams above named, excusing just now, but holding out hopes of a future visit. Account of Clynnog reading meeting in *Amserau.*

10th.—At Zion Chapel, where William Roberts, Captain Owen, and Mr. William Owen, attended to examine into Evan Owen's case with the church. A decided majority was announced in favour of his being allowed to preach. William Roberts, in conference with the elders present, declared that E. Owen was then placed under Rule IV. of the prescribed form for initiating preachers.

12th.—Went to Pwllheli on foot. 1 p. p. and ½ Sp., 1 g. w. Cr., 1 g. w. D. W., and ½ p. p. Cr.; dined with Mr J. Breese.

14th. — Forwarded letter to Mr. D. Morgan, Castle Street, Merthyr, to acknowledge £2 received for adjudicating.

15th.—Ioan Madawg here.

17th.—Attended a reading meeting at Bwlchderwin.

21st.—Rev. David Davies, Trecastell, and companion, called, requesting me to publish my works and make use of their good will.

July 5th.—Revs. J. Phillips and David Jones called at the school. Mr. Phillips promised to examine school and preach to-morrow fortnight.

16th.—This morning Mr. John Lewis,—*Ioan Mynyw,*—called, and left only by the afternoon mail; engaged to take him a bardic disciple. He subscribed and paid £1, to procure two copies, 10s. each, of portrait.

17th.—My promised visit to Llandwrog. Dined with Evans, schoolmaster. Tea'd at Bodvan, and went with a party to the top of Dinas Dinlle. The old fort is much demolished by the sea tide, &c.

19th.—Very low. Wrote to Dr. Hughes, Pwllheli, to ask him to return my books,—Pedigree and Royal Tribes,—by first safe opportunity.

21st.—Mr. Phillips not having come in time yesterday to examine the school, attended this morning for that purpose, and has pleased to approve of the school very much.

24th.—Visited Rev. Mr. Jones, rector of Llanllyfni; inspected tombstones and pedigrees; visited the ruins and sight of ancient Lleuar; grand lawn, inspiring the way-farer with the grandeur and magnificence of former occupants. Tea'd at Brondirion.

29th.—Spoke this morning to Richard Davies, Esq., Min y Don, of late electioneering notoriety, a plain, iron-looking man; also had converse with Mr. J. Ambrose Lloyd at the inn.

31st.—Letter forwarded to Hon. E. M. Ll. Mostyn, to ask his interest to procure the "Records of Carnarvon." Letter to Iorwerth Glan Aled and to D. Pritchard, Braichmelyn, enclosing receipt for 10s.

August 5th.—Sion Owain y Garddwr here to-day.

11th.—Rob. Wyn here.

14th. — I went with Dr. Pughe to U'chlaw'rffynnon and Tre'rceiri.

25th.—Forwarded my "Can yr Ymfudwyr" to Mr. H. Humphreys, by request of Mr. D. W. Pughe, to whose book on Australia it is to be annexed.

28th.—Went to Carnarvon. Paid P. M. Evans, of Holywell's subscription to Mr. E. Williams, artist's, own hands, at Bulk. E. Williams, artist, Robert Griffith, paid for Salisbury 5s. Got Ionoron Dwyryd's book, present from author, per O. Wyn Jones, at H. Humphreys. My song, "Ymfudwyr," being printed. Saw Ellis Wyn. Owen Waunfawr sent me to Bontnewydd nearly.

29th.—Exactly fifty years to this day, it falling then upon Sunday, I was baptized at Llangybi in 1802. What a reminiscence! What thanks I owe to the Almighty for my wonderful advancement since!

September 8th.—My engraved portrait brought in by Mr. Williams. Association at Pwllheli. Went there over the moor to Pentyrch to Llangybi, to Ysgoldy; slept at Pentyrch; gathered nuts at Pentyrch wood.

9th.—Went to Plas Du this morning, thence to Pwllheli. Spoke to Mr. Edwards Bala, Mr. Owen Thomas, slept at Mr. Thomas Hughes.

10th.—Had room on the platform to hear the sermons; spoke to Mr. Phillips; attended two private meetings yesterday at Penlan; had a lift home by Mr. Griffith Jones, Bangor.

September 18th.—Received Dr. Tregelles' "New Testament Evidence;" present from himself.

20th.—Rev. J. C. Edwards, M.A., calls; Mr. Richd. Williams, Tanychwarel, calls.

21st.—Rev. J. C. Edwards comes to school,—teaches singing with exercises to the children. Iorwerth Ddu o Von gave me a glass comb for keepsake; left for Pwllheli per coach after partaking tea at my house.

24th.—Sent Eben Fardd's portrait to Rev. D. Williams, Llandwrog, by the hand of Wm. Evans, schoolmaster.

29th.—First night school; attended to and lectured to by Iorwerth Ddu o Von who breakfasted with me this morning (30th) on his return to Yorkshire.

October 1st.—At Capel Uchaf. Deacons' meeting of the Sunday Circuit to consider payments to teachers and examine the several accounts.

2nd.—"Gwlad yn Aur" forwarded to Wm. Edwards, Denbigh; Englynion to Morgan Howells sent to Wm. Thomas, Ynysddu, Blackwood, Monmouthshire.

15th.—Much abused by R. G.; "daueiriog," "dauwynebog" laid to my charge. O my God, is this just?

19th.—Sportsman goss. vexatious. O I am fallen among thieves. Jesus thou good Samaritan have mercy upon me!

November 2nd.—Received the old quern millstone from Bachwen, found under the floor of the old kitchen, at the foundation of a wall built across it; two barrow-fulls of bran mouldered in the hole.

4th.—Forwarded "Caniadau," St. Beuno's song and letter to Bleddyn ab Cynan.

9th.—Forwarded notice of "Prisoners of Hope" by Dr. Tregelles to Rev. Roger Edwards for *Drysorfa*. Little after four o'clock in the morning a shock of earthquake felt; another shock of less power nine o'clock a.m.

19th. — Cyfarfod Darllen Tre'rgarth; went there by two o'clock train from Carnarvon, man at station to guide me on; called at Robyn Wyn, Huw Tegai, Hugh Derfel.

20th. — Visited the quarry. Cyfarfod darllen at "Jerusalem."

21st.—Attended Sunday school at Jerusalem, a.m. Ditto at Carneddi, p.m. Sermon at Jerusalem, evening and society after, prayer beginning and end.

22nd.—Started four p.m. from Bethesda, per coach to Bangor; waited one and half hours at station. Home by nine, per coach.

27th. — Uwchlaw'rffynnon, Glasfryn, Bryngadfa. Dr. Pugh.

December 4th.—Received a brace of hares per Rob. Morgan coach from Pwllheli.

17th.—Started off for Denbigh association with Robt. Hughes; reached Conway per express train in less than twenty minutes from Bangor. Lecd. 2s. 6d.

28th.—Ruthin, the residence of Rob. Parry, formerly of Eglwys Fach,—a

bard,—had much to do with a Mr. Lloyd attorney and a literary character; visited Rev. John Roberts, Independent minister. Repaired per coach to Denbigh; lodged at Mr. Gee's.

29th and 30th.—Attended committee. Slept and ate at Mr. Davies, draper.

31st.—Association preaching. Reached Llanelwy per coach at night; slept there.

In the *Cymro* for July 7th, 1852, in some strictures on an article in the *Traethodydd* designated "Barddoniaeth Gwilym Hiraethog," the writer quotes what he calls "bombast" from some English bards, and says that Adgyfodiad Eben Fardd, contains much of the like stuff; that said Pryddest is in a great part a plagiarism from Pollock's "Course of Time;" that its plan was taken from that poem, &c.

Immediately after the Madoc eisteddfod it would appear that a systematic attack was planned upon me in the *Cymro*, in order to derogate from my literary good name; it commenced with the letters on Dewi Wyn and Gwallter Mechain, October, 1851. Then a cavil with Iorwerth Glan Aled, quoting bad lines from my Pryddest to match those he had extracted from I. G. Geirionydd's, dated March, 1852; and thirdly the subject of the prefixed note accusing me of plagiarism from Pollock, &c.

Since it is come to this, after some thirty five years' hard study and considerable service to my nation, I divest myself of the begrudged honours, and declare myself to be no bard, no literatteur. Better luck to the next that makes the experiment.

JOSEPH EDWARDS, SCULPTOR.

By William Davies *(Mynorydd)*.

XIV.—PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION.

"We have ideas of the attributes of the Supreme and All-wise God, but what the real substance of anything is we know not."
Sir Isaac Newton's "Principia."

THOSE readers who have been following the articles on the certificate of the Aberystwyth College, Y Vord Gron, and the Cymmrodorion will, I trust, be able to form a tolerably clear idea of the trend of Mr. Edwards' mind in a philosophic and religious direction.

I think it will be found highly interesting to read the four letters which I am able to introduce. They, of course, take us back several years, but to my mind they reveal the earlier thoughts that occupied his mind, and account for the lofty plane which he reached in his later years.

These letters I think must be drafts of the letters he sent, for they are so *underlined*, *overlined*, and *interlined* with corrections and alterations, that I do not think it likely he would have been content to send them to such a dear friend as Mr. Criswick evidently was,—they are addressed to him at Plymouth Iron Works, Merthyr Tydvil,—

40, Robert St., Hampstead Road,
8th June, 1849.

My Dear Criswick,

I have, of course, experienced the tendency you mention in yours, and if I live long enough, shall, no doubt, experience it again frequently. At the same time I make it my endeavour to check the undue obtrusion of the feelings and passions upon reason by reflecting, among other things, on the following quotation, which I send you in return for yours,—

"Bless'd are they
Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled
That they are not a pipe for fortune's fingers
To sound what stop she please."

The words, as you may perhaps remember, are by that "thousand-souled" emperor of literature of whom it is acknowledged that "he was not of an age, but for all time!"

In addition to that fine passage I shall

subjoin the following from the three kingly poets of antiquity,—

ESAU P'LILAH.

Evince prudence.—*Isaiah.**

Ῥεχθὲν δέ τε νήπιος ἔγνω.—*Homer.*†

To be taught by suffering only is the part of fools.

PARCITE NIMIUM PROCEDERE.—Virgil.‡

Forbear to advance too far.

I have given you the original text as well as the translation of these passages; as you had found, when you called here the day before yesterday, that I have a hobby for gleaning brief but suggestive quotations from some of "the great spirits of the ages olden" and for hunting out, whenever I can, the original text of each. As you are gifted with no small share of reason and imagination you may perhaps feel a pleasure in reflecting on the world of thought which even those few words seem to me capable of engendering; and feel a pleasure too, perhaps, in fancying that you could see the three great spirits appear as it were in a vision before the mind's eye, while they are breathing the above words of counsel in a tone of thrilling earnestness, and with a deep glow of warm solicitude for the welfare of the whole race of mankind.

Trusting to have the pleasure of seeing you before you return to Merthyr.

I remain, yours sincerely,

J. EDWARDS.

40, ROBERT ST., HAMPSTEAD ROAD,
LONDON, 10*th September*, 1849.

DEAR SIR,

Not knowing in what county Newton Abbot is, and not having any book at hand wherein I could get the necessary information, I delayed acknowledging your most welcome letter for a few days by which time I thought you might return to Glyn-mêl. In the hope you are safe at the latter place, and in the continued enjoyment of good health, I am now induced to take the pen in hand to assure you that I felt delighted in reading your letter, and should you send me a hundred—nay, a thousand of equal merit to it, they would be received by me with all the warmth I would receive a most valued friend in his best mood. So pleased, indeed, was I that I cannot help telling you frankly that there is a tone of feeling in it which I like thoroughly, and a breadth of view too which is worthy of yourself. As I fancy, however, that there are one or two points in it, wherein this breadth might be carried still further, you will, I feel assured, permit me to explain this fancy in order that it may be corrected by you if wrong.

The first thing, then, which struck me was, that even in the assertion that "Truth is of God,"—which I gladly observed to be only a part of a quotation you have given, —there seems to be, in one point of view at least, a want of that comprehensiveness of intellect which can spread forth its wings as it were through the wide universe of things, and that can look upon those things separately and conjoined, without being blurred or swallowed up by each in its separate state. Men possessed of this large kind of mind, even if they had not given the subject much previous thought, would, I believe, be inclined to say, after a little consideration, that *not only Truth* is of God but that *all things* are of Him. King David says so and that, too, with great sublimity I think. His words are,—"All things come of thee, O God! and of Thine own have we given Thee." *Vide* I. Chron. 29, 14. It might be remarked in addition to what has been said that the extract in question is not free from error in a logical point of view. It begins, you may remember, in this manner,—"Truth is of God, and therefore immortal, and because immortal, omnipotent." To make the fallacy which this contains instantly apparent we need only say,—"The soul of man is of God, and therefore immortal, and *because* immortal it is OMNIPOTENT." And forthwith we laugh at the absurdity of a rhetorical flourish which attempts to adorn a great Truth with *untrue* ornaments.

The other point which struck me was, that the notion *commonly* entertained of the super-human accountability of man to which you have incidentally alluded, is, I fancy, a degrading and not an elevating notion—a childish and not a manly one; and therefore fallacious and not truthful.

* See Barnes's Notes on 16, c. and 30 of Isaiah.
† Iliad, 17, 32 and 20, 198.
‡ Ecl. 8, 94.

It is using the principle of *fear*, it will be observed, and not of LOVE, to keep men in the right path; which principle *may* be necessary as a part of a religious system for the government of the benighted and narrow-minded portion of mankind, whether they be wealthy or otherwise; as it *is* indispensable as a part of a secular code of laws, in order, as much as possible, to keep scoundrels in check and villains in terror; but, men who are more happily gifted and educated than the classes just adverted to need not these contrivances to keep *them* to their duty. If they do not commit crime, nor are much given to indulge,—except, perhaps, as a purely ideal recreation,—in fancies which are not supported, as they believe, by unsophisticating Truth, it is, I think, because they have a far higher and simpler influence at work within them; it is, in short, because they *love* intellectual pre-eminence and moral excellence for their *own great* sake; and are not driven half reluctantly after these laudable things, like children, from the ignoble *fear* of being sent, if they neglected to do so, to some imaginary place of punishment, or of being deprived of some imaginary reward. Persons of this stamp are sometimes supposed, by those who do not understand them, to be vain or proud; though none, I believe, are in reality less so; for they know full well that, if any credit be given, it is *not*, in its highest sense, to themselves that it is due; but to the eternal and incomprehensible power which alone regulates *all* things on this pendant world as well as in and throughout boundless space; or, to use the philosophic and pregnant words of St. Paul, in his Epistle to the Philippians, it is to "God which worketh in us both to *will* and *to do*," that the praise must be given. It were well, I think, that we should bear in mind that God in all probability does these things in no other way than by the twofold means of the *innate constitution* he has given to individuals, and of the *outward circumstances* acting upon that constitution; which twofold means are, I believe, guided by laws as immutable in their operations as those which regulate the planets in their orbits; only that the laws which lead the human family "to will and to do," are more complicated and consequently more difficult to be discovered and understood than those which govern the planets in their revolutions round the central luminary. I would now endeavour to add, should I not tire your patience too much in so doing, that as the *constitution* of individuals, in its threefold nature of intellectual, moral, and physical, is, like the human face, in no two individuals *exactly* alike; and as the *circumstances* again, in which persons are placed during their career through life, are in no two instances exactly the same; it thence follows that no two human beings can be precisely similar either in *body* or in *mind*; and, furthermore, it thence follows also, but a little more remotely than the former, that charity and humility under the guidance of discretion, together with every other great and good quality, should be much cherished by all who wish to excel, and it follows too,—

> "That pride,
> Howe'er disguised by its own majesty,
> Is littleness; that he who feels contempt
> For any living thing, hath faculties
> Which he has never used; that *thought* with him
> Is in its infancy."

I now conclude this imperfect letter, not without fear that it may be considered horribly dry and long, by wishing you to remember me in the best manner to your aunt and to my valued friend Cawr Cynon, who, I hope, are both quite well.

Believe me to remain,
Dear Criswick,
Yours sincerely,
J. EDWARDS.

40, ROBERT ST., HAMPSTEAD ROAD,
LONDON, *October* 12*th*, 1849.

DEAR SIR,

I am sorry that I have been unable, from various causes, to acknowledge sooner the receipt of your last most welcome letter. Even now I am induced to defer giving the reasons I have for believing that you will, in due time, change *some* of the opinions you seem to entertain, if I can judge correctly of them from what you have expressed,—perhaps somewhat hastily.

Instead, then, of criticising, I shall on this occasion merely transcribe a few of the old laconic dictates and aphorisms which I

had selected for my *own* guidance when approaching speculations such as have happened to come under our consideration. They will not, I trust, be altogether uninteresting to you, as they may tend to show that the only object I have in view, when attempting to ascend to philosophical subjects, is simply to inquire after and, if possible, to attain the *truth*.

The first dictate I shall transcribe is from Isaiah li., 1, and is so brief that it comprises no more than on word; but it is a word,—in the wide sense I take it, so pregnant with meaning, and of a kind so ennobling to the mind, that a magnificent essay might, I think, be written upon it. It is this one,—

ORI.

"Be enlightened."

The original text is taken from Van Der Hooght's Hebrew Bible, and the translation is the one given by Bishop Lowth in his celebrated version of the book of Isaiah. See Barnes' notes on Isaiah, page 777. The next I shall transcribe is also a dictate comprised, like the former, only one word. It is from Homer, and is, I think, capable, like the one from Isaiah, of being expanded into a volume, though it is no more than this common expression,—

"Φράζεο."

"Think."

The word is repeated, to my knowledge, four times in the Iliad (as may be seen in the following books and lines of the Greek, —v. 440, xvii. 144, xxii. 174, and xxiv. 354). This repetition, in my opinion, sufficiently indicates the great value which the immortal poet placed upon the exercise of the reflecting faculties.—I shall now give an aphorism from Virgil. It is the first line (Geor. ii. 490) of a fine passage more than once noticed with special admiration by Lord Bacon. The words runs thus,—

"*FELIX QUI POTUIT RERUM COGNOSCERE CAUSAS.*"

"Happy is the man who can trace out the causes of things."

To the above three gems, which deserve, I think, to be treasured as invaluable mottoes, I would here add the famous Delphic precept, for which we are indebted to Thales, the great father of philosophy in ancient Greece. "It is a precept," says Archbishop Fenelon, in his "Lives of Ancient Philosophers," "so replete with materials for reflection, and so sublime in its wisdom, that Juvenal styles it heaven-descended;" and yet it consists of no more than these two simple words,—

"Γνῶθι σεαυτόν."

"Know thyself."

Dr. Johnson, in the "Rambler," Vol. I. No. 24, informs us that "all the lectures of Socrates were but commentaries upon this epitome of wisdom;" and Shakespeare, in his Henry VIII. (Act iii., Sc. 2), has pointed out the high and happy effects to be derived from a wise study of the subjects involved in that great saying of antiquity, where he has made one of the chief characters in the play in question, when even in the midst of deep adversity, breathe forth these consoling words,—

"I know myself now, and feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities."

It is well to remember that this "self-knowledge," as Beattie remarks in the introduction to his essay on Truth, "is recommended by the wise in all ages, and is enjoined by the authority of revelation itself," for it is the "MASTER-KNOWLEDGE, without which all other knowledge will prove of little or no utility," as you may find observed by Harris, the learned father of Lord Malmesbury, in his "Discourse on Music, Painting, and Poetry," ch. v.

Rather than attempt to add any remarks of my own upon that comprehensive precept, or to quote any more passages upon it, which I could do to some extent both from celebrated ancient and modern authors,—rather than do either of these, I shall now hasten to transcribe three more brief sentences in succession, because I like them much, and therefore hope they may afford you some pleasure. The two first are from the Bible (Zachariah viii. 14, and Eph. iv. 15—25), and the last is a frequently quoted Latin aphorism, but I know not who is the author of it. They are these,—

HAEMETH EHAVU.

"Love the Truth."

"Λαλεῖτε ἀλήθειαν ἐν ἀγάπῃ."

"Speak the Truth in Love."

"*MAGNA EST VERITAS ET PRÆVALEBIT.*"

"Truth is great, and will prevail."

I have been tempted to give the original texts of the above quotations, as I thought that you might be glad to see them; and I have been led to submit the passages themselves to your consideration, because I fancy that they may be deemed valuable by you, as they are so deemed by myself. For I hope and believe that our united object is simply to inquire, as I have already said, so far as we can, after the plain and unsophisticating truth in subjects such as have come under our notice; and not to attempt to defend any remark or opinion merely because we may have once uttered it, and not because it was founded on the sound inductions of calm reason. In such cases we should always feel well assured that "it is better to change our opinion than persist in a wrong one," as Socrates said of old to his friend Euthedemus, which saying you can find in Xenophon's "Memoirs of Socrates," iv. 2. In accordance with this advice of "Athena's wisest son," I shall not only make no scruple to change my view of the laws of mind as given in my last letter, *if* it be founded in *error*; but shall also feel *sincerely* and *lastingly* grateful to you if you can and will demonstrate its fallaciousness to my satisfaction, as you have promised, if I mistake not, to do in your next. To succeed in that endeavour would be to remove mistaken conclusions from my mind, and of all things in this world nothing would give me purer pleasure than that. In the hope, therefore, of being favoured, at your convenience, with *your* view of the laws of mind, as well as with the refutation of my own, *if* I am wrong,

I remain, my dear sir,

Yours very sincerely,

J. EDWARDS.

P.S.—I trust I need hardly say that I hope your aunt and yourself are quite well, or that I wish to be remembered respectfully to all inquiring friends.

40, ROBERT ST., HAMPSTEAD ROAD,
LONDON, *August* 19*th*, 1850.

MY DEAR CRISWICK,

I had the pleasure of seeing your short letter on Saturday, and I avail myself of the first opportunity to assure you that the only cause of my having been "so silent," is the fact of my having really so many things to devour my leisure hours, that I have but very seldom any time left to write to my friends, how much soever I might wish to do so. I regret sincerely that your former favours remained unacknowledged.

With regard to your kind expression of hope that *you* had done nothing to cause my silence, I can let my full heart freely answer—no!—and further, I believe you could not,—because you would not,—do anything that might in the slightest degree lessen the good will and respect I felt for you even on the first day of our acquaintance. You can, therefore, most safely attribute any past or future silence on my part to the sole cause already mentioned; and I trust that you will readily make every allowance for my inability to avoid so much seeming neglect, when I assure you that it gives me more pain than it could give you.

On one evening I scribbled a long letter to you, but in looking over it the following morning I found things in it of which, upon second thoughts, I disapproved, and I consequently thought it better to trust to your good sense in accounting for my silence, than to forward mere crudities for your perusal.

There are, however, many things about which I would like to write to you, had I time to do so as I could wish; but this not being the case, I fear I must wait until you may come to London; when I hope to have many an agreeable chat with you on various subjects.

Though letters may thus be seldom written by me, many friendly thoughts will nevertheless often wander to you, and my wishes will ever be that you may earnestly proceed in the course you have so well begun, and that all things may conspire together to call forth your best feelings and faculties into full exercise, so

that you may long enjoy and impart the highest happiness attainable.

With cordial remembrances to all inquiring friends,

I remain,

Dear Criswick,

Yours sincerely,

J. EDWARDS.

P.S.—I enclose the report of Mr. Geo. Dawson's lecture with many thanks. Though not quite so distinguished perhaps as Carlyle and Emerson, still, in my estimation Mr. Dawson like them does infinite good in rousing the people to think, and to tower above prevalent and narrow prejudices.

QUERIES.

CV. THE PLAGUE IN WALES.—In a marginal note to verses 83 and 84 of Poem CXI ("*Another, of the Plague*") in vicar Prichard's "*Canwyll y Cymry*," it is stated that Carmarthen, Pembroke, and Hwlffordd (Haverfordwest) were subsequently visited by the scourge.

Is it known to what extent it prevailed in those towns, and if it spread to other parts?

There is a brook in Breconshire called Nant yr Arian, in which, I have heard it said, the money used in the purchase of provisions at the time of some such disease was placed by the buyers, for the purpose of preventing contagion, before the vendors took possession of it.

Is there anything in the history of the period to corroborate such a story? LLYS.

CVI. JOHN JONES.—Mr. Ivor James, in his article on "*The Welsh in the age of Maurice Kyffin*" in WALES for January, 1895, says,—

"*John Jones, the Breconshire Eugenius, in his drama of Adrasta, drily remarks that fools may come from Padua and asses graduate at Paris.*"

Would he, or any other contributor to WALES, kindly give me some further information regarding him, such as his place of birth, his position as a poet, &c. LLYS.

CVII. Have all the remains of Ieuan Gwynedd been published,—in the *Cymraes*, *Adolygydd*, or in his *Cofiant*? If not, is there any probability of their being published? Such a life deserves all the light that can be thrown upon it.

Liverpool. J.

CVIII. Where can I get the works of Lewis Morris,—"Llywelyn Ddu o Fon,"—the ancestor of the present Sir Lewis Morris?

Carmarthen. MAB.

CIX. Could any one tell me what the prices of provisions, &c., were in the time of Owen Glendower? O.

REPLIES.

105. There are many wells in Wales which are pointed out as "Nant yr Arian." I happened, years ago, to be approaching Machynlleth, in the company of a very old gentleman of that country side, from the direction of Aberhosan. He showed me a way-side well on the top of the declivity leading down to the town, and said that in the time of the plague the cattle-dealers threw their money into the well in order that the farmers might not get the plague with it. Probably many of these tales refer to more modern epidemics than the Black Death,—the plague at the end of the seventeenth century, or the modern smallpox or Asiatic cholera.

The Black Death of the fourteenth century made a most dreadful havoc in Wales; and, as in England, caused a shaking of all institutions to their foundation. A glance at the *Extent of Merioneth*, drawn up soon after the Black Death, shows, by the great number of vacant holdings, that the terrible plague had reached the most secluded glens of Wales. While mentioning the "Record of Carnarvon,"—of which the *Extent of Merioneth* is part,—Mr. Seebohm says in his latest work,—"It was made not only after the Conquest, but also unfortunately after the Black Death, and thus after the re-arrangements and alterations inevitably following a great depopulation. It contains many incidental marks which show that Wales had suffered with the rest of the world in this great catastrophe."

It is an interesting subject,—the terrible presence of it, and its far-reaching effects. Let us have, from all parts of Wales, a collection of the traditions relating to the various visitations of the plague.

109. PRICES IN 1416.—According to a Commission at Beaumaris, held November 11th, 1416, the following were the legal prices,—horse, 2s.; mare, 1s. 4d.; cow, 1s. 8d.; heifer, 1s. Corn computed by cromach,—wheat, 3s. 4d.; oats, 2s.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Address,—O. M. EDWARDS, LINCOLN COLLEGE, OXFORD.

PROFESSOR SPENCER and the University College of North Wales have done signal service to Welsh education by calling attention to the importance of sending our teachers abroad for part of their training. Were continental methods in no way superior to ours, residence abroad gives the intellectual awakening and the wide sympathy which mark off a real teacher from a useless one. Students have already been sent by the University College of North Wales to Caen and Jena; the College now wishes, if possible, to establish a permanent yearly scholarship to enable a teacher to get a year's training abroad. The finances of the College will not bear this additional burden, and the Council appeals to the well-wishers of education in Wales to provide this most desirable exhibition. So far the expenses of the students have been borne by Mr. Rathbone, Professor Matthews, Professor Arnold, Principal Reichel, Mr. H. Bulkeley Price, Mrs. Schwabe, Lady Verney, Mr. W. Cadwaladr Davies, and a few Bangor friends. It is confidently expected that the masters and mistresses of intermediate schools, and those who wish to see Welsh education really efficient, will be generous towards the fund of a Modern Language Exhibition,—the exhibition which, of all the scholarships and exhibitions offered in Wales, will best repay the sacrifice involved in endowing it.

"If the Intermediate Schools of Wales are to establish a sound tradition of modern language teaching, they must clearly not be content with the average results attained by English schools of similar rank, which fall so notably behind the schools of the Continent in this department of their work.

"The acknowledged superiority of the schools of Belgium, and of the best schools of Germany, is chiefly explained by two considerations,—

(1) The teacher is required to know the foreign language as a living tongue (*lingua*), and is able to teach it as such.

(2) Language instruction is conducted on a well thought-out and systematic plan.

"It is then of first importance to enable those of our students who intend to become modern language teachers in our schools, to spend a substantial period of time in the country whose language they will be required to teach, such time to be devoted to the acquirement of the spoken language, and to the study of method in language teaching."

The *Saturday Review*, at one time, might be depended upon for its readiness to sneer at Wales and everything Welsh. At the present time it can be depended upon for nothing. At its most spiteful, it is entertaining under its present editorship, because it is impossible to guess whom it is going to attack or to praise next. At present it has ceased to attack the Oxford School of Literature, and has turned upon the South African policy of the present Government.

During the debate on the Education Bill, two notable men, according to the *Saturday Review*, have made their mark by means of their maiden speeches,—Lord Hugh Cecil, "fascinatingly ugly; a little puckered-up, youthful-old face, perched on the top of a long, thin, rickety figure;" and a Welsh member.

"The other man who made his mark on Wednesday night," says the bitter leader writer, "presented an extraordinary contrast to Lord Hugh Cecil. He is the member for Anglesea, a Mr. Griffith, a sort of Welsh farmer, probably polished by a University education. He is a big raw-boned man, with feet like scows, and hands to match; his enormous windmill arms and legs make him look something like an overgrown Newfoundland pup. He spoke with a strong Welsh accent, and said nothing notable. Yet, in spite of the fact that he merely repeated the worn-out party shibboleths, he rolled them out in a big, rollicking, easy way, which suggested that they were lightly held, and might be turned to humorous account. There was a sense of power in the man that reminded us of the saying,—'Character is that subtle force which makes us prize a man above his accomplishments.'"

Without reference to the accuracy or taste of the *Saturday Review*, and without any reference to party politics, it is refreshing to find a Welsh member occasionally striking a stranger as notable. Meekness and silence have been too characteristic of our members.

A correspondent asks me whether Vavasour Powel wrote a *Concordance to the Bible*. Such a *Concordance* was published in 1671, "begun by the industrious labours of Mr. Vavasour Powel, late deceased, and finished by N. P. and J. F., &c." There is plentiful material for the history of Vavasour Powell and his stormy times.

Though there is, so far, no national museum for Wales, possessors of treasures should constantly be reminded that some of our towns,—such as Cardiff, Swansea, Newport, Welshpool,—have museums. The libraries of the University Colleges are excellent repositories for antiquities illustrating the history of Wales. In the University Colleges they are well cared for, and are of service to students and to the continuous stream of visitors.

It will be seen that the Rev. E. Cynffig Davies' story, which has run from the commencement of the magazine, comes to an end in this number. I do not propose, at present, to begin another; the space will be given to news, ancient and modern, and to articles on industries.

THE VIRTUES OF THE CROSS.

(From Williams, Pant y Celyn)

Hasten, O Lord of might!
Pour from yon realm of light
Showers of grace.
These may life's germ receive
From morn to dewy eve,
And clad in beauty leave
Cold earth's embrace.

Sweet odours blent above
Waft here on wings of love,
Perfumes of grace;
Urging earth's strangers nigh,
Far as their zephyrs fly,
Suppliant near Thee to lie,
And see Thy face.

Thy entrancing comeliness
Surpasses all the dress
Of earth so fair.
Each grace that Heaven doth yield,
Hither by love appealed,
In beauty is revealed
By wounds so rare.

Day time and night I'll stay
Beneath Thy cross for aye,
Full joy to know.
Assured love's ransom free,
Paid on the accursed tree,
From all sin cleanseth me
Whiter than snow.

'Neath sorrow's sable wing
Of Calvary I'll sing.
O, sacred mound!
Ordained by Deity,
From all eternity,
To yield life's victory
Through mortal wound.

To yonder home I'll flee,
Purchased by blood for me.
I near its shore!
And when I reach its strand,
The treasures of that land
Will meet my soul's demand
For evermore.

W. H.

GABRIEL YORETH.

A STORY ILLUSTRATIVE OF WELSH THOUGHT FIFTY YEARS AGO.

By the Rev. E. Cynfig Davies, M.A., Menai Bridge.

CHAPTER XIX.

MYSTERY UNRAVELLED.

At the time anticipated Mrs. John and her daughter landed in London, and the years Gaybrey had been away from them enabled him to appreciate their beauty and refinement in a way he could not have done if he had seen them at frequent intervals throughout that period. Dr. Roger Jones had pictured them for himself before they arrived as very different from what they were in reality. When Gaybrey was arranging their apartments for them, Roger almost thought that too much care was taken; but as he saw the mother and her daughter surrounded by so many tokens of affluence and culture, it became clear to him that Gaybrey had exercised no more forethought in preparing for their reception than was fitting for their station in life. It also dawned upon him that Gaybrey had been living below his means in true missionary spirit for the sake of placing himself in a position to expend of his substance upon others.

In spite of her gentle banter now and again at the expense of her son Mrs. John was particularly proud of him.

"I fear, Dr. Jones," said Mrs. John, on one occasion, "that my son has been taught in Scotland to play the Bohemian when he has a mind to."

"Not so, mother," was Gaybrey's ready repartee, "I have been playing the

missionary to the best of my ability as you and grandfather had taught me by word and example."

The quartette went out of doors frequently sight-seeing and to places of entertainment, and Roger had innumerable opportunities of learning to appreciate the noble nature and fine character his friend's sister possessed.

"I am writing to Gladys to beg of her to come to London," said Mrs. John to her son, after she had been in the metropolis for about a fortnight. "I long to see your future wife, Gaybrey, and I wish to see her for your father's sake as well, seeing she is one of the very few relations he has, though a pretty distant one."

"And I shall go to Abervale to fetch Gladys, and make certain arrangements."

"Very well," said his mother, "and you may as well inform her that your name is Gabriel John Yoreth. I remember my own feelings when I discovered that your father had carried his burden alone instead of letting me share it with him; and by the time of the wedding all precaution may be rendered needless. Our prayers will certainly be heard in our Father's own good time, and I have some sort of presentiment that the hour of his answer is about striking."

During the fortnight Gaybrey was in Wales at Eastertide to bring Gladys to London, Mrs. John became apprehensive for her daughter's peace of mind from associating so much with Dr. Roger Jones, who was as attentive to them both as if he were her own son. "I admire him exceedingly for his own sake," she said to herself, "and also for the sake of my son's confidence in him. What can be done? I dislike to make a difference in my way of treating him, and yet I fear the consequences of our being all three so much together."

Mrs. John resolved to do what conscience and Christian kindness dictated, and trust the issues in the hand of Providence. With his fine instinctive tact Roger surmised that Mrs. John keenly felt the situation, and he formed the resolve of precipitating matters in the only way he felt his heart and conscience strongly urged him.

"Mrs. John, I find, is slightly indisposed this afternoon, will you allow me, Miss John, to escort you to the park where you both generally take your walk?" pleaded Roger.

"With pleasure," responded his companion; and on a bench in the park close by under the genial shade of an overhanging tree at the side of a clear lake, the birds in the branches above overheard the young couple plighting their troth.

From a desire to remove all possible objections to the speedy consummation of their happiness, Roger explained his plans for their future in his own practical and prompt way of dealing with matters requiring the exercise of discrimination and swift discretion, as if it were a critical case in the performance of the duties of his professsion.

Their stay had been too long for the feelings of Mrs. John, and Roger upon entering the house went directly to her to plead her permission.

"I love your daughter, Mrs. John, in a way I have loved no one else, and I have every reason to think that her love is equally intense with mine."

"You do us all an honour, Roger; and you have already acted the part of a dear son. I wish to speak to my daughter before I give my reply, for, as you perceive, the circumstances of your love affair are somewhat unusual."

In a few hours, as Roger had conjectured would be the fact, there were no signs of Mrs. John's indisposition.

"My dear child," said Mrs. John, "your courtship in a strange land bristles with difficulties. I cannot leave you here, when I return home, and will Roger cross the seas to fetch his bride?"

"Neither alternative need be done; he will come with us and settle in Australia, on condition that our wedding takes place the same time as that of Gaybrey and Gladys."

"An incomparable, though hurried solution of the difficulty," exclaimed Mrs. John, "and I admire his clear head and prompt decision."

"And loving heart, also, mother."

"Very well, make that addition, since you must prove yourself your father's girl,

all over, at every juncture. Go now, dear, and tell your lover that all will be arranged in the best way, as if your father were present, for I know his mind on these matters."

Both mother and daughter arrived at a final understanding that very day, and Roger esteemed himself the happiest man in the three kingdoms and the colonies.

In the month of August, when Gaybrey had been to Britain for a period of five years, his ordination took place at the chapel of his father and ancestors. The services were held on Monday evening and the following Tuesday, and created a deal of interest far and wide. The chapel was over-crowded, large as it was, at each of the four services.

Just as the first service was commencing, Mr. Arthur Jones, of Coalfield, entered, having arrived in the place a few minutes before, and, finding that his sister and parents were in the chapel, he deemed it best to go direct to the big pew from the carriage which brought him to the door. He asked permission of his old friend, the Rev. J. Rhys, to address the meeting before the sermon commenced, and as he stood on the steps of the pulpit, it required no keen insight to discover that he was greatly agitated.

"I shall address you, my friends," he began, "as briefly as possible on a subject which is very closely connected with the history of this church, as well as with that of my native home at Havod y Bryn."

Gladys whispered to Mrs. and Miss John, who sat near her, that it was her brother who spoke, and that he had something important to tell the meeting.

"A man died at Coalford last week, one of my workmen, who went by the name Jack Wilson, his real name being John Steven. His dying deposition was taken down by me in the presence of two witnesses. Before I read the document, which is in English, I shall give you its substance in the language you know best. At the disturbance on Hill-of-the-wind, Abervale, nearly thirty years ago, at the time of a strike, when a policeman was struck down dead, the fatal stroke was inflicted by Jack Steven, who wore a suit of clothes precisely of the same pattern as the clothes of Gabriel Yoreth, but even Jack Steven did not intend to do any harm to the poor man."

The commotion became so great that the English document was not read at all. Then Gaybrey begged permission to say a few words to the meeting, and said,—

"I am able to corroborate what my friend and kinsman, Mr. Jones, has imparted."

The people did not then perceive the force of the word kinsman; and he spoke in English, as well as Welsh, for the sake of his mother and sister, Mr. Penrith, and others.

"Jack Steven gave me a book three years ago, presented to him by Gabriel Yoreth, containing an inscription to that effect. In looking closely at the altered surname, you may easily trace the name Steven, in spite of the Wilson written over it. Here is the book and the handwriting of Gabriel Yoreth. I was not aware, until last summer, that Havod y Bryn was the early home of Gabriel Yoreth. This is the Bible which some of you saw in his hand through the prison bars. The Rev. J. Rhys and Mr. Jared Edwards will recognise it as my father's Bible."

The suppressed agitation of the meeting by this time was so great as to be on the point of bursting into wild excitement and confusion.

"My name is Gabriel John Yoreth, the two ladies who sit on each side of Gladys Jones are my mother and my sister,—one the wife and the other the daughter of Gabriel Yoreth, who preached from this pulpit the Sunday before the catastrophe."

The whole assembly gave vent to its feelings by copious tears. All joined in singing a hymn, and the meeting was concluded with prayer by the pastor, Mr. Rhys.

After the weddings on the following Wednesday, all expedition was made by the two young couples, and their mother, to depart for Australia, where Gaybrey and Gladys would call on the way to their field of labour in the mission field.

[THE END.]

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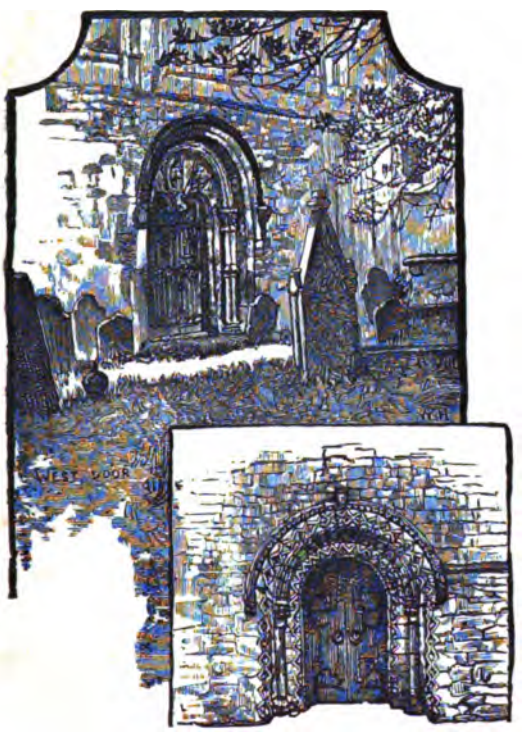

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A NATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR THE ENGLISH SPEAKING PARTS OF WALES

WALES

EDITED BY

Owen M. Edwards, M.A.,

Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford.

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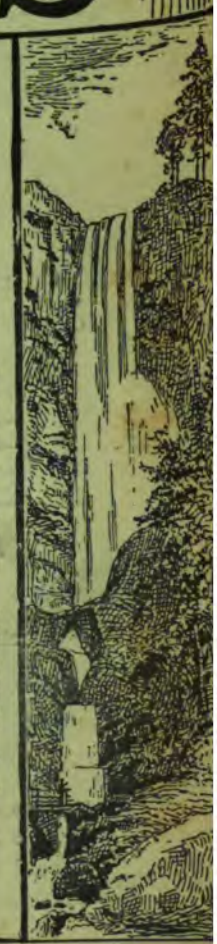

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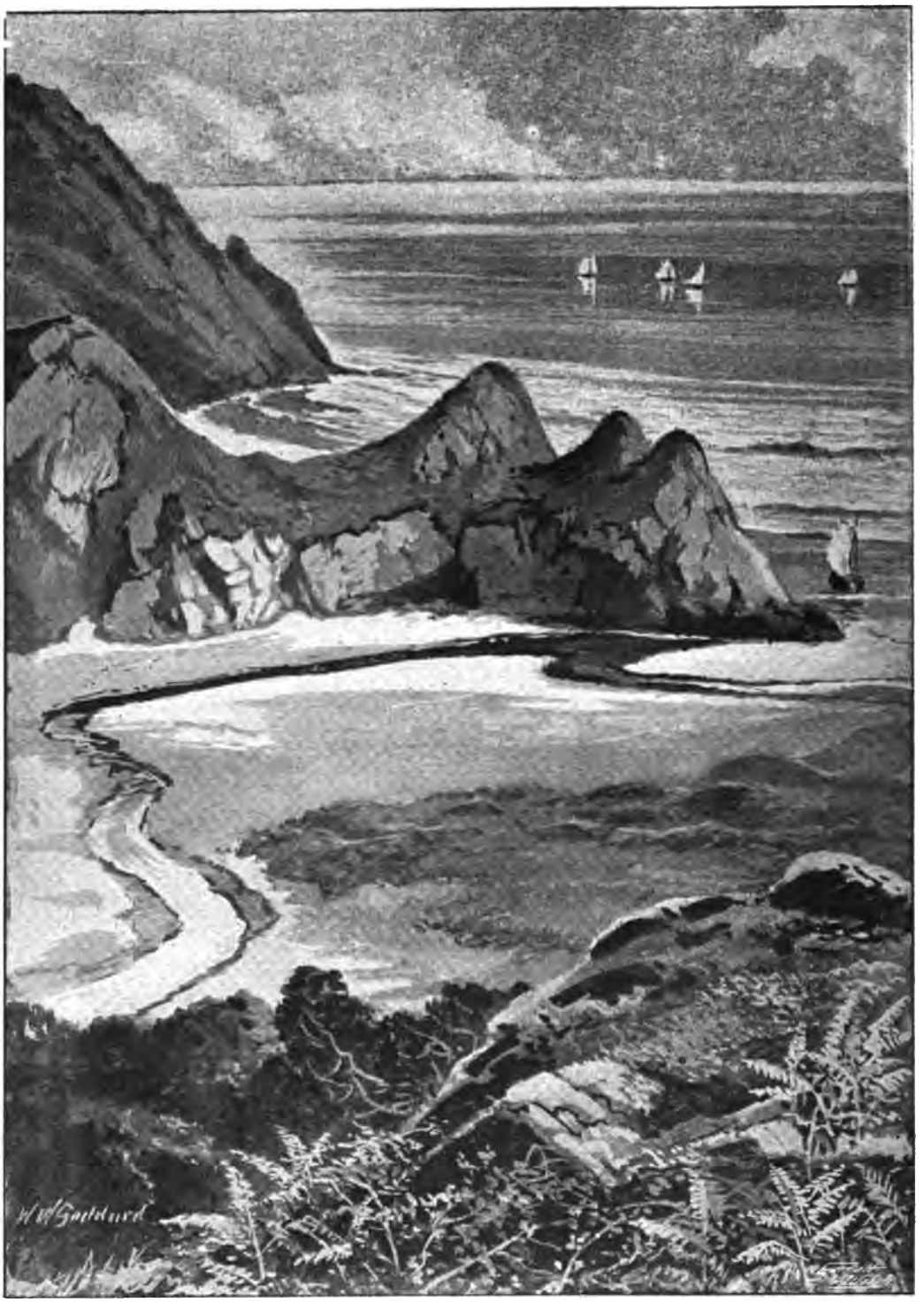


ON THE GOWER COAST.

WALES.

VOL. III.] JULY, 1896. [No. 27.

TONYPANDY TIMOTHY.

I.

'TWAS Tonypandy Timothy who tripped along to the meeting,
And he was dressed in his Sunday best, and his Sunday face was clean,
The neighbours all. both great and small, came in for his kindly greeting,
His book in hand, he took his stand, two staid old deacons between.
And when he came out, a merry rout of children at his heels
Cried "There goes Tim, let's follow him, he has plenty of sweets for all!"
"Now Nance and Bet, pray don't forget,"—in his pocket he fumbles and feels,—
"Each lad and lass, the singing class, but come both great and small."

II.

'Tis Tonypandy Timothy who is borne along amid singing,
And cries of despair now pierce the air for many a loved one dead;
For the fire-damp fell hath cast its spell, and the bodies of men they're bringing,
Brave husbands and fathers and brothers dear, hewn down where the black death sped.
Where each bore a load of poignant grief, was there none to sorrow for Tim?
His Sunday face and his cheery voice will be missed more than words can tell.
And he doth but pass to a singing class that cannot but welcome him,
And children there will greet him fair, and fall under his songful spell!

OWEN GEORGE.

AN EARNEST APPEAL.

IN the *Ornithologist* for June, 1896, appeared the following note,—

Kites in Wales. In the catalogue of Mr. Stephens' sale of natural history specimens, on April 13, 1896, lot 315 is "A superb nest and two eggs of kite, with photo of nest in situation taken last April in mid-Wales, data given." If whole-clutch egg-collectors are allowed to have a free hand much longer, this nest is worth putting on record, for in a very short time there will be no more Welsh kites for mercenary collectors to rob.

O. V. APLIN (Bloxham, Oxon).

The writer of this note is an eminent ornithologist, who two years ago spent a few days with me in a remote Welsh valley, with the object of observing,—not of molesting,—the very interesting birds in which the district abounds. On that occasion we found that a kite's nest had already been destroyed or taken. The same disaster happens to these splendid birds every year; and, in a short time, a Mr. Aplin says, Wales will be deprived of the honour of being the only part of this island in which the kite still ventures to prolong a harassed and precarious existence. Even as it is, the number of pairs in Wales is probably to be counted on the fingers,—I had almost said, of one hand.

As all County Councils have now the power to protect not only birds, but also their eggs, with the sanction of the Home Secretary, I would earnestly appeal to the members of such councils as may not already have taken steps to lend a helping

hand to the persecuted kite, to do so before it is too late. There is nothing to be gained by letting this bird become extinct, for it does no appreciable damage to game or to lambs; and from the point of view of Welsh natural history, which is now at last beginning to be studied with care, there is very much to be lost by its extinction. Why should the predaceous egg-dealer, a personage far worse than any kite in rapacity, be allowed to establish himself in Wales, to the destruction of one of the finest of God's winged creatures?

W. WARDE FOWLER.

The Sub-rector of Lincoln College is well-known to all bird lovers in Wales, and everywhere; and I know that his timely appeal will not be made in vain. The reckless destruction of birds, for the sake of a few pence or from brutal love of exterminating, should be stopped in the interest of those who feel what beauty and gladness the birds add to our mountains. May we hope that every County Council in Wales will use the power with which County Councils are invested, and protect wild birds? An account will be given in these pages of the work done in this respect by our Welsh County Councils. One naturally looks to Cardiganshire as the county that ought to take the lead. Is it not the only home of the kite in our islands at the present day.

Cruelty towards birds is, I am certain, disappearing from Wales. Children are taught by means of nursery rhymes and from the pulpit not to molest birds' nests and eggs. The egg-dealer has escaped these influences, and we appeal earnestly to the County Councils to stay his hand.

OWEN M. EDWARDS.

WHAT THE CELTS ARE DOING.

By "Y DAU WYNNE," authors of "One of the Royal Celts," etc.

THE end of the nineteenth century will surely live in history, for one thing, as the era of the Celtic renaissance. Few, I think, will deny that, in these latter days, Celtic patriotism has leapt from the cold ashes of a dead apathy, into a vivid, sentient, burning flame; that now, far more tenaciously than fifty years ago, the Celts cling to their great and sacred right of nationality.

A draw-back to the full strength of the movement lies in the want of union, the absence of *camaraderie* among the three branches of Celts in the United Kingdom. A Gael holds a Cymro as much at arm's length as he would the alien Saxon; and the Cymro, in his turn, has no sympathy with, and but little knowledge of, the Irish Gael. Yet the three,—Gael, Irish Gael, and Cymro,—spring from the same source, are branches, tracing back, through remote eras, of the same venerable family tree.

In the twilight of the earth's history, the Celts were the first members of the mighty Aryan race who left their home amid the Asiatic Highlands, and over-ran Europe.

Fragments of this great Celtic race, alas, now survive only among the Scottish Highlands, and in Wales, in Ireland, and in Brittany,*—"the Celtic fringe of the British Isles," one noble statesman designates them, though the epithet ill becomes the lips of one who bears the proud name of Cecil, the Anglicised form of the old Welsh Ab Seisyllt.

The Celts of to-day should be allies in every sense of the word, standing shoulder to shoulder in their efforts to maintain the individuality of the once all-conquering and now most ancient Celtic race.

In the United Kingdom there are societies formed for upholding Celtic speech, music, and traditions. There is our own "Honourable Society of Cymmrodorion," doing excellent work, and I am going to give here a brief account of two somewhat similar Celtic societies, but little known in Wales, namely the "An Comunn Gaidhealach" of Scotland, and "The

* The editor of WALES entirely disagrees; he believes that the Celts are by far the most important element in the population of every district in Great Britain, not excepting even Sussex.

Society for the Preservation of the Irish Tongue" of Ireland.

I.

"AN COMUNN GAIDHAELACH"

(The Highland Association).

This Society was formed in 1891, by a band of devoted patriots, embracing some of Scotland's illustrious names, who were determined not to suffer their grand and beautiful Celtic tongue, so admirably fitted to be the language of a brave and romantic people, and endeared to them as the speech of their revered fore-fathers, to become a dead language, like Greek and Latin, appreciated only by the learned few, or extinct like Celtic Cornish.

The members of the "An Comunn Gaidhaelach" are pledged to promote the following objects,—

1. To encourage the cultivation of Gaelic literature, music, and home industries in the Highlands.
2. To promote the teaching of Gaelic in Highland schools.
3. To hold an annual mód (gathering), at which competitions take place, and prizes are awarded.
4. To publish such prize competitions as may be selected by the Executive Council.
5. To raise a fund which will enable the Association to carry out these objects.

Of the many who have from the first strongly supported the Association, we can only mention a few by name as,—the Duke of Sutherland, the Marquis of Lorne, the Bishop of Argyll, Lord Archibald Campbell, a son of the great ducal house of Argyll, and a loyal descendant of the heroic chief, MacCallum More. His lordship's most interesting work, — "Records of Argyll,"—has saved from the dark sea of oblivion the legends, traditions, and recollections of Argyllshire Highlanders. Lord A. Campbell has been thrice president of the Mód, and he shows his zeal in reviving national music for Scotland by the very handsome prizes he yearly offers for the singing of Gaelic songs to the accompaniment of the *clarsach* (old Highland harp). I must mention, also, the Rev. Alexander Stewart, LLD., who practically worked up the Society. The home of this revered divine lies amid the romantic scenes and associations of wild Glencoe, and under the pseudonym of "Nether Lochaber" he is well known as a writer. Mr. John Campbell, of Oban, is the energetic secretary of the Association.

The Mód is held in the autumn, altering the place of meeting when possible. It has been held at Oban, at Glasgow, and this year will be at Perth. Prizes are offered for choral and solo competitions in Gaelic; for Gaelic poetry and prose, reading and recitation, and for the best Sgeulachd.

On the evening of the Mód, a Gaelic concert takes place, at which the prize winners appear. At the 1895 concert, the programme included songs by Irish, Welsh, and Scottish artistes, harp solos by a talented Welsh harpist, and selections of music by the celebrated Inverary Pipe Band, composed of workmen on the Duke of Argyll's estates. It was a pretty compliment to the sister nations to invite representatives of Wales and Ireland to take part in the Gaelic Mód, and it would be a happy augury to the well-wishers of Celtic union to see, on the Eisteddfodic platform, Wales clasping hands in cordial greeting with Scotland and Ireland.

Alluding to the Welsh performers, Lord Archibald Campbell declared both admirable. "I have never heard Welsh song," said he, "but I was entranced by the same. Let us do all we can for Celtic music." And Mr. John Campbell writes,—"We have now held four Móds or gatherings, not to be compared to yours in Wales, but something new and interesting for Scotland."

Let us, the Cymry-Celts, heartily wish this most excellent and patriotic Society ever growing prosperity. May the Gaelic speech linger for "earthly ever" among the heather-clad mountains that guard the land o' the Gael, and the music of the clarsach echo in every Highland glen.

II.

'THE SOCIETY FOR THE PRESERVATION OF THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

In Molesworth Street, Dublin, are situated the offices of the above patriotic organization. For eighteen years this

society has worked, with zeal and judgment, for the retention of the rich, soft flowing Irish tongue, in its true home,—the Emerald Isle.

Its efforts have not been in vain. Against the forces of scorn and indifference, coldness and active opposition, loyal Irishmen have steadily fought their way to their goal; and to-day, from a secure foot-hold, they can triumphantly point to a signal and royal advance.

To-day, Irishmen, in all parts of the world, are turning with a deeper, truer love, back to "the old sweet expressive mother tongue" that has come down to them through the ages, "the tongue of Patrick, of Columbkille, of Bridget."

The very important body of national teachers have proved themselves warm allies in the cause, and the Society does not hesitate to ascribe to them, and the Christian Brothers, the practical attainment of its aims.

At the 1895 examination for teachers, seventeen received certificates for teaching Irish, and to earn result fees. Another feature of the year was the taking up of Irish by several of the candidates in St. Patrick's Training College. The number of pupils who presented themselves for examination in Irish, in the schools of the National Board, were 1,131, as compared with 1,050 in 1894, and 831 in 1893. Also the pupils who passed the Intermediate Examination were 528 in 1895, as against 176 in 1892. The vast majority that passed were pupils from the Christian Brothers' Schools. To quote from the report,—"The zeal and patriotism of the Christian Brothers deserve the lasting gratitude of the nation. Disinterested labour, untiring devotion to the interests of the Irish people, their language, literature, and history, have been among the principal characteristics of the Christian Brothers. Their highest aim and object, like that of the Four Masters, have always and everywhere been 'the Glory of God and the honour of Ireland.'"

By its exertions, the Society has succeeded in getting Irish placed on the National Board's list of languages, ten shillings a pass granted for every pupil passing in Irish, the number of marks for Celtic raised from 500 to 600, and they have induced the Commissioners to place Irish among the subjects for examination for inspectors of National Schools.

An unerring guide to the firm foot-hold the movement is gaining throughout the length and breadth of Ireland is the ever increasing sale of the Society's books, 7,078 of which, irrespective of the American editions, were disposed of in 1895 alone, comprising the First, Second, and Third Irish Books,—"The Pursuit of Diarmaid and Grainne," "Fate of the Children of Tuireann," and "The Irish Music and Song Book."

The society consists of a patron (the Arch-bishop of Cashel); president (the Right Hon. the O'Connor Don); and four vice-presidents, with members and associates. It is governed by a council of thirty, elected annually on St. Patrick's Day. Its objects are,—

1. To encourage a familiar use of the language by those who know how to speak it, and to offer premiums for proficiency in it.
2. To promote the formation of classes and of parochial and other associations.
3. To procure that the Irish language be taught in the schools of Ireland.
4. To publish cheap elementary Irish books, and promote a modern Irish literature.

In conclusion, earnestly wishing every success to the Society's noble efforts to raise Irish to its old proud position of being the general tongue of Ireland, I would suggest that the Irish Preservation Society would take a yet deeper hold on the heart of the nation, if it could see its way to establishing an annual gathering for choral and harp competitions, for Irish poetry and prose, somewhat similar to such gatherings as its sister Societies, the "An Comunn Gaidhaelach," and "The Cymmrodorion," annually hold. Surely such an institution in Ireland would be honoured and appreciated, jealously treasured, and enshrined in the hearts of a free people having the heritage of a great past.

ABERGLASLYN. (From the *Llenor.*)

LOVE SONG IN ABERGLASLYN.

By HOWEL VICTOR.

FROM the crags of Aberglaslyn,
  Far up amid the mountains high
I can hear a woodlark warbling
  Like some glad angel in the sky.
On the bridge at Aberglaslyn
  Amid the wild romantic pass,
I sit list'ning to the singin',
  O to the love song of m' lass.
O the love song, O the singin'
  In that wild romantic pass,
When the torrent rushes roarin',
  When the smile is on my lass.

Paradise of love and beauty,
  Far from the maddening throng of men,
Aberglaslyn how I love thee,
  The grandeur of thy mountain glen;
With my loved one so beside me,
  And woodland rugged heights above,
I can hear naught but melody,
  Thou art my paradise, my love;
O the love song, O the singing,
  In that wild romantic pass,
When the torrent rushes roarin',
  When the smile is on my lass.

THE LIMESTONES OF WALES.

By J. E. Thomas, C.E., Wrexham.

MONGST the various rock formations of Wales there is none more interesting than the different limestones, as developed in North and South Wales, and the industries in connection therewith.

There are three classes of limestones peculiar to Wales, known as "Lias Limestone," "Carboniferous or Mountain Limestone," and "Silurian Limestone." The latter, found in the older rocks of Wales, is of the least importance from an industrial point of view, and is only partially developed; it is utilized principally for road metalling, and for agricultural purposes. The most extensive deposits are near Llandilo and at Old Radnor. At this latter place, kilns were made, and limestones burned, in the early part of this century, the coal for this purpose being conveyed by a horse tramway from South Wales, passing through Brecon, Hay, and Kington to the kilns. This lime is admittedly superior to any other in the country for agricultural purposes. It was to these lime-kilns that the farmers of Breconshire, Montgomeryshire, and north Radnorshire used to send their teams for lime some sixty years ago, and owing to the long distances they had to travel in some cases, and the number of gates,—toll-bars,—they had to pass, it became a serious item of expense to the farmer. Moreover, the journey would inevitably extend into part of two days, and hence double tolls were exacted. This was one of the causes that led to the "Rebecca riots" in Radnorshire, and to the subsequent abolition and destruction of many of the toll-bars then existing. For many years past a railway runs to these lime-works at old Radnor; and the country is now better served, and at a much less cost.

The only "Silurian" limestone in North Wales is known as the "Bala limestone," and it is so called because the beds are found well developed near Bala, in strata known geologically as the Caradoc or Bala beds. This limestone is here very impure, but in times gone by, in the absence of any other better limestone, it had to do for agricultural and building purposes, people burning it as best they could in those days. The advent of railways into this country, also, has brought a better and cheaper article within reach of most farmers and others using it.

The 'Carboniferous Limestone" is far more extensive in area, and more important in other respects, than either the "Lias" or "Silurian;" and it is highly developed both in North and South Wales. In South Wales it forms the cradle or basin in which the great coalfield is situated. The formation attains in some parts great dimensions, and some of our finest scenery is found upon the limestone cliffs of Gower, the promontory of the Mumbles, and the headlands of Tenby and Stackpole. In south Pembrokeshire the formation is about 2,500 feet thick, but it thins out rapidly towards Haverfordwest. On the northern outcrop of the coalfield are some fine escarpments, presenting views wild and picturesque, and containing caves of great length, notably so near Craig y Nos, the residence of Madame Adelina Patti, where there are three caverns of great interest. From the middle one issues a considerable stream of water, constituting the principal source of the river Tawe. Some of these caverns have stalagmitic floors, beneath which remains of extinct animals may be found.

If we proceed further eastwards into the Usk valley, between Crickhowell and Abergavenny, and look southwards, we behold the same limestone beds cropping up from beneath the coalfield, forming

high terraces, and adding a beautiful charm to the landscape of the district. Looking northwards, and apparently close to, is the "outlier" of Pen y Cerrig Calch, capping the conical mountain known as the "Sugarloaf," formed of old red sandstone, and proving the former extension of the limestone beds across the valley.

The industrial purposes to which these rocks are adapted in South Wales are many. They are used, of course, all over Wales for agricultural purposes, and have for many years been conveyed from various parts, both by canals and railways, long distances into the interior of England and Wales. They are indispensably necessary for fluxing purposes in the process of iron smelting, as well as in the numerous chemical and other works to be found in this part of Wales. These limestone beds are also extensively quarried in some parts for building and road metalling, and for various other purposes.

Between Pen y Cerrig Calch, above referred to, and the nearest point in North Wales where the same limestone is first met with, is a distance of eighty miles, that point being the hills of Llanymynech and Llynclys, west of Oswestry. From this district they extend almost continuously northwards to Great Orme's Head and Anglesey. They are well exposed on both sides of the Vale of Llangollen, at Vron Cysyllte and Trevor, and in the fine escarpments of the Eglwyseg rocks. Thence they extend to Minera on the one hand, and to the head of the Vale of Clwyd on the other. From Minera we follow them by Mold to Halkyn mountain, Cwm, and Prestatyn, where they attain a thickness of about 1,700 feet. From Nant Clwyd we follow them along the western side of the Vale of Clwyd by Clocaenog, Rhyd y Cilgwyn, Denbigh, to Cefn, near St. Asaph, and on by Gwrych Castle to Llanddulas and Little and Great Orme's Head, which are wholly formed of these limestone beds. Puffin Island, and a part of Anglesey adjacent to Penmon, both sides of the Menai Straits for a considerable distance to the south west, are also occupied by the same formation. A considerable area also across the centre of Anglesey, from north east to south west, is formed of this same limestone.

There is a considerable difference in the nature of the carboniferous limestone of North and South Wales. One special feature of these rocks in North Wales is that they are in parts highly metalliferous. Lead and copper, with other ores, have been extensively worked in them from the earliest times, and in some places even to this day; whilst in the same formation in South Wales there is hardly a trace of metalliferous matter, at all events not sufficient to work.

We know that during the Roman occupation lead and copper ores were worked in North Wales, and some remains have been found that testify to this. In the rocks of Llanymynech is an old copper mine, which was worked some forty years ago by Mr. Walter Eddy of Vron, and he sold about 500 tons of ore from these workings, which are in an ancient "Ogo." During these operations, several coins were found of the reign of Vespasian, and in cutting a trench at the base of the cave, Mr. Eddy discovered two human skeletons, with a bronze armlet and a battle axe. These remains were, at the time, sent to the Lichfield Museum. Then there are the rich old copper mines of Great Orme's Head, which were at work up to 1865; and the still more celebrated Parys and Mona Mines of Anglesey, their former glory having long departed, and now we only see the huge heaps of refuse to testify to their former greatness.

The Minera lead mines are still working, as also are those of the Halkyn district, which have proved so exceptionally rich in metalliferous matter.

Reverting back to Llanymynech district, the chief industry here is now confined to lime burning and road metalling, and large quantities are sent off every year both by canal and railway to various parts of England. About 100,000 tons of burnt lime and limestone are sent off annually for various purposes.

In the Vale of Llangollen, the Chirk Castle Lime and Stone Company is the most important, and they also send both limestone and burnt lime by canal and rail to various parts of Wales, as well as into

the interior of England. On the Trevor side of the valley are large quarries, where a similar industry is carried on.

The Minera Lime Company has been established over one hundred years, and their works are upon a large scale, with all modern appliances, giving employment to about two hundred men. There is a special feature in the limestone beds of Minera, as well as Halkyn, namely, besides the ordinary lime there are "china beds," very pure and white when burnt, and used more particularly for bleaching powder manufacture and for chemical purposes generally. It is also an excellent limestone for hydraulic purposes. The quarries of Llanddulas are also important, and for many years the limestone here is shipped to Liverpool and other places, where it is finely ground and used in the manufacture of hydraulic cements and glass; and when caustified, it is employed in soap and alkali works, as well as in the preparation of a lime soap as a preparatory process in the manufacture of wax or spermaceti candles.

As for its uses for building purposes, we need only refer to Bodelwyddan Church,—"one of the most beautiful and exquisitely finished churches in Wales," and designed by the celebrated John Gibson. The stone was all quarried on the estate, "and the way in which it is carved excites the wonder of everyone." The stone is still as white as on the day the church was opened, in 1860.

Who has not heard of the famous Anglesey marble? "A beautiful marble," says Hull, "apparently formed by a combination of crystalline limestone and serpentine, called Mona marble, is obtained in Anglesey. Its colours are dark green, leek green, and sometimes purple, irregularly blended with white."

The proximity of the carboniferous rocks of Anglesey to masses of igneous matter may have something to do with the production of this beautiful marble stone.

Another notable feature in the carboniferous limestone formation of Wales is its numerous caves. I have already referred to those near Craig y Nos; but on the coast of Gower and at the Mumbles there are many, and most of them contain the remains of animals, and in a few instances human remains.

In North Wales the limestone caves are more numerous. The celebrated caves of Perthi Chwareu, in the northern end of the Eglwyseg range, is of much interest as an ancient burial place. Then the Cefn caves, near St. Asaph, are now classic ground with cave hunters, and also Tremeirchion caves on the opposite side of the Vale. In fact, along the whole range of the limestone rocks already described, caves are to be found; and when explored, remains of animals are found. There are many important caves on the Great Orme. Not only is the limestone of Wales noted for its caves, but in the same formation in the Peak of Derbyshire similar caves are found, and also the remains of man and various kinds of animals, many of them now extinct.

The other class of limestone in Wales is known as "the Lias," and is found only in south Glamorganshire. From these beds we obtain the finest hydraulic lime in the world; Aberthaw lime is notoriously the best of its kind, and is now extensively quarried all over the district where the rocks extend. It is ground and manufactured for special purposes, such as the construction of docks, sea walls, and other important works in contact with water.

A few years ago new works have been established between Cardiff and Barry, called the South Wales Portland Cement Company, and have now developed into one of the most important industries in this busy district. There is a large area of Glamorganshire occupied by these lias beds, so that there is hardly any limit to the supply. Along the sea coast from Aberthaw the cliffs are formed of these beds, and by the action of the sea the stone is continually falling on to the beach. Here small coasting vessels load their cargo of limestone, and transport them to different places.

It has often been asked where our forefathers found the lime to build such castles as Aberystwyth, Harlech, Criccieth, Carnarvon, and others, as it is most difficult, by ordinary means, to separate the stones from the mass, so hard is the

mortar. Is it not likely that it is Aberthaw lime "run in" in a hot state, filling all the interstices, and making the wall as one piece of rock when cooled? It is highly probable that the limestone came by sea from the Glamorganshire coast, at all events for the castles of Aberystwyth, Harlech, and others on the west coast.

A LAY OF LOVE.

O cielo, o terra, o mare, o sorte dira!
Come potrò soffrir mai dolor tanto.
POLIZIANO.

Unendliche Vorsicht, du wirst Tag werden lassen.
JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

THERE dwelt
A man hard by the Holy Stream of Saints,
The stream that flows through hallowed land and soil,
Once sanctified by blood, the blood of saint
And sage. Full early, as the sun's bright beams,
The Christian faith had shone on this dark land,
And turned the mystic darkness into light.
Brave martyrs too died here for liberty;
Their blood was poured in streams upon the sward,
For keen had been the strife against the yoke
Of Rome's stern son, and Anglia's sweeping horde;
No hill, no dale but hailed and mourned the brave,
Who bled and fell and died for home and God.
Yon crumbling greystone wall and soaring towers
Still testify how grim and stern the strife
Of those unhappy days of old.

In latter days,
For all the peace the forests seem to breathe,
And brooks and streams in murmurs seem to tell,
Have strife and grief not fled the fair domain;
For strife of soul and grief of heart pertain
To all called forth to life, since those fair days
Of joy ere sin and sorrow came.

And why
Should souls be called to dwell in mortal clay,
To feel the pangs and pains of life, the weal
And woe of man? Why not retain that life
Ere Eden's fall to all eternity,
Beyond the fear of sin and death?

Yea, fair and holy ground
He trod; the grassy sweep with blossoms decked,
The hillsides gaily robed in golden furze,
The sloping leafy shade and woody bank,
That gently bend to gaze in crystal waves,
And muse upon the ceaseless stream of time;
The hoary mountain brow, kissed by the sun
Ere sinks he blushing to his ocean bed,
And turrets, frowning giant forms, stand grim
Against the sky,—then comes the night, enfolds
The world in soft dark veil, and slumber soothes
The tired eyelid of the day.

He once had loved a maid of beauteous form,—
As new fallen snow her brow, so fair, so pure,
The sunbeams of the day danced in her eyes,
As light upon a smiling brook; her face
Was flushed with dawn. When she drew nigh, their heads
The flowers raised, and warbling songsters trilled
In sweeter strains.

The strong stern man had loved for once, for aye;
A magic wand had struck the hard grim rock,
And full and free the purling rill poured forth,
And blossoms budded on the banks, and made
The dreary desert smile, a garden fair.

One eve the twain sate on a rugged beach.
The swirling waves lash fierce, and foam beneath
Their feet. They gaze, they see; but take no heed;
Their souls are touched by hands unseen, and deep
The tones that blend in solemn harmony.
The fleeting hours pass by in robes of light,
The twilight throws her mantle o'er the forms
That speed away, and night in sable robes
Appears anon,—"Oh hurry not, Black Night,
For then we part, in life to meet no more,"—
They sigh as darkness comes apace. "Shall we,"
She asks, "together quit this life of woe,
Then through eternity we shall not part?"
"Nay, nay; to live is nobler far than die,—
To breast the sweeping torrent of despair,
Than listless float into the raging main."
They stand and gaze the last long look of love,
And night falls black with misery.

The maiden listens to the gentle voice,—
"Come unto me, ye weary ones, and ye
Shall find repose." Her burden at his feet
She throws, and finds relief from all her woes.
Of yore, she seemed a sparkling mountain rill,
That o'er the moss and stones and pebbly bed

Purls merrily and dashes on; but now,
A calm full stream, with current deep and strong,
That flows in one majestic sweep across
The plain, and gains the main in power and might.

But he bends not before the tempest's sweep.
But as an oak, that dares the blast and storm,
Though riven by the angry flash of heaven,
So stands he stricken, and defies his fate.
As furious waves, that dash against the rocks,
And fall and reel in baffled rage, and laugh
Themselves to scorn, yet with no pause the vain
Attack renew, so grappled he despair.
And doubt at times o'ercasts his soul with gloom,—
The shades of night, that never dawns to day,
The hues of death, the port to endless woe.

The weary days pass on from smiles and spring
To tears of grief when summer dies, and leaves
In sad toned whispers sigh,—"We fall, we die,
All hope is gone," and wintry days are nigh.
Though years roll on with songs and joy of spring,
No gentle zephyr blows within his breast
A blossom bud to life; his heart is cold,
Encased in ice, and swept by northern blasts.

He seeks by ceaseless toil to thwart his doom,
Forget the past in ever changing scenes
Afar from home. And yet is he not lost,
As that poor wandering son of Judah's race,
Who scoffed his brother in the Way of Grief,
When bent beneath the cross, and now is doomed,
As long as time lags on his course, to roam
All lands alone, eushadowed by his guilt.
His face is furrowed not by cruel scorn,
Nor set in hard relentless lines, that love
Can never mould to mellow age. A star,
A quivering light pours through the shades of night
A silver ray, and though afar it shines
In regions of ethereal calm, the hope
Of peace to come relieves the depth of gloom.

Upon a crag above the Vale of Peace,
One night a lonely form is dimly seen;
A calm expectant air lies on the scene,
When lo! the moon bathes all in silver sheen.
The hum of forest trees, the mountain streams,
So faint and sweet, the music of the waves,
That roll afar their low deep tones, a charm
To silence give. The countless spheres above
Shine forth and sing Creation's glorious song,
The joyous praise of God through endless space;
And though no mortal man hath heard the lay,
Yet in the stillness deep of night, some strains
Of harmony seem bursting on the ear.

He turns his eyes below, from heaven to earth,
Beholds the light of many a happy home,—
"The toilworn son of labour finds repose,
Is greeted by a wife's sweet smile, is blest
To see his children on the cheerful hearth.
He hums to them a plaintive song, a sigh
Of by-gone days, or fairy tale relates;
Or, moved by nobler thoughts, with solemn voice
And quivering lips, speaks lovingly of Him,
Who blessed the poor in spirit, pure in heart,
The meek and merciful, and those who mourn,
And blessed the peaceful sons of God. Quoth he,
'His life was labour for man's weal of soul,
Though scorned by men, He died that we may live.'
O happy man to find in Him a rock
To shelter thee in days of need. But I
Remain exposed to every raging storm,"—
These words spake he, and sadly hied away.

What can we know of God, save what through man
Revealed? Learn what the sages of the world
Have taught, and test it by the inner light;
Perchance some one soars high above the rest,
Seek him by day and night, and live his words.

In lonely hours
He seeks those friends that never frown or fail,
Communes with spirits of the days of old.
He cons the lore of ancient Greece and Rome,
The mystic tales of mediæval times,—
The wonders wrought by eremite and saint,
The quests of knights who sought the Holy Grail.
He follows him, who loved the stars, through realms
Of woe to regions of eternal bliss,
And hears the music of the blessed throng,—

SANCTUS, SANCTUS, SANCTUS,
DOMINUS DEUS SABAOTH.

He gains a glimpse at last of what they teach.
Who steals the spark divine, on rugged rocks
Must pine; to purify the soul, expand
The mind, the greatest sorrow, saddest grief,
With gentleness of heart must be combined.
Thus man attains an almost godlike strength,
And mounts aloft among the stars.

Still yearns his soul to gain "the good of mind,"*
And find repose where earnest men had rest.
He muses o'er the times, when earth was young,
And men in awful adoration fell
To worship stock and stone, that hand had formed
For spirits of the earth and air to dwell;
When Bel-Merodach held the Gates of God,
And Assur swayed the city doomed to fall
In forty days by one who mourned the gourd,
But longed to see the prophecy fulfilled;
The days when Egypt Amen-Ra adored,
Who giveth life and strength for evermore,
And Ausar, Lord of Death, and him yclept
Hawk-headed Heru, hero of the dawn,
Who slays Apepa, dragon of the night,
And nature's forces, e'en a thousand gods.

No breath of life blows o'er this vale of death,
No seer voice the awful silence breaks,
Eternal gloom enfolds the glorious past,
The mighty fane, the gorgeous sculptured tomb,
And yon majestic pile whose hoary head
Defies and scoffs the ruthless hand of time;
And never more will men find peace of mind
In faiths, that swayed the giant hearts of old.

"Away with idols," spoke in glowing words,
Mahomed, scion of a desert race,—

* Il ben dell' intelletto.—DANTE, Inferno III. 18.

"There is no god but God, Allahu Acbar."
The lonely hills of Araby resound
The noble cry of Islam,—"God is Great."
The clarion voice speeds on the wings of morn,
Dispels the silent awe and gloom of death,
That hover o'er the mounds of Bel and Ra,—
Heiya ala's salâ,*
Heiya ala'l felâ,
Allahu Acbar. Allahu Acbar,
La i-lâ-ha, il Al-lâ.

All merciful and all compassionate
Is He, O praise his name, the Lord of all
Creation, Ruler of the Day of Doom,†
But not the Hallowed Father, God of Love,
Whom Jesus knew.

Buddha Benign, the dawn of orient hope,
Saw truth in total death of self and will,—
Nirvana, happy state of not To Be.
Then love must die, the love of man and God?
Nay, One hath taught the way to live by love,
That God may dwell in man, and man in God.

He turns the tomes of Hebrew sacred lore,
And finds the import of man's life on earth,—
Though sad it be, though generations die,
As flowers fade, as fleeting shadows fly,
Yet death is overcome in victory,
And God then wipes all tears dry. Therein
He learns how noble men of old sought God,—
As watchmen for the dawn they yearn for Him,
And psalms sublime are sung, when the dark veil
Is drawn, and partly in a glass reveal
His face, or when a small still voice breathes,—
"Peace,"
Or angels sing,—"Good will to men."

One eve
As turmoil flees before the day of rest,
He reads of Him, who weary on the way
Sate on a well, and asked to quench his thirst.
He leads the wayward woman to the stream
Where living waters flow; tells her how God
Is worshipped, not in temple built by hand,
Nor here nor there with rites and worldly pomp,
But in the heart, in Spirit, and in Truth.
He listens to the soothing voice of Love,
That sounds across the dark deep gulf of time,
And peace, long sought, comes sweetly to his soul.

* The concluding portion of the mueddin's call to prayer. It may be rendered thus in English,—
Ho, come to prayer;
Ho, come to safety;
God is Great, God is Great,
There is no god but God.

† From the opening chapter of the Kwrân, called El Fatha.

The sordid webs of doubt fall off. Afar
He sees the glorious gleam of golden domes,
The peaceful mansions of the blest, and rays,
That know no sun, illume the Vale of Death.

The tiny ember bells are silent now,
The hour is late, and he must find repose.
His eyes to mundane views soon closes sleep,
And yet he sees a mystic aisle, and hears
Melodious music flowing wave on wave,
Now swelling high in strong exultant strains,—
With ecstasy the dimly tinted vault
And clustering columns vast and high resound,—
Then falling, melting into soothing tones
Of soft harmonious sounds that float around
Like music sweetened by the wave. A voice
Now sings in low deep tones, intense and sweet,—
BENEDICTUS QUI VENIT IN NOMINE DOMINI.
And then ethereal voices peal on high,—
HOSANNA IN EXCELSIS.
And lo! the confines of the fane are gone,
The free expanse of heaven alone remains,
And glorious forms, in robes of dawn arrayed,
Lift up the voice in endless songs of joy,—
ALLELUIA, ALLELUIA,
FOR THE LORD GOD OMNIPOTENT REIGNETH.
HEAVEN AND EARTH ARE FULL OF HIS GLORY.

The holy morn hath come in solemn calm,
The hills are golden with the dawn of day.
All nature is awake, and beauty tints
The earth with rainbow hues. Again the world
Is young, and he begins anew to live.
The sun steps from the portal of the east
To scale the heights of heaven in glorious might,
No cloud, no storm can e'er impede his course.
He sees with joy the emblem of his life,—
"Who calls yon orb his mighty race to run?
Who bids and he descends, and like a hero
He smiles benign upon the gloomy clouds,
That fain would hide his face? Almighty God.
He speaks, and darkness falls; He smiles, and day
Appears. He breathes, and man is born; He wills,
And deadly night o'erwhelms the mortal frame;
Then dawns eternal life, a glorious day
Of everlasting joy and peace."

But who yon twain that in the Dawn of Day
Together pass beyond the realms of time
To regions of ethereal bliss? There hand
In hand they roam, in sweet undying love
For evermore.

R. BRYAN.

A WELSH AMERICAN SCULPTOR.

"EDWARD KEMEYS is a mystic," writes Hamlin Garland in *McClure's Magazine*. "His mysticism is not of books; it arises, rather, from a knowledge of woods and wild spaces, from a love of mountains, from the breadth of the plains." The American sculptor of wild animals is of Welsh descent, as his name shows. His story is stranger than even that of Joseph Edwards. He discovered his gift by accident, and achieved fame without instruction. Though his study is of the poses of men and animals, —both mostly wild,—he has Edwards' mysticism, religiousness, and characteristic Welsh enthusiasm.

THE WITCH OF NANT HELYG.

A TALE OF A WELSH HILLSIDE.

By A. P. J.

YOU do-ant believe in witches? No'm, perhaps not. You see'm, you always live in a town, and it ma-ak a deal of difference. When I wass a girl, I live in sarvice in Liverpool for two years, so I know. Yes'm I did indeead, though you not think it by my Engliss.

Why do I believe in witches? Because I heeard my father and mother tell on 'em many a time, and because I seen 'em myself. Tell you about wan? Well, there wass old Dolly Jones that live down the la-an, and ass I knowed well. I do'ant know ass my Engliss iss good enough to ma-ak you onderstand me, but I try.

But wo'ant you come in and sit down? It's tire stand so long, and the wind blow a bit coald toda-a. Take that cheer'm; here, let me wipe it first, my apron's quite cle-an.

Perhaps you didn't nottice a little cottage as you wass come up,—half wa-a between the farm and these two,—a yaller wan with its end on to the road? You did? Well, that's the wan oald Dolly use to live in.

She wass a queer oald body, wass Dolly. She lose her husband when she wass quite a young 'ooman, and not very long afterwards she lose her little boy, too. And after she wass le-ave aloan she wass get very stra-ange and resarve in her wa-as, and wass spea-ak very little to her neighbours. She use to knit a good de-al, and kep' herself by what she ma-ak; but by-and-bye she wass trouble much with rheumatic, so she not able to use her hands much, and then she get a bit of pa-a from the pariss, which help her on. And as she get older, she get quite bent and drawn with that nasty rheumatic; bent nearly double she wass with it, and her face wass line and pucker like a winter apple that been kep' too long, and her eyes were black and sharp, and her tongue wass sharper still.

And everyone wass feared of Dolly somewa-a, and the talk did get about that there wass something wrong with her, and some did sa-a out plain that she wass a witch; all the children did believe it, and wass run away when they see her.

Perhaps its wass her cat that ma-ade the people think on it first. It wass a large black cat with great gree-an eyes. It come to her first when it wass a little cat,—nobody know from wheer,—and it sta-a with her. And that wass the thing that ma-ak folk talk; for we not able to ke-ep ours, no! not if we sa-av every little cat we get; they oal get trap. But Dolly's cat sta-a with her, it wass not get trap at oal. And the oald 'ooman she love that cat like it been a child; she nurse it, and she talk to it; and to tell the truth, it wass a clever cat, and it did look ass if it onderstand every word she sa-a. I not think it right to care for an animal so much myself; I like a cat in its pla-ace, but I not able to pet one nor anything like that. But right or wrong, Dolly did; and she wass oneasy if that cat wass out of her sight for even wan minute.

I see her myself, many a time, stand at the ga-ate and call,—

"Dilys, Dilys, *tyd yma, Dilys bach!*" and then Dilys come along with its tail straight up, and jump on the oald 'ooman's shoulder, and rub her cheek with its fa-ace. I not know how she let it!

Well! one da-a when she been call Dilys in, and wass talk to it at the ga-ate, who should come along but Brown himself. Now Brown wass the keeper in those da-as, and a very good keeper he wass, no doubt,—I not sa-a a word against him,—but he wass terrible hard on the cats.

You see'm there's so much ga'am on these hillsides, and the keepers, of course, is paid to look after the ga-am, but I doubt if the cats does as much harm to the ga-am as the rats and mice does to the corn. However that may-a be, when Brown see Dolly and her cat at the ga-at, he stop a minute to sa-a,—

"You better ke-ap that cat in, Dolly Jones, she a terrible poacher; I see her often in the coverts."

"You see my cat in the coverts?" cry Dolly. "Why Dilys never go from my side."

Brown laugh.

"I tell you," he sa-a, "she wan of the biggest poachers in the pla-ace. I not caught her yet, but I will, wan of these days."

At this the old 'ooman get very angry; she stamp her foot and sha-ak her stick at him and scream out,—

"You dare touch my Dilys! Bad luck to you, John Brown, bad luck to you the da-a you trap my Dilys!"

And John Brown he laugh aga-an, and call out ass he go on,—"Oh there's other wa-as of getting rid of cats beside traps," and then he whistle and walk off with his gun on his shoulder and his dog at his hee-als.

Well! oald Dolly, she look after him and she mutter, and she sha-ak her stick at him till he wass gone out of sight, and then she went in and taak Dilys with her. And after that I not able to tell you the care she did ta-ak on that cat, so that indee-ad it wass a lie to sa-a it wass a poacher, for it wass never out of her sight. But one da-a it did slip out for a bit,—not more than quatter of an hour at most,—and when it wass come back it see-am oall right. But it wass not in the house wan hour before it begin to be ill, it look oncomfit, and did mew pitiful, and then it wass very sick. And Dolly remember in a great fright that oall the cats at the farm been poison the week before, and she know then that Dilys wass poison too. And if you'll believe me'm, she took that cat in her arms and cried over her like as it had been a child! And while she sit there, she begin to think if there wass no physic she could give her, and she remember about castor oil. So she put Dilys down, and come hobble up to me quick ass she could, and ask me would I give her some. I give her what I got, for my children wass little then, and I always kep' it in the house. And then she hurry back with it, and pour it down the cat's thro-at. And then, I not know what she do, but I know that for three da-as and nights she never le-ave that cat, and I know that wance it wass so bad the oald 'ooman thought for sure it wass dead; but she did cure it at the last. And how glad the oald 'ooman wass for sure, and so proud that John Brown wass not have her Dilys yet!

Well'm, to ma-ak a long story short, Dolly and her cat did live together, sa-am as two friends, till the da-a that Dilys wass poison aga-an. And this time the oald 'ooman had no chance to sa-av her. For she lock her in the house while she go down to the village to buy food; and with been so la-am it did ta-ak her a long time to go there and back; as you know'm it is a hard rough bit of walking for the best on us, and more than two miles the wa-a the lane turn round. Well! when she come back the cat not run to meet her, nor jump on her shoulder, but it just lie stretch in wan corner, ass ill ass could be. And spite on oall Dolly do, it die that very night. And the oald 'ooman she not cry at oall this time; but she just set her fa-ace hard, and wa-at for the da-a.

And in the morning she put on her shawl, and she set off up the la-an to the house where John Brown live, and ass she go along just ass she re-ach the plank bridge that cross the stream, she meet him ass he was come down. And she stand there by the bridge, so that he not a-able to pass, and she sa-a as quiet as anything,—

"My cat iss dead."

"Iss it?" he ask, and he laugh, and wass for pass on.

But the oald 'ooman she stand still, and she lift her stick and point at him, and sa-a in the same quiet wa-a ass she look at him with her big black eyes,—

"Listen, John Brown! That cat wass the onnly thing le-ave in the world for me to love. There wass nothing le-ave in the world to love me but that cat. And you know it. It is an empty heart and an empty ho-am I got now. John Brown!"

and she raise her voice and her eyes flash as she spe-ak,—"John Brown, mark my words. Before you see the new year, your heart and your ho-am will be empty, too!" and without another word the la-am old thing turn round and hobble back aga-an.

Well! John Brown he seem to take no manner of nottice on the oald 'ooman's words, but folks sa-a that ass the year go on he ta-ak very good care on his little girl, and have her with him ass often ass he can.

He had onnly the wan child, his wife die when she wass born. She wass a nice little thing, but not strong. She was about ten years oald, and her father thought a lot on her.

Well! the year did go on, and nothing was happen until the last da-a of the old year did come.

It *was* a coald da-a that! I sall never forgit it. And ass it go on the wind rise, and the dark clouds gather, and anyone could see that it me-an to snow.

And they sa-a that ass John Brown go out of the house that da-a, he look at the sky and he sa-a to his sister,—she was a careless girl, and without a thought in her head,—"Do'ant let Alice out of doors to-da-a," and she promise she not; but after dinner she think of some things she want from the village, and so start down and ta-ak the little girl with her. It wass a da-a! The wind blow the snow about them till they wass nearly blind, and Alice she did have to stop and stop, for she wass not strong enough to fight aga-ainst it. So, after they had gone a bit more than half-wa-a, her aunt sa-a to her,—

"You better turn back hoam, Alice, while I run on to the village, and I'll be back aga-an before you there."

So Alice turn back for she wass very cold and tire; and her aunt go on to the village.

But she wass a fooliss girl that aunt; and she did sta-a and talk and forget that the door-key wass in her pocket; and when she did start hoam the wind had rise so that she scarce able to stand aga-ainst it; while it whirl the snow round and round and throw it into great he-aps. And so, when she see how bad it get, she frighten, and try hard to get on, but the wind swep' down the narrow la-an and it wass dark before she reach my cottage. I was give the children their tea, when she frighten me by run into the kitchen and ask,—

"Iss Alice here?"

"No," I sa-a. "I not seen her. Where you leave her?"

"Oh," she cry, "I send her hoam and tell her I follow, and I not able to for the wind and I——" And she start to cry, and run out aga-an and up the la-an.

"You mind baby," I sa-a to Mary; and I pick up my shawl and run after her, and we hoald on to one another, and go up the la-an together, with the wind right aga-ainst us, till we come to the pla-ace where we must cross the river by the plank bridge. And the plank it wass cover de-ep with snow. And then the girl cry aga-an and wring her hands and sa-a that for sure Alice drown here. But I go down on my hands and knees and scra-ap the snow away with my hands as I go and crawl along it, and so I get over and the girl she follow me. And then we cling to each other aga-an, and go on and try to call 'Alice.' But the wind ma-ak such a noise, you not hear our voice a yard awa-a. And we scarce able to get on at oal, for ass we get nearer the head of the glen, the hills rise higher and lie closer, and the snow lie de-ep, very de-ep.

"What will John sa-a?" pant the girl.

"It not make much what John sa-a if we find the child alive," I answer, crossly, and we sa-a no more till we get up to the house. Then we call "Alice, Alice," and listen. But the wind it shriek and howl and we hear nothing.

"Let us go round and look," I sa-a. And we look in every hoal and cerner, and we go into the house, but we not find the child. And then the silly girl begin to scre-am, and I not know what to do.

"Where iss John Brown?" I ask, for I get oneasy about my own children, with onnly Mary to look after them and she not ten.

"I not know," she answer.

"Well! I must go back. You sta-a here, and I send some one up to help you look."

So I start to go down aga-an with a heavy heart, for I heeard tell on oald Dolly's words when her cat die. And ass I go along, quicker than I gone up, for the wind blow to my back now, I nearly run into John Brown, who wass go home.

He start, and call out,—

"Why, Betsy Thomas, what you do here on such a night?"—and I look at him and not know what to answer.

"Have you been up yonder? Iss Alice oall right?" he ask quickly.

And then I cry out, "Oh! I not know. She lost. I look for her. Your sister up there look for her too."

Dear anwyl! I never forget him, never! He just se-em to fly over the snow, and he se-ek in his house and out of it, and then he come run down aga-an to the farm. The men come out quick enough with their lanterns to help him when they know that he lost his girl, and they look for her over every inch of the wa-a. For hours they did se-ek her but after oall it wass John Brown himself who did find her,—John Brown and his dog betwee-an them. He been cross over the plank bridge wance more and wass look round everywhere, when his dog begin s-cratch and whine under the hedge that divides the fi-elds just close to the plank and where the snow wass lie nearly up to the top of the hedge. And then John Brown did dig gently where the dog wass s-cratch, and there crouch down under the hedge, he wass find her, but quite, quite coald!

And then he lift her in his arms and call to the others that he got her. And they come round with their lanterns and look, and they sa-a that though he never speak wan word, they not able to forget his fa-ace so long ass they live, ass he press his dead child cloas to his heart.

And so he turn and start to carry her hoam. And the men plough their wa-a through the snow after him, and the light from their lanterns shine here and there ass they go quietly along and sa-a to each other that the poor child, tire out with the wind and half frozen with the coald, had wa-at about the house for her aunt till she could wa-at no longer, and then had come down aga-an to the bridge and think perhaps to cross it and come on to me, but when she see how thick the snow wass on the plank she frighten and so she sink down under the hedge to rest and wa-at.

Poor thing! She not think when she sit down how long a rest it wass to be, for she not know of the dann-ger to those who sle-ep in the snow!

Well'm I not told you oall yet, for a very stra-ange thing wass happen ass they go along. I did tell you that the wind been so high, John Brown's sister and me we scarce able to hear wan another spe-ak; but now, oall at wance, the wind drop, the clouds did part, and the moon shine out and pla-an from the village below, the sound of the church bell come to them ass it toll out the year that wass die. I tell you no lie'm, the men hear it and John Brown hear it too, and he bent his head low over the frozen fa-ace of his little girl, and he go on quick ass he wass able to his own house, and he carry his dead child into it. His sister, white and scared, wass wa-at him there, but at sight of her, he cry out in his grief and ra-age, that she leave the house and never darken his door aga-an. And ass she fly out of his sight and le-ave him alone with his dead, the sound of the bells swep' up the valley again, ass quick and glad, they rang out in welcome on the New Year!

And oall the men thought on oald Dolly's words,—"Before you see the New Year, *your* heart, and *your* hoam will be empty too."

"Well'm some of the men want to sta-a with him, but he sa-a "no" to them oall, so they come down and bring his sister to me,—for I not go to bed at oall that night, and I tell them that I go up to see to the child, and so they oall go hoam.

But on their way to the farm, ass they pass oald Dolly's cottage, they suprise to notice a light in the room.

"Let us knock at the door," sa-a one, "and see what she do."

So they go to the door and knock, and they still more surprise when Dolly call out, "Come in." So they oppen the door and look in, and they see Dolly with her bent oald figure crouch over a bit of fire; and she never turn, nor lift her head, nor look at them, but she just ask,—

"Well?"

"John Brown's little girl iss dead!" one of the men tell her, and what you think she answer?

"*I know it*," she sa-a, "and I laugh at it!" Indeead and I speak truth, those were her very words'm,—"I know it, and I laugh at it!"

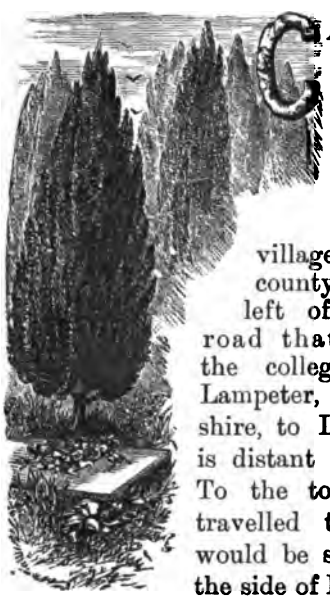
And the men frighten so, they oall go out quick and clouse the door without wan word, and leave her there, sit oall on a heap by the fire.

And everybody know then that oald Dolly Jones wass a witch, and nobody after that was ever dare to vex her.

CAIO AND ITS CAVES.

I.

By the Rev. D. Cunllo Davies, Blaina.



CAIO or Cynwil Gaio is a small village in north west Carmarthenshire, and is one of the cleanest and neatest of the villages of the whole county. It lies to the left of the turnpike road that leads from the collegiate town of Lampeter, in Cardiganshire, to Llandovery, and is distant a mile from it. To the tourist who has travelled the road, Caio would be seen nestling at the side of Mynydd Mallân, with a two mile stretch of woodland in the background. The ancient church, with its Norman arches and castellated tower, the old Methodist chapel built in the "year of the three mattocks," 1777, and the thatched cottages with their peculiar clay chimneys, are seen at a distance peeping among the trees. A valley studded with large oak trees, bordered by plantations of fir and larch, between the village and the high road, would suggest to a stranger that Caio was a huge mansion tenanted by an eccentric old-world squire. Meandering through the valley that would form his park, we find the Annell, a brook famous for its silvery trout.

The village is approached by four roads, one at each cardinal point. Three roads are over the hill, and bear the ominous names of Rhiw Goch, Rhiw y Cyrff, and Rhiw Coesdraen. The hedges along these roads were generally very high, before the county authorities ordered that, for reasons they thought sufficient, they should be trimmed. The hazel, the white-thorn, with here and there a birch, would he the chief components of these hedges, and a very happy and providential combination they make. Boys, who attended the village school in past years, were, like the squirrel, fond of laying up a store of hazel nuts for the winter, but not from the same motive as the little quadruped. She lays them in the furrows, as a store during the cold weather, and we keep them for the tub games of All Hallow Eve.

In picking the nuts, we generally managed to come into too close a contact with the thorns and their merciless grips, with the sad result that our apparel would be too highly ventilated for our climate and our civilization. Having finished with the hazel and the thorn, the ordinary programme of the nutting season would be wound up with a birch dance, the instrument of torture being dexterously manipulated by the troubled mothers. These tall hedges are no more. They were cut down about the time when the safety bicycle was invented. And an old inhabitant of the village firmly believes that they were demolished to allow the riders of the iron steed to see over into the fields.

Behind the village, on the slope of the mountain, is a rounded knoll, called the Fron. It is here that the villagers celebrate their auspicious events. Whenever any great

event in connection with the Drummonds of Edwinsford happens, huge bonfires blaze far into the night on this hillock. It was here that the school children were commanded by the village pedagogue to station themselves, when the Glansevin fox-hounds would be running their prey to the ground in the wood, on the other side of the valley. It was here that our ringing shout of Tally Ho! was heard oftentimes, "when the heart was young."

It is here that the village invalids repair in summer, to catch the mountain air, and the first business of every visitor is to mount the knoll to see the valley below.

Conwil Gaio was an important Roman centre, and its situation marks it out as being peculiarly adapted for an outpost. Place names ending in *o*, *eo*, and *io*, are always suggestive of a Roman origin, and the name Caio or Caeo is decidedly of Roman derivation.

Edward Llwyd, the antiquarian, is the village historian's highest authority, and his books became very popular when the late Judge Johnes offered a substantial prize at a local eisteddfod for the best descriptive essay on Caio and its surroundings. If Edward Llwyd's conclusions are sometimes misty and untrustworthy from the standpoint of modern philology, in the present article we deem it unwise to disturb the simple belief of the villagers. If their arguments are founded on tradition and legend, let it be so, the different theories are neither questioned nor criticised by the natives, and all I want to do is to give an account of Caio from materials found in the folk lore of its people.

Llywarch Hen, in one of his poems, describes a wing of Cadwallon's army storming the walls of the town of Caeo, and it is called the "Red Town of the South." They sweep down over the hillside, and it is believed that the name given to two hills in the vicinity would bear some trace of the history of this storming. The hill toward the north is called the Red Hill. The old people will tell us, with gravity worthy of deep-seated conviction, that in the name is preserved an account of a terrible fight, when the road was flooded with a stream of the Briton's red blood. The hill on the west is the Hill of Corpses. Striking a rock, on the roadside, a hollow sound is given, which suggests that a layer of rock covers the mouth of a cavity. Generation after generation believe that here lie buried, awaiting the last trump, the mortal remains of heroes that shed their hearts' blood for their country's sake. Caio was the Red Town. It was built of thin red bricks. And the ploughshare has been known to turn up some specimens of burnt-clay that would seem to confirm the theory.

Cynwil, or Conwil, would mean "the advance guard or post." Elfet was a Welsh chieftain, and Cynwil Elfet, near Carmarthen, would be the station of Elfet's advance guard. Caio, moreover, would be the station of the Roman advance guard. In the neighbourhood there are several farms with very peculiar names. Among them I may mention Cwmpriddfa, Maesneuadd, Maesgadog, and Ynysau, and with these, in connection with the history of the place, I shall deal in my next.

THE NIGHT BLOOMING STOCK.

WHEN daisies hide each golden heart
And all their silver petals furl,
When sunflowers see their god depart
And fold their leaves with inward curl,
When water-lilies wrap in brown
The glory of their gold and white,
When bindweed blossom droopeth down
And pimpernels are lost to sight,—

Then in the silent twilight hour
A breath of incense floats afar
From slowly-opening purple flower
That waited for the evening star,
And for the voice of nightingale
And all the mystery of night,
For love of these her dusky veil
Is laid aside with fading light.

And like this lowly flower are found
The natures sweet that hide their store
Of love, till sorrows gather round,
Then to the stricken freely pour
Such balm of gentle word and deed
That weary souls put off their pain,
And wounded hearts forget to bleed
While hope is raised to life again.

JENNETTE FOTHERGILL.

MYRDDIN VARDD.

By the Rev. J. DANIEL, B.A., Curate of Llanbedrog.

IT has been a great pleasure to me in the past to call now and then on the philanthropic Welshman, Myrddin Vardd, Chwilog, whose efforts in behalf of the literature and education of his fellow-countrymen have been indefatigable for very many long years. He is in possession of a wonderful library, which, with great propriety, might be called a "Welsh museum," for it contains all sorts of materials in relation to the history of the Welsh nation and the antiquities of Wales, chiefly in the Welsh language. If you want to see a specimen of industry, and a marvellous collection of diagrams, MSS., books, ballads, &c., &c., go by all means to Myrddin Vardd, and he will give you information on almost every subject you can think of, being, as he is, well versed in every department of his people's literature. In fact, you will find him more like a living concordance than anything else, as he has treasured within his memory valuable information concerning eisteddvodic transactions, heraldry, folklore, Celtic antiquities, and Welsh poetry in all its divisions.

There's no one in Cambria that worketh so hard
At these puzzling subjects, as Myrddin the bard.

And it is possible that the Welsh nation never had a more industrious, and certainly not a more successful, labourer in the wide field of bibliography than this famous litterateur, who has from time to time collected all kinds of books in relation to the literature of the Cymry, chiefly for his own pleasure, and partly for the benefit of others. He has thus become a possessor of no less than twelve hundred ballads in the Welsh language, which were at one time used for the purpose of circulating reports about remarkable events in our country, much in the same way as newspapers are employed now-a-days, and on that account they must be very valuable to him who wishes to trace out many incidents in the annals of the past, which cannot be delineated with exactness by any other means. Myrddin is so excessively fond of searching out the details of the history of his native country that he took the trouble of reading all the registers of Lleyn and Eivionnydd, as well as a good many of those of Arvon, and he has copied out of them everything that is of historical value, in order to ascertain some account of men of note in the past, such as clergymen, schoolmasters, sacrists or sextons, players on the *crooth*, harpists, bards, preachers, artists, ancient families, &c., &c., of whom very little is known, except what he has stored in his treasure-house. He has also visited nearly all the churchyards of the said divisions of Carnarvonshire, and is therefore conversant with everything connected with them. No one derives more pleasure than himself from listening to the eloquence of the "In Memoriam" gravestones, which speak in silence about those whose good deeds still delight and enrich the living, and although long since dead, yet speak.

He is a good antiquary and an excellent historian, being a man who has read a great deal, and who has made use of every means within his power to obtain knowledge. It is on this account that he made investigations concerning every field, combe, brook, hill, lake, and river, of historical importance, in Lleyn and Eivionnydd. He has written treatises on "Cromlechau," "Meini Hirion," "Fossæ," "Fortifications," and old "Castles," in the county of Carnarvon, with accurate diagrams of them drawn by himself. It would be a difficult task to form an idea of how much he knows in this direction; but certain it is that he possesses a very extensive knowledge about these things particularly, as his productions clearly show.

Myrddin Vardd has been also most industrious at collecting a large quantity of old MSS., from all parts of the country, some of which, of great intrinsic value, are very difficult to read, because they are moulded with old age; and in addition to these, he has re-written an immense

number of other ones, in his leisure hours, from MSS. lent him by his fellow countrymen. He has taken no less delight in sketching out Welsh genealogies, particularly the pedigrees of the five royal tribes, and the fifteen noble tribes of Gwynedd, together with an account of their residences, territories, descendants, arms, &c. This is the way in which Myrddin feasts after his toil at the anvil, and the sweat of his brow during the day.

His library is nearly all made up of books in relation to the history, language, and customs of his native country, and on its shelves you will find about one hundred scrap books, of large size, labelled with names and other marks of distinction, which show taste, good care, and a wide area of researches.

"There are more curiosities in the library of the bard of Chwilog than we saw anywhere else in Wales."* Gurnos Jones, I think, hit the nail, when he said in his humorous way,—"Myrddin Vardd is a first class man for wiping off the dust of oblivion from the monuments of the sons of talent. It would not be a bad name to call him 'the prime duster of the chambers of ages.' Myrddin is like a mole,—he will push himself through a yard of dust after an old book, and a quarter of a mile after an old manuscript."

The late Taliesin o Eivion described him as follows,—

"Dyma arddull fy mrawd Myrddin,—myned
I mewn i bob cyfrin;
Ac e saif mewn cysefin—bethau
Helyntawl oesau o flaen Taliesin.

"Gwas diwyd megys dewin,—a edwyn
Adeg y *Gododin*;
Cyrhaedda bwnc â'i rwydd bin
Cynnarch nac Aneurin.

"Gŵyr achau'r gwŷr gorwychion,—a hirfaith
Beisarfau'n henwogion;
Egyr ein brawd ger ein bron,
Llawn gofiant Lleyn ac Eifion."

And Ioan Madog's praise was,—

"Wele Fardd, hardd yw hwn,
O fawrddysg, e gur fyrddiwn;
Ei fath fel Hynafiaethydd
Yn ei wlad fad ni fydd."

"He devotes his scanty leisure time to the study of Welsh bibliography. He has gathered together a rare collection of Welsh books, ballads being his speciality. The pages of the *Traethodydd* have frequently been enriched by the productions of his pen."*

"Mr. Gwenogfryn Evans, who has taken in hand the cataloguing of ancient manuscripts in Welsh libraries, is now on a visit to Myrddin Vardd, at Chwilog, Carnarvonshire. Myrddin is a veritable bibliographer, and, though only a working blacksmith, is the possessor of one of the most extensive and interesting libraries of the kind in the whole of the Principality."†

"The cataloguing of ancient manuscripts in Welsh libraries is a formidable task that has been undertaken by Mr. Gwenogfryn Evans. He is now on a visit to a learned blacksmith living in Carnarvonshire, and known as Myrddin Vardd. Myrddin is an inveterate bookworm, and, like Elihu Burritt, has made the best possible use of his scanty leisure. Though only a working blacksmith, he is the possessor of a wonderful library."‡

Moreover, it is to his labour and industry we are indebted for many a precious literary gem that appeared from time to time in the "Arweinydd," "Brython," "Cymru," "Cymro," "Golud yr Oes," "Geninen," "Haul," "Llenor," "Taliesin," "Traethodydd," &c., besides his "Collection of the works of Ieuan Lleyn," "Adgof Uwch Angof," &c. He contributed largely to the "Cymru" and the "Ceinion Llenyddiaeth Gymreig" of the late Owen Jones, Llandudno,—to give rather than to receive is a great delight to him.

I hope that the obstacles which are now in his way will soon be cleared off, and that the several volumes he has prepared for the press will before long be brought to light, such as, "Enwogion Sir Gaernarfon," "Llen Gwerin Sir Gaernarfon," "Llenyddiaeth Afonydd Cymru," "Hanes a Hynafiaethau Lleyn ac Eifionnydd," "Gweithiau Hen Feirdd Lleyn ac Eifionnydd," (with notes), "Hanes Eglwysi Lleyn ac Eifionnydd," including interesting accounts found on tablets and gravestones, which, with great difficulty, he managed to read, and by this

* *Y Cymro*, May 1st, 1892.

* *Carnarvon and Denbigh Herald*, November 9, 1894.
† *North Wales Chronicle*, August 24, 1895.
‡ *Independent and Nonconformist*, September 5, 1895.

means obtained much information about the celebrated ancestors of these parts. He has thus aimed at making up for deficiency in this division of Welsh literature, rather than at parading into fields which were already well cultivated and full of fruits. These valuable productions of his pen will some day be a great help to the historian to master his subject, and enable the biographer to give a fair portrait of those eminent men whose good names the Welsh nation will always hold in reverence.

Myrddin is not a great talker, but one who leavens society with the riches of his pen; and he lives in a country place, without expecting either remuneration or thanks from anybody.

O! quiet, unassuming, innocent Myrddin! Who is it that has laboured so hard on behalf of the literature of his fatherland, and with so little reward? But I must not blame the public for a fault of commission, but rather of omission, as it might be more a want of thought than of wilful negligence. Be this as it may, his reward will come.

O Country! O Country! Produce thy reward,
And give it for shame to Myrddin the Bard.

MY NATIVE LAND.

MY heart cries out for thee,
My native land, dear native land!
So happy and so free,
My native land, my native land!
My eyes first saw the light,
And all was fair and bright
To my pure baby sight,
In thee, my cherished native land.

For ever true to thee,
My native land, dear native land;
Thy faithfullest I'll be,
My native land, dear native land.
Through every changeful turn
Of fortune's wheel, doth burn
My zeal; still, still I yearn
For thee, my lovely native land.

What happy years I spent
In thee, my land, my native land,
So gay and innocent,
My native land, my native land!
By many brooks and streams
Indulged I in young dreams,
To-day my memory teems
With thoughts of thee, my native land.

By winding rivers clear,
My native land, dear native land,
I sometimes lingered near,
My native land, my native land!
On banks of grass so green,
With fern and broom between,
Sweet blue-bells oft were seen,
So beautiful, my native land.

The flowers I gather now,
My native land, my native land,
Recall the olden glow
That glorified my native land.
So mild and free they grew,—
Those flowers the soft winds blew,
And such sweet fragrance threw
Around my feet, dear native land.

Oft on a summer day,
My native land, my native land,
Thy birds sang blithe and gay;
My native land, dear native land,
From branch to branch they flew,
Their silvery notes so true,
Entrancing 'neath thy blue,
Blue sky, my happy native land.

But now I'm far away,
My native land, dear native land,
Still cherishing each day
Thy memories, my native land.
The love of faithful friends
That, fair and beauteous, blends
With life, and never ends,
My native land, dear native land.

Millport, Scotland. MAGGIE GRIFFITHS (Mrs. Black).

ENOCH HUGHES.

By Daniel Owen,

Author of *The Autobiography of Rhys Lewis, Green Tomos, &c.*

Translated from the Welsh by the Hon. Claud Vivian.

CHAPTER XLI.

MARRY THEY WILL.

ENOCH could not for the life of him get to sleep the night before Margaret's wedding,—indeed he had, since the afternoon he had last been to Ty'nyrardd, been able to sleep but very little. He had turned and tossed in his bed till it was nearly time to get up; and then, when Margaret had knocked at his bedroom door, at seven o'clock in the morning,—which she did every morning throughout the year,—Enoch had felt almost dying to go to sleep. The night before Margaret's wedding, Enoch had heard the clock strike one, two, three, four, five,—and he had not slept a wink,—and then he slept like a rock. At a quarter to six, Margaret knocked loudly at the door of his room. Enoch answered in his sleep, but in truth he knew no more about her having knocked than if she had knocked at the side of the moon. Margaret waited for the clock to strike six, when she went to his door, and asked civilly,—"Are you getting up, master?" No answer. Margaret knocked again, but no one took any notice. She was seriously alarmed, and thought that her master was dead, and she started off to seek help; but she turned back, and put her ear to the crack in the door. How curious! Not very long before this, Enoch had listened anxiously at the same crack for the snores of Margaret; and there she was now, just as anxiously listening for the snores of Enoch. What importance there is in being a snorer! And what relief Margaret got when she heard Enoch snoring heavily and regularly, and what force this put in her arm to knock at the door till it was nearly off its hinges! If she had knocked in the same way on the lid of a coffin, it is doubtful if she would not have awakened the dead.

"Halloh! What's the matter?" said Enoch, and jumped out of bed, thinking the house was coming down on his head.

"If you don't mind, master, you are bound to be late," said Margaret.

"All right, Margaret," said Enoch, and he began to wonder where he was, and what was to take place this morning. He looked at his watch,—five minutes past six,—there was plenty of time, and he sat down on the side of the bed,—only for a minute,—just before he began to dress himself. He shut his eyes,—only for a minute,—then it seemed as though he was trying to hit something with his head on the left side, and after failing he tried to hit something on the right side, but to no purpose. He changed his tactics, and like a billy goat, he tried to hit the something with his forehead, and he nearly had a fall which made him open his eyes, only to shut them again, and to go through the same gestures heaps of times, till he heard Margaret coming noisily up the stairs, and saying,—"Well in the name of all that's righteous;" but Enoch coughed loudly, as though he were half choking, and Margaret turned back. He had, this time, quite woke up, and in order to convince Margaret of the fact, he made as much noise as he could, for instance, by lifting the lid of his clothes box and letting it fall suddenly, and knocking the water-jug against the washing basin, just as though he were selling crockery. He looked at his watch,—ten minutes past seven! Where in the world had he been since five minutes past six? He could hardly believe his eyes. He must have been asleep, for so far as his feelings were concerned, he had only been sitting on the side of the bed for some two minutes. Enoch sympathized considerably with Margaret now, for he saw that he must have occasioned a good deal of anxiety to her; and in order to fully convince her that he was really awake, and almost ready to come down, Enoch went out of his usual way and sang loudly, though singing was not in his heart. At the expiration of a few minutes, he was down in the kitchen and dressed like a new pin in paper, and this put an end to Margaret's anxiety, who, with Betsy Powell, had been ready for some time to go to the church. Margaret said,—

"Well, master, I was just thinking that you would never get up, and here it is now twenty minutes past seven."

"There's plenty of time, and I fancy that *you* were never in your bed at all, Margaret, from your having prepared the breakfast like this, and made yourself ready so soon," said Enoch.

"Yes I was,—dear me," said Margaret, "but I have been up since four by the clock in the attic,

and that was half an hour too early, and everything was ready before Betsy came, and what time did yon come, Betsy?"

"Half past five by the town," said Betsy.

"You are rare ones. I should like to be as wideawake in the morning," said Enoch.

"I'll warrant you'll be wideawake enough on the morning you and Miss Trevor are going to be married, won't he, Betsy?" said Margaret.

"Give me a cup of tea, please, Margaret, for I feel very what d'ye call it," said Enoch.

"Well, hasn't there been a cup waiting for you for an hour, master. But remember, don't take anything but a slice or two of bread and butter with it, or you won't be able to enjoy your breakfast when we come back from the church," said Margaret, all honey and sugar. "And now," she said, after pouring out the tea for Enoch, "as Betsy lives near the church, we will go there, and you'll be at the church by the time the clock strikes eight, won't you, master?"

"I will, of course," said Enoch, and Margaret and Betsy departed. Enoch drank the cup of tea without touching the slice of bread and butter. Then he loaded his pipe,—for there was plenty of time to have a smoke before going to the church, and he sat down in an easy chair before the fine fire. He felt extremely sleepy, and well he might, for he had, as has been said, slept but a little for weeks, and there was no use in his going to the church too soon. Enoch began to smoke and to meditate, and let his pipe go out. He lighted his pipe again and again,—his chin fell on his chest, his pipe fell out of his hand, and then,—well, he slept heavily. He was awakened by a hammering at the door. Enoch jumped to his feet, looked at the clock,—a quarter past eight! He flung his hat on his head and rushed to the door. Jones the policeman was there, having come to fetch him, and vowing that Margaret had nearly gone into a fit, and Mr. Brown was swearing that he would not go on with the service if Enoch did not come to give Margaret away. Jones and Enoch rushed to the church. Jones went to the vestry to inform Mr. Brown of Enoch's arrival, and Enoch went straight before him up to the altar. At one look Enoch saw more than he had bargained for. There were, in the old church, from one hundred and fifty to two hundred people who had come to see the ceremony, everyone with a smile from ear to ear, and grinning derisively. But more visible than all others near the altar, and anxiously looking for his arrival, Enoch saw the face of Margaret looking like a full moon, and as red as a cock's comb. Enoch did not know what to do for shame; he was dripping with perspiration; and when he had sat down near the altar, and drawn his hand through his hair, he found that it was as wet as a dish-cloth with sweat. Mr. Brown immediately came forward in his clerical robes, and though he was, at this time, quite eighty years old, he looked hale and hearty. His eyes were full of harmless mischief on this morning. Mr. Brown took the trouble to arrange the company in order, and, out of pity for Enoch, he placed him with his back to the congregation. Enoch felt very thankful to him. Though Enoch was in a great hurry, he could not help remarking the great variety there was in the dresses of the wedding party. Margaret and Betsy Powell were dressed in brand new green gowns of the colour of grass, and their bonnets were of the same colour, trimmed plentifully with red,—a red so bright as to make Enoch's head ache when he looked at it. Robert Jones, the best man, who also used to work under the Local Board, was in a coat and waistcoat of home-made stuff, woven in Caerwys, which had seen a few winters, and yellow trousers, which were beginning to get black about the knees, and that was clear proof that it was in these trousers that Robert went to chapel on Sunday, and to the prayer meetings in the middle of the week. But the bridegroom,—Tom Solid,—took most of Enoch's attention. Tom was considered a bit of a miser, and Enoch knew this very well. But Enoch perceived that Tom,—no doubt after hearing Jones the policeman say that Margaret had money,—had invested in a new pair of corduroy trousers,—with a big flap and big white horn buttons,—which were too long by three inches, and were turned up to that extent at the bottom. To play fair to Tom, he had not put them on till this morning, and how, therefore, could he have got them altered? On Tom's back there was a coat of blue superfine west of England cloth and a canary coloured waistcoat, with brass buttons, and whatever their other deficiencies were, —and they were not perfect,—the tailor that had modelled and constructed them had gone "to render up his account" many years ago. These had been Tom's wedding coat and waistcoat when he had married his first wife, and they were now hearing the wedding service for the fourth time, and knew it, doubtless, as well as did Mr. Brown himself. Enoch was struck, too, by the different appearance of those before him. Margaret and Betsy had, — especially Margaret, — faces like furnaces, yet looked very happy. Robert Jones was white and serious, as if he were on his trial, and Tom was clearly realising his position, with his face towards the ground, and looking from under his brows like a pig eating peas. Enoch felt the awkwardness of his position, and wondered what had induced him to put himself in such

company. Though Mr. Brown hurried through the service, it seemed terribly long to Enoch. And yet the service was not without some amount of comfort and pleasure to him. Enoch was, as the reader knows, a liberal man, and had given away a good deal in the course of his life, but to "give away" Margaret was the most wished for gift that had ever come from his heart, and he would have been glad to have had the opportunity of giving her away before if anyone had asked him to. Mr. Brown did not waste time on occasions like this, and Enoch was glad to be able to get into the vestry, out of the sight of the congregation, to finish the business, and to be a witness to the X of the one and the other of the parties. Mr. Brown handed the certificate to Tom Solid, and Tom pulled his purse out of the breast pocket of his waistcoat with the intention of paying for being married, but he was stopped by Mr. Brown, who said,—

"Never mind that, Tom. I won't charge you anything this time. I will allow this as discount on the times before, but remember, Tom, I shall charge you the next time."

At this remark, Margaret looked at him angrily, and did not invite him to the breakfast, and the sexton had to suffer the same fate.

Enoch slipped home along one of the back streets, and did not see the shower of rice poured on the heads of the happy couple, though it was his own rice, for he learnt, afterwards, that Margaret had filled up the neighbours with rice on the previous evening, so that they might honour her wedding.

This chapter is already too long to allow room for a description of the breakfast. It will be sufficient to say that Jones the policeman and Didymus's conversation was "as good as a sermon," and that in their company Enoch, for threequarters of an hour, forgot his trials. On her wedding day Margaret got only one present, and that was from her master, namely, a pretty set of tea things, which gift made the taciturn bridegroom make the remark,—the only words that fell from his lips in the course of the breakfast,—"Those things will look nice in the corner cupboard yonder."

But in the long and detailed account that was sent by Didymus to the *County Chronicle*, it was said that "the presents were too numerous to mention." And that was the fact, no doubt; for it is pretty certain that Didymus did not count each cup, saucer, plate, bowl, and teapot that was in the set. After the breakfast, the world required Jones the policeman and Didymus to depart, and at the expiration of about an hour Enoch took farewell of Margaret and Tom Solid, who went off to spend their honeymoon, or, rather, their honeyday, at the "Coach and Horses,"—a public-house about a mile out of the town. In this public-house Tom had celebrated all his weddings, and had been accustomed to invite his friends and well-wishers to rejoice with him there, the chief amongst whom was Isaac the harpist. In the "Coach and Horses" they remained on this occasion till midnight; and it was in a handcart,—so it was reported to Enoch, but he didn't enquire into the truth of the story,—in a handcart that Tom was brought home that night, Robert Jones in the shafts, pulling, and Margaret pushing behind. Enoch's transactions with Margaret did not entirely cease on this day, for at the end of a few days she experienced her trials, and it was to Enoch she went to state her troubles; but that is the last look, so far as I know, that the reader will get at Margaret. Perhaps, too, I ought to say that Margaret survived Tom Solid. At last he, too, had met his match.

It is scarcely necessary to say that Enoch, after the breakfast and events of that morning, did not feel in a condition to go to the shop, and when he looked at the table, and saw that there was a mass of food not eaten, he, in accordance with his good nature, sent one of his lads to invite the old and needy men and women of the neighbourhood to the house, and there he fed them, and made tea and coffee for them himself, till there was nothing but bare bones and crumbs left. At last he was left by himself in the midst of all the remnants, and that was the first moment that he recollected that he was now without a maidservant, and had not thought of enquiring for one. He did not know which way to turn his head, and blushed at the thought of how careless he was. After putting some coal on the fire, which had nearly gone out, Enoch went to the parlour, out of sight of the dirty dishes and the scraps, hoping to see Jones, the policeman, who was his succour in all trouble, pass by. He believed Jones would be able to get him a maidservant immediately. He looked through the window for hours, expecting to see Jones, but Jones might have gone by many times without Enoch's noticing him, for he had long ago forgotten whom he was looking for, and his thoughts were entirely possessed with Miss Trevor. It was beginning to grow into evening when there stood before his window a young, tidy, and good-looking girl. She looked at the window and at the door, up and down, as though she doubted whether this was the house she wanted.

"Who in the world is that lady?" said Enoch to himself.

Then the lady knocked at the door, and Enoch went to open it.

"Are you Mr. Hughes, sir?" the lady asked.

"Yes, that is my name," said Enoch.

"Can I speak a word with you?" asked the lady.

"Yes, O yes; come in," said Enoch.

Enoch put a chair for her near the window, so as to get a full view of her, for he perceived that she was worth looking at. After sitting down, the lady said, with a smile, and disclosing a set of teeth (not false ones) like a row of peas in their pod,—

"I have called, Mr. Hughes, to ask if you want a housekeeper?"

"Just the thing *I do want*," said Enoch, "but I am afraid my place would not suit you. As there is no one here but myself, I do not keep a maidservant, and my housekeeper has to do all that has to be done in the house."

"I know that, and it will make no difference to me, for I am accustomed to work, and I know how to keep house," said the young girl; Enoch was surprized at hearing her say so, for her dress was tidy and costly in Enoch's opinion.

"Very good," said Enoch. "How much wages do you ask?"

"Twenty pounds. I have been getting more," said she.

"That's five pounds more than I have been accustomed to give," said Enoch.

"I hope," said the young woman, "that you will find the difference made up for by the character of the service, for I have been in good places, and have seen a good deal."

"Well," said Enoch, "I don't mind giving twenty pounds if you suit me," for he believed that this girl's appearance, as compared with Margaret, was worth five pounds, and he continued,—"When could you come here?"

"When you like," said she.

"Well," said Enoch, "I should like you to come at once, for to tell you the truth, I have no one here now, and the house is helter skelter. Could you come here in the morning?"

"I'll come here to-night, at nine o'clock, if I may," said the young woman.

"That's best of all. What's your name?" asked Enoch.

"Miss Bevan is my name," said she.

"Very well, Miss Bevan, you'll be here by nine then," said Enoch. And thus the arrangement ended. When Enoch was opening the door for Miss Bevan to go out, he saw Kitty, the Ty'nyrardd maidservant, coming towards him with a note in her hand! Had some spirit whispered in Miss Trevor's ear that she had now a rival?

CHAPTER XLII.

DEAD.

ENOCH read the note, which was as follows, greedily,—

"*Ty'nyrardd,*

"DEAR MR. HUGHES,—You have become a great stranger. So far as I recollect, I said nothing when we last had a talk that can be a sufficient reason for this estrangement, and if I did, I am sorry. There is something said in a certain Book about visiting the sins of the fathers on the children, but I do not remember anything mentioned in the Book about visiting the sins of the daughters on the parents. Perhaps there may be, too, but I don't remember it. However, you know that you are valued by my father, and dear to my mother, and it is scarcely just or worthy of *you* to punish them for the sin of their daughter. My father is low and depressed in spirits. I know he believes that I have offended you. Poor me! I try to do my duty, according to the light given me, but in spite of all, I offend everyone around me. My mother, I am sorry to say, gets worse each day. I have done my best for her, God knows, and my heart is almost breaking. She cannot make out why you don't come to see her. Will you come? She will not be here long. Mr. Simon has been here at times, but she doesn't seem to care very much for him. Will you come to see her? If seeing *me* is any hinderance to your coming, I'll promise you that I'll go down to the cellar whilst you are here.

Yours truly,

S. TREVOR.

P.S.—Excuse my Welsh, you know I am not accustomed to write in Welsh.—S. T.

"Tell Miss Trevor I'll come there at once," said Enoch to Kitty.

"She wants to see you badly, Mr. Hughes," said Kitty,

"Who does?" asked Enoch.

"Miss Trevor," said Kitty, who knew how to please Enoch.

"How do you know that, Kitty?" asked Enoch.

"Because I do know," said Kitty, "because she doesn't look the same since you haven't been coming there,—she is as if she were in a dream. Did you quarrel, Mr. Hughes?"

"Your mistress is very ill, Kitty, and Miss Trevor has enough troubles without thinking about me," said Enoch.

"She has, heaven knows," said Kitty, "more than you know about. She hasn't taken off her things for I don't know how long, and I don't

know how she holds out. And I am afraid the mistress will never mend,—she is very odd, as if she had something on her mind. And master is,—you won't tell, Mr. Hughes, that I told you? —he isn't acting right."

"Well, what is he doing, Kitty?" asked Enoch.

"He is,—you won't say that I told you, Mr. Hughes?—he is drinking dreadfully day and night, till he is quite stupid, and this vexes Miss Trevor. It's a curious house, I can tell you. She has often asked when I saw you last, and what is the reason, she wonders, that you don't come there. I know she wants to see you badly, sir."

"Take care, Kitty," said Enoch, "not to tell anyone that your master is drinking. A man does many things in his trials that he ought not to, and would not do at other times, and the illness of your mistress doubtless, has greatly affected Captain Trevor. Mind, Kitty, not to tell anything to anyone."

"I? I wouldn't take my weight in gold to tell anyone except you, but you are like one of the family, Mr. Hughes," said Kitty.

"All right, Kitty, go back now and tell Miss Trevor I'll come at once," said Enoch.

"She *will* be glad to see you," said Kitty.

Getting to hear something from Miss Trevor, and especially getting an invitation to Ty'nyrardd, was like a salve to Enoch's wound. At the same time he determined not to show any hurry. He formed the opinion that to run there helter skelter at once, would be *infra dig*. Though he was burning with desire to go, he waited for an hour before starting, and when he went, he walked leisurely and with respect for himself. On his way he guessed how Susie would look at him, and what she would say to him. He took an oath to himself that he would not mention a syllable about what had taken place between them when they had last talked together, unless she mentioned it first. And Enoch kept his oath,—for he found something else to think about. Though it was not yet dark, the blinds were down in every window at Ty'nyrardd, and when Enoch got near the house, he felt there was something curious and strange in its look, and he could not make out what it was. He was too far away in his mind to discern that it was the blinds in the windows that gave the strange look to it. Enoch knocked at the door, and Kitty came to open it. Kitty's eyes were like the eyes of fishes, and she said, in a low tone,—

"She has gone, Mr. Hughes."

"Who?" asked Enoch.

"The mistress," said Kitty.

"Gone where?" asked Enoch.

"She is dead," said Kitty.

"Dead," said Enoch, as though he had been shot at the news, and he could scarcely stir from the spot. Kitty gave an affirmative nod, and shut the door carefully, and let Enoch into the parlour, where the Captain and Miss Trevor were sitting with downcast heads and in silence. On his coming into the room, Miss Trevor rose to her feet, and without speaking a word shook Enoch's hand hard and nervously, which sent a quiver through his whole body. The Captain did the same. Enoch fell into a chair overcome by his feelings, for he had loved Mrs. Trevor much, for her own sake, besides for her being Susie's mother, and he had not imagined that her dissolution was at hand. Though Enoch was usually very unobservant, he could not help perceiving that the Captain was heavy with drink. He was looking drowsily into the fire, and big tears were rolling down his two cheeks.

Drunkenness makes a man incautious, and in some circumstances is the means of bringing out the little good there may be left in his nature. I know a man who was never seen to pray except when he was drunk; and I have known one or two men from whom it was not possible to get a gift or charity except when they were in their cups. Even Captain Trevor, who had lived for years in deceit and hypocrisy, was not wholly without some sort of feeling. There was a small remnant of human nature left in him. The *true* feelings of Enoch touched the little feelings the Captain had, and he wept. The feelings of Miss Trevor had for weeks been stretched to their utmost, and refused now to give way, and her face was composed, and without a wrinkle, but was deadly white, as though she had lost every drop of her blood. It was not unpleasing to her to see Enoch show such feelings. Her mother and he had been great friends,—and she somehow felt as though Enoch's face was an interpreter of the language that was dead in her own face. The Captain, as usual, was the first to speak, and he said,—

"This is a heavy blow, Mr. Hughes, especially to me, and so to speak, a deadly blow, for when a man has reached,—that is to say the loss of the companion of his life, and this too without one's having thought that the thing was near, is to one at my age, the same thing, so to say, as losing one's own life, for she was my life and my everything, and I can almost say,—and I will say,—that I would like to go down into the grave with her."

"If you and I, father," said Susie, "were as ready as mother was, that would be the best thing for us,—to go together,—but I am afraid we are not. Mother loved Jesus Christ; can we say that?

Death is a terrible thing, father, if we cannot say that we love Jesus Christ."

"That is true enough, my girl, and let us hope we shall we able to say that when the time comes," said the Captain, who, no matter how serious the occasion was, was able to act the hypocrite, and no matter how drunk he was, kept his intellect fairly clear.

"The time," said Susie, desirous to make the best of the occasion, for her father's manner of living had pained her much; and Enoch marvelled how she could be so self-possessed, "the time, as you know, father, is uncertain, as it has happened with mother."

"The Scriptures teach us that; and several quotations come fresh into my mind at such a moment as this," said the Captain.

"Was it suddenly, then, that your mother went at the last, Miss Trevor?" asked Enoch.

"Quite suddenly and unexpectedly, Mr. Hughes," said Susie.

"Yes, quite suddenly; but you and I did our best for her," said the Captain.

"*I* did not do my best for her, father, and I shall never forgive myself for my negligence. I thought that she was no worse than she had been for days, and I left her for ten minutes to write a letter, and by the time I came back, she was dead, —without my having been able to do anything for her,—not so much as to hold her dear hand to help her to die. O! it seems so cruel for her to have died with no one with her,—it devours me internally."

"It was the will of the Lord, my girl," said the Captain, "to take His servant Moses to Himself without any eye to see it,—and so it was with your mother."

"Yes," said Susie, with a sting in her words, "Moses was taken like that whilst the people were sinning, and perhaps it was the same here."

"It is a great grief to me, Miss Trevor," said Enoch, "that I did not get to see your mother before she died."

"How was that, Mr. Hughes? What was the reason for all your long absence?" asked the Captain.

"None of us thought," said Susie, in order to conceal Enoch's difficulty in answering, "that mother was so near death. Scarcely anyone here has seen her except Mr. Simon and the doctor. I am very glad you have come here to-night, Mr. Hughes, for I know nothing about the arrangements that must be seen to on an occasion like this; but I know, Mr. Hughes, that you will assist us. We have not the means to go to much expense."

"Not the means?" said the Captain. "What do you mean, Susie? Not the means? Your mother shall be buried like a princess, if I am alive to see it. But it is not *fitting* for us to walk about to this and that place,—and Mr. Hughes will do all that for us, in accordance with his usual kindness."

"Leave all to me, I will see about all the necessary arrangements," said Enoch.

At this moment Kitty came to the door, and beckoned with her finger to Miss Trevor, who left the room.

Enoch said,—"Captain Trevor, I am going to ask you a favour, and I hope that you will not refuse me. You know that Mrs. Trevor and I were great friends. I looked upon her as though she were a mother to me. Will you allow me,—do not be angry with me for asking such a thing,—to make all the arrangements for the funeral and to bear the whole cost? I shall be glad to do this if you will let me?"

"Thank you, Mr. Hughes," said the Captain, "but that is impossible, for that would take from me the last privilege I have. I could not think of anyone doing such a thing, at least not without consulting with my daughter, and I know that she will be similarly opposed to it, indeed more opposed."

"I had meant to ask you," said Enoch, "if you would consent to it, not to say a word to Miss Trevor or to anyone else about the matter, and I should esteem it a privilege to be allowed to do this for Mrs. Trevor. I hope I have not offended you, but I wish to be allowed to do this."

"Well," said the Captain, and he stopped a minute as if to cogitate, "if anyone else, yes, even Sir Watkin himself, had offered such a thing, I should have said, 'No, thank you.' But when I recollect what friendship there has been between you and Mrs. Trevor, and, indeed, my personal obligations to you, I cannot say 'No' to you, Mr. Hughes, on the condition that no one is to get to know about it."

"Many thanks to you," said Enoch; "and now I will go about the arrangements, and don't you be anxious about anything."

The Captain tried to rise to shake hands with Enoch, but fell back into his chair. He saw that his drunkenness was no longer to be concealed, and said,—

"Mr. Hughes, pardon me, in my bitter trial I have taken two,"—seventeen ought to have been the word,—"glasses of whiskey, and through not being much accustomed to it, it has had an effect on me. I know you will pardon me at this time,—my trial is great."

"It is," said Enoch, "and I am sorry for it, but allow me to make bold with you. Keep from

intoxicating drinks,—for some days at any rate,—decorum requires that."

"Quite right, I will; good night, dear Mr. Hughes," said the Captain.

After saying good night to Miss Trevor, Enoch went away; and by this time he had enongh on his mind, the new maid coming to the house by nine o'clock and the carrying out of all the arrangements in connection with Mrs. Trevor's funeral.

"Susie," said the Captain, "make your mind easy, Mr. Hughes will look after all the arrangements. And now, go to bed, my girl. I myself cannot think of bed to-night,—I'll just throw myself on the sofa. Good night, my dear girl."

Susie left the room with a sigh, and the Captain "threw" himself on the sofa and slept heavily. After the "laying out woman" had finished certain foolish ceremonies,—which exist up to the present day on such like occasions,—upon the dead body, and had gone away, Susie went to bed, taking Kitty to sleep with her, for she thought she could not be alone on this night. At the end of ten minutes, Kitty was sleeping quietly and composedly. But Miss Trevor could not sleep. She knew that her father was snoring on the sofa, though she could not hear him. There was a silence on everything, and it was a deadly silence to her. She felt lonely and frightened, and said,—

"Kitty, Kitty, are you asleep, Kitty?"

Kitty did not answer, she had given way to slumber, which, after all the running about, and coming and going, she had well earned. Miss Trevor went close up to her and whispered,—

"Yes Kitty, sleep, you haven't, any more than I, had much rest for weeks, and you deserve to have peace to-night. But how is it I can't sleep? O! this silence keeps me awake. How wonderful and strange everything is! How different everything was this time last night! The running up and down stairs, with poor mother alive with us, though very ill,—but how silent it all is to-night! How far has she gone! O, heavens, I thought I heard her this very minute say,—'Give me a drink, my dear child.' Was it imagination? I am almost sure I heard her. I will be listening better another time. I am silly,—and fanciful. How difficult it is to believe that she will never speak a word again! She was here a little time ago,—this afternoon. Where is she now. Yes, *she*,—for there is nothing but her body in the next room. Where is *she*? In the great everlasting world! Where is the great everlasting world? Is it far away? Has she got there? Has anyone come to fetch her, to show her the way? Or has her spirit gone astray and got entangled in space? Will she wander about, I wonder, for thousands of years before coming across the everlasting world? O, why did I not stay with her till the last minute, instead of going to write to Enoch Hughes! Perhaps she would have told me if Jesus Christ was with her. She repeated the night before last, the verse,—'When you pass through the waters of death I will be with you.' Did He forget her, I wonder? Had He not to be with someone else just at that time? How foolishly I am talking! Am I losing my senses? Kitty, are you asleep? O, how lonely I am! And shall be! We have no friends,—I never felt before any great need for friends. But we have no special ones. Yes, we have too. Enoch Hughes is a true friend,—the only friend we have. How stupid I was to refuse him. There is no man better than he certainly, and I know that we have been entirely dependent on him for some time past. I think I love him very much, and yet I can't reconcile myself to the thought of marrying him. If he were to propose to me again, I wouldn't refuse him. No,—I don't think I shall get a proposal from him again,—I'll stick to my father. O, I wish father was good? But he isn't,—it's no good trying to believe it. He is a slave to drink and pretends to be otherwise, as if even I did not know. My duty, I think, is to stick to him till the end. O God, may this occasion be blessed for his salvation's sake? How awkward everything will be without a mother! What will become of me with such a father? I'll try to do my duty, and put my trust in God. O! how we all have deserted my dearest mother! And how soon! To leave her in that dark room without anyone to keep her company, as though we didn't belong to her! O, it is cruel, *how soon*! I am mad,—no I am not,—I am sure that it is hard, and cruel, to leave her all alone, and I'll go and keep her company, I can't stay here."

The morning dawned,—Kitty awoke after ten hours of sweet sleep, which was an unusual amount for her. She sat up in bed. She recollected all that had happened on the previous day. She looked for Miss Trevor. She must have risen previously, and this was not such an unusual thing. She dressed hurriedly. She went down to the kitchen, which was cold and without any fire in the grate. She went towards the parlour, the door of which was ajar. She opened it quietly. The Captain was sleeping heavily on the sofa,—but Miss Trevor was not there. She pulled the door towards her carefully. "Miss Trevor," said Kitty, "must have gone out." She inspected the doors; they were locked just as she had left them before going to bed the previous night. Even Kitty began to feel alarmed. She could not think of lighting a fire and making a noise without first finding out where Miss Trevor was. She

took off her slippers so as not to make a noise, and went upstairs and to her own bedroom. No,—no one was there. She searched the other rooms with the same result. There was only one place more in which to look for her. Had she dared, by herself alone, to go into the room where the corpse of her mother was lying? The door of this room was half open, and Kitty felt something like water running down her back, when she opened a little more of it and peeped in. Yes,—that's where she was. Half dressed, with a shawl over her shoulders, Susan was lying along side the dead body of her mother on the bed, with her right arm around her, and her head against her head on the pillow! This may appear incredible, but it is a fact. And there was not much dissimilarity between them,—the two faces were as white as snow, —the two bodies perfectly still,—one in a deep sleep and *breathing*; and the other in a deep sleep, but *not breathing*.

AN ARTIST'S JOURNEY.

This account throws an interesting light on the way in which the beauty of wild nature was regarded at the beginning of the century. The account of the other tour, which will be given in the next number, contains a lively description of one of the old Bala "Sasiynau."

H. HUGHES, who drew and etched the pictures for his own *Beauties of Cambria*, was an artist of no inconsiderable merits. The Welsh part of his diary was published in *Cymru* some time ago. The following is an account, written in English by himself, of one of Hughes' tours.

ON the 21st of June, 1819, I started from London, with the intention of making a tour through North and South Wales. Arrived in Manchester, in the evening of the 22nd, where I stopped till the morning of the 27th. I then proceeded to Liverpool.

Stopped in Liverpool till Wednesday, the 30th. Arrived at Chester in the evening of that day, and remained till twelve o'clock of the following night, when I set off with the Holyhead mail towards Conway. Arrived at Mochdre about seven a.m. on Friday, 2nd July. After taking breakfast, walk to Llandrillo; call at the Rev. Mr. Albans, Mr. Ellis, and Mr. Philips, Penrhyn. Dine at the latter's, and return to Mochdre, accompanied by my uncle, E. W.; call upon Mr. A. Williams; and arrive at Meddiant in the evening.

Saturday, July 3rd, start on horseback to Llanrwst, where I am obliged to continue till Monday. On Sunday, I enjoy great satisfaction in reading, with my friend, Mr. Richards, Paley's "Evidences of Christianity," etc.

Monday. 5th July, arise at 5.30, and start at six, after breakfast, to Meddiant; enjoy my ride exceedingly along the banks of the Conway, eight miles. Having been several times this way before, without being once at all enchanted with the beauty of the scenes around me, as was my case in this instance in a superlative degree, I was impressed with the reflection that I had probably never had a perfectly correct idea of the beauty of any place whatever, having never attributed its due importance to the state of the weather, which I was now obliged to consider almost everything. The serenity of the atmosphere this morning, with the brightness of the sun shining nearly horizontal between still heavy clouds upon the hills and fields recently washed with heavy rain, and the stillness of crystalline brightness of the gliding stream, made the meanest object appear magnificent, and the magnificance inexpressibly grand and awful.

Arrive at Meddiant between eight and nine a.m.; afterwards walk to Mochdre, etc., and take lodgings for the night at Conway Ferry.

Tuesday, July 6th. This morning, at 7.30, I suffer myself to be hurried into the boat, with the mail passengers, etc., a little better than half dressed. Call at a friend's, where I take half a breakfast, and at another's, where I take the remainder. Proceed to Bangor, with the mail, and walk in the evening to Carnarvon, after taking a sketch on my way of Bangor Ferry. The evening I spend with my friend, Mr. J. R., surgeon, and Mr. O. E., of Wrexham.

Wednesday, July 7th, 1819. Here I find

myself grievously disappointed in the non-arrival of a sloop from Liverpool, with a parcel of books, and spend the forenoon in anxious expectation.

In the afternoon, start to Anglesey, accompanied by my friend, Mr. O. E.; walk pleasantly to Newborough, where we are amused by the indication of great surprise which seemed to have fallen on the inhabitants at the sight of us. The doorway of every dwelling was suddenly choked, every passenger stood still, every conversation and every work was suspended, and we continued to form the focus of all eyes till we got quite through the town. Whether this was owing to the extreme vulgarity and ignorance of these people, or to an extraordinary degree of inquisitiveness and natural curiosity which they may possess, I could not determine.

The walk over the sands to the embankment at Malldraeth is excessively tiresome and unpleasant, and which unpleasantness was heightened to us this evening by a cold, penetrating, and unwholesome breeze blowing upon us, while we were almost melting with exercise from the general warm temperature of the atmosphere. Arrived between nine and ten at Mr. J. O.'s, near Nimrod's Mountain, there we enjoyed whatever hospitality and kindness could afford us.

Thursday, July 8th. Proceed through Aberffraw towards Holyhead. Bought some of the famous Aberffraw cakes, which, however, we could not touch, owing to the filth we witnessed in the house of the manufacturess. The walk to Pontrypont we found tedious and tiresome, and disagreeable to the utmost degree; it was chiefly along the shore by Creigiau Crigill, on loose sand and gravel, with some proportion of water and mud. On our arrival at the bridge, we met the mail, which we instantly mounted, and with which we arrived at Holyhead about three p.m.

Enjoyed much our dinner at King's Head, but took lodgings at a friend's.

Friday, July 9th, 1819. Embarked on board the *Talbot*, steam-yacht, and crossed the Channel to Houth in ten hours, against the wind. Arrived in Dublin by coach at 9.30 p.m. Being known to no person here, and having letters of recommendation to none, we determined on our arrival to lose no time, but do what might vulgarly be called following our noses. We soon fancied a house to be to our purpose, which we saw more respectable than some, and less so than many. On entering, we were accosted by a corpulent old dame, who instantly told us that she received no strangers who had not come from England, meaning Wales, we assumed. Upon this, we assured her that we had just arrived from that country, and had never been Irishmen. This was satisfactory, and we sat to enjoy her civilities, for which, on our departure the next day, she charged as very moderately and expressed a hope to see us another time.

Saturday, July 10th, 1819. In the morning, we amused ourselves as strangers often do in a strange place,—that is by walking and staring and admiring. We, however, visited some gentlemen on business, and were again at leisure at twelve o'clock, walking along the quay, when we were surprised with the sight of the *Talbot* majestically advancing up the river. We had understood that this vessel had started for the Head at nine in the morning, and had consequently made ourselves contented to stay till Monday, but the present circumstances instantly turned the tables. After ascertaining that in fifteen minutes she would be on the wing, we ran each his own way, finished business and cleared ourselves out, and met on board exactly within the time, where we had an opportunity to breathe and wipe our foreheads, and congratulate each other on our happy deliverance from the Land of Murphies. We started in the presence of thousands of spectators, and proceeded down the river in the most magnificent style, attracting the attention and exciting the admiration of all. The passage was performed in eight and a half hours; it was as pleasant in every respect as we could wish.

Sunday, July 11th, 1819. Attended a meeting at the chapel in the morning, and at noon heard an excellent sermon at church, by the Rev. E. A. O., in behalf of missionary cause. After it, a collection was made for the S.P.G.F.P.

Monday, July 12th. I sketched the church this morning. At noon, we dined

with Mr. W. O. and family; afterwards walked to South Stack in the company of Miss O. and Miss H., an excursion utterly void of pleasure or any gratification to me whatever, but it was full of incidents which interested my feelings. In the evening, we drank tea at Mrs. Capt. E.'s, with the same in company.

Tuesday, July 13th. Mr. E. and I walk again to South Stack, but, on our way, turn on one side up the mountain to visit the signal station, but we could not find the latter, though we succeeded, as we supposed, to reach the summit of the hill, which was enveloped in a thick cloud. Had some difficulty to return to our path. Sketch some rocks on the left of the flight of steps, consisting of 365, which leads to the rope bridge of Ynys Hawd.

After the arrival of the agent, Capt. E., and a friend, E. Turner, Esq., we get into a boat, and, from a select point, take a sketch of the island and lighthouse. On our return, have some disagreement about leaving the Head to-night, but, at last, I succeed in persuading my friend to stay till morning.

Wednesday, July 14th. After losing the coaches, we start on foot over the sands, where we find ourselves again almost too late for the fords, but after some anxiety, and the trouble of taking off our small clothes, we get safe over, and arrive at Llanynghenedl, with a little more difficulty. Here, as usual, I meet with the most friendly welcome, and here our stay must be prolonged till at least to-morrow.

Thursday, July 15th, 1819. Here again this morning an interesting extraordinary accident happens which renders comparatively trifling with me every consideration of haste, and, consequently, I determine to visit Skerries, and return. Accompanied by my old companion, who was now grown desperate with delay, and cared not how much more he delayed Mr. O. and Mr. Wm., I start on my excursion. After walking to Llanfwrog, four miles, we soon get a boat, which costs me ten shillings, to take us to the island. A voyage of nine miles is performed in three not unpleasant hours, rendered so by a relation of marvellous exploits by one of the company, by smoking, by eating hard biscuits, and by alternately rowing. I also amused myself by sketching the island as we approached it, and the very tediousness of the voyage was pleasant to me for reasons little suspected by my friends. The island of Molrhoniaid is composed of vast heaps of barren rock, many of which are divided by the flux of the tide. On the summit of the highest is the lighthouse, near which are two houses occupied by the lighters. One of these had resided on this bleak spot thirty-seven years. We were kindly invited to partake of what provisions could be afforded us, which were exceedingly coarse and unpalatable. Water was very scarce, there being none but what was brought from shore. We drank some of it mixed with sheep's milk. While my friends were engaged in bathing, &c., I sketched three views of the lighthouse. At four p.m., we set sail, but were soon overtaken by a dead calm and were obliged to row. This part of our voyage was exceedingly pleasant, as was also the walk of five miles afterwards to Llanynghenedl. At Llanynghenedl we enjoyed ourselves much.

Friday, July 16th. This morning, at ten, we start by coach to Bangor Ferry, whence we walk to Beaumaris, four miles, and, after taking a sketch of the flat, dull castle, we walk through Bangor to Carnarvon, twelve miles, by about eleven p.m.

Saturday, July 17th. In the morning, I do a little business, having but little to do, and might go to Conway, but that my choice is influenced by the expectation of the arrival of some . . . friends. In the afternoon, these arrive. I am invited to tea at the same place with them. In the evening, we survey the interior of the castle, and afterwards cross the Seiont river, and enjoy a pleasant walk about Coed Allen. When observing the beauty, strength, and magnitude of the castle, my mind was impressed with an entire conviction that nothing could be more false than the assertion that it was built in the space of one year.

Sunday, July 18th, 1819. To-day I meet with an accident which causes me some pain, my heel being bruised in crossing a stile.

Monday, July 19th, 1819. A day of

unremitting rain, and which would not admit of business or pleasure. It was more unpleasant to me, as I had anticipated the enjoyment of an aquatic excursion in the company of the above friends.

Tuesday, July 20th, 1819. The weather is again to-day boisterous and cold. Early in the p.m. my friends depart, after which I smoke some tobacco with Dr. R. and Mr. E., and depart also, and cross the New Ferry to Anglesey. Arrive between nine and ten p.m. at Mr. P.'s, where I am received in the most friendly manner.

Wednesday, July 21st, 1819. With Mr. P. I take a long ride, viz., to Llanddwyn, where I draw the ruins of an old church, etc. After returning, I find myself much fatigued and in great pain on account of the accident on Sunday, but we enjoy some pleasant sailing on the Menai in crossing to and from Carnarvonshire.

Wednesday, July 22nd, 1819. Mr. P. kindly lends me his horse, on which I ride to Bangor Ferry, after crossing which I walk with great difficulty to Bangor. Here I take coach and proceed to Conway. After waiting some hours here, in company of the Rev. Mr. W., for the return of the tide, I procure a boat to take me up the river to Meddiant, but I am landed one and a half miles short of it, which mile and a half I walk with very great pain and difficulty, and find the inhabitants retired to rest.

BETIMES TO BERWYN.

(Translation of the part of Cynddelw's *Cywydd Berwyn, Traethodydd*, Vol. xxix., p. 424).

ON on August morning fair,
We to Berwyn will repair
Early, and seat us on the best
Peak upon its healthful crest;
Mountain flowers of wholesome scent
Are its grateful ornament;
Seething murmurs crowd the steep,
Grasshoppers a-chirping leap;
Hosts of bees in chorus sing
As one voice, while honeying;
Mountain birds, in blending keys,
Chant on sunny galleries;
And the lark his sweet lay pours,
As in heaven's height he soars;
In one flood are voiced all gifts,
Hidden crags with gaping rifts
Echo strains that streamlike flow,
Snmmer's speech and peace's glow.

Trevecca. JOHN YOUNG EVANS.

A WELSH HYMN.

"*Mae'r gwaed a redodd ar y groes.*"

Translated from ROBERT AB GWILYM DDU, by GLAN MENAI.

THE blood once shed upon the cross
Is of immortal fame;
Eternity is far too short
Its virtues to proclaim.

The theme of all the songs of heaven
Is He for sinners slain;
And joyfully all harps resound
To the celestial strain.

The precious ransom once He paid
For us through blood and pain,
Sounds louder far on heaven's harp strings
Than seraph's sweetest strain.

For ever new the song shall be
From myriad harps above,
Eternity will still disclose
New wonders of his love.

What tongue can tell the price He paid,
To save man's fallen race?
And countless ages still shall join
In one new song of praise.

WELSH HOLIDAY RESORTS.

LLANDUDNO.

LLANDUDNO, as everyone knows, is a most delightful holiday resort. It is in itself a lovely place,—with sand, valley, and mountain for choice. Its only drawback in summer is the fact that it is over-crowded with holiday-seekers, attracted to it year after year by its beauty and salubrity.

It is a town of yesterday, nestling in the bosom of the Great Orme,—a holiday town, and nothing else. But its immediate surroundings are of the greatest historical interest. Close to it, at Deganwy, stood the home of the princes of the House of Cunedda,—Maelgwn Gwynedd and his successors, lords of land and sea. Aberconway, the burial place of Llywelyn the Great, is close by, and a walk through the quaint streets of this historical borough, still encompassed round by its walls, takes one back far into the middle ages.

It is a mercy that the National Eisteddfod of 1896, which is to be held at Llandudno, comes on so early,—the last day of June and the first days of July,—and not during the ordinary summer season. The town will, however, be extremely full, for the

Eisteddfod days have become a national holiday. This is the case especially when the ancient institution finds a home in our most attractive towns. The attractions of Llandudno in 1896 are almost unprecedented. Besides the Eisteddfod itself, besides the gay holiday life of Llandudno, the frequenters of the Eisteddfod will find themselves within easy reach of some of the most famous scenes of Welsh history and Welsh literature. The scene of the last struggle for Welsh independence and the home of the translator of the Welsh Bible, the insignificant ruins of the home of mighty Maelgwn and the house that Archbishop Williams built for himself, the beautiful Aber of the White Shells, where the last Llywelyn lived, the home of Felicia Hemans,—they are all close by. And yonder mountains are associated with the names of Tudur Aled, William Morgan, William Salesbury, Twm o'r Nant, Gwilym Hiraethog, Henry Rees, and a host of the mighty dead of Wales.

Between 1094, when Robert of Rhuddlan held Deganwy, and 1896, when the Welsh bards hold Llandudno, what a change has come over our country! Robert of Rhuddlan was the most rapacious and the most cruel of all the Norman soldiers who were allowed to conquer lands in Wales for themselves. He came to Rhuddlan; but the Vale of Clwyd was not enough for him. He extended his dominions to the west, and advanced to the Conway, making incursions even into Eryri itself. He took possession of Deganwy, and lived riotously in the home of the Welsh princes of the sea and of the mountains. To the west of him lay a beautiful sea, almost surrounded by land which still might be his,—the craggy heights of Arllechwedd rising steeply on one side, with Arvon beyond, and the islands, rich in corn-lands, on the other. On a hot summer day in 1094, Robert of Rhuddlan was sleeping the sleep of the wicked at midday in Deganwy castle. When he awoke, he saw the Welsh of Gruffydd ab Cynan driving his cattle to the beach. And there, right underneath him, lay some of the ships of the Gwynedd prince at anchor. The sight of his cattle driven slowly into the ships was more than bad intemperate Robert could bear. With a snort like that of a wild beast, he seized his shield and spear, and rushed down the mountain side to the beach, his soldiers following him as best they could. The Welsh threw their spears at him, and pierced his shield and him. He died like a wild boar; no soldier would go near him until death forced him to loosen his grip on his shield,—he held it as tightly as if it had been a piece of Welsh land. His head was placed on the mast of one of the ships, and then thrown into the sea. His body was taken to Chester, and thence to a Norman abbey. It was supposed that, buried in that hollowed spot, his body would be among the bodies of the redeemed on the last day. But Gruffydd ab Cynan had thrown his head into the sea, and no monk succeeded in finding it.

The history of Llandudno in 1896 shows how the good has conquered during eight hundred years. The Welsh were regarded by the brutal Norman barons as little better than savages; to-day their Eisteddfod, the expression of the literary life of a whole people, is one of the recognized institutions of the world.

The official programme has just reached me, and it is one of the most interesting I have seen. It is naturally intended to be an advertisement to Llandudno; and so it is well illustrated by views of mountain, castle, mansion, and sea. For the chief choral prize, choirs from Holyhead, Builth, Llanelly, Dowlais, Merthyr, and Rhymney will compete. The struggle between the male choirs will evidently be a memorable one,—Annan, Derwent, Bangor, Moelwyn, Abercarn, Nantlle, Swansea, Glantawe, Anafon, Llansamlet, and Porth. There are seven ladies' choirs,—Gwent, Gwalia, London Cymric, Dyffryn Clwyd, Birkenhead, Pontypridd, and Tyrolienne. Wrexham, Bethesda, Builth, Flint, Festiniog, Portmadoc, and Shrewsbury will compete for the second choral prize.

Three pieces will be performed for the first time,—Dr. Parry's dramatic historical cantata "Cambria," Mr. Pugh's choral ballad "Ivry," and Dr. Roger's cantata "The Garden." Dr. Parry's cantata aims at giving a sketch of Welsh history in its most important aspects.

Professor J. Morris Jones.

JOTTINGS.

By John Jones-Jones, Esq., J.P., of Jones Hall.

I.

Professor John Morris Jones, M.A. (not related within the Ninth Degree).

A SERIES of articles have recently appeared in the columns of the elder brother of this magazine, dealing with the Eisteddfod, its pretensions, and antiquity. In common with other intelligent members of society, I have been greatly interested in these articles, which came like a bolt from the blue, and spread dismay among a believing people. At first, I could not sleep. It is not human nature to welcome the uprooting of early beliefs. None of us like to think that *we* were taken in, or imposed upon, and, rather than admit it, we find it more congenial to anathematise the bringer of new light. We thought the earth was the centre of the universe, and that the sun revolved around us,—it added to our importance and self-esteem to believe it. Galileo must needs disturb our dreams, but we speedily brought him, wretched man, to his knees. About that time, however, the sun was seized with a fit of obstinacy, and never would again move round the earth, even though we hurled texts of Scripture at him. Still, it remains true that, ever since, he has been ashamed to show his face much in these islands. What my ancestors felt towards Galileo, that I feel, only more strongly, towards Professor John Morris Jones, M.A., of Bangor, the writer of the "aforesaid" articles. I had been taught that, before the Saxon was, we had our Eisteddfod, and bards, and literature flourishing. I had heard it repeatedly, at many an Eisteddfod, from the lips of men with long hair and a loud voice; aye, even from the lips of the Saxon himself, and, at last, it had become my first article of faith. I felt proud of my ancient race, of our incomparable old literature, and of its producers,—the bards. Woe betide the Saxon who asked me for a Welsh Shakespeare. Had we not a Taliesin when the Saxon was an unlettered pagan, knocking his old father and mother on the head, or pushing them over the cliffs into the sea, to rid himself of the necessity to support them? There is nothing like putting on a bold front, and adopting the Scotch method of reply by asking inconvenient questions. Besides, one never meets an Englishman who knows anything of Welsh literature, who knows even that *Gereint and Enid* is borrowed from the *Mabinogion*. He fondly thinks that "Sassenach" is a Welsh word, and that the Kymric language is built of "consonants." A man who raises his

superstructure on such foundations soon topples over from sheer light-headedness into the abyss. And, of all the sights dear to my heart, there is none I love so much as to see a Saxon blow bubbles in the depth of his ignorance of his neighbours. I enjoy it all the more because he does not know enough to find me out. I have no first-hand knowledge of old Welsh literature, and that is how I am able to believe *all I am told* with so much fervour, and to make unqualified statements with a clear conscience. There is nothing of the doubter about me, and there is nothing I like so much as telling affirmations, dogmatic theology, and the Athanasian creed. Science and knowledge cripple faith. How even the knowledge of an author makes it impossible for you ever after to read again a book you once admired so much. You pictured him in your mind a well-built, lithe figure, in the prime of life, with jet black hair, aquiline nose, and piercing eyes; and you found him a pudgy, squat, bespectacled little man, without a hair between him and heaven. Faith cannot survive such shocks, and that is why I admire the clergy so much for their denunciations of inquiry of all sorts. I never inquired into anything in my life without discovering there was some good in things evil, and some evil in things good. You begin with a simple classification, good and bad. You end by giving up all classification, or by endless qualifications and losing your nominative case long before you arrive at a full stop. For instance, some years ago I was moved to inquire into the history of the Jones-Jones family, and, after an elementary dip in the family archives, I discovered, to my dismay, that my paternal ancestors had married, one a Miss Arabella Smith, another a Miss Mary Jane Shepherd, another a Miss Ethel Brown, another a Miss Georgina Robinson, another a Miss Ellen Scroopes, and—— I did not read further, for the pride of the Jones-Jones within me was humbled at all this stain of Saxon blood in my veins. I felt I was more mixed than my right reverend friend, the Lord Bishop of St. Asaph, whose Saxon coolness is so conspicuous. The only thing English about me is an inordinate love of fair play, and for this foreign strain, Professor Morris Jones has every reason to be grateful. Well, and who is this Mr. Morris Jones? When my son was at Christ Church, some years ago, I spent a few weeks at Oxford, and visited the David ap Gwilim Society, then unknown to fame. I got to know some of the members, and I can recall vividly Mr. Morris Jones and Mr. Llewelyn Williams sitting on a low sofa in Lincoln College, two massive pipes in their mouths, and a kind of halo about their heads, with Mr. Gwenogfryn Evans and Mr. Owen Edwards fiercely denouncing the oldness of the pipes and the bad quality of the tobacco. The meeting began with a double duel between these smokers and non-smokers. Soon other members dropped in; a cup of coffee and a dry biscuit were handed to each; then a paper followed on Welsh orthography by Mr. Morris Jones, accompanied by a perfect volley of criticism on all sides. It seemed strange to a visitor like myself that so many could talk at the same time. The banter was often very keen in its thrusts, but the benignant and cheerful aspect of Prof. Rhys in the chair assured me that there was no immediate danger of a fight. Still, I thought it prudent to take the seat nearest the door. Mr. Morris Jones read his paper with admirable nerve and good humour, and I said to Prof. Rhys, on the way home,—"We shall hear of that man when he has left Oxford. He will not rest and rust, but will know the why and wherefore of things." "Yes, you are right," said the genial professor, "he is a very clever young fellow, and his mathematical training has disciplined his mind. I should not expect him to talk at random." That was my first and last encounter with Mr. Morris Jones, but I still remember his slight figure, above the average in height, his somewhat pallid, clean-shaven face, fine forehead, shapely nose, and, especially, his long, lanky hair, worn in imitation of Hwfa Môn, according to Mr. Gwenogfryn Evans, and in imitation of Dr. Owen Pughe, according to Mr. Owen Edwards. I could not see the point of these remarks, but the way in which they were received made it clear that others did, and I chronicle them accordingly. It may be that by this time

the hair is cut short, and that Amheurig now looks more like ordinary men. I believe that there is nothing very distinguished to be said about his ancestors, who lived and had their being in the parish of Llanrûg, at a place called Eithin Duon, which has no very fructiferous sound. Morris Jones, the father, after spending some time at Bala College, and afterwards at Borough Road Training College, opened a school, first at Dwyran, and, later, at Gaerwen; but it seems that his "call to the work" was not divine in its origin. He, therefore, promptly abandoned the schoolroom for business, and went to Trefor, where he conformed with an ancient custom, and took unto himself a wife. It was at Trefor, in Anglesey, that Prof. Morris Jones was born, on the 17th of October, 1864, and such is this man's love for his native island that he always speaks of the United Kingdom and Ireland as "Anglesey and the adjacent islands." In steadfast and fearless adherence to his convictions, we find the son a "chip of the old block." In 1870, when the Education Act was passed, the father was an enthusiastic believer in the Board School, and very nearly ruined himself thereby. Most of his customers were believers in the voluntary system, and when he acted as the honorary clerk of the Llanfair P.G. (whither he had removed in 1868) School Board, the "Voluntarians" withdrew from him their custom. But he knew no compromises, stuck to his convictions, and insisted from the first on using Welsh to teach English, being clear-sighted enough to see that an unknown tongue can be learnt only by the medium of one known to the children. He sent his own boy, John, to the school, and saw that he had daily practice in translating Welsh into English, and English into Welsh. Thus Ap Morris, or Amheurig, laid his foundations early in the knowledge of his mother-tongue. In 1876, the boy was sent to Friars' School, at Bangor, then under the mastership of the present bishop. When Mr. Lloyd moved to Brecon, in January, 1879, he thought so highly of his pupil that he took Amheurig with him. The following Christmas, Mr. Morris Jones, the father, died, and the son has been heard to say that he could have written on his father's tomb as Ruskin had done on his: "Here lies an absolutely honest merchant." He weighed and measured his goods with mathematical exactness, and it was this common knowledge of his uprightness and the pleasant manners of his wife that saved his business from ruin in the time of the boycott. The father left the son for chief inheritance a noble example in practical ethics; he had contrived also to instil into him the love of reading and thinking for himself, and he had been heard to express the hope that his son might become a second Dr. Owen Pughe!

1880 found young Morris Jones behind the counter, but it soon became clear that *his* vocation was *not* there. I will not repeat what has been told me except that Welsh literature occupied most of his time. In 1881 his old master was successful in getting him back to Brecon, and I believe the recording angel will testify that there was kindness and self-sacrifice in the act. Young Jones was supposed to have special aptitude for mathematics, which he was accordingly directed to study. But an old schoolfellow tells me that he played at mathematics and *studied the works of David ap Gwilim.* However, he took a mathematical scholarship at Jesus College, Oxford, in 1883, and in the opinion of his tutor, he would have distinguished himself as a mathematician in the schools, if he could be weaned from his love of Welsh literature. Personally, I am glad to think there is one uninteresting mathematician the less in the world, and one *poet* the more. There is no man now alive, I am told, who knows so much about Welsh metres as Professor Morris Jones. He alone, among the bards, has read the older Welsh literature, such as the Black Book of Carmarthen and the Book of Taliessin,—I mean, has read them with any understanding of their meaning and prosody. This knowledge gives him considerable advantage in any war with his fellow bards, though I do wish he were not so heretical in his views. It seems as if our grandmothers did not know even how to suck eggs in those days. But I reserve the lash for a future occasion. Let me now finish my sketch. Instead of working for

a first at mathematics at Oxford, Amheurig studied the *Mabinogion* with Professor Rhys, and consorted too much with that dry-as-dust Mr. Gwenogfryn Evans, who wishes to resort to historical and rational orthography, just as if orthography could ever be rational in any language. Gwenogfryn did not rest till he inveigled his friend to edit the *Elucidarium* in 1888, and Professor Rhys induced his college to continue Amheurig's scholarship for a fifth year, to enable him to do so. Thus a native twist and bad companions corrupted the young mathematician, and made the professor of Welsh in the University College of Bangor. The *Elucidarium* was edited with mathematical exactness, as regards the text, and the notes are both numerous and instructive. In short, I hear on all sides that Mr. Morris Jones is a born teacher, and that, fortunately, in a subject that needs an expositor perhaps more than any other in Wales.

THE DIARY OF A BARD. (EBEN FARDD.)

XV.—LITERARY ACTIVITY.

1853.

February 1st.—Perused a letter to Hugh Ellis, dated 31st January, from some attorney in Manchester, threatening us with lawsuit for the amount of our shares of Peter Edward to Lord Ellesmere.

2nd.—Went to Carnarvon with H. Ellis to show the above letter and proposed indemnity to Mr. Powell, and consult thereon. Mr. Powell took the matter in hand, and assured us it should be agreeably completed.

9th.—Went over in the evening to Sportsman; 1½ p. a. Supped at Plas with Mr. Edwards, Chester, ½ p. w. after. Mr. E. comes next in September; allowed me time to translate. The painter from Llangollen here.

22nd. — Society Committee, — James Williams, Richard Jones, Edward Roberts, Evan Thomas, John Jones, and self,—on Ell's *courtship*; two persons false, an instrument of my enemy; fourth person self-righteous, hot-tempered, and assuming.

March 11th.—William Roberts going to London; request James and M. to go to Capel Ucha to assist to select deacons.

14th.—Dr. Pughe visited Catherine; pronounced her complaint to be chronic inflammation of the pleura.

23rd.—Received £1 10s. from Messrs. Lloyd, Robert Jones, and Williams, to indemnify me for attending at Carnarvon three times and Bangor once, and other charges respecting the power of attorney to Lord Ellesmere.

26th.—Devoutly resigned Catherine to God's will, with devout prayer for her recovery, if right in His sight.

28th.—The second anniversary of the Carnarvon Welsh Literary Society.

April 1st.—Captain Owen paid me £2 10s. from Brynaera Chapel.

2nd.—Mrs. Williams, Brynaera, paid me £1 10s. for John's school and one poor child.

5th.—Bought coat and trousers at Rev. D. Jones, £2 13s.

21st.—At Sportsman and Mur Mawr with W. J. Williams, Liverpool. Heard cuckoo.

22nd.—Robert Griffith the draper, on my return, joined company at Tynlon in the most bland and hearty humour possible; how is this come about I cannot ascertain, after an interval of 2½ years of crowning ill-will.

23rd.—In the *Carnarvon Herald* of this day, my letter respecting Messrs. Jones Parry and D. Williams' kindness to John Thomas, Chwilog, respecting his rent, &c., appeared, signed "Philanthropos."

May 7th.—Wrote letters to John Pughe. British schoolmaster of Cemmaes, and editor of *Amserau*, giving account of Brynaera meeting.

16th.—Visited Glasfryn with Dr. Pughe and Robert Hughes. The house inside antiquated after the manner of houses in the mediæval ages. Hall of old panelled oak wainscot, roof without ceiling. Timbering painted, rafters ornamented with wood-

pieces bearing the arms of the fifteen tribes, top-lined with purple tapestry. MSS. Cyfreithiau Hywel Dda, and old book of poetry, two antlers in the hall, old hunting sword.

20th.—Forwarded Tregelles' letter to Edwards.

June 12th. — Received an awdl from America to adjudicate upon.

18th.—Attended the Dinorwic meeting. Slept at Mr. W. M. Williams'.

19th.—At Dinorwic. Rev. Rees Jones preaching there; accompanied him to Felin Heli after sermon. Slept at his house.

20th.—Reached home by eight a.m. per mail coach. My dear Catherine off this morning to Carnarvon to proceed to Machynlleth and Aberdovey. God speed her.

22nd.—Letters to Mr. Evan Thomas, Liverpool, and Evan Richards, Glanmorgan (*Meudwy Glan Elai*).

24th.—Forwarded letter to Holyhead, declining te attend the examination of British School. Letter to Dr. Tregelles, enclosing a proof copy of his letter from Rome. Letter to Rev. L. Edwards, Bala, enclosing "Afaon" for *Traethodydd*.

30th. — The Church Lay Union at Clynnog Fawr. President, Rowld. Williams, Dinorwig House; vice, R. J. Jones, Tremadog; secretary, William Evans, Llandwrog. Some thirty or more delegates and schoolmasters attended.

July 1.—At Sportsman. Tea; one g. R., ½ p,; Hugh Tegai, ½ p.

2nd.—Sat a few minutes with Huw Tegai at the Sportsman. Alluding to Caledfryn's remarks on D. Wyn, I said he appeared more the censor than the critic. For Iorwerth Glan Aled, I said he was a very able poet, but took no time to polish his poems; had much beauty in his poems, but not a living beauty; that Robyn Wyn was an excellent Pryddestwr, and a kind young man; that Robyn Ddu possessed a very clever awen, and when his character would be forgotten, his works would be admired much more; that Dewi Wyn and others of his class were noted for grandeur and sublimity, that such were not to be blamed much for not being pretty and beautiful, as the grand in nature is not always beautiful. He re-assured me he should send me my MS. stanza to the twenty-four Welsh metres, &c.

3rd.—Letter to J. Roberts (Glaswyn), Liverpool.

4th.—Forwarded Ogwenydd's essay to him at his request and own expense.

7th.—Paid my rent at Plas the 20th time! Received £2 10s. from Zion in aid of school per Evan Evans and Hugh Williams; but not from the heart, I am sorry to find.

23rd.—"F'ewythr Tomos," a poem, forwarded to Mr. Gee this morning.

28th. — Received Mr. Thomas Gee's approval of "Fewyrth Tomos," and his engagement to pay.

August 1st.—Hugh Owen leaving school to sail to Australia.

2nd.—Critique on *Awdl y Croeshoeliad* gan Pechadur forwarded to New York State, America.

4th.—Forwarded a copy of ten Englynion on the coming of age of the heir of Nanhoron, to Dr. Hughes, Pwllheli.

10th.—A murderer hanged at Carnarvon. Letter from Mr. W. O. John, Swansea, in peevish terms.

12th. — Went to Llanllyfni, as per engagement, to school examination. Spoke a short address at the close of examination. Delivered Mr. Jones' pedigree sheet to Mrs. Jones.

20th.—Talysarn Literary Meeting. Slept at Coedmadog.

26th.—Rev. J. Mills lecturing on the Jews.

27th.—Mr. Mills called; went with him to Tynycoed and dined there; got his book on Jews as present.

29th.—Received £15 from Mr. Roberts, Crug, per Captain Owen, to pay for young men's school. Robert Griffith's shop; enquired about a letter addressed to one Richard Owen, County Court, Portmadoc, and posted here, which, he said, had not been received by the above. I said I had no more to say than that it was forwarded per bag from my office. The Lord be praised, and may He defend His servant. Thirty one years this day I was christened.

September 3rd.—Returning from Carnarvon in Lleuar Bach gig, met Ambrose.

6th. — Received a letter from Mr. Pritchard, postmaster, Bangor, proposing

an eisteddfod for next year at Bangor, requesting my attendance at meeting today on subject. Wrote to him my concurrence, &c., in the matter of the eisteddfod, but excused from the meeting.

8th. — Forwarded letters to Daniel Richards, engineer, Llanelli, and to W. Williams (*Creuddynfab*), Staley Bridge.

14th.—Mr. Searell and J. Jones' son, of Talsarn, visited school; former gave 3s. 6d. to distribute between the best scholars.

September 15th,—Consecration of Llanaelhaiarn churchyard by the bishop to open at two p.m. Rev. R. Williams, vicar of Clynnog, to preach.

19th,—Forwarded lines on Bible Society Jubilee to Rev. T. Phillips, London.

20th.—Proclaimed the Bangor Eisteddfod. At Mr. G. Jones, Upper Bangor, ¾ p. p. dinner; W. M. Hus., ½ p. A.; O. J., ½ p. A.; R. Wyn at Hotel, ½ p. b. A. Abbot, post meet, ⅓ of ½ p. A and g. W. Slept at W. M. Hus., returned with Daniel, 2s. 6d. Train going 1s.; total, 4s. Perq. 20s.

27th.—T. D. L. Parry Jones Parry, Esq., met me on horseback at the Clynnog gate, and in alluding to the Bangor Eisteddfod requested me to put down his name for £10 towards it.

29th.—Bible meeting. Rev. E. Morgan, Dyffryn.

October 12th.—Society. The matter of E. Roberts' call considered by the brethren.

15th.—Cyf. Llen., Talysarn; very great storm; went up for six o'clock; home by midnight; 15s.

16th.—At Zion. Performed initiating devotions.

19th.—Reading meeting at Zion and singing.

29th.—Wrote many letters and private accounts. Finished my *Gwyddionadur* articles for Mr. Gee.

30th.—Forwarded letters to Mr. Gee; Mr. D. Howell, Somerset College, Abergavenny; Mr. Evan David (Myfyr) Pontypridd; Mr. Cadwaladr Owen; R. Simpson, Esq., Mr. Thos. Williams, clerk, Mostyn Colliery.

November 4th. — Brynaera Literary Meeting.

5th. — Clynnog fair; clamorous and drunk.*

6th.—Letters to H. Owen, Esq., Whitehall, London; to Dr. Tregelles, 22, Molesworth Street, Dublin.

16th.—Cadwaladr Owen, preaching at Clynnog; Dr. Tregelles expected; letters to Th. Williams, N.P., Pwllheli, and W. O. Jones, Swansea *Herald*.

20th.—Dr. Tregelles here this day.

December 3rd.—At Berthddu, delivered bill for 22s. This day's *Herald* contained my letter to the committee of the Bangor Eisteddfod.

4th.—Forwarded a reprimand to Rob. Wyn for troubling me to help him so much with translations, &c.

10th.—Engaged to Rhostryfan Literary Meeting, and attended; slept at John Hughes' shop.

11th.—At Rhostryfan. T. Phillips in the morning; attended to Sunday school; then tea'd at Bodaden, thence home; cold frosty moonlight; 25s.

22nd.—Broke up school till 16th January, '54.

23rd.—Promised to set out for Festiniog this day with Robt. Rowland, student; to be at Portmadoc for the night; called at Gwyndy. Tea'd with John Owen; spent the night at Mr. Robt. Jones, draper, Portmadoc.

24th.—Set out from Portmadoc in Searell's gig, for Festiniog; tea'd at Wm. Jones and slept for the night; preaching at chapel.

25th.—Preaching all day at Tanygrisiau by Revs. Jno. Jones, Talysarn and Ed. Morgan, Dyffryn; dined at Cwmorthin with Mr. Allen Searell; the lake; echo. Slept at Dinas with R. Owen, Mr. Holland's agent.

26th. — Visited quarry; lectured at Llwynygell school on "Parhad yr iaith Gymraeg;" slept at Dinas; £1 10s.

27th.—Very great fall of snow; started for home by Tanybwlch; reached Port and slept at Mr. Robt. Jones, draper. 1 g. W. at Penrhyn Deudraeth.

28th.—Per coach to Pantglas; home by eight p.m., and found all well; praised be the Lord.

29th.—At Borth, Tynycoed, Cilgoed, Garnedd, visiting sick.

30th.—Looking over and adjusting my

* Not the bard, but the people in the fair.

schools and shop accounts for the year. Society; felt owned and blessed.

31st.—At Carnarvon; speaking to G. Parry about translation of Tregelles, &c.; paying Hobbley and Thos. Jones; tea at Bulk.

I here record my humble thanks to the Almighty God for his gracious favour vouchsafed to me and my family in innumerable and unutterable ways the year now ending.

Praised be His glorious and blessed name through our Lord Jesus Christ; amen.

My lines in memory of Gabriel Jones, a boy, near Ruthin, published in the *Methodist* for April, 1853. My political address to the Carn. Literary Society, published in *Amserau* of April 20th and 27th, 1853.

Thos. Owen, Cefnartho, told me of a superstitious custom in past times of putting a new born babe's hand on a certain chapter in the Bible, which would cause him to be in after life a great learner, even if he had no schooling. This was to be done before any water was applied to the body of the infant,—the chapter not known now.

Found money at Cefnartho,—35s.,—under a stone, with the inscription "H," long ago. Thomas opened a grave covered with a Cilgwyn stone, and built on the sides small pieces of Bwlchderwin stone with some ashes inside (no coins).

I saw one in Bryngwenith opened by Dav. Davies with Bwlchmawr pieces of stone at the head, foot, and sides, black soil within in small quantities; it was near the surface of the ground; 1851 or 1850.

Thomas O. gave the names of those who had their hands laid on the chapter in the Bible when babes,—"Will Gracy," who had joined the army after giving a wonderful proof of aptitude to learn; also Sion Goch y Clwt.

Idea.—Cread dyn yn cylymu y ddaear wrth y nef; cnawd wrth ysbryd; y ddolen lle yr unir y byd hwn a'r byd fry.

Idea.—God has set the creation, as it were, at some distance to contemplate it, he placed man in the middle of it as heir and lord of all, and his child, with an inviting look for him to draw near, as a child beginning to walk to his father, thus drawing nearer to God is the whole of man's expansive intellectual power.

"Ymddangosodd yn y *Traethodydd* am y mis hwn (Hydref) ganiad ogoneddus gan Eben Fardd ar 'Hanes Afaon' y Bardd Ieuangc o Balas Anian."—*Amserau*, Hyd. 19, 1853.

Yn y *Traethodydd* am y mis hwn (Hydref) y mae gan Eben Fardd ganiad ogoneddus ar Afaon y Bardd Ieuangc, o Balas Anian."—*Ibid.*

God and His providence supreme.

Subordinate thereto, this reverent peep into futurity draws some tranquility to the mind.

1853, March 22nd,—£30 for four years, as annual stipend with ordinary assurance of £20 more, independent of the number of pupils at school, be it ever so small.

Self and family (if alive) at the end of the above period, will be of the following ages respectively,—

Self ...	54½	Catherine...	23
Mary ...	49½	Elizabeth ..	17½
Ellen ...	25¼	James ...	14⅙

RIVAL GORSEDDAU.

THE *Gorsedd* that has attached itself to the National Eisteddfod is the creation, as Professor J. Morris Jones has conclusively proved, of a few Glamorganshire bards who vainly imagined they knew something about the druids. There is another *Gorsedd*, with quite as historic a locality for its origin,—the *Gorsedd* held every year in August on the shores of Llyn Geirionnydd, in the mountains above the Vale of Conway. The "arwest" accompanying it is more like the ancient Eisteddfod than anything we have at present; it has not, so far, degenerated into a series of huge concerts. The "arwest," held in a most enchanting locality, pretends to great antiquity. The medal for an essay,—"the medal of the silver tongue,"—is now given "for the first time during these last four hundred years." The "arwest" is stated to be the "highest test of poetry and literature," and it is said that the standard is very high. Gwilym Cowlyd, Tubal Lleiflad, Penfro, and Elis o'r Nant are the pillars of this hoary institution. Its date for 1896 is August 13-15.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Address,—O. M. EDWARDS, LINCOLN COLLEGE, OXFORD.

BY the time this number will be in the reader's hands, the Prince of Wales will have been installed as Chancellor of the University of Wales, and the ceremony at Aberystwyth will undoubtedly be a very magnificent one.

The first graduates of the University will be those upon whom honorary degrees will be conferred at the ceremony of installation. The first will be the Prince of Wales, the second will be the Princess of Wales, the third will be Mr. Gladstone. These three will undoubtedly be present. Degrees will also be conferred upon Chancellors of other British Universities, as many as are present. It is to be hoped that these will include Lord Salisbury, the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Herschell, Lord Spencer, and Mr. Balfour,—the Chancellors of Oxford, Cambridge, London, Victoria, and Edinburgh Universities respectively.

Later on, within four or five years, the University will undoubtedly consider who, besides chancellors, are worthy of its honorary degrees. There are four Welshmen whose fame is known far beyond the bounds of Wales, each of them one of the most famous in his own sphere. I mean George Meredith, Professor York Powell, Sir E. Burne-Jones, and William Morris.

The ritualistic institution which has attached itself to the Eisteddfod,—the *Gorsedd*,—will be decked with new tinsel and gewgaws at Llandudno. Before the bards a new banner will be carried, sparkling with the reflected glory of gold, silver, and crystals,—the gift of Sir Arthur Stepney. The banner,—a most beautiful one,—has been designed by Mr. T. H. Jones; the needlework is by Miss Lena Evans, the art needle-work mistress at the Cardiff Technical School. The artistic beauty of the banner is worthy of a more historic institution, worthy even of the Eisteddfod itself. It represents the lore which Morien and one or two others regard as "druidic." What a privilege it is to be able to describe the theories and the thoughts of the "druids" as if one had been in the closest personal contact with them.

A reforming zeal has taken possession of the *Gorsedd*. It is determined to increase its prestige, to claim new privileges, and to reform itself. No degree, save honorary ones, is to be conferred without examination. For the examination a knowledge of a few popular shilling books must be shown, and of three magazine articles. The payment of five shillings, also necessary henceforth, is, on the whole, a more serious difficulty than the examination. In a manifesto bristling with translated English idoms, which are not Welsh at all, the bards declare that all the *Gorsedd* proceedings must be in the Welsh language. There is also a belated,—and by this time an unnecessary,—appeal to committees to engage more Welsh musical *artistes*.

The *Gorsedd* will evidently remain a cumbrous old humbug to the last.

J. O's article on "Barbarity in Welsh History" I am not willing to publish, because it is simply an anthology of very one-sided accounts culled from modern writers. "Owen Glendower, and he only, attacked the church," he says of one of the greatest of mediæval churchmen. J. O. might have found statements like the following in plenty, had he gone to original authorities. It is taken from the English translation of Adam of Usk, no friend of Glendower's or of his cause.

"1401. In this autumn, Owen Glendower, all North Wales, Cardigan, and Powys siding with him, sorely harried with fire and sword the English who dwelt in those parts, and their towns, and specially the town of Pool. Wherefore the English, invading these parts with a strong power, and utterly laying them waste and ravaging them with fire, hunger, and sword, left them a desert, not even sparing children or churches, nor the monastery of Strata Florida, wherein the king himself was a guest, the church of which and its choir, even up to the high altar, they used as a stable, and pillaged even the patens; and they carried away into England more than a thousand children of both sexes to be their servants. Yet did the same Owen do no small hurt to the English, slaying many of them, and carrying off the arms, horses and tents of the king's eldest son, the prince of Wales, and of other lords, which he bore away for his own behoof to the mountain fastnesses of Snowdon."

Adam of Usk, p. 192.

RAIN AT BALA.—A tourist wrote as below in the visitors' book at Bala,—

The weather depends on the moon as a rule,
And I found that the saying is true;
For at Bala it rains when the moon's at the full,
And it rains when the moon's at the new.
When the moon's at the quarter, then down comes the rain,
At the half it's no better, I ween;
When the moon's at three quarters it's at it again,
And it rains beside mostly between.

The notes accompanying the transcript of a manuscript giving an account of the "Seven Wonders of Gwynedd" are written by Mr. J. E. Thomas, C.E., Wrexham.

My attention was drawn to Hugh Roberts' letter by Mr. Thomas Ellis, Llanrwst. I should be very grateful to correspondents for copies of references to famous Welshmen in continental and American publications.

QUERIES.

CX. OWEN GLENDOWER AND EDUCATION.—I have read somewhere that Owen Glendower had a plan for the establishment of a system of higher education in Wales. Is there any reliable authority for such a statement? Failing that, was such a plan probable in such an age?

Liverpool. COSMOPOLITAN.

CXI. ROGER WILLIAMS,—*not* he of Rhode Island. Can anyone give me any information about the Roger Williams who fought in the Dutch wars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries? Did any other Welshmen take part in those heroic wars?

MYNYDDWR.

XCII. Where does Ivan Yield Again come in English literature, as a Welshman's name?

M. A.

REPLIES.

104. Brwyn may like to get the following letter from the Rev. Ed. Morgan to Eben Fardd,—

SYSTON, NR., LEICESTER,
March 30th, '48.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I have been a long time thinking of writing to you. You have heard, I suppose, that Elias' letters and papers are out. I should be happy to desire the printer at Carnarvon to send you a copy if you have not one. Let me hear from you soon. I should be happy to hear from you on other points as well. How have you and your dear wife and children been since I heard from you last? I hope you are still persevering through grace in your journey for a better world. If storms have arisen, no doubt they helped you on, for all things work together for good.

How does your school go on? I hope well. You have some far advanced, but have you some that are seeking the way to heaven? Are you not engaged in some other acts of usefulness? I should be glad to know. Are there not some young men, truly pious, trained up for the ministry? Have not you tried to be useful in aiding them?

But how does poetry go on now? Does *Awen* ever visit you? I should think she has not been sleeping all this while.

While I write these questions I thought of Williams of Pantycelyn. His life in English is out some time now. I wish I could forward a copy to you. If I come down in the summer I will bring one for you, I am afraid they are not sold at Carnarvon, but if you can get a bookseller to get you one, I will pay for it.

Are there any serious clergymen in your neighbourhood? Do they increase? I send you a little tract, let me hear how you like it? With very kind regards to yours.

I remain, yours
Most truly,
ED. MORGAN.

106. JOHN JONES, THE AUTHOR OF ADRASTA. As in the cases of a crowd of other distinguished Welshmen of the period beyond 1650, very little is known of John Jones, the writer of the drama called Adrasta. No doubt a search among the MSS. at the British museum and the Public Record Office would be productive of many details. I believe he was a lawyer, probably a member of the Inner Temple. I have seen him described as of Noyadd in the county of Brecon, and I take him to be the author of the following works, which were issued in the years 1650 and 1651, in duodecimo form,—

(1) Jurors Judges or Law and Fact, 1650.
(2) The new Returned Brevium, 1650.
(3) The Piece of Justice, 1650.
(4) Judges judged out of their own Mouths, 1650.
(5) The Crie of Blood, 1651.

These volumes are very rare. They were not known to Rowlands of the Llyfryddiaeth.

There are, I remember, a few striking passages in the Adrasta, published 1635, but at this moment I cannot say very much of the play or its style. The numbers are sufficiently smooth and musical, and the play as a whole affords evidence of culture and a considerable, if not a great, grasp of the English language. IVOR JAMES.

107. The remains of Ieuan Gwynedd have not all been published. Voluminous diaries and articles remain in manuscript, and I understand there is an intention of presently publishing sections of them. ——— Ed.

168. Lewis Morris seems to have written very much, especially concerning Welsh antiquities and literature. His manuscripts are scattered all over the country; I know of three or four thick volumes in private possession. The possessors of the MSS. can publish them or not,—there is no copyright of course. ED.

112. Ivan Yield Again comes in *Piers Plowman*, Passas VII. line 309-315. Langlande describes Ivan Yield Again, a Welshman, becoming repentant as he listens to the sermon of Reason,—

THAN was ther a Walishman · was wonderliche sory
He highte YUAN YELD-AGEYN · if ich so moche haue,
Al that ich wickeddelick wan · sytthen ich [wit] hadde;
And thank my liflode lacke · leten ich nelle,
That ech man shal have hus · er ich hennes wende.
For me ys leuere in this lif · as a lorel beggen,
Than in lysse to lyue · and lese lyf and soule.

THE SEVEN WONDERS OF NORTH WALES.

SAITH RHYFEDDOD GWYNEDD.

(From a MS.)

Mynydd yr Wyddfa.—Snowdon mountain in Carnarvonshire.
Pistyll Rhaiadr.—The great waterfall or cascade at Llanrhaidr ym Mochnant, Denbighshire.
Ffynnon Gwenfrewi.—St. Winifred's Well, Holywell, Flintshire.
Mynwent Owrtin.—Overton Churchyard in Flintshire.
Clochdy Gwrecsam.—Wrexham Church, Denbighshire.
Clochau Croesfordd.—Gresford Bells in Denbighshire.
Pont Llangollen.—Llangollen Bridge, Denbighshire.

SNOWDON was held in great veneration by the ancient Britons, as the mountain of Parnassus was by the Greeks, and Mount Ida by the Cretans. Snowdon commands a wonderfully extensive and variegated prospect; from its summit may be seen, in clear weather, all the counties in North Wales, and some parts of South Wales, Ireland, the Isle of Man, Scotland, and the north of England. The perpendicular height of Snowdon above low water mark at Carnarvon is 1,285 yards,* according to the last admeasurement by Mr. Dawson. All its range of mountains, called in Welsh Eryri, formerly constituted the forest of Snowdon. These mountains are by Mr. Pennant and others denominated the British Alps, and are famed for rare plants, as are the lakes for char (*torgoch*), trout, and other fish. There is a view of Snowdon by Wilson the painter, who was a native of Mold, which was engraved by Woollett. This was taken from the Nantlle or Llanllyfni lakes.

Pistyll Rhaiadr, or the water-spout of Rhaiadr, is the noblest and greatest in Wales, particularly after a heavy fall of rain. It descends from the mountains of Berwyn, and divides the counties of Montgomery and Denbigh. It is about three miles above the village of Llanrhaiadr in Mochnant, to which it gives its name. The perpendicular height of this fall is about two hundred and forty feet. There was a good print of it published some years ago, drawn by the late Mr. Evans, of Llwyn y Groes, near Oswestry, who also published an excellent map of North Wales.

St. Winifred's Well,† or Holywell, in Flintshire. This spring, says Mr. Pennant, is certainly one of the finest in these kingdoms, and by the two different trials and calculations lately made for my information, is found to throw out about twenty one tons of water in a minute. It never freezes, or scarcely varies in the quantity of water in drought or after the greatest rains. It is consecrated, according to tradition, to the memory of St. Winifred, whose purity, being dearer to her than life, submitted to be beheaded near that place rather than yield to the lust of Caradoc, a heathen prince, about the commencement of the seventh century. A neat Gothic chapel is built over the head of the spring. Besides the reputed sanctity of its waters, and their efficaciousness in the cure of various disorders, they are so powerful and useful that, though the distance to the sea is but short, they turn a great number of mills of various descriptions, and are employed for different purposes. The water is extremely cold, the depth of the basin about five feet, and it is so transparent that a small piece of money or a pin may be seen at the bottom of it. Pilgrimages to this place were frequent in the days of Popery prior to the Reformation in the time of Henry VIII., and continued in some measure till the commencement of last century.

Overton Churchyard is famed for being surrounded with about twenty five or more yew trees, which grow in an admirable manner, and formerly it is said that a yew tree grew on the church steeple. The yew tree was generally planted in churchyards probably from its being thought a symbol of immortality, it continues to grow and flourish for many years, and is

* The proper height of Snowdon is 3,560 feet above mean high water mark.

† The life of St. Winifred, patroness of this county, has been frequently written. Gilbert de Stone, a learned ecclesiastic, who flourished about 1380, was applied to by the monks of Holywell to write her life. On being assured by them there were no materials in their monastery for it, he replied he could execute the work just as well without any, and he would give them a most excellent legend after the manner of that previously drawn up respecting Thomas à Becket.

always green. The cypress, used for the same purpose in warmer climates, would not succeed well in these cold regions. Another reason assigned for these trees being planted in churchyards is, the great demand there was for it prior to the discovery of gunpowder, for the purpose of making bows; from this circumstance and its poisonous quality, it was denominated the deadly yew, and thus became the emblem of death.

Wrexham Church.—This is the most magnificent building of the kind in Wales. Brown Willis, in his survey of St. Asaph, says that the stately Gothic tower of Wrexham Church, so much admired for its elegant architecture, is exceeded by very few in England. It was begun to be rebuilt in 1472, and the steeple was finished in 1507. The tower is richly ornamented with lofty spires of the Gothic order, and its four sides adorned with three pilasters, containing figures of saints placed in rich gothic niches, one above another. Among them is St. Giles, the patron saint of the church, with the hind which, according to the legend, miraculously nourished him in the desert.

An old bard describes this beautiful church in the following englyn,—

Clochdy twt, hoeldy taldeg,—corwyndy
Cryn-dwr hir, cywreindeg;
Eglwys-dy wnaed yn glwys-deg,
Mynwent hardd a meini teg.

"A lofty, elegant tower, of curious workmanship; a beautiful steeple, highly ornamented; a church of incomparable beauty and elegance, the stones all squared and polished, and an admirable handsome churchyard." There was a print of Wrexham church published some years ago by Mr. Alderman Boydell.

Gresford Church.—This place of worship is noted for the melody of its bells as well as for its picturesque situation, being seated on the brow of an eminence over a beautiful little valley, which opens into the vast expanse of the vale royal of Cheshire. The church is extremely handsome, but less ornamental than that of Wrexham, though built in the same reign. The tower is adorned with images of the apostles, and on one side in a niche is a figure of Henry VII. It is very probable that there were but few bells in North Wales at the time at which those of Gresford were reckoned as one of its seven wonders.

The bridge over the Dee at Llangollen is also numbered among the Tri Thlws Cymru, or the three beauties of Wales, but this bridge is, at present, more admired on account of its beautifully romantic situation than for any extraordinary skill or excellence displayed in either its plan or construction, for in both these respects it is greatly eclipsed, and left at an immeasurable distance, by that wonderful structure in its neighbourhood, the aqueduct* over the Dee, a few miles below Llangollen, called Pont Cysylltau, the junction bridge. Llangollen bridge† consists of five arches, the widest of which does not exceed twenty eight feet in diameter. It was built by the munificence of John Trevor, Bishop of St. Asaph, A.D., 1350.

* Was designed by Telford in 1795, just 100 years ago. Total length, 1,007 yards, 19 arches, and 126 feet above the river Dee. Total cost, £47,000.

† Llangollen bridge was much altered about 1860 by the construction of the railway of which the late Henry Robertson was engineer.

THE CRY FOR A WELSH SCOTT.

THE Highlander of Scott is not the Highlander of history. The Highlander we know is the idealized, almost re-created, Highlander of Scott. It is often supposed that Wales can not be described as the Scotch Highlands were described, because the necessary materials are not forthcoming. This supposition is entirely erroneous. The most ignorant would-be novelist in Wales has more fresh material within easy reach of him than Scott ever had. What is really wanting is, — not material,—but a desire to re-create the life of the past and a willingness to work hard. It is absurd to think that the ability to write graceful nothings and well-sounding nonsense is the only necessary qualification of the historical novelist. He must have untiring industry, he must have almost endless patience with details, he must have the power of adding form and life to dry records like the *History of the Gwydir Family*, he must be able to see intuitively what, in books like Prys Morris' *Hanes Meirionnydd*, is capable of dramatic treatment. There is nothing so pitiably weak as many a Welshman's belief that fame is to come to him without any effort on his part.

WELSHMEN'S LOST OPPORTUNITIES.

By J. Denley Spencer.

WELSHMEN have long waited for their Scott, and, as things now stand, they will, in all probability, wait a still longer period. Why this should be so, having regard to the unlimited literary resources at their command, is, at first glance, difficult of explanation. A little consideration of the question, however, will show where the cause of the difficulty rests, and what the best means of remedying the evil is. Welshmen are fully aware that they possess, in the histories of their old ruined castles and abbeys, material for the novelist to work upon, of which any other nation might well be jealous. To some extent they are acquainted with passages in the history of these ruins which, whilst not exactly being of so authentic a character as one would wish them to be, are sufficiently interesting to sharpen the appetite for further investigation into romances of bye-gone days. Even the local traditions, which, in the early part of the century were plentiful, are fast disappearing from gossip, and thus slowly, but surely, we are nearing the time when, with the disappearance of our hearthside stories, we shall lose one important means of adding to our stock of knowledge of the past. Possibly there was, and still is, a good deal of the grotesque attached to the tales that fell from the lips of our forefathers, and in order to get anything approaching a truthful arrangement of the incidents, a certain amount of sifting would have to be gone through. With a desire for rescuing from the inevitable oblivion as much of this class of matter as it is possible to obtain, magazines have been started in Wales, the pages of which are devoted to placing on record, in addition to remarkably useful information concerning Wales as a nation, a large quantity of local tradition, which only goes to show the absolute necessity for greater exertion in this direction if a further saving is to be effected before it is too late.

It is here, however, that we are brought face to face with the chief difficulty to the attainment of so desirous a consummation. The existence of manuscripts which contain inexhausible particulars of the leading Welsh families and their predecessors are known to be in the possession of Welsh antiquarians, who, with commendable anxiety for the interests of Wales, jealously guard their treasures from the living eye of anyone but themselves. Lovers of antiquities have ever been careful of their possessions, and no one can blame them for their action, when it is remembered that they, in order to obtain the documents which they so carefully guard, have had to go to considerable trouble and worry. This kind of patriotism, however, is not calculated to have the beneficial results which the antiquarian might be led to think it would; for unless he possesses similar ability to Scott, and produces for the rest of the Welsh nation a work which can for all times be accepted without fear of adverse criticism, he will be in the unenviable position of the dog in the manger. How can this best be remedied? How can the literary men of Wales get hold of these priceless documents? In the absence of a national museum, it is difficult to give an adequate reply. True, there are in different parts of Wales county museums, which serve to collect valuable relics of local industries; but can it be expected that the local antiquarian, whose social position, in some instances, has been based on the value of his collection, is going to be so foolish as to trust to local museums the things that on this earth he loves most dear? Those persons who are unacquainted with the true value of manuscripts of the character which these gentlemen are known to possess, are not the individuals to be entrusted with the

charge of so priceless a treasure. It was only recently that a bundle of valuable papers, which contained exclusive particulars dealing with the history of one of the leading Welsh families, was torn from the smouldering embers of a fire. How many documents of value the careless servant had destroyed will never be known, but the portion saved was fortunately placed in the hands of a local museum committee, and, upon examination, proved to be of the utmost importance. If there had been a national institution to which old documents could be sent, this loss by fire would not have happened; and this incident only goes to show how real is the necessity for the establishing of a museum for Wales. The existence of some such institution would rob our local antiquarians of any further plea for hiding away their precious papers, and possibly a new era in the literary life of the nation might begin, and the complaints now heard upon all sides be silenced for ever by the birth of a second Scott.

THE LEGEND OF THE DRIPPING WELL.

ANGELS' TEARS.

In one of the sweetest vales of Glamorgan, by the roadside, and near to a Dripping Well, there dwelt, it is said, a venerable hermit, who was wont to entertain strangers, while he rehearsed the following legend.

"COME sit you down, and I will tell
The legend of the dripping well;
It is a story all who go
Through this sweet valley ought to know."

Thus spoke the hermit from his cell,
Who watcheth by the dripping well;
Low in reclusive service bound,
To cheer the tillers of the ground.

His voice is as the silvern speech
Of foamwashed pebbles on the beach,
That pilgrims may not choose but hear;
His eyes are as the noonday clear.

The wearied guest sat by the way,
To listen at the close of day;
While silence reigned unbroken round,
Save for the water's dripping sound.

The boughs above were bending o'er,
To greet the wild bank-lilies pure;
Or seemed to harken, through the vale,
To the old hermit's oft told tale.

* * * * *

"Long ages back when time was young,
And Eden's morning hymn was sung;
The earth was kept by angels fair,
Who made choice gardens everywhere.

"With beauteous graves, each fair abode
They garnished, while each pleasant road
Though merely tracks, they covered in
With foliage and jesamine.

And from each early dawn of day,
They toiled till mornings passed away;
Then hovered in mid-air above,
By order of the goddess Love.

"These spirits fair were then employed
To watch the pleasures men enjoyed;
Longing to see betrothals made
Between each happy man and maid.

"Yet men were bashful; maids were shy;
And merely passed each other by;
Looking as charming, though, as day,
But not a word would either say.

"Beneath the shady groves they strolled,
Content each other to behold;
With not a single thing to break
The silence, or fair speech awake.

"Then angels, with deep sorrow, shed
Hot tears upon each mossy bed;
Till from the veins of maiden earth
There rose a spring of matchless worth.

"And from its precious sources flowed
A crystal streamlet to the road;
And this, the ancient legends tell,
Is called the Lovers, Dripping Well.

"Then men and maidens fair to see,
Came for the water pure and free;
And hearts were opened, lips unbound;
Till love-notes echoed all around.

"Then angels sang, nor wept again,
For love was their unceasing strain;
And love's enchantments ever dwell
Around the village Dripping Well."

J. CRAVEN THOMAS.

A FRIEND'S JOURNAL.

The following "brief journal of Hugh Roberts' travels from Pennsylvania to England and Wales" was printed in the *Pennsylvania Magazine* for July, 1894. It is transcribed for these pages, but with the spelling modernized. The original is in possession of Miss Meta Vaux. Hugh Roberts, 1682-1702, the associate of Penn, was one of the exiled Quakers of Merionethshire, having been born and bred in Penllyn. His times,—many traditions are still existing,—have everything the novelist requires. But the Welsh writer can not write a historical novel without taking the trouble to read history carefully.

IN the year 1697, the fifteenth of the twelfth month, I set out from home to visit friends in England and Wales, Samuel Carpenter and John Ascue accompanying me to Maryland, viz., to Susquehanna; and from thence to West River, to Mordecai Moore; to New London, and back again to the said Mordecai Moore. From thence to Samuel Galloway, from thence to Richard Harrison's, from thence to Herring Creek, to a burial, where we had a meeting. From thence to Potuxen to David Rawlins, where we had a precious meeting at their meeting house. Here I parted with my dear friend Samuel Carpenter. From thence Friends sent a man and a couple of horses to set me over Potuxen, and so on to Potomac, to one widow Blackstone, who was no Friend, where I have been very kindly entertained for two days and two nights, waiting for a conveniency to pass over the Great River, being six miles broad. After they set me over, refusing to take anything for their trouble, I laid there, the people being very kind; but could not hire me a horse to go to the next river Rappahannock; so I went through the woods alone, and came to one Captain Taylor, who was very kind to me, not only in giving me good meat and drink, but also setting me over the river, three miles broad,—where I stayed that night, the people being very kind. Next morning, the man in whose house I lodged put me on my way, and directed me to one that would hire a horse; and so he did, and came with me about fourteen miles. From thence I went afoot that night about six miles to a Friend, George Wilson, a place where I had been before, and here I had a very open meeting amongst the people of the world. From thence I went to New Kent, where there is a meeting of Friends. Next day there was a Monthly Meeting at Curles' at James River, to which I went, along with Friends,—and here I had a good service,—afterwards going back again to New Kent. I there met dear Mr. Dickinson, and with him went back to Curles', where we had a good meeting; and after meeting we returned to New Kent that night. I had one meeting there before I met them, and one with them. So we parted, they going to Metaponij, from whence I came.

And I went to Edward Thomas' at James River, Charles Fleming coming along with me. Next day we went from thence to a Quarterly Meeting at Tenbigh, where we had a blessed meeting, and after meeting that day we came to Alexander Llywelyn. We travelled that same day forty six miles besides keeping the meeting, and it was not hard for us to do it, because of the melting love and power of God was set over all. From thence we went to Edward Thomas again, where James Dickinson and J. H.'s and we appointed a meeting to meet again, which was very good; we appointed another at Alexander Llywelyn's, which also was a precious meeting. Here I parted with them, they going towards the ship and I over James River to Walter Bartlet's, and so to Sevenech, where I had a good meeting at the meeting house. Thence I went back again to Henry Wiges', to a meeting of William Cook's, and back to Henry Wiges', where I had a sweet opportunity amongst them. From thence to Richard Ratliff, where I had a good open meeting, so to Daniel Sanburn and to John Coopland. From thence to the meeting at Chuckatuck, where I had a good and large meeting, so back again to J. C. and R. R., where I had another open good meeting; thence to Chuckatuck again, where there was abundance of Friends and others met at their meeting house, a good and blessed meeting we had. From thence to William Scot at Brance, where I had a great and open good meeting. From thence to Leven Buffstin's, where I had a precious meeting, at which there were many Friends, and many of the

world's people. From thence I went to a meeting at Elizabeth Gallowell's, which was a good meeting, from thence to John Coopland and to Daniel Sanburn, and back again to J. C., where I met James Dickinson and Jacob F. again. From thence we went to a meeting at Elizabeth Hollowell, a very good meeting. From thence to John Coopland and to Daniel Sanburn, and back again to a meeting at Elizabeth Hollowell's, where we had a precious meeting. From thence on board the ship. which was to the mouth of James River, where the fleet met; we stayed on board fifteen days before we sailed, and had several meetings from ship to ship, to the great comfort and satisfaction of our souls, and upon the seventh day of the third month we sailed out of the Capes of Virginia. Many brave and precious meetings we had aboard.

Upon the fourteenth day of the fourth month we struck ground at eighty five fathom water, and on the seventeenth day we saw the land, old England; in the twenty second of the said month we arrived at Plymouth, and had there a meeting next day, and a precious meeting it was, to the great comfort of many. From thence we passed to Exeter, and from thence to Topsham, where we had a meeting; from thence I went to Exeter again, and thence to a quarterly meeting at Colomton, it being upon the first day, where I have had a blessed meeting, and though I never had seen any of the faces that were there, nor they mine, yet were we made very near and dear one to another. That night James and Jacob came to me, so we went on to Turston, and so to John Kanck's, where we were received with much love. From thence we passed to Bristol, where we have had a precious meeting, the power of the Lord being over all. Here we met our dear friend William Penn, and were not a little glad to see one another. We stayed but one meeting, though Friends were very unwilling we should go so soon; yet we all parted, James went homewards, Jacob towards London, and I passed to Monmouthshire in Wales, the weight of my service drawing me mostly that way. So I passed over to Pantymoyl, where there was a great meeting, and I had a good service for the Lord; from thence I went to Pant, where I had a very open meeting; from thence to a Quarterly Meeting at John Meirick's, where I had a good service; from thence to Castletown, where there was a great tenderness and brokenness amongst Friends and the world's people and some Presbyterians, one of them being convinced. From thence I went to Cardiff, within a mile of the town, and thence to Frefrug, where John Bevan liveth, and glad we were to meet one another. There away I had several good meetings. From thence I passed to Swansea, a great town in Wales. Here I had a hard meeting, many of them having made a profession of truth for many years, but did not possess it as they ought. From thence I went to Pembrokeshire to Rediston, and had a very precious meeting there. From thence I went to Haverfordwest, where I had several blessed meetings, to the great comfort and satisfaction of Friends. From thence I went to Naish, where I had a meeting; from thence to Rediston again, where I had a very good meeting at James Lewis's, and from thence to Lacharn, where I had a little meeting. From thence I passed to Carmarthen, another great town, where I had a good service amongst the world's people, being but few Friends here. From thence I went to Owen Bowen, and from thence to James Preece's, to the meeting at Cil y Cwm, and back again; here I had a good meeting. From thence to Hwgfan, where I had a good sweet meeting; thus far John Bevan accompanied me, from his own being, and so returned home. From thence I went to Radnorshire to Lanole, where I had a little meeting, so I passed to Roger Hughes', where I had a good open meeting, so I went to Lanthdu, where I met many Friends and abundance of the world's people. So to Edward Jones, where we had a little meeting. From thence to David Powel's, where there was a great meeting.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

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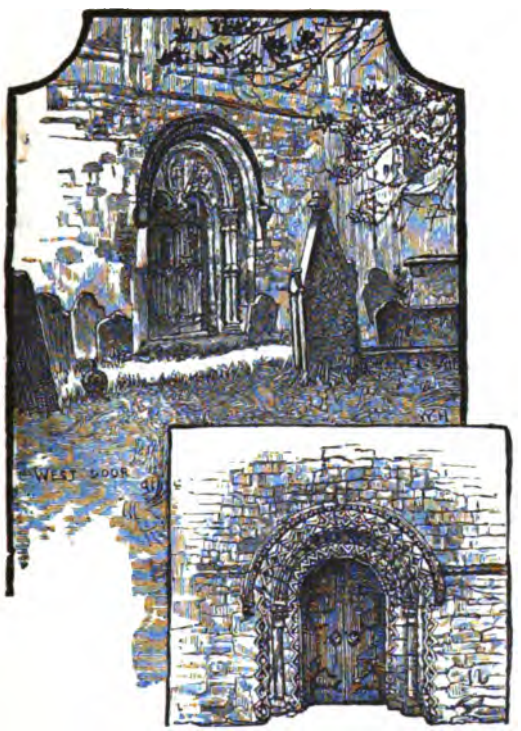

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A RED LETTER DAY.

THE twenty-sixth of June, 1896, will undoubtedly be remembered as one of the most important in Welsh annals. It was a day which saw perfect unity of Welsh purpose. On no previous day, possibly, had there been such unity within our country of mountain boundaries and river limits, of parties and sects formed by superabundant but untrained intellectual activity. This happy day crowned the efforts of those who, in their most sanguine moments, never dreamed of the brilliant success upon which it smiled. It commenced, let us hope, a period of greater intellectual activity, of more enlightened and better guided service, of that devotion to mankind which is the result of the highest patriotism.

To Lord Rendel, first of all, as the President of the University College of Wales, is due the splendid success which characterised this occasion of the greatest national importance. Of all the services that the genial and generous nobleman has done to Wales, his efforts to make this crowning day worthy of so great an occasion do not form the least. Then comes the assiduous and energetic work of Dr. Isambard Owen, — the Senior Deputy Chancellor, — whose services to the University, rendered with unfailing good-natured courtesy, must have recently taken up the whole time of even a man who knows how to do the greatest amount of work in the shortest possible time. The Vice-Chancellor, also, performed his difficult duties with the perfect grace beseeming the most important day that the University will, perhaps, ever see; his clear voice gave his Latin the sonorous majesty which it deserved in the creation of the first graduates of the University of Wales,—the Princess of Wales, Mr. Gladstone, Lord Herschel, and Lord Spencer. To these three men, — Lord Rendel, Dr. Isambard Owen, and Principal Viriamu Jones, — especially, the perfect success of the day must have come as a triumph. "The stars in their courses," said the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford, "seem to be fighting for you to-day."

The towns of Aberystwyth and Machynlleth did their share in ensuring the success of the installation day. Like Machynlleth, Aberystwyth was very prettily decorated; and Great Dark Gate Street,—possibly the finest street in Wales, —looked quite glorious. It would be unkind to criticise while writing one's impressions of such a day,—but, must bunting and Venetian masts adorn, and often disfigure, places graced by visits of royalty? In Germany, the flags of the various districts of the Fatherland, with their pleasing variety of design and colour, adorn the streets on such occasions. But in Wales, whether the Prince of Wales comes to Bangor or to Aberystwyth or to Cardiff, he sees the very same bits of bunting. The lions of Llywelyn, Owen Glendower's golden dragon on a green ground, the devices of the County Councils,—would these not be welcome additions as a break in the monotony of bunting?

Many asked why Cardigan county and Aberystwyth town were so prominent in connection with what was a purely University day, a day that was not more

closely connected with them than with Merioneth or Welshpool or Brecon. I could not answer; but I had much to say about the loyal support given to the University College of Wales by the town in which it happens to be located, and about old Ceredigion's love for education and thorough belief in the power of knowledge. I feel very grateful to Aberystwyth and Cardiganshire for at least two things connected with this day,—the characteristic dress of a very charming Welsh mayoress; and the striking Welsh address of the justices of Cardiganshire, excellently read by one of the Lloyds of Bronwydd. Are the justices of Ceredigion, while equally loyal, more patriotic than the representatives of the people assembled in County Council?

Aberystwyth looked at its best. It was not completely hidden in bunting. Its streets were lined with Welsh fusileers, sailors, and fire brigade men; they were full, not unpleasantly full, of a most orderly, observant, and comparatively silent crowd. There was singing everywhere, and glorious singing it was; the fine natural quality of the voices struck everybody. The marquee had a touch of the mediæval barbaric about it; from without it was simply a monster tent, from within it was a graceful canopy spread high over growing trees and over one of the most august and one of the most representative assemblies Wales has ever seen. The new luncheon hall over the pier, close to the college buildings, is a very graceful structure; and is a great addition to a town that is already the most attractive on the Welsh coast. The afternoon, when the procession passed along the Terrace to the Alexandra Hall, was gloriously fine; not even the hideous disfigurement of Constitution Hill opposite could blind one to the beauty of a perfect summer's day at Aberystwyth.

Mr. Gladstone's presence added much to the interests of the day. In voice as strong as ever, and in a tone as manly as ever, he spoke of education as higher and better than wealth and rank. The Prince of Wales stated that one of the greatest honours he ever received was the privilege of conferring a degree upon Mr. Gladstone. In a series of the most happy speeches which the Chancellor made in the course of the day, there was nothing that appealed more to us than his kindly reference to the memory of Lord Aberdare and his suggestion that Shakespeare's Welshmen are always gentlemen and always fond of learning.

The Prince of Wales has done the new University the greatest service. His connection with it has caused it to be respected in quarters where, at one time, it was misunderstood and misrepresented. Following his lead, all in his principality,—noble and squire, bishop and preacher, farmer and tradesman, quarryman and collier,—have bent the knee to this new power of the future. The University stands, not only as the possibility, but as the realization of Welsh unity. Giraldus Cambrensis, Owen Glendower, Charles of Bala, Sir Hugh Owen, Lord Aberdare, and others who dreamed and toiled in the service of Welsh education, would have hailed the twenty sixth of June as a perfect day. The marquee reminded one of the meeting of all the Welsh princes in a tent at Corwen to defend their country; on the twenty sixth of June those who love Wales and believe in it came together to perfect an institution which is to give it a worthy place in the community of nations. It was a happy day. The Prince of Wales was installed Chancellor of the University of his people, every aspect of the life of Wales was represented, and the other nations and universities of Britain welcomed the advent of what is to them an almost new Wales. If I had to decide which our national day of rejoicing is, I would decide on the twenty sixth of June.*

It is the duty of every Welshman to revere and believe in the University of his mother-land. It is the duty of the University Court, and especially of the University Senate, to keep the University in touch with the country. One of the chief aims of the University of Wales ought to be to give Welsh History and Welsh Literature the place they ought to occupy as an instrument for training the Welsh mind. It is the duty of the Guild of Graduates, above all, to meet.

* A full history of the doings of this day, elaborately illustrated, will appear later.

THE DIARY OF A BARD (EBEN FARDD.)

XVI.—LLWYN HELIG, CATHERINE.

1854.

January 1st.—The cause of Christ amongst the Methodists of this village very low just now, only 50 to 60 in Sunday school, &c. O Lord, appear in thy grace and glory amongst us, to quicken thy work anew, and vouchsafe thy divine favour and blessing to me and my family throughout this year, for the merits of Jesus Christ,—Amen.

7th.—Cilcoed Isaf. Funeral. May Christ heal my heart and hand perfectly.

14th.—At Carnarvon. Spoke to Rev. Mr. Williams, Llanberis, at Market Hall; got an old MS. of R. Rowlands, and own MS. of Tegai.

16th.—Re-open school. Application to be judge at Festiniog beginning of July; consented per note. Gwilym Mon called to request I would be the editor of G. Peris' work, which he had in MSS. Declined.

23rd.—Letter to R. Evans, offering £615 for Llwynhelig. Ah! eventful day! This evening I bought worth £615 of land, land that thou, O my God, hast created. Vouchsafe, O my God, to give me right and title to it, in blessing it for the good of self and family, for it is thine, and thou hast given me the means to buy it. To thee be the glory, and my own and family's service for ever. I wait for £100 more from thy treasury for this purpose.

March 1st.—To Pwllheli this day. I paid Messrs. Richard and Robert Evans the sum of £615 for Llwynhelig at Mr. Thomas Ellis' office.

4th.—My letter to Evan Richards (*Meudwy Glan Glai*) forwarded; his song mended.

28th.—Forwarded letter and englynion to Mr. Scarrell, Cwmorthin. Society. Mute! Abused and insulted by religious brethren and wife.

29th.—Letter to Mr. Davies (*Gwilym Teilo*), Morriston, offering *Gideon* for an *awdl* subject, and "the necessity for a good principle to form character for man" for *traethawd*.

April 3rd.—Pressed publicly upon the Presbytery at Brynaera to find young men for my school during the stipulated period; they seemed to take it in good part. Advocated instruction meetings. Recommended Henry Griffith.

6th.—Forwarded letters to Mrs. Thomas, Plas Du; John Thomas, Chwilog; and Captain J. Jones, London; to Joseph Williams, secretary of Cymmrodorion, Merthyr, engaging to adjudicate for them. Dr. Pughe was here; engaged to transcribe all the tomb inscription and epitaph of his deceased relatives and kindred in Clynnog churchyard. He promised to subscribe £1 towards publishing my translation of Dr. Tregelles' lecture on New Testament evidences.

The Rev. Mr. Ellis, Glasfryn, having this day called on me about genealogical collections, I promised to show him with pleasure such pedigrees as I had collected at any time, it not being convenient to lend out the MS. book.

9th.—Went to hear Dr. John Pughe to Bontlyfni Chapel.

24th.—Newsroom 12th night. Resolved to continue it another quarter.

26th.—Day of humiliation appointed by Government. 9s. 10d. collected for soldiers' families. Petitioned the Almighty to protect his cause from the peril of a petty forwardness in some of its adherents.

May 2nd.—Very low. Gloom! gloom!

6th.—To Carnarvon, at the request of Mr. Robert Jones, to prepare Mr. Wynne's draft account. While I was left alone in the innermost office, more than one person called and sauntered awhile by themselves in the outermost office. One of them was there pretty long, and I heard the noise of papers being shuffled.

15th.—From a dream last night I wish to take warning not to offend any person by too free remarks in conversation, and insinuations concerning motives. So help me God.

17th.—Forwarded letter to Mr. Edwards,

Bala. A young man named Jones, from Bethesda, was here for the night.

22nd.—Forwarded consent to attend at Capel Coch, Llanberis, on July 1st, as adjudicator of reading and composition. Forwarded the third best essay to Rhostryfan. Rogers at Mur. and Sportsman. *Everywhere disheartening appearances.*

27th. — Wrote to Mr. Ambrose to acknowledge receipt of *Dysgedydd.* Forwarded letter to Dr. Tregelles this morning.

June 2nd.—Mr. Rogers, of Beaumaris, called. He said, in allusion to church repairs, he could not brook Mr. Williams' exclusiveness; even *it was not right for him to have anything to do with me* when here. Ieuan Gwyllt (Mr. John Roberts), editor of the *Amserau*, called.

6th. — The Rev. William Rees and William Ambrose tea'd at my house.

10th.—At Carnarvon; got £30 of Mr. Roberts, Crug; placed £20 in the bank. Paid James Jones' wife 15s. for candles; got no receipt, but she and I took notice of the same being crossed.

13th.—Forwarded letter to Hugh Owen, Esq., Whitehall, London.

22nd.—John Owen, Henbant, paid me £1 towards schooling poor children from Capel Ucha. At Bontlyfni painting Catherine's name on sign.

24th.—All day writing notes on awdl "Adgyweiriad Clynog Fawr."

27th.—To my great grief and sorrow my boy James to-day expressed his bias to a sea-faring life. May the Lord vouchsafe to order it otherwise, and give a more satisfactory bent to his young inexperienced mind. Portmadoc schoolmaster came here to learn navigation for a week.

28th.—Extremely exhausted with school fagging and study, annoyed by petty visitors.

30th. — Wrote to Thomas Levi to acknowledge receipt of *Oenig.*

July 1st.—Cyfarfod Darllen Capel Uchaf, Llanberis. Went there with Edward Roberts, slept at Mr. Thomas Phillips', supped with Mr. Williams, Dinorwic. Meeting very satisfactory.

2nd.—Went this day to the Sunday school at Rehoboth, and dined at Llwynbedw; back to Sunday school at Capel Coch; thence to Capel Ceunant to sermon. Slept at Edward Roberts' father's home.

4th.—Application from William Jones, shipowner, Carnarvon, for £17 and odd; due from Captain Ellis three-fourths and self one-fourth as co-owners. O Lord, who knowest my heart, let this cup pass from me to him who in justice ought to drink it.

5th. — At Sportsman, endeavouring to get Captain Ellis to do something towards settling account with William Jones.

6th.—Captain Ellis to town per coach, saying he would sail off; had not endeavoured to make out any settlement of account. May the Lord help me.

7th.—Forwarded my bill, £12 5s. to Mrs. Roberts, Dinas, for clerking to her late husband the two years now current. At Bont visiting Catherine; had cause to praise God.

10th.—Forwarded five englynion, received one paper from one who called himself "Iethro Cymreig," to David Williams, Cwmbowydd. Received my quarter's salary, £1 5s., as sub postmaster.

14th.—Forwarded reply to Lady Hall to Llanover in reply to communication on the Festiniog Eisteddfod.

15th.—Humphrey Roberts brought me a parcel of Festiniog essays to adjudicate on (24).

22nd.—The odd anonymous letter from Carnarvon.

26th.—Mr. E. L. Davies' letter. Gazetted in the *Amserau* of this day as "Bardd wrth fraint a defawd," by "Gorsedd Ynys Prydain" per "Gorseddogion y Maen Chwyf, Pont y Pridd, Morganwg."

28th.—A student from Stepney College introduced to me by a man from Carnarvon.

August 7th.—Very much flurried by home annoyances, and too much fuss and violent stir with trifles.

11th. — Forwarded Welsh lines for anthem to Mr. Evan Thomas, Liverpool (Bonesetter). Mr. A. W. Jarvis, the mesmerist and phrenologist, and Creuddynfab, the reviewer, here to a cup of tea. Examined James' organs and Ellen's, and self slightly.

19th.—Attended the Talysarn Literary Meeting, accompanied by Robert Parry and Edward Davies; a very wet and dirty day; apathy and indifference in the training of youth very apparent.

25th.—Starting with Ellen to Festiniog

per Mur cart to Bwlchderwin, thence to Glandwyfach on foot, thence per coach to Tremadoc, Ellen on to Tanybwlch; called on Ambrose, Robert Jones, Ioan Madawg, &c. Independent Chapel Society. Slept at Ambrose, after arranging critique. Pantglas, ½ P. A. Glan Dwyfach, one G. W. Ambrose, dinner and A. Robert Jones, tea. Ambrose, supper and a smo., &c., one G. Wh.

26th.—Got on with Ambrose per gig. Dined at Inn. One pint bit. A. with Ambrose apart. One G. W. with Io. Madog. Excellent meeting. Officiated alternately with Ambrose. Threw the gauntlet to the bards for awdl to match mine on twenty-four metres, which I read. Per gig to Dinas.

27th.—Opened service at Tanygrisiau. Cwmorthin dinner, A. one P. and ½. Addressed Sunday school. Society, first sermon; addressed. Slept at O. Roberts' Llechwedd Quarry. Tead at Griff. Evans, Ddol Tanygrisiau, where Robert Rowland lodged. Ellen stayed here for a week.

28th.—Called at Dinas; at J. Jones' shop, who sent me to Tanybwlch. Ellen and Robert Rowland came part of way. ½ P. A. at Tanybwlch; per gig with Scarell. Dined at Ambrose; per gig with R. Jones home; at Tremadoc, ginger wine at R. I. Jones. All well at home, God be praised.

September 3rd.—Reprehended the Brynaera people for tampering with the regular order of the meeting, and turning it to a sermon. Cyf. ysgol.

9th.—At home all day adjudicating on Bethesda essays.

12th.—Forwarded the poem of "Meddyliwr" as best to the Treforis Eisteddfod agent, with my adjudication on the three received on the first subject. The two other poems I keep in reserve. Applied to Mr. Gee for Dr. Tregelles' lecture.

14th.—Adjudication forwarded with best poem on "Y Môr" (Morwr Pryderus) to Rev. M. R. Morgan. Letter to Gwilym Teilo.

17th.—Forwarded best poem, signed *Bildad*, on "Yr Wybren," and Cyndaf on the same, with critique on all third subject writers to Rev. M. Reece Morgans; also letter to Gwilym Teilo.

19th.—Sent letter to Parry Conway respecting Bethesda adjudication.

20th.—Forwarded the essays in parcel per post to Rev. R. Parry (*Gwalchmai*), Conway.

23rd.—Went with Mary and James to see Llwynhelig; visited the church and churchyard; saw a slab in Plashen pew in church, inscribed in painted letters "Llwynhelig." The parish clerk hinted it was not right, that neither the pew, nor any part thereof, was with the farm land. Francis said that his brother Evan had fixed it there by command of the late David Evans, the original purchaser from Mostyn, soon after he had purchased the property. My reminiscences on this excursion were exceedingly touching; saw where I learnt at school, and where I afterwards kept school myself,—the old staircase, the gallery compartments, everything like what it was in old times; but my schoolmates, master, and our scholars, where are they? What passed between me and others in this old gallery! Read a *cywydd* embodying the above feelings at a public meeting at Ysgoldy on the 4th November, 1854.

October 6th.—Went in the evening to Mur, called at Sportsman on my return; what was begun there twenty-four years ago was being put off. May God's blessing attend it to them and me.

16th.—Dr. Pughe's present of his "Life of Nicholas."

20th.—Cyf. Addysg., Pentre, Clynnog. Exceedingly poor and uninteresting; the last that will be held, I suppose.

28th.—To Pwllheli, to pay Mr. Thomas Ellis' bill for deeds and professional assistance with Llwynhelig; very great storm. Paid £8; the 6s. 2d. odd was allowed in discount; had good entertainment and heartiness. Called at bookseller, Mr. Tom Williams, Bank, and D. Williams, druggist, and Tom Hughes; read "Cywydd Llangybi" to three persons.

November 4th.—Cyf. Llenyddol Ysgoldy Pencaenewydd. Went there; had much rain and wind, James with me. Very full meeting, lasted four hours. Read my "Cywydd Llangybi." Rev. R. Hughes presided; Tegai, Robert Parry, and self adjudicated.

7th.—Forwarded a copy of my "Llangybi Cywydd" to the Carnarvon and Denbigh *Herald.* Collected towards the Patriotic Fund with Mrs. Williams and Robert Griffiths, £5 1s. 1½d.

13th.—Letter from Mrs. Roche including election papers of her late father, Wm. Alex. Madocks, Esq., M.P., &c.; Robyn Wyn here for the night.

16th.—Forwarded englyn "Morgrugyn" and critique to Mr. David H. Jones, Ty du, Llanberis.

December 22nd.—Eisteddfod Bethesda. Went on foot to Carnarvon, thence by train, accompanied from thence on foot by R. Williams and back. Slept at W. Morris Hughes'.

25th.—Portmadoc meeting. Went to Portmadoc; per mail to Pwllheli, thence per mail to Portmadoc,—attend meeting, Ellis Owen president. Slept at Robt. Jones.'

26th.—Back from Portmadoc on foot, very unwell and much tired, but God be praised for his unspeakable mercies.

27th.—The Llanfairtalhaiarn parcel including critique forwarded. Letter enclosing proof to *Chronicle* Office, Bangor.

28th.—Went to Plas Du on a visit about eight o'clock at night, by moonlight; left the house to visit my natal point; slept there.

29th.—Visited John Thomas, Chwilog; slept at Plas Du.

31st.—With joy and trembling I record my gratitude to the Almighty giver of all goodness for His unutterable grace and blessing vouchsafed to me and my family this year again. Praised be His name for he has dealt bountifully with me and mine. He hath delivered our souls from danger, prospered our circumstances, and secured us and ours under the safe and peaceful protection of His Almighty wings. O Lord, accept my praise and forgive our sins for Jesus' sake. Amen.

1855.

April 23rd.—Catherine feeling much pleasure and comfort in contemplating and talking about the rest in heaven with Jesus, beholding him, surveying the beauties of the heavenly mansions; she declared that I had given her very great comfort in bringing the subject under notice, sang with her mother in the afternoon,—

"Duw pwy a sai'n dy wyneb di
Os creffi ar anwiredd;
Ond fel y'th ofner di yn iawn,
Yr wyt yn llawn trugaredd,"—

y llinell ddiweddaf gyda neilltuol bwys. She expressed some horror lest her sins were greater than could be forgiven, but very soon recovered her confidence in Christ's mercy, and said she'd rather die if she was saved, manifesting a tolerable hope that the case was so. Dressing her wounds by doctor caused her excruciating agony this evening; slept the whole night.

24th.—Catherine appearing very different from her usual way, as indeed she did yesterday in a small degree, to-day very weak and not herself at all somehow, drowsy; she sang to herself the "Dying Christian." And,—"Father, that is the Dying Christian, isn't it?" She repeated in turn some four lines ending with,—

"O f'enaid dwed, ai angeu yw?"

She appears to be a great deal more composed and resigned. Speaks a little of Christ's love with grateful and devotional fervency.

25th.—Catherine had uneasy sleep last night, dreamt she was in Cwmgwara Wood, and a wolf making for her, which she layed with her bonnet, in great fear and apprehension, it did not catch her however. Broken-like in her constitution, her head shaking, and her chin shivering, keeping up a sort of wail, with an involuntary sigh and sob when talking; her suffering exceedingly severe and acute at dressing her sores, quite overpowering her feeble, worn frame. O Jesus, have compassion on her, make known unto her that she is among thy saved people, strengthen her, and if right in thy sight restore her to perfect health and new life; for thy passion and tender love's sake. Doctor here again, said Catherine's disease now was gangrene; a most troublesome and hard complaint; repeated his fears about her owing to her debility, and the severity of her sufferings incident to her complaint; advised to call another doctor with him to see her if I wished; said if she had double her present strength she

might recover in six weeks. May Jesus have compassion upon me and heal my daughter. Have I not a like faith in his name to that of the centurion and others, whose petitions He mercifully granted in similar cases?

26th.—Catherine very poorly yesterday, and to-day she is more like herself than on the 24th, and her heart beats very quick at times; up to the 30th nothing particular to record.

30th. — Dr. Williams of Tynewydd formerly and Dr. Pughe visited her, this affected her feeble constitution very much, she became much worse, as if tired with this world, its sufferings and failures, and as catching a glimpse of the abodes of bliss prepared by our Saviour to sinners like her made saints through his blood. She repeated some lines of "Canan hyfryd" with hopeful and serene resignation.

May 1st.—This day like the preceding week Catherine is ailing severely, in a state of half delirium this morning. She repeated twice,—"Peth ofnadwy yw syrthio yn nwylaw y Duw byw." I comforted her by saying David had wished,—"Syrthio a wnelwyf yn llaw'r Arglwydd acnasyrthiwyf yn llaw dyn," because I said God had mercy, man had none. "Ie, ie, nhad bach," she answered.

16th.—I said God was very good to her in giving her strength to sustain her intense pain, which was particularly so this day; she said she had rather die, and requested Thos. Ellis to pray for her.

19th.—Catherine very restless all day, asked me to pray for her, I assured her I was doing so many times a day, and that the substance of my prayer was,—

1. Ar i Dduw ei gwneyd yn dduwiol.
2. Ar iddo weled yn dda ei hiachau.
3. Os na welai yn dda iddi gael mendio, ar iddo ryglyddu i roddi tystiolaeth iddi a ninnau ei bod yn dduwiol.

"Nhad," meddai hithau, "gweddiwch fel yna o hyd."

22nd.—Very much prostrated in the evening, said she wished to die. I said that probably she had some hopes of going to heaven. "O yes, yes," she replied.

27th.—Catherine very sick this day. She said in the evening,—"Yr ydw i yn marw." "Wyt ti yn marw, Catherine bach?" I said. "Ydw." "Ydi Iesu Grist yn agos atat ti?" "Nag ydyw am a wn i?" "Mae yn dda gennyt ti Iesu Grist, ond yw?" "O ydi," she said.

28th.—Whit Monday, at fifteen minutes to four, our dearest Catherine escaped from all her sufferings to the regions of peace and glorious rest, as we confidently hope, through the great mercy of her beloved Redeemer.

1856.

I here record my thanks to Almighty God for his wonderful dealings in mercy and grace to me and mine the past year. My blessed Catherine dear he hath taken to Himself from her pains and troubles, and hath delivered us from ruin. I beseech the same merciful Father to be full of grace and mercy to all of us this year, to protect us, and supply all our wants and to deliver us from evil and all unnatural accidents, and to save our souls through Jesus Christ. Amen.

January 1st.—Ellin married,—going to Liverpool, all three together. Mrs. Rees met me on the pier. Lodged at 59, Bedford Street.

2nd.—The meeting at Hope Hall.

4th.—Ellis O. Ellis was there with Miss Rees and Roberts *(Ieuan Gwyllt)* and Llew Llwyfo,—Philarmonic Hall,—Jenny Lind, Thos. Jones.

5th.—Lost packet to Birkenhead,—took packet to Mostyn, thence by rail to Carnarvon by two p.m.; reached home and found all well,—to my good God be all the praise and glory.

7th.—Went with my boy James to Nevin by Daniel's coach; to Llanhaiarn to Cyfarfod Misol Chwarterol. Pleaded for John Jones at a committee, very uproarious parties there.

11th.—A crop. James and the Plas letter; we had no ill intent, God shield us.

15th.—Rev. John Phillips examining my school.

16th. — Wrote to a Mr. Phennah, Wrexham, to decline adjudicating on a proposed essay.

19th.—At home preparing my Nevin lecture.

22th.—Went to Uwchlaw'rffynnon, rode from there to Nevin and back by one

in the morning. Lecture satisfactory. Supped at Mr. Wilson's.

25th. — Lectured on "Ymarferiad y Meddwl" at Brynaera, Dr. Pughe chairman.

28th.—Wife in delicate state of health for more than a year. Entertain fears. May the Lord spare us.

February 9th.—Wrote to the "Eifion" about the Lord of Penychain.

13th.—Francis Ellis here paying his rent, £22, for Llwynhelig.

17th.—Drew up and signed a petition from Zion and the village against the Sunday Amusement Bill.

21st.—Habat Eflendi, the chief secretary of the Grand Vizier of Turkey, read publicly a "Firman" (grand charter) signed by the Sultan granting to all his subjects equal footing in the country, of what religion whatever. All listened to the grand and solemn proclamation and even the crowd outside were awed; for justice spoke out. All, it is said, regarded the event as the "birth of freedom for many nations."

March 18th. — Forwarded letters to Llangernyw and Bala and to Talhaiarn concluding my engagement.

20th.—Invitation from Mr. Phillips to British school conference at Bangor; declined.

22nd.—At Bont, painting name on sign.

23rd.—Talhaiarn, advising Piser Hir on its way here.

24th.—Talysarn Literary Meeting; attended it. "Piser Hir" arrived in box from Talhaiarn.

25th.—Went this day to Portmadoc to see Eliza, found her well, thank God. Stayed at the Misses Rees for the night. Attended Mr. Rees' lecture at Tremadoc chapel. Tead with several ministers at Ty Nanney. G. Dwyfach, bottle 6d. R.

26th. — Returned home, — 6d. R. in bottle,—per Miss Rees, maid. Tead at Glandwyfach.

27th. — Thinking out my essay on Scriptural instruction for Bangor conference.

28th. — Went to meet Mr. Rees to Uwchlaw'rffynnon with Mr. John Evans, Berthddu, in a car. Lecture by Mr. Rees, Pentre Clynnog. Mr. Rees and Robt. Hughes slept here. In company with Mr. Rees till four o'clock, a.m.

April 3rd. — Finished my paper on Scriptural instruction for the Bangor conference.

8th.—Went to Bangor per John Parry's coach. Mr. Lloyd Edwards, Nanhoron, was my inside companion, asked him for a farm; per train to Bangor; dined at Mr. Phillips'. Public meeting at Tabernacle; spoke badly, but very short. Slept at Mr. Phillips with Mr. Jones, Mold.

9th.—Conference. My paper was very well received at the conference. I was in the company of Foster, a Quaker from London; Hugh Owen, Esq., a very plain, unassuming, but great man; T. Jones *(Glan Alun)* Mold; W. E. Darby, Esq., of Brymbo Works, a Quaker as I was informed. Mr. Foster and Mrs. Darby were teetotallers besides, the latter a very zealous advocate of the system, which would incline me to infer that teetotalism has in it something very congenial with Quakerism. I like the Quakers very much, even admire them; there was another gentleman with moustaches, Rawlins of Wrexham, said to be an Independent. Returned home and found all well at home, to God be the praise.

10th. — Hendy auction. Attended all day, great rain, crushing work, long fast, the people resigning themselves too freely to Sir John's entertainment.

12th.—The *Herald* promised me for this day and sent accordingly; the Bangor report well prepared in it; went in the afternoon to the Rival Quarries by invitation to a tea party on occasion of laying the foundation stone of new village of Trevor. Opened the proceedings with prayer at Mr. Hutton's request and read some *englynion* on the occasion; all seemed very much pleased and affected by the solemnity of the initiating rite.

13th. — Attended evening sermon at Capel Uchaf, engaged in the devotional part. Advocated the stir for knowledge after sermon, and notified Dr. Pughe's lecture on the 25th.

18th. — Letter to Mr. Silvan Evans promising to furnish him with copies of MSS. he sought for.

ENOCH HUGHES.

By Daniel Owen,

Author of *The Autobiography of Rhys Lewis, Gwen Tomos, &c.*

Translated from the Welsh by the Hon. Claud Vivian.

CHAPTER XLIII.

CAPTAIN TREVOR'S SOLILOQUY.

MISS BEVAN had taken up her place as housekeeper in the Cross Shop before Enoch remembered that he had asked her nothing about her character, or even inquired to whom she was related or where she had last been in service. And now it was too late to ask such questions. "What does it matter to whom she is related or where she was last," said Enoch, "as long as she answers my purpose?" Besides, Enoch had plenty to think about, without wasting five minutes in thinking about his new housekeeper. He had undertaken to carry out the arrangements in connection with Mrs. Trevor's funeral, and this he did without sparing cost or trouble. At the funeral, the service in the house was read by Mr. Simon, and at the church and graveyard by Mr. Brown, and Captain Trevor declared that everything had passed off "extremely happily." At the end of a day or two, at the wish of the Captain, the whole of the bills were sent in to him, and, in Miss Trevor's absence, Enoch added up the total cost, and paid the money over to the Captain. Then the Captain went round and paid everybody. On settling each bill, the Captain said he was surprised at its being so small, — that he had expected it would have been as much again, and indeed, "so to speak," if it had been three times as much, he should not have grumbled. He spoke like this to every one when paying them the money, and it made the recipient,—especially the man who made the coffin,—lament that he had not charged more; and the latter said, after the Captain had turned his back,—"No matter what people may say, the Captain has got plenty of money."

After a little while, everyone forgot, with the exception of some two or three, that such a person as Mrs. Trevor had ever existed in the world. And so you and I, reader, will be forgotten one of these days. When we are dead, our neighbours will ask two questions. The first is,—what was our age? And the older we are the better,—those that are younger than we were will flatter themselves that they will be able to attain that age. The second question that will be asked is,—How much were we worth?—or, in other words, how much property have we left behind us. If it is much, the living person will comfort himself by thinking that he *may* acquire that sum before he dies; and if it is small, or nothing, the others will comfort themselves by thinking that if they die poor, they will not be the first. After obtaining this knowledge about us, and putting the shutters up whilst our corpse goes by on its way to the churchyard, and pulling them down again after all is over, there will be the end of us. Everything will go on on the morrow just in the same way as if we had not been *someone* in this wonderful old world of ours. Mr. Simon preached a funeral sermon, a thoroughly tedious one, and Eos Prydain and his choir sang "The Vital Spark," and then there was only one left who truly felt that every place was empty without Mrs. Trevor. I nearly forgot to say that one of the miners of Coed Madog, who was a bard, and was known by the euphonious pseudonym of the "Roaring Lion," sent two *englynion* to the *County Chronicle* on Mrs. Trevor's death; but I must say that they were no more like *englynion* than a cow is like a periwinkle. It is true that it was the best the Roarer could produce, for he spent three nights in making the *englynion*, and they gave great satisfaction to his fellow-workmen, and even to the Captain, for on the very first occasion that he saw the "Lion" he gave him a two shilling piece.

Thus Mrs. Trevor ended her earthly course, and the Captain did not take many hours to cast off his longing. Now he could give all his attention to Coed Madog mine. But there was one thing that troubled him, and troubled him greatly. His position was something like this,—he was poor. He believed by this time,—no matter what he had believed before,—that there was not a particle of hope of finding lead in Coed Madog. And yet Coed Madog was his only support; and if that came to an end, he would not have a shilling to lay hold of. His conscience,—if he had one,—knew that it was Enoch Hughes' money that was carrying on the mine, for Mr. Denman had, for some time past, failed to answer the calls, though he was still in name a co-owner. The Captain, too, thought he was sufficiently wide awake to

perceive that the only reason for Enoch's continuing to spend so much on the mine was love for Miss Trevor,—his daughter,—and that the minute any cessation of this occurred, he and Coed Madog would go to the dogs. Indeed he had feared, when Enoch for a time had ceased to visit at Ty'nyrardd, that this misfortune had come upon him, and that was why he had given way to drinking more than usual. But now he took comfort from the fact that his daughter and Enoch appeared to be on most friendly terms. But,—bother that "but,"—here am I using it in two consecutive sentences. I remember Dr. Edwards, of Bala, used to jeer at the habit of the Welsh of using the word "but" when there was no necessity for it. But "but," I think, is necessary here; and as every preacher *always*, after naming the heads of the sermon, begins again by saying "But firstly," and without there being any necessity for the "but" at all, surely I may use it when there is a real need for it. But, thought the Captain, if his daughter and Enoch Hughes were likely to marry, he would, by carrying on the mine, be impoverishing his son-in-law, and thus, "so to speak," be making himself poor, and throwing money away that he might be glad of some day to keep body and soul together. At that time the Captain would have given a good deal to have had a sure knowledge as to the true relationship between his daughter and Enoch Hughes. With the object of finding out whether Susie and Enoch were in love, the Captain employed every device and watchfulness. He lowered himself to such an extent as to listen at the key hole when Miss Trevor and Enoch were in a room by themselves, and even to hide in the garden when Enoch was leaving. And on more than one occasion, when the Captain was hiding in the garden, he would talk to himself to the following effect,—"Well, Mr. Hughes, it's about the time you generally go home; and, as a rule, you are very punctual. Susie is sure to come and open the gate for you, and to say good night. And if I saw you, sir, give my daughter a kiss,—and I wish I could see it,—I should speak to you to-morrow something like this,—'Mr. Hughes, my hopes have turned out to be false. I am only a fallible being, and I have been disappointed. I am afraid there is no hope of our finding lead in Coed Madog, and it will be folly for you and *me* to spend more money there. I feel that honesty requires me to say this to you. At the same time, if you are desirous of carrying it on, I will sink my chance with you, though,—I must confess,—the length of my purse is not as great as yours, and I am already beginning to see its bottom. If you take my advice, I honestly think that to give up the mine will be best thing.'"

By and bye Enoch would come out, and Susie with him. They would talk of the weather, shake hands in a friendly way, say good night, and that would be all; and the Captain then cursed the day he was born. If there was nothing more than friendship between his daughter and Enoch, the Captain felt that it was his duty to carry on the mine for as long as he could. But, for the life of him, he could not help believing that there was some understanding between the young people, and if so, it was a pity for Enoch to spend his money uselessly, and bring himself by and bye, perhaps, to such a position that he would not be able to afford to marry. After a great struggle of mind, and considerable perturbation of brain, the Captain determined to put the question straight to his daughter. And one night, when he and she were in the parlour, and he had moistened his resolve with a good modicum of whiskey, the Captain said,—

"Susie, there's been something for some time weighing heavily on my mind, and causing me some anxiety,—indeed, making me live, as it were, between hope and fear, and, so to speak, making me unfit, to some extent, to give the attention I ought to my duties,—duties, my girl, as you know, that require my whole attention."

"What is it, father?" said Susie.

"Well," said the Captain, "it's a difficult question to touch on, I know, but your mother has left us,—bless her!—and, on that account, there should be more confidence between you and me, my child. The question is this,—and I know you will answer it honestly and without deceit. Is there anything between you and Enoch Hughes? Don't be afraid of answering, Susie, for I know, however matters may stand, you will have acted rightly."

"Anything between Mr. Hughes and me in what way, father?" asked Susie.

"Well," said the Captain, "I expected that you would have understood my question without my having to spell it out to you; but what I want to ask you is this, and as a father, I consider I have a right to ask it,—are you engaged to Mr. Hughes?"

"Engaged for what, father?" asked Miss Trevor.

"Engaged to be married, of course; you understand what I mean very well, Susie, but you want to tease me," said the Captain, a little peevishly.

"Good gracious! I never was engaged to Mr. Hughes or anyone else," said Susie, emphatically.

"And there's no silent understanding between you two that it will come to that one of these days?" asked the Captain, adding,—"Remember I have nothing to say against it."

"None at all, father, nor any probability of such a thing ever taking place. What made you think of such a thing?" said Susie.

"Well," said the Captain, in a disappointed tone, "I didn't think the thing was impossible, or indeed improbable, but as things are as you state, —well! all right. I know it is of no use my ordering you to do this or that, and that you'll have your own way."

"I'll try my best to do what is right, father, and my resolve is to stick to you to the bitter end," said Susie.

"Bitter it will be, I am afraid, my girl," said the Captain, meditatively. There the conversation ended, and Susie was thankful that her father had not asked whether Enoch had proposed, for she would have had to tell the truth, and she knew her father would have been furious if he had heard all the truth.

The Captain meditated a great deal on this night. He had always flattered himself that he knew human nature tolerably well, but he was obliged to acknowledge that his daughter was a mystery to him. He would have taken his oath that there was something between her and Enoch Hughes, but he had been mistaken. And yet he felt sure in his mind that Enoch had intentions as to Susie, still at the same time it was highly probable,—for Susie never spoke falsely,—that he had not made his intentions known. What did the man mean? If he had set his mind on Susie, why didn't he say so to her, and have done with the thing? "For," said the Captain to himself, "she would never be such a fool as to refuse him. If she did, she ought to be hung. Have I deceived myself, for so long a time, as to Mr. Hughes' intentions? It's possible. Perhaps, after all, the intentions of an old bachelor are out of my line, though I always think that I understand nearly everything. And what am I to do? I am sorry to despoil Mr. Hughes of all his money, and yet if I give up Coed Madog, I shall be all at sea. And it is pretty clear that Enoch Hughes will lose heart and throw it all up,—he can't keep on,—it's impossible for him to keep on,—always paying away money, if nothing comes into sight. And from where will that something come? I thought that Mr. Hughes would have proposed to Susie before this,—indeed that they would have married and have spared me all this trouble, for I should in that way have secured a mouthful under their wing. But I see now that it will be *necessary* for me to try to form some sort of a company to work Coed Madog,—it is impossible for *one* man to bear the whole cost, and for me at the same time to get my wages. Getting machinery and things like that are out of the question,—all Mr. Hughes' money would go,—every farthing,—in getting the things that are required, and I can't bring myself to ask him to do that, even if he were such a fool as to consent to it at my asking. And it would all be good for nothing in the end. But something must be done to get one's food. As to Denman, poor chap, he is, like me, likely to be up the spout some day. There's nothing else for it but to try and raise a company, and swear that there is in Coed Madog as much lead as the world can ever want, but that money is needed to get at it. If we got ten or a dozen fairly rich people, I could carry on for a bit yet, and no one knows in the meantime what may turn up,—that is to say, somewhere else, for there isn't more lead at Coed Madog than there is in my waistcoat pocket. If I could form a company, that would lighten Mr. Hughes' load a little,—for I am sorry to be robbing him of so much, no matter whether he marries Susie or not. I must set Sam Lloyd to work to palaver about the excellences of Coed Madog Mine, and so on, and so on. Sam, too, has, now that he knows I am a bit hard up, and not able to grease his hand as I used to, got to be independent and thirsty enough, but he *must* act according to my orders. I know he knows my secret, the stupid fool. But Sam is under my thumb, and he knows that very well. I saved his neck when Job Jones, poor fellow, was killed in Pwllygwynt. I don't know what made Sam take so much against that smart lad. But as I said to Sam,—he'll remember that night as long as he lives,—it would be as easy for me to prove him responsible as sure as,—well, as sure as my name is,—yes,—but who knows that except Sam? We are quits! But I must think of forming a sort of Company, *pro. tem.*, as is said, to enable me to get over this obstacle in my life."

CHAPTER XLIV.

OBADIAH SIMON.

MR. OBADIAH SIMON, preacher, and Eos Prydain were bosom friends. Mr. Simon had never seen a fairer or more single minded man than Eos, and Eos had never seen a preacher that understood half so much about the sol-fa system as Mr. Simon did. And Eos was not backward in making this known more than once. After hearing Eos praising Mr. Simon for his knowledge of the sol-fa system, time after time, Thomas Bartley had said that he utterly failed to discern what the knowledge of the sofl ffa* system

* Bean stubble.

had to do with preaching the Gospel, and he believed that David Davies, who was a farmer by trade, probably knew a good deal more than Mr. Simon did about a sofl ffa. "And as to preaching," added Thomas, "Mr. Simon's sermons are too deep a lot for my sort, and Barbara, and we'd sooner a thousand times be a listening to old John Davies of Nerquis. There's a chap that understands his neighbours well, marvellous well, in my opinion. Do you know what, I don't get any relish in Mr. Simon's sermons, until he gets close anigh the end of them. I know that the blame is on me, and that the man is good enough in his way,—terrible so. Did I never tell you what sort of a preacher I liked? No? Well this is my idea about a preacher,—perhaps I am wrong,—but this is the sort as I likes,—a preacher that will spout the text out loud enough as all can hear him. Now, since I have abegan to get a bit old, and not to hear quite as sharp as I did, I don't hear half what they are asaying in the text, and if a man loses the text, he is just like a dog in a fair for a while. There's another thing I'd like in a preacher, I'd a like him to be sprightly and not with his head under his wing all the time. Never likes those slow and heavy preachers, they always amake me quite down-hearted. And that's where I say the Wesleyan preachers lick us,—us Methodists. Dou you know what, I was lately at a Wesleyan meeting, and terrible good meeting it was too, and there wasn't one of the preachers there who had his head under his wing,—they were all astripped for it, and aputting their hearts into it. But there was a preacher in our chapel about a month ago,—a fine and very tidy sort of man he was too, and he looked as if he lived well, but he preached so down-hearted like and slow that, says I to Barbara, says I, when we were acoming from the morning service,—'Do you know what, Barbara, that man there talked a lot of very good things, but I'll take my oath he must ha' lost his missus, and that very lately too,—it was easy to see that from him, and I am mighty sorry for him.' But when I axed David Davies, I found out and I was mighty glad to hear it too,—that his missus and kids were alive and well, and that the man was worth thousands. But I would never have athought so from listening to him. There's another thing as I likes in a preacher, that's for him to give us a bit of a story now and then, in the same way as that chap of Trefaldwyn county, or somewhere down there. What ever's his name? Wait a bit,—O yes, of course,—Joseph Thomas. Do you know what, that's the neatest preacher I ever aheard with my two ears. I could go on alistening to him for ever. He has as many stories as ever you likes, and all of them off pat, and he puts so many of them into every sermon, and each of 'em fits in so tidy like, that I have doubted a time or two whether he didn't imagine some of them,—they wouldn't be any the worse for that, you know. Tell me what's the reason that man hasn't been made a Doctor Divine? Haven't the people of America heard tell of him? There's a mistake somewhere you may be sure. And I heard Didymus,—and he knows most everything,—say that there are some as have got the title of Doctor Divine, who got it in mistake. But they wouldn't abeen no mistake in giving it to old Joseph, for some who are wiser than me say that he is one of the best. But this is what I was going to say, I'd like a preacher like him, and I'd walk four miles to-night to hear him. Another thing I'd like in a preacher is for him to be getting better towards the end all the time. You have aheard some preachers who 're the same in the ending as they was at the beginning,—that's not right according to my mind. Everything ought to be better at the end than in the beginning, or what's the use of a beginning at all? Here am I now only beginning——, but lest you should get tired by me the last thing that I'll say I'd like in a preacher is,—that he should talk plenty about Jesus Christ. I don't know what on the face of the world a good sermon is, if it don't speak about Jesus Christ, and David Davies is of the same mind as me on this head, and if anyone knows what a sermon is he knows. And yet in these here days I've heard some sermons without a tinkle or sound about Jesus Christ, except a bit in the prayers. But what I started with is this, that Mr. Simon's a great deal too deep for the sorts of me."

Thomas Bartley's description of Mr. Simon as a preacher was scarcely correct, for his peculiarity could not be described by the word "deep." Possibly the way Mr. Simon had of late of preaching was too "deep" for Thomas, because it was a fact that our minister had for some time latterly,—giving up the singing of the sermon, and addressing his remarks principally to the young people,—touched a great deal on evolution, negativism, and positivism, and had spoken a little about agnosticism, with the laudable object of warning and guarding the minds of the youths of Bethel against the destructive flood which was on the point of enveloping the believers of Wales. He had also placed before them,—with some force too,—the arguments of unbelievers, and knocked them into smithereens. At times Mr. Simon had arranged a sort of debating society tournament, by bringing an unbeliever,—one of the strongest, —into the ring; and after giving him every advantage, such as giving him the higher ground

and putting him with his back to the sun, he used to bring St. Paul into the arena as his representative, taking on himself to see fair play, and acting as a sort of referee or umpire. Though Mr. Simon, as an impartial man, used to do his best to appear unbiassed, yet at the end of every round, it was easy to perceive that he was holding St. Paul on his knee so as to give him his wind, was patting him on the back, and was taking every care, as was appropriate for him to do, to bring him out victorious in the end. No doubt it was this kind of "ending" that pleased Thomas Bartley. It is doubtful whether it was wise of Mr. Simon to speak so much on the arguments of unbelievers to the Bethel people, for not one out of every fifty of them had previously ever known that such arguments had ever bothered the brain of any one. But after hearing Mr. Simon dealing with them, some of the youths began,—in accordance with the wicked heart of every man,—to nourish and foster them. It was amusing enough to hear now and then a thick-headed fledgeling, who had never read a hundred pages of a book in his life, pretending to be a little wanting in belief, and using words and terms that in reality he no more knew the meaning of than the man in the moon. With the best intentions, no doubt, Mr. Simon had employed all his powers to persuade the Bethel youths not to read this or that particular book. They had not before even heard of the name of the book, but two or three of them went at once to ask for it. Enoch declared that Mr. Simon's addresses and advice to these youths were the most effectual means that he could imagine to bring about exactly the opposite consequences to the ones desired, and that Mr. Simon reminded him of the schoolmaster, who, before letting the children out of school one afternoon, said to them,—"Children I want to give some advice to you, and I hope you will listen to it and obey it, —it is this,—take care, on your way home from school, not to put any small stones into the ears of any donkeys you see feeding on the side of the road. Such a thing is cruel, very cruel,—and see that I don't hear of any of you being guilty of such a mean act." The children had never heard before of the trick, and they filled the ears of the very first donkey they saw on the road on their way from school, with small stones, to their great amusement. Who was the king who forbade his subjects to smoke? The number of smokers increased hugely that year! Mr. Simon's object, like that of the schoolmaster, was praiseworthy, but the fruit of the forbidden tree is always desirable and fair to look at. To be honest, it must be said that Mr. Simon's ministry was not very appropriate to the Bethel congregation, and though every kindness was shown to him,—and even Didymus, though he naturally was so bitter, was not any great stumbling block to him,—Mr. Simon pretty soon began to feel uncomfortable. He saw that there was not enough *intelligence* in Bethel to appreciate his talents. And that was not his greatest disappointment. It was not an uncommon thing, Mr. Simon argued within himself, for a man to fail to be recognized and valued at his worth by a congregation of illiterate workmen; but he had expected the monthly meeting, —where the cream of the religious society of the county collected,—would have put a true value on his learning. But even the monthly meeting,—after giving him a hearty reception on his first appearance,—had almost entirely ignored him. This was not comforting to a man who was conscious that he possessed talents and powers of intellect above the ordinary, for it is humbug to say that other people are to be judges of what the merits of a man is, and what position he ought to have in society. Who can know a man so well as he does himself? Who knows the width, breadth, and depth of his resources as well as he does himself?

In the course of his stay at Bethel, Mr. Simon had kept his reputation good, and he could, to a considerable extent, thank Eos Prydain for this. When he came to know that he was visiting at Ty'nyrardd pretty frequently, Eos gave him a hint to be on his guard against the Captain being his ruin. This made Mr. Simon cogitate over the matter, and he saw that the hint had not been unnecessary; because, after the Captain had once realized that Mr. Simon was not an abstainer, he did not cease to offer him spirits each time he went there, and Mr. Simon became convinced, by and bye, that he did this with the object of making him some day come to grief, and so make him powerless to give any advice or to administer any admonition to anyone who was inclined to drink too much. Fortunately, Mr. Simon saw this in time, and though he put a great value on freedom, and was accumstomed to look upon teetotallers as the most intemperate people in the world, he believed that his duty, as a minister of the Gospel, was to take the pledge. But, as has already been said, Mr. Simon failed to see that there was enough scope for him in Bethel, or indeed in Wales, and he resolved to go to America. When he made his determination known to the church, the usual credit was given to his sagacity, and a great deal of grief was manifested,—by Eos Prydain and his choir. Eos consoled himself and his friends by saying Mr. Simon would, in the big country in the west, be made a Doctor of Music, if not a Doctor of Divinity also. Eos also took the trouble

to assure Mr. Simon that a testimonial would have been presented to him, had it not been that the state of trade in the neighbourhood was in such a dreadfully depressed state, and so many people were out of work. So Mr. Simon had nothing for it but to take the will for the deed.

It has been said somewhere in this story,—I don't now exactly remember where,—that Eos Prydain and his choir, whenever one of the members of the Bethel Chapel had "departed,"—which is the word that is used about a person that has died,—that Eos and his choir used to sing the "Vital Spark" in the chapel. In the farewell meeting of Mr. Simon, before he departed to America, Eos thought,—inasmuch as Mr Simon had practically "departed" from the chapel at Bethel,—that it would not be inappropriate to sing the "Vital Spark,"—and this was agreed to. But Eos strenuously opposed Didymus's variation on the words of one of the verses, which was as follows,—

"Lend, lend me your wing
I sail! I fly!
Oh wind! where is thy victory?
Oh sea! wh re is thy sting?"

Eos acknowledged the appropriateness of the variation, but was afraid, as the choir had not had any practice, that it would get astray,—and therefore the original version was stuck to. A warm meeting was held to bid farewell to Mr. Simon. David Davids spoke very effectively, and he hoped from his heart that Mr. Simon would be able to "make his home in America." Amongst many other good things, Eos said that Mr. Simon's service with the sol-fa system class was such that no value could ever be placed on it, and that he expected he would not, when he had reached America, fail to pay attention to the sol-fa system. I happened to be sitting by the side of Thomas Bartley, and when Eos made this observation, Thomas said in my ear,—

"What's the man abothering about, eh? Ain't it Indian corn that they grows in America, I never heard tell that they did much with sofl ffa there. Do you know what, that there Eos is as dull as I am, except for a bit of singing he can do."

Eos went to Liverpool to have a last look at Mr. Simon, and he stayed on the boat that was to carry him to the west, till the last moment, and he solemnly declared, with tears in his eyes, after his return to Bethel, that the last words he heard from Mr. Simon's lips were,—"sol-fa!"

And thus did Mr. Simon's ministration in Bethel end. When I began to write this story, I proposed saying a good deal about his ministration and about the course of religion in its different aspects during his connection with the Bethel Chapel, but, somehow, I have allowed myself to slip into writing about matters of minor importance. I dislike at all times having anything to do with the judging of the lives of public men, especially preachers, for fear of erring from ignorance. Because of this, I will give the reader the pith of a conversation that took place between two people who have had a talk together before in this story,—two people who were much more fitted than I am to criticize the life and labour of Mr. Simon.

JOTTINGS.

THESE jottings are not by Mr. Jones-Jones, who is at present at Carlsbad. They are by the editor of this magazine. and are a series of answers to letters asking for information.

"Dovey's Daughter" takes me beyond my depth in asking me what the Latin names of certain plants are. I crib my answer from Dr. John Davies' *Botanologium*, printed in his Welsh-Latin dictionary of 1632. If the good old doctor has led me into any serious error, I feel certain that Professor Phillips or somebody else will put me right, and save "Dovey's Daughter" from being misinformed.

Banadl, *planta genista*.

Erwain, *herba prati, herba capri, birci herba*.

Y bengaled, *cyanus major, cyanus silvestris*.

Bwyd y llyffaint, *fungus, tubera, prunioli*.

Yr olcheuraid, *sanicula, diapensia*.

Dorfagl, *euphrasia, ocularia*. The eyebright is also called "blodau'r effros" and "llygaid Crist."

Y feidiog las, *chimilla, hedera terrestris, pes leonis, patta leonis, stellaria*.

The number of flowers named after Christ, Mary, Peter, and the Trinity is

very great. Perhaps some reader will make a list of these flowers, giving Welsh and English names, for publication in this column.

I am often asked where Stephen's *Literature of the Kymry* may be bought. I understand it is out of print, but would be glad to get any information about considerable numbers, if any, of the volume still in the market.

Mr. J. Arthur Price favours me with the following note about the authorities of the history of Welsh Jacobitism. The gentle reader will remember Mr. Price's article on the White Rose in Wales.

"The best authority for David Morgan's life is an article which originally appeared in the *Cambrian Journal*, and was republished by R. Mason, Tenby, in 1862. The article was written by Mr. William Llewellyn, F.G.S., who exhausted pretty well all the information that could be obtained from such contemporary authorities as the *Scots Magazine* and *Gentleman's Magazine*, and he was able to add a good deal from local Glamorganshire tradition, and from family knowledge.

"Howell's *State Trials*, Vol. XVIII, shows Morgan's share in the expedition. In addition there are in the British Museum two scurrilous pamphlets, one entitled 'A frightful narration of the appearance of Counsellor Morgan's ghost,' and the other, 'An appeal from the late D. Morgan to the good people of England,' which however convey some interesting information on Morgan's connection with London politics.

"On the Cycle Club there is a short article in the first volume of the *Cambrian Magazine*, pp. 212, 213, and in the second volume there is a romance by an anonymous writer called 'Meredith Alynton,' which deals with Wales on the eve of '45, in which Sir Watkin and the members of the Cycle play a prominent part. The author states that he derived his information from a member of the club. To Sir Watkin himself there are several important references in Lord Stanhope's 'History of England;' and in the British Museum there are one or two political pamphlets dealing with him. Still the whole subject of the '45 in Wales is very obscure and would well repay a search among unpublished MSS."

The battle of Grosmont, one of the most disastrous in the history of Glendower, is described by Prince Henry himself, who sent the following letter to his father from Hereford after the battle,—

"My most redoubted and most sovereign lord and father, in the most humble manner that in my heart I can devise, I commend myself to your royal majesty, humbly requesting your gracious blessing. My most redoubted and most sovereign lord and father, I sincerely pray that God will graciously show His miraculous aid towards you in all places, praised be He in all His works! For on Wednesday, the eleventh day of this present month of March, your rebels of the parts of Glamorgan, Morgannoc, Usk, Netherwent, and Overwent were assembled to the number of eight thousand men, according to their own account, and they went on the said Wednesday, in the morning, and burnt part of your town of Grosmont within your lordship of Monmouth. And I immediately sent off my very dear cousin, the lord Talbot, and the small body of my own household, and with them joined your faithful and gallant knights, William Neuport and John Greindre, who were but a very small force in all. But very true it is that VICTORY IS NOT IN A MULTITUDE OF PEOPLE, BUT IN THE POWER OF GOD, and this was well proved there. And there, by the aid of the blessed Trinity, your people gained the field; by the time of their return from the pursuit, some say eight hundred, and some say a thousand, being questioned on pain of death. Nevertheless, whether on such an account it were one or the other, I would not contend; and to inform you fully of all that has been done, I send you a person worthy of credit, —in this case, my faithful servant, the bearer of this letter, who was present at this engagement, and did his duty very satisfactorily. And such amends has God ordained you for the burning of four houses of your aforesaid town; and of prisoners were none taken except one, a great chieftain among them, whom I would have sent to you, but that he is not yet

able to ride at ease . . . . . and I pray God to keep you always in joy and honour, and to grant me shortly to comfort you with other good news.

"Written at Hereford the said Wednesday, at night. Your most humble and obedient son,

"HENRY."

"To the king, my most redoubted and most sovereign lord and master."

I had never heard of the "Maid of Llanuwchllyn," but Mr. Henry Rowlands (*Henri Myllin*), of Llangollen, writes as follows,—

"I enclose a short ditty, which was often sung at Bala and the neighbourhood about forty years ago, and was very popular at the time. I don't remember ever seeing them in print. I wrote them many years since from the dictation of a lady.

'No sheep on the mountain, no boat on the lake,
No coin in my coffer to keep me awake;
No corn in my garner, no fruit on my tree,
While the maid of Llanuwchllyn smiles sweetly on me.

'Rich Owen will tell us, with eyes full of scorn,
Threadbare is my coat, and my *hosan* is torn;
Scoff on him, rich Owen, for mine is the glee
While the maid of Llanuwchllyn smiles sweetly on me.

The farmer rides proudly to market and fair,
The clerk in the tavern sits in the great chair;
The proudest that ever was proudest I'll be
While the maid of Llanuwchllyn smiles sweetly on me.'"

A POET WHO DIED YOUNG.

In the January number of the *Llenor* there is an article on Robert Owen, a young Barmouth poet who died of consumption at Harrow, Victoria, while still very young. The extracts, taken from the young exile's note books, attracted much attention, and it was generally felt that Robert Owen's name will find a place in the history of Welsh literature. Among his papers I found a few poems written in English. Two of these follow.

I.—WHAT THOUGH RICHES TO MY NAME.

WHAT though riches to my name
Add no golden glory,
Though obscure, though scorned of fame
Be my life's sad story?
Wealth and honour dim their light,
And they vanish into night
While upon me shines the bright
Smile of my Mary.

Happiness grows not from gold,
And the air it breathes
Flows not round the stage where cold
Honour twines her wreaths,
But where perfect love is found,
But where heart to heart is bound,
As by death, but where around
Blooms the tender truth.

Yet the bitterness of earth
Sours all her joys,
Her each ecstasy gives birth
To a pang and dies.
But to pluck her poisoned dart,
And to soothe the angry smart,
I have ever at my heart
The love of my Mary.

This life's toilsome journey through
I would still abide,
World-storm, and the storm of mind
With her by my side;
But a sorrow fills my soul,
And black doubts like shadows fall,
Yet they throw their dusky pall
Not o'er my Mary.

II.—O FOR A SLEEP, A LONG, LONG SLEEP.

O FOR a sleep, a long, long sleep,
A dreamless, starless, sleep,
For ever calm, and deep!

O for a sleep with no more waking
To anguished sense of heart still aching,
And knowledge of its frail strings breaking!

O for a sleep with no to-morrow
My shrinking soul with fear to harrow,
But a deep drowning of all sorrow,

A sweet forgetting of life's sadness,
And of life's fleeting rainbow gladness,
Both vanity, and twins of madness,

A rest at last from all endeavour
At duty, which succeeded never
But whelmed with grief my spirit ever,

An end of selfish low desiring,
Which bends each heaven-ward aspiring
To sordidness, and swift expiring,

An end of loving, where affection
Broods o'er but scorn, or worse dejection,
A mild, compassionate rejection,

An end of loving where its power
May ripen not, though fairest flower
It bear, ere yet the tempest lour,

O for a sleep, with no more waking
To anguished sense of heart still aching
And knowledge of its frail strings breaking.

O for a sleep, a long, long sleep
A dreamless, starless sleep,
Calm, and forever deep. 1879.

ANOTHER ARTIST'S TOUR.

From the MS. diary of Hugh Hughes, author of *The Beauties of Cambria*.

STARTED from London on Friday night, May, 1820, with the mail, and arrived at Liverpool on the following night at 12-30. Remained in Liverpool till the following Saturday, when I started for Eastam and proceed by canal to Chester. In this journey I was accompanied by Misses J. E., M. H., C. P., &c.

On Monday, still accompanied by C. P., I started by water to Bagillt. Had a rough passage, and were once much alarmed. Arrived however safe, walk to Holywell; when we arrive it begins to rain heavily. Rain continues, and I have no heart to proceed outside the mail which passes at nine p.m. Tuesday morning, rain still continues and I lose another opportunity of proceeding towards Conway, spend the forenoon very comfortably, and start with a single horse chaise to St. Asaph about four p.m. At ten start with the mail to Conway Ferry, where I remain till morning; a little before twelve the rain first ceases since four p.m. yesterday. The air also was very cold.

Wednesday, June 2nd, 1820. This morning I have walked home, Meddiant, from Conway Ferry. I breakfasted with my kind host and hostess with great joy on all sides for meeting once more.

Tuesday, June 6th, 1820. This day was spent in travelling to and in the isle of Anglesey.

Start about eleven a.m.; cross Tal y Cafn Ferry, warned by the ferrymen not to cross the mountain on account of the fog. Find the nearest road to Sychnant very disagreeable and bad. Stop forty minutes at Aber. Alight at Bangor to put two letters in the post, and then proceed without seeing a face I knew. Get immediately over at the ferry, but meet, unluckily, one whom I should have been glad to escape. Promise to call on him at Bangor on my return.

Stop an hour at the ferryhouse, view the new bridge, which I can conceive will be an astonishingly grand and magnificent object when finished. Proceed next to Gwindy, stop half an hour. Here I meet with none of the comfort and the pleasure I had anticipated. Find myself greatly fatigued, and my eyes weak after having the sun shining in my face all the afternoon, like St. Tudno.

Wednesday, June 7th, 1820. Start from here about 10-30 and arrive at Bangor at 3-30 p.m. Put up my horse and dine at the inn. In less than an hour after my arrival I enquired at the proper place for the object I had solely in view when I left Denbighshire, when I found that that object had just fled to the place I had just left. This disappointment was particularly painful, and some circumstances at first distressed my mind exceedingly, but a better understanding of them afforded some consolation. My horse being too much tired to proceed homeward, I resolve upon going to Carnarvon with the car. But I first of all wait upon the friend whom I met yesterday at the ferry. Drink tea with him, &c. This person I knew to be a professor of great regard for religion, and I expected to find him consistent,—but his making use of the name of the Deity in a trifling exclamation, in a playful humour, disgusted me beyond measure and created in my mind great contempt for him, as I have long since been decided in the opinion that the man who can so act, must be in every sense of the word a fool, or else the most vile hypocrite, of the most depraved and abandoned heart.

Set off about six and walk two miles, after which I am overtaken by the car and proceed with it to Carnarvon. Sit with Mr. R. till 1.30 a.m.

Thursday, June 8th, 1820. Morning at nine start to Bangor. Remain a few hours at Bangor on account of the unfavourable tide at Conway. Dine at Richard Jones'.

Meet W. Williams, Esq., of Cambridge University at the Mitre, with whom I drink wine, &c. About three p.m. start for Conway, meet Mrs. Gee of Denbigh and her son in a post chaise near Aber. Arrive at Conway and soon get over, but

the well-known blackguard ferrymen would make me believe myself much obliged to them for getting out of Conway before to-morrow. Arrive safe at Meddiant about nine p m.

Friday, I walk to Conway Ferry and Bodscallon to deliver my second number of *Beauties*. Dine at the former and tea at the latter, with seven old maids.

Saturday, 10th, I spent rather idly, having my mind on the rack on account of having no means of forwarding business, *i.e.* having no drawings by me that I could engrave.

Sunday, this day I spent uncomfortably, as I do every other Sunday at this place on account of having no religious characters to associate with, and also the distance of the place of worship, &c. To-day too, I have violated a rule which I had laid down for myself, namely, never to accept any invitation to dine, &c., on Sunday with any person who is not of my own way of thinking on religious subjects. I accepted an invitation to dine with W. Williams, Esq., of Hendrewaelod; this I had refused to do on three former occasions, but having enjoyed since much of his company and found him to be a gentleman of an enlightened understanding and good character, and differing in sentiments from myself in nothing essential, I felt satisfied, and enjoyed his company much. In the evening I attended chapel,

Monday, 12th June, 1820. I waited anxiously for to-morrow.

Tuesday 13th. Start at 7.30 a.m., accompanied by my uncle W. W., and arrive at Llanrwst about ten o'clock, at Pentrevoelas at twelve, where we take some refreshment and in half an hour proceed. The road from Llanrwst to the latter place is good, but extremely uneven, and from thence to Bala excessively uneven and bad in all respects, the whole bespeaking the utmost folly in the projectors. Arrive at Bala about three p.m. Find the town much filled with strangers for the sassiwn. I met with friends and acquaintances from almost every town and neighbourhood in North Wales. Hear two sermons in the evening, most excellent and impressive, about 9,000 people present.

Wednesday, June 14th, 1820. I hear seven sermons of the same class, the congregation swelled to seventeen or eighteen thousand. Meet with several more friends from London, Liverpool, Chester, &c., &c., and hear of some more who were present whom I should have been most happy to see. I felt highly pleased and delighted here with the appearance and the conduct of this multitude of my countrymen, decent in their dresses and clean in their persons, with scarcely an exception civil and quiet, and serious in their behaviour without any exception, in every respect becoming the occasion of their meeting. Some indeed were blamed by their friends for being too warm in expressing their love and admiration of the goodness and the power which had but recently made them men and Christians. Blind indeed must that wretch be who in this country can now say that preaching salvation through faith alone is favourable to immortality and licentiousness. The contrary is so evident that ignorance and bigotry themselves are convinced, and malignity alone remains to be overcome. 'Tis as clear as noonday that this preaching does not only effectually render more strictly moral those who value and believe it; but that it has changed the whole face of our country, by raising, humanizing, taming, enlightening, and moralizing the mass of the population.

Thursday, 15th, 1820. This morning the dispersion of the assembly is completed, and the place is left so dull and heavy as to be almost intolerable.

I spend all day in examining two hundred copies of my work just received from London, and arranging them for delivery with S. E., who starts with them to Denbighshire.

Friday, 16th, 1820. Send off S. E. with the books. Dine alone at the Lion, feel low spirited and sorrowful, and also have a pain in my head, &c. Spend an hour with the Rev. S. Lloyd, call at Mr. G. D., and converse some time with the Mrs. R. and Miss D. Call to bid farewell to Mrs. and Miss H. of Liverpool, spend an hour in walking with the latter, and another hour with both; hear of some gratifying news from Liverpool. After enjoying this society and the exercise I find myself more cheerful and better. Little business

with Mr. S. about six p.m., and start to Dolgelley, eighteen miles, where I arrive in three and a quarter hours, at the inn here I am soon joined by my friend Mr. J. Ll., who sits with me a short time, and during which we lay the plan of an excursion to-morrow.

Saturday, 17th, 1820. Breakfast by appointment with Mr. Lloyd, afterwards view Mr. G.'s collection of pictures. Wait upon Mr. W. Hire a man to call at Bodowen and Arthog. Walk with H. to Hengwrt. Deliver there five copies of my work. Arm ourselves for our future journey with the best bread and cheese and porter. At Llanelltyd we have some hesitation in passing the old Abbey without paying it a visit, but fleet time forbids. As we proceed we admire the richness of the valley through which we pass, rendered so by the neighbouring excellent baronet and his brother by planting immense quantities of trees of every description, &c. We also admire the grand appearance of Cader Idris.

On the road below Cwm Cwnin we are overtaken by a man from Trawsfynydd. I expected to find him rude and ignorant, and mountainous in his manners, but on the contrary he is civil and sensible to such a degree as to astonish and delight me. We enter into conversation also with another man by the road side, who also pleases and delights me with his manly, easy, and calm behaviour, which, with his conversation, proves him to possess intelligence and sound faculties. We are told by him of the extraordinary circumstances of the estate of Dolmelynllyn, that the former possessor, Mr. Maddocks, has lost it, but that the wood is still his, that if it was filled it would be no longer his, &c.

A little further on we turn into a shed to enquire for Rhaiadr Du, here we find a young man at work preparing for the lathe broom heads. This man in answering the first question proposed to him evinced something of a critical knowledge of his own language, which led my friend into a conversation with him on the subject. Bards were quoted and their works criticised, &c. I stood mute with a perpetual smile on my countenance, so much pleased was I with witnessing so much intelligence in a corner so obscure, in a man so humble, where and in whom I should have naturally expected extreme ignorance. Soon after this we arrived at the Rhaiadr, of which I make a drawing. In descending I feel quite cheerful and express to my friends the pleasure I feel in contemplating and witnessing the exalted character of my meanest countrymen, &c. After this we ascend a steep eminence and begin to feel fatigued. We begin to feel our folly in starting from Dolgelley without filling our pockets with victuals. I am proud of my superior discretion in accepting the bread and cheese at Hengwrt. With some difficulty we reach Pistyll Cain and Pistyll Mawddach, both of which I draw. We return a different way, namely, by the Llanfachreth side of the Mawddach. In the village of Llanfachreth we order tea at a public-house, where the modesty of the people makes them hesitate to comply. The landlord proves to be a sensible man, and a great antiquarian. His niece his particularly handsome, but makes herself disgusting by the foolish practice so prevalent of tying a large handkerchief over her head and ears. A few words by me in reprobation of this practice makes our hostess less cheerful. The tea is served in a very decent style and is very good, and we never devoured more at a time. But the charge was the moderate sum of sixpence, which we could not for shame think of paying. On our way home we have some pleasant conversation together. In the evening I write some of my journal.

Sunday, 18th, 1820. To-day, besides attending worship, I put myself in possession of a portion of the "Christian's Inheritance."*

Monday, 19th. After breakfast, I call at a place where Col. Vaughan is said to be, but I meet him afterwards in the street. He converses with me at my lodgings for half an hour, in the most kind and condescending manner. He expresses the highest admiration of my work in gereral, but makes remarks upon some particulars which he wished me to guard against in future. He nullifies the resolution I had

* A book so called, some of which I committed to memory this time.

formed of proceeding to Welshpool to-day, and offers me a horse to go to Barmouth for the purpose of sketching Cader Idris on my way, and return to dine with him in the evening. Accompanied by my friend Ll., I start about ten a.m. Sketch one view of the Cader, after which it becomes nebulous; after walking a little about the shore at Barmouth and dining, we cross the ferry, the wind is high and the water very rough, so much so that I am greatly apprehensive of my horse being thrown over board, and I have some trouble in exercising my whole strength in holding fast at his bridle and the stirrup strap. We land however safely and comfortably and proceed homeward, ride and tie as before. I feel much chagrined at the loss of this day, and having done no good whatever. The time of meeting Col. V. is past, and I thereby lose a second dinner. Soon after our arrival at Dolgelley heavy rain commences, which continues all night.

Tuesday, June 21st, 1820. Col. V. not having appeared on parade last evening on account of the rain, I conceive it my duty to wait for him this morning to apologise and to tell him I am going. He thinks nothing of my sketch of the Cader, and is very earnest in requesting me to accompany him to different parts, &c. I, already sorrowful for the loss of yesterday, positively refuse, take my leave and depart. Arrive about one p.m. at Dinas Mawddwy, where I stop an hour and dine. My dinner here, consisting of fried ham, eggs, minced veal, gooseberry tart, &c., cost thirteen pence; horse's hay included. The woman is clean and civil in the bargain, a good cook also, and has her materials good. After passing through the vale of Mallwyd, which is pleasant, the road for many miles is mountainous. On the middle of it I am surprised to meet an acquaintance from London with a monkey on his shoulder. Cann Office is a good inn, I stop here half an hour. Pass through Llanfair Caereinion after first passing through a river that was scarcely fordable, the bridge being broken down. The weather is very fine, and the whole of this ride very pleasant. I arrive at Welshpool about seven p.m. Put up at the first decent inn I saw. In less than half an hour I find myself in possession of immense stores of information by the kindness and the "dawn neilltuol" of my hostess. Without a single interrogation she managed to tell me her own name and age, with those of her father, the state of their affairs, their connections, their good and ill success in business at different periods; the nature, the extent, and the degree of respectability of their custom and customers; the length of the time they had lived in this house and last and the reason of their changing; how much respected they are, and what property they possess; the size and respectability of the town; the markets, whence, how, by whom, and with what supplied, with its estate during the last ten years, and the causes and consequences of its fluctuations, &c.

Her fluency astonished and amused me, her civility pleased me, her vanity and folly in speaking so much of herself disgusted me, her familiarity surprised me. The rapidity and perseverance of her tongue confused me, and I was at last obliged to cut short her discourse by leaving her abruptly. I am shown into a parlour where there are six or seven gentlemen at their pipes. Being furnished with a candle at another table, I continue to write for about two hours, but sometimes listen to the company's conversation, which, in general, is very rational and interesting, one gentleman in particular, Mr. Back, I admired for his intelligence and good sense. I was also pleased to find that he, though an Englishman, spoke most respectfully of the country, the people, and the language of Wales. Of the latter he had acquired an extensive and critical knowledge, far beyond any Welshman in the room. At the end of the two hours some part of the discourse is directed to me, who till now uttered not a word, and I became engaged. Before we parted Mr. B. proffered me his company in the morning to view Powis Castle, and otherwise behaved with great civility, but he remained and kept me in his company till after my usual bedtime, and even till our landlady's tongue wanted rest.

Wednesday, 22nd, 1820. This morning at seven, Mr. B. not appearing as he promised, I start with my landlord and

view Powis Castle, first at a distance, than nearer from several points, afterwards inspect the gardens and house. The greatest wonder in the former was a man picking bees off the ground one by one with his finger and thumb into his fist; and in the latter a couple of brass ordnance taken at Nizagapatam from Tipoo Saib. After returning to Pool, I met several gentlemen and find everything encouraging and pleasant in my business. After dinner I depart; joy, joy.

On the road I meet a venerable looking old man, with whom I begin a discourse by asking if he is a Welshman, and if his children and grandchildren speak Welsh. The answers to these and some other questions proved that the venerable Welsh is losing ground in these parts, or rather that it has lost in the last forty years.

My kind hostess last night had warned me of a dangerous river between Pool and Llanymynach, and advised me not to attempt to ford it, but as it was impossible for me to retain all she told me I entirely forgot this caution, and now I am arrived at the spot. The water looks sullen and strong in its course, neither time nor the strength of the animal nor my own patience will suffer me to return and go over the bridge. On the other side is a ferryboat, which I hail, once thinking of going in it and leading the horse through. But unwilling to believe that the danger is very great in such a place, on a road so public, I venture in. In the middle the current is strong and the bottom uneven, and the water up to the saddle, I am alarmed and expect every instant at least a ducking. I escape however and feel triumphant, when, to my surprise and sorrow, I find another branch of the river equally deep and more wide than the former, through which, as well as a third equally alarming, I got safe. Soon after this I arrive at Llanymynach where, at the door of a tavern, I drink a glass of ale, and have some Welsh conversation with the landlady. On my way from this place to Oswestry I meet a great number of country folk returning from a fair at the latter place; and, much to their credit, I observed that they were generally decent in their dresses and their behaviour, not one drunkard appearing among them. At Oswestry I tea and sup with Mr. Cathrall, author of the *Map of N. W.*, &c., and sleep with my friend Mr. O. R.

Thursday, June 23rd, 1820. Start about nine and have a very pleasant ride through Chirk, Llangollen, and Ruthin to Denbigh. Here I meet with S. E., who has been very faithful, but not very successful in doing my business.

Friday, 24th. Early in the afternoon I proceed homeward, but am detained at Col. Wynne, Garthewin, by my friend Mr. J. O.

Saturday. Arrive at home after calling at Betws Coedcoch, Llandrillo, and other places.

From the middle to the end of July I was from home, chiefly at Carnarvon, whence I had two excursions to Llanberis, in the first accompanied by the Rev. Mr. P. Williams, Llanrug, and Mr. O. Ellis, and on the second by Dr. Roberts. Before I returned I visited Llanynghenedl, Holyhead, &c. Nothing happened worth recording, excepting that I descended with Mr. R. in the diving bell to the bottom of the bay of Holyhead, and was twice in some degree of danger in crossing the fords under Penrhos. My Anglesey friends were kind and affectionate in their conduct, but it appears that they must in future be visited less frequently.

August, 1820. On Monday morning, August, I intended to start towards South Wales for the purpose of making drawings for my work, to reach Wrexham in the evening. Heavy rain however causes delay, and I start at six p.m., and arrive at Llanrwst at eight. Here I meet my friend Mr. Richards who is just arrived from London. Spend the night with him, &c.

Tuesday. Start at 10.30 a.m. Stop half an hour at Cernioga Mawr to feed. Arrive at Corwen about four. Tea with Mr. T. Jones, who also has sat with me some time at the inn. Arrive at Llangollen at eight, and Wrexham 10.30 p.m.

Wednesday. Do some business in and about Wrexham, receive a forged note which I have some trouble to get changed. I have the satisfaction to hear my work commended and myself complimented by all my subscribers. In the afternoon I

have much pleasure in the company of a young female friend. At night I am unhappy from sympathy with some highly esteemed friends whose commercial affairs are so bad that a dreadful storm is about breaking upon them. I sit with Mr. T. J till after three p.m.

[END OF THE DIARY.]

CRADLE SONG.

"'TIS I THAT NURSES BABY."—*(New version.)*

Tune, Old Welsh Lullaby,—"Myfi sy'n magu'r baban."

O HUSH a bye, my baby,
And slumber and sleep wi' me;
I love to nurse bye baby
God gave to daddy and me.
O hush a bye, my baby,
Slumber and sleep on my knee;
O hush a bye, my baby,
God has a bright future for thee;
Angels are whisp'ring, baby,
And mother is carin' for thee.

O hush a bye, then baby,
A rockin' on mother's knee;
O hush a bye, my baby,
Sorrow and sickness will flee.
Mother is watching, baby,
By night and by day wi' thee;
Sleep my child, O sleep, good night,
And be atween daddie an' me;
Night is chased by morning light,
And thy mother is still with thee.

HOWELL VICTOR.

THE CROSSING OF JORDAN.

From the Welsh of IEUAN GLAN GEIRIONNYDD'S "*Croesi'r Iorddonen*," by CARIADFAB of Skewen, Neath.

PRECIOUS soul, the chilly waters
Of deep Jordan near thee glide;
But behold the Holy city,
Over on the other side.

Yonder are thy old companions,
Free from every worldly care;
Waiting thee to have thy portion,
Of the joy abounding there.

Do not tremble, brief 's the passage,
And the great High Priest of love
Lingers calmly in the waters
For to bear thee home above.

Hear sweet harmony descending
From Mount Zion's sunny clime;
See the golden gates expanding
Through the misty vault of time.

Farewell all, and farewell roaming
In the wilderness again;
Farewell lust and vile desires,
Farewell evermore to pain.

Death's dark shadow is dispersing,
Brighter, brighter, shines the light;
Now I see the heavenly mansions,
Flee my soul, to pure delight.

FOR THE SAKE OF THE FARM.

By Sioned Pryce.

I.

WHEN my step-mother married the first time,—that is, when she married my father, I was but little put out about it, although I was a young man of twenty one years of age, and living at home, working on my father's farm. I was not very keen-witted, at least so I have heard my step-mother herself say, and I did not see how it might affect what people call my prospects. Nor did I find it unpleasant to have a woman about the place, though my step-mother was not by nature suited to be a farmer's wife. No, it was her second marriage, or rather the means she used to bring it about, that went near to break my heart.

When my father brought her home I was taken by surprise, having heard nothing of the story, which soon became as well known as if it were written upon the church door, as we say, or better in fact, for those who went in at the church door in those days were but few, the parson being an Englishman who came to Llanfihangel once a fortnight to take the service, and on other occasions when the squire asked him over to shoot. There were many who blamed my father for marrying an Englishwoman, for to this day there lingers in outlandish parts of Wales a faint aftertaste of the old rancour. The women especially had their word against her, for she was pretty with a different sort of prettiness to theirs. But though of course my own tastes were all for rosy cheeks and dark hair, for Rachel Gabriel had both, yet I must say that Mrs. Griffiths had features as delicate as any lady's, and eyes that could assume a very appealing expression, and seldom betrayed the scheming brain that lay behind.

She brought a whiff of something new and foreign to us and to our ways into the humble farm-house, as she went tripping to and fro across the dark old flagged kitchen, venturing on rare occasions, with her long skirts daintily gathered up, into the poultry yard and stable, wondering at our Welsh ways and laughing at our Welsh language. We never questioned her superiority to us and our neighbours, and I wondered at her ready acceptance of our homely life.

My father himself told me the story of how he came to marry her. He had as usual gone to Carmarthen to John Brown's fair, and as it came on to rain, he turned into the first shop he saw to buy a red cotton pocket-handkerchief of large size, which he intended to knot at the four corners and wear as a protection for his best hat. But though, as he always maintained, he paid for the handkerchief, he forgot in his heat to bring it away with him, for his attention was distracted by hearing the master harshly rating a young woman, who, it appeared, was employed rather in the house than in the shop, except on fair days. What the quarrel was, my father never told me, and I never asked, but when he saw that the young woman cried and looked ashamed at being so scolded before a stranger, and when he heard that her master spoke to her as no man has a right to speak to a tidy girl, my father, who had a Welsh temper, fired up, and doubtless said words that increased the other's wrath, for he turned upon the girl,—my father was a big man, for a Welshman,—and "to show that he was master in his own place" bade her begone,—take her baggage and her worthless self off and darken his doors no more. Nor would he listen to her pleading that she had no home, no friends, no money, or take pity when he saw her clasped hands and streaming eyes, but my father gave her money enough for a day or two, and sought her a decent lodging.

"And then, John bach," said he to me, "there was no other way to help the poor thing that I could see, and her so innocent and helpless, so I went for a licence, and so she is my wife, and be you good to her, John bach, be you good to her, now!"

There were not wanting ill-natured folks to shake their heads and say my father was going early into his dotage, but they soon learnt to fear to say such things and to pull faces before me. He was, of course, getting on in years, and when he had brought home his young wife, he cared more and more to sit in the chimney-corner, watching her as she sewed her millinery or stooped over some book,—she was very learned, and read many Histories of True Lovers and the like. Little by little he left the whole work of the farm to me. Little by little, so gradually that after all the realization of the fact came upon us as a sudden shock, his health began to give way. He got to look years older. I spoke about it to my step-mother, and she answered me very sadly that indeed she had noticed it too, and told me to look in at the doctor's next market-day and ask for a bottle of physic. Which I did, but the doctor, either doubting that the man was ill, or wishing to make sure that he was able to pay for the physic, said that he would ride over to Pantglâs and see him. And after all it was only a small bottle of medicine he sent, looking like clean water, and he charged 2s. 6d. for it, so my father said he would have no more of him or his bottles. It was touching to see how my step-mother, who did not like to scorch her face with cooking, and knew indeed so little about it that when she made *uwd* she put the oatmeal into luke-warm water,—took to making such things as barley-water and blanc-mange, which my father told me in Welsh, so that she should not understand, though this expedient always made her cross, were enough to make a man ill if he were not so already. She meant well, she always meant well by my father; her gratitude to him was the point I liked best in her character. But her cooking was like that of the girl in "Crawshay Bailey,"—"something shocking." Not only did she omit to stir the *uwd*, so that it was always burnt or lumpy, but as often as not she put no salt in it; and this although my father told her times without number the story of Syr Watcyn Wyn in the House of Commons. As she did not improve, we got one of the farm-servants to boil our porridge for us, and tried to make Mrs. Griffiths acknowledge its superiority to bread and butter.

Well, well! There came sad days upon us, when my poor father could take no food of any kind, and lay all day in his bed. We had another doctor in to try what he could do, and though the first had not seemed to think the case very serious, this man said we were too late in calling him in, which made my step-mother cry and say her husband was the only person who ever was kind to her,—and why had I not fetched the doctor before? But I knew, poor thing, that it was but her grief, and that she was catching up the Welsh habit of hiding emotion under a sharp tongue.

The anxious days dragged on, till one morning the sick man, opening his eyes, knew he was not long for this world, and bade me fetch the preacher from Shiloh to make his will and pray with him. For though we were really church people, the rector lived too far away, and knew no Welsh, moreover he was not fond of visiting his parishioners. There was a story going about that old Mari yr Efail could get half a crown out of him every time he came to preach at Llanfihangel, by saying that her daughter was very ill,—druan bach! "Very bad indeed. And there's like she would, now, if the parson would come and pray with her." And the rector, ready to mount his sleek cob, would look uncomfortable and fumble in his pockets, finally pressing something into the old woman's hand, and saying, as he put his foot into the stirrup,—"Take that, my good woman,—er—I'll pray next time,—we'll have the prayers next time."

There was not, as I think, much the matter with old Mari's daughter, and doubtless the half crowns were useful. But my poor father was dying, and when a man is dying he prefers the prayers. So I fetched the "pregethwr," and when he had gone I went to my father, who lay

in the box-bed in the best parlour, with his wife sitting by him, and tried not to let the dear old man see how bad I felt. He began to talk about the will he had just been signing.

"You have been a good lad to me," he said, in his weak voice. "You will be a good lad to *her*, too, promise me, now. I have left the farm and all to her, John bach, she is but a woman, and they will all be against her, your mother's relations. It will all come to you in the end."

He tried to raise himself on his elbow to read my face.

"You have done quite right, quite right, I am sure," I said, chokingly, stroking the hand that was now so soft. "I will do my best,—I promise to do my best for her." Mrs. Griffiths was crying, and stole out of the room. We slipped into the Welsh language at once.

"I promise," I repeated.

"You are a good lad," he said again, faintly. "Your mother, John, your mother was a good woman, a good woman."

He lingered for a week after this, but he spoke no more on this subject.

When the end came, Mrs. Griffiths asked me to make all the arrangements for the funeral in the Welsh fashion;—"he would have wished it," she said, and rightly. So I reached down the little china mugs that hung in a row from the top shelf of the dresser,—they were kept for the special purpose of serving the spiced drink, and had not been used since my mother's funeral. Also I told the farm-servants to go and cut gorse to brew beer, and sent a message to the rector. For although,—as my poor father, loving his joke, used to say,—as long as a man could have his own way it was on the preacher that he depended, yet it was the custom in our family to be married and buried by the clergyman. And the rector drank the spiced beer with rosemary in it, though he shook his head, and said the custom was a relic of Romanism, and took the funeral offerings of the congregation without a word, though, as I am told, this custom, as practised in our parish, dated from the same period as the other, the offerings being meant to pay for masses for the soul of the dead. But it was the parish clerk who made me sore and angry, when I heard him say to my uncle from the North that he looked for another fee before long. "Those that cry most dry their tears the soonest,—they get it all over at once, and she's a pretty little woman," said the parish clerk.

Bitter thoughts rose up in my mind at hearing such talk as we turned from the grave, and at seeing the sneering smile on the old man's withered face. I let him and my uncle go on with the many many people who had come from far and near to "show respect" by walking in the procession, and also to meet their friends, fairs and funerals being the great social events with us; and I myself walked slowly home alone, thinking my own sad thoughts of my old father, who was left, it seemed to me, so lonely in the dreary little churchyard.

I knew the house would yet be full of strangers, whom I had no inclination to face, so I stayed out about the fields, where we had so often walked together, remembering how, when I was a boy, he had pointed out to me the way the crops should follow,—there were shrewd farmers in those days, though there were no Chairs of Agriculture at Welsh colleges,—and the kind of cattle that best suited our land,—a cross between blacks and shorthorns,—they are grey, and give richer milk than the Castlemartins. Our land was good enough for them, part of it lying low, where it adjoined Tomas Gabriel's farm, Glanrafon.

I opened a gate and walked along the path that skirted the little wood. It had a peaceful, Sunday look about it always, that path, and I remembered that it was here I had met my father the night he brought his young wife home. I started; I had in my own selfish grief forgotten that it was my place to be with her and to comfort her. I hastened home, and found my uncle raging, and Mrs. Griffiths standing crying and frightened before him.

"Oh, John?" she sobbed, coming towards me. "Oh, he says ——."

"Hold your tongue, 'ooman!" said my uncle, ashamed now before me that he had made her tears flow again.

"What is the matter?" I asked, taking

her hand as a sign that I would not go against her.

"I am not know what iss the matter on the 'ooman," said Uncle Dafydd. "Your mother wass be my sister, John, —— "

"Well?" said I.

"Wass you know,—wass your father tell that he wass make a will?" asked he. He felt obliged to speak English, because of Mrs. Griffiths.

"Know of the will? Dear yes, indeed!" said I, squeezing Mrs. Griffiths' hand to keep up her spirits.

"Wass he make no condishoons?" demanded my uncle. "Wass he tell nothing if she iss marry again where iss the farm to go?"

I had never thought of that. It was a new notion to her, too, I could see, for she took the black-bordered handkerchief from her eyes, and looked at him in surprise.

"He only said," I answered, doubtfully, "that of course it would all come to me in the end."

"Well, indeed, now, there's fullish you are, John!" cried my uncle. "Why wass you not got it on pepper, and him to cut his name after it? And her a young 'ooman! Your father wass not been act rightly, John. Dyn gatto ni, boy! I wass not tell nothing against your poor father. You are not want your red head to show Cymro you are. But I wass tell this, that there iss no right to the farm with her if she iss marry again, and I am tell that again, too, iss indeed, trewth whateverr!"

Now as to the farm, Mrs. Griffiths was not much older than I, and I had not thouht of regarding myself as her heir. That it had cost me a pang to lose the property that had been my father's and my grandfather's, I cannot deny, for the Welsh passion for land was alive in me, and I could only try to keep my mind from dwelling on the subject. But this notion of a second marriage struck pain to my soul. What brutes we were, I thought afterwards, to discuss the matter before her, the very day her husband was buried! At the time, I only knew I could not bear the thought that Pantglâs might, perhaps in the near future, become the property of a stranger. My own mind had been running upon a snug little household of three,—to begin with,—though I was doubtful of the success of my scheme, seeing that Rachel Gabriel had been walking of late with that black-haired fellow from Tanlan. I remembered her saying once that there's admire dark people she did, now! and I was painfully conscious that my own hair was red, and that I was speckled, like a comb-back, with freckles. Yet I could not help hoping that all might come right, and when Mrs. Griffiths had gone away, I hinted something of my plans to my uncle.

He hummed and hawed and stroked his square-cut beard like a real Welshman as he was.

"Your father paid you something for your work, didn't he?" he said, in Welsh, we had slipped at once into the "hen iaith," —"and there was a little money after your mother, too, enough to stock a farm, now, and I wouldn't say no, as you are my own sister's son to advancing, on good security——"

"No," I said, bringing my fist down on the table. "I promised my father to take care of the woman. She shall pay me what wages I had with him,—it's not much," I added, "because I get my board and lodging,—and here I'll stay. Thanking you kindly." Which last remark was put in as an afterthought.

My uncle muttered that it was a pity he had not been there to see that I got my rights.

"There is no use in going into that matter with Mrs. Griffiths," said I. "She is at liberty to marry whenever she likes, There is nothing in the will."

Nevertheless I had a strong impression next day that in spite of my expostulations he had been having another interview with Mrs. Griffiths before his departure. She came to me with a torrent of reproaches against him.

"Rude, disagreeable, heartless man," she sobbed,—and indeed I found it hard to defend him, though sure he meant well by me. "Better starve by the roadside than be treated so," said Mrs. Griffiths, tearfully. "But you Welsh are all alike. Let me be, John." Nor could all my coaxing and would-be sympathetic words avail to stop her tears.

II.

In the weeks that followed I learnt how little I really knew of my step-mother. We were as strangers, almost. We had so little in common, besides which my English in those days was far from fluent, and she did not come to learn Welsh. Our interchange of conversation had probably been as scanty in my father's lifetime, though then I had noticed it less. But now that we sat opposite each other at dinner, and swper bach and supper,—not breakfast, Mrs. Griffiths was not down at so early an hour,—the silence was oppressive. I listened sometimes to the clatter and the merry talk and laughter in the back-kitchen, where the farm-servants had their meals, and being of a sociable disposition, should have dearly liked to go and sit among them, as had been our custom before Mrs. Griffiths came to the farm. I would have given much for the gift of conversation, and often sat through a meal trying to think of something to say, till a stifled yawn from Mrs. Griffiths reminded me that it was time to rise from the table,—and so I spoilt my dinner for nothing. She would sit for hours over her book, or playing with her black bracelets, absorbed in her own thoughts. And I—sat and smoked, and thought my own thoughts likewise, for Rachel would barely speak to me now, and the black-haired fellow, Rhys Jinkins, was for ever at Glanrafon.

So time went on until my father had been dead for half a year, and a long long half year it seemed to me, for my heart was heavy about Rachel, and, besides the work, I now had the responsibility as well. I kept the accounts, and Mrs. Griffiths went over them with me once a month. I was surprised to find out what a good head for business she had, though caring nothing about the work of the farm, and when I said so, she laughed and told me that she had kept the books of the shop in Carmarthen where she had been employed. "I have no need to trouble about the farm," she said. "You look after everything as though the place were your own."

The place was not mine, and I seldom forgot it, but I was proud of my step-mother's commendation. She could be so bright and winning occasionally that I wished she more often felt inclined to talk. Once or twice she spoke to me about Rachel, and asked, smiling, how I was getting on, but I was used to being chaffed about my suit by everybody. Once or twice too she told me she had been over to Glanrafon, and once Rachel came to take tea with us. I could eat nothing myself, being so overjoyed to see her drinking out of our best tea-cups, and indeed she was very pleasant in her ways, and I saw her home. But I never now went to Glanrafon, for I knew that Rhys Jinkins was there nearly every day, and I heard that Rachel's father, Tomos Gabriel, had been saying that things were altered now, and he could not have me courting his daughter, since my father had not left me the farm. One evening I met my step-mother walking with him, and from the guilty look on her face I judged that she had been talking of my concerns, and felt half angry, though sure she meant it kindly.

About a fortnight after this she came to me one evening as I stood leaning over a gate, and asked me what I was thinking of. She had a fine English way of speaking, which I suppose came natural to her. "What are you thinking of, John?" said she.

Now I had been thinking that Rachel had looked very glumly on me as she came from chapel that morning,—I had not been to chapel, but I happened to be walking that way. However I did not care to explain this to Mrs. Griffiths, so I told her that I had made up my mind to sell the Jersey cows, the land was too poor for them and they did not thrive.

Mrs. Griffiths made a little movement of impatience, and her face fell,—women are so romantic.

"Will you come over to Glanrafon with me?" she asked.

I was surprised, but grateful, and I did not hesitate. It was long since I had been there, near as it was. Rachel's father, who had formerly been wont to refer frequently to the facts that the farms adjoined and that there were crampogau for tea, had been less neighbourly of late. Rachel got her good looks from her father, he was a

fine, hearty man, scarcely over forty, but I knew that she had much to put up with from his violent temper.

I liked to sit in the Glanrafon kitchen. It was so neat and trim, with the hams and flitches hanging from the rafters, and the copper kettles shining so brightly. Rachel was a rare manager, she had seen to everything since her mother died, when she was a little maid of fourteen. She was very sweet that evening,—Rachel and I left the elders in the kitchen after supper and sat on the bench outside, getting stung by midges, and feeling,—at least *I* felt,—very happy. After this my stepmother and I went over to Glanrafon every Sunday evening, and now and again in the week, and Rachel and I would often slip away from the others and stroll about the lanes and fields. But she would not let me so much as put my arm round her waist, and once when I tried to kiss her, she fetched me such a slap that I gasped. I did not like moreover to see that oily-haired Rhys Jinkins so much about the place, though he always departed scowling when I appeared.

Still, Rachel's acceptance of my suit, however passive, encouraged me to press her for some definite answer. She looked troubled, and said she was not willing to bind herself by a promise. Upon which I told her gravely that I would be made a fool of by no woman, not even by her. Then she asked for a week to think it over, and made me promise to keep away from her for the whole of that weary week. I thought Rhys Jinkins had an unfair advantage, for twice I saw him slinking sneakingly through our back lane, whistling loudly in a defiant sort of way, and slashing off the heads of the dandelions in my hedge with his stick. I could not doubt his destination, for his head was so plentifully bedewed with oil that it must infallibly have trickled down his neck in the heat.

I reckoned that a week had seven days, and after supper on the evening of the seventh I went in my turn down the lane that connected our farm with Glanrafon and both with the turnpike road. As I drew near, I heard voices in the garden. Rachel's voice, tearfully and excited, I recognised at once, though the hedge was too thick and high for me to see, without climbing, to whom she was speaking. My first impulse was to rush on to the gate, to see who or what was making her cry, but at the sound of my own name I involuntarily stopped.

"No, not John," she was saying, apparently in answer to the question. Then she sobbed again,—"Oh, you are all against me,—I have no choice,—but, oh, how I hate myself! How I hate it all!"

Then a man spoke, but he was more cautious, and I could not hear what he said. The tone was that of reasoning, expostulation. Was it her father or Rhys Jinkins? Anxious to see for myself, I walked quickly round towards the gate. But as I went I heard Rachel say,—"At any rate it cannot last long. The wedding will be soon." And the man laughed. I felt sure it was Rhys Jinkins,—it was such a mocking laugh.

I strode up to the gate, and as I opened it, Rachel, all alone, came to meet me, swinging her cockleshell hat by the strings and smiling.

"You're punctual," she cried, fetching a little glance of surprise at my sullen face. "Don't look so cross," she added, and actually of her own accord laid her hand on my arm. I looked into her sweet eyes and trembled at her touch. Yet I saw that there were traces of tears on my darling's face, and that it was the ribbon round her neck, not the colour in her cheeks, that gave the pinky effect, somehow. Could it be fear of being forced into a marriage with me that had caused her trouble? It seemed almost likely,—and yet I had thought Tomos Gabriel more inclined to use his influence against it.

I put her hand away gently.

"Rachel," I said, "I heard voices as I came down the lane. Who was talking to you?"

A long pause. How eagerly I hoped that she would mention any name but that of Rhys Jinkins. Yet, had she done so, I should not have believed her.

"Rhys Jinkins," said Rachel, hesitatingly.

I suppose I swore softly to myself. Rachel caught her breath.

Then it burst out,—

"Rachel! What were you saying to him? Rachel, O Rachel, Rachel! What did you mean? Who is it that is forcing you, girl, that you say you have no choice and hate it all——"

She turned from white to red and paled again. Then she came nearer.

"You didn't hear rightly," she said. "Oh, you didn't hear rightly, or you misunderstood! Rhys Jinkins doesn't like my—my—I explained things to him,—oh, John. We have been friends all our lives, one doesn't like to be unkind."

"You are lying to me," I said angrily. "It was he who was comforting you. Tell me the truth,—is it the thought of marrying me that makes you unhappy?"

"No," said Rachel, crying. "No, it is the thought of not marrying you after all, —oh, you don't understand——"

"My darling!" I cried, taking her in my arms and never heeding her frightened face. "My darling!—fy nghalon fach i!—my little heart! Oh, how could you frighten me so? No one is forcing you, Rachel, to marry me? Not your father?" I was so eager, so painfully anxious for certainty.

She shivered, and shook her head,—as well as she could,—in some surprise.

"Oh, no, no!" she said. "He likes Rhys much better. The farm, you know, John."

"Is that it?" I asked, doubtfully. "Is it for going against your father that you say you hate yourself, Rachel? My dear, you must not take it so much to heart, though he is right in saying that I have but little to offer you. But I can work, Rachel fach! —and Mrs. Griffiths has talked him over, hasn't she?"

Before I left that night, Rachel had promised me that our wedding should take place as soon as the hay was in.

When I told the news to my step-mother I fancied that there was something almost cunning in the smile with which she asked whether I did not thank her for it all.

"I have just been telling, Rachel," said I, gravely, "that dearly dearly as I love her, I would rather leave her now than marry her, if it is not entirely of her own free will that she takes me."

Mrs. Griffiths looked at me with sharp suspicion, and then laughed a little light laugh.

"Oh, well," said she. "I can assure you *I* never tried to induce her to marry you, though I will say I have done what I could for you, John,—and I am pretty sure that her father and Mr. Jinkins are not over-anxious for the match to come off. So you need not lose your sweetheart on that account." I found her watching my face. "It would be hard for you, wouldn't it, if—if you had to leave her?"

I muttered something unintelligible, turning away. The fear had been so close to me during those few moments in the lane.

My step-mother began to cry, saying that she was so much reminded of her own courting days. I doubted whether it was of my father she was thinking, his courting of her had been brief, and he could scarcely have been much of a hand at it then, whatever he might have been when my mother was young. Afterwards I wondered whether it was not some thrill of pity, perhaps stirred by old memories, that had caused her tears to flow.

In spite of myself, I was taking against my step-mother. What I particularly disliked was the way she had of doing things in secret, as it were. Why should she, for example, tell me that she had been lying down all the afternoon with a headache, when I had just seen the spring-cart dirty, and learnt that it had been over to the town with Mrs. Griffiths? She had a right to use it whenever she liked, my father had bought it for her,—spring-carts were very new-fangled things in those days, when all the farmers' wives walked or rode to market. But why should she try to deceive me?—as though I cared whether she drove to the town or not? It puzzled and worried me.

She seemed to be restless, and not to know what she would have. One day she told me, twisting the beads about her neck as her way was, that she had half a mind to go and visit her relations in England. And when I, all unconscious of giving offence, answered that I had always understood she had no relations, she fell to crying, because, she said, it was not pleasant to be

reminded so roughly of her friendless condition. I tried to to take her hand, and to explain that while I lived she was not friendless, but I must have been rough at that too, for she pulled her hand away, and would not take the dainty bid of muslin from her eyes. It occurred to me that possibly she anticipated difficulties about money matters, and I took pains to explain to her that though I acted as her bailiff I had some money of my own besides what she paid me for my work, and that she should be no loser by my marriage. But indeed she had never by word or deed raised any objection to my bringing my wife to the farm, and I knew she was right in claiming to have done much for the success of my suit.

I did wish, though, that she would let me see more of Rachel alone. She was at Glanrafon as often as I was, and Rachel, strange to say, seemed to like me better in company than alone. My own notions were different, and I felt quite glad when Mrs. Griffiths told me that she must have a new dress for the wedding, and that she would combine business and pleasure, and pay a short visit to her friends in Bristol. Yet, during her absence, it was strangely little that I saw of Rachel,—she was busy with her sewing, she said, and also with looking after the farm, Tomos Gabriel being away at some cattle fairs. They had had their hay in at Glanrafon, their land lay lower than ours, but I was in the thick of it, and had just then little time to spare for courting, except late in the evening. My heart had never been lighter than that year, when the anxious time of the hay-harvest was over, and the last load had been carried in prime condition. My thoughts ran away with me that night as I sat at supper with the hay-makers, though when I saw that the men had noticed my abstraction and were shaking their heads and nodding in my direction, I pulled myself together, thanked them in my step-mother's name and my own for their willing work, and led the laugh as usual, and started the song,—generally, in accordance with Welsh taste, the mournfulest of funeral hymns, and grandly they sang it.

Next day I let myself off work in the afternoon, and went over to Glanrafon to fetch Rachel for a stroll. I would take no denial, and we crossed the fields from which the hay had been cleared the day before,—it was rough, and Rachel tripped sometimes, and altogether I was very happy. We took the path that led up a gentle slope beyond Pantglâs, whence we could see both farms, and we stood looking at the comfortable, if humble, white-washed farmhouses, the hay-ricks and the barns, and the cattle in the fields. Then I said,—

"Rachel, it is not a far step from Glanrafon to Pantglâs, and the hay is in. Dear, when will you come?"

She took no heed of my question, but gripped my arm nervously, and with her other hand pointed down towards Pantglâs.

"They have come!" she said, trembling violently. "Look! the spring-cart is in the yard. Don't you see?"

I thought she was just putting me off.

"Yes, yes," I said, smiling at her evident agitation, "but, Rachel fach anwyl, listen to me, now——"

"Not now!" cried she, her face pale and terrified. "Not now—let me go—I must go home!"

"Nonsense!" I said, and thought to myself that Tomos Gabriel's temper must be worse than I had suspected. "Come Rachel——"

"Oh, for pity's sake let go,—let me go,—don't keep me, John! Don't try to follow me,—if you love me! Oh, when you know all, you will not touch me with your foot! Let go, I say!"

She flung off my hand, and flew rather than ran down the sunny slope. I stood utterly amazed, watching her through the brilliant sunlight as she crossed the stream from which Glanrafon took its name, and disappeared behind the farm buildings.

What had she meant? What *could* she have meant? "When you know all!" The talk I had overheard in the garden came back vividly to my mind. Had there been something *behind* all the time?

III.

I CANNOT tell how I got home, whether I went across the fields or round by the lane I was as a man in a dream, not knowing

why he walks or where he goes. It was force of habit that led my steps in the usual direction. But I started from my abstraction when I lifted the latch of the kitchen door, for at the table, behind the tea tray, sat my step-mother, with her bonnet on, looking very fine and grandly dressed, and standing with his back towards me, surveying the room with an air of appraising the value of its contents, was Tomos Gabriel. I stood taking it all in, I noticed everything, but I did not understand. When I went in Tomos Gabriel coughed once or twice, took his hands out of his pockets, and moved aside, no longer examining the chairs and tables as if they were cattle for sale. The woman was more equal to the occasion.

"Well, here you are!" she said, laughing lightly. "Wish us joy, John, wish us joy!"

I looked stupidly from one to the other. At another time my step-mother would have remarked upon my denseness. Now she rose from her place, put her hand on my arm, and said again with the little light laugh that had a ring of uneasiness in it,—"Aren't you surprised to hear we are married? You didn't suspect, did you?"

Then I turned upon her.

"Why have you done this?" I demanded.

She tried to laugh it off again.

"Give me an answer!" I shouted, "What trick is in all this? By heaven you had best answer me!"

She was startled, and looked round for Tomos Gabriel. He had slipped out through the back kitchen. Yet she looked relieved, and went to shut the door, turning the key in the lock.

"There!" she said, facing me. "Say what you like, now. There is no need for *him* to know everything just at present."

"Why have you married this man in this way?"

"Why?" she echoed. "Why? Because I loved him. I love him, John Griffiths, and I knew he would not marry me without the farm. How did I know how much of what your uncle said was true? I am only a woman."

I groaned.

"The farm was yours. If by lifting my finger ——"

"But I was afraid," she said. "You know what your uncle said,—though I don't believe it! I didn't want Tomos Gabriel to know that there was any difficulty raised. I was afraid he might change his mind if all was not right about the farm." She threw out her hand. "I am frank, you see!" she said. "I had a right to please myself and be married where I chose. And, do your worst, you cannot take him from me now!"

"Did Rachel know?" I asked quietly.

Then she laughed.

"Rachel!" she said. "Oh, Rachel, that you were going to bring home here, weren't you? Not to my house, John Griffiths! Of couse she knew! Oh, but you are a clever one! Rachel has been promised to Rhys Jenkins for months past."

Slowly it all dawned upon me. Rachel had been keeping me occupied and unsuspicious while this woman carried out her scheme.

"So you made Rachel a liar, too," I said hoarsely. "But how ——"

"I! And what words you use! So coarse! It was Rhys Jenkins who thought the farm would be worth having."

"Rhys?"

"Of course the farm will go to them after us."

I understood his motive, too, in acquiescing. And Rachel had done this for love of him! "Oh," I groaned, "if for my own soul's sake it had been I, and not she, whom I had set up as a spotless white angel to worship, that had stooped to such deceit and trickery!" And this woman, standing before me with her mocking smile!

I took her by the shoulders.

"Look here," I said. "Do you know how little it would take to make me clutch that little white throat of yours, and crush the life out of you with my hands,—do you know that?—do you know that?" For I was half mad.

Then, indeed, fear shot up in her eyes, and she began to tremble.

"I meant no harm," she said, trying to keep her voice steady and to meet my eyes. "Indeed, I meant no harm! And Rachel would not have married you in any case,—never! Tomos has been saying that

he must put a stop to your keeping company, since the farm ——"

The farm, the farm!

Long years after it came to my knowledge that my step-mother, frightened by the foolish words my uncle had spoken at random, had shown the will to more than one lawyer, and had been informed that owing to some informality her right to the farm was by no means indisputable. Perhaps her real fear had been that this should come to my uncle's knowledge, and that I should dispute the will. But I could not have done it, for I knew what my father's intention had been.

"I love every stick and stone on the place," said I, turning to the window. "I tried not to let you see how I loved it. But I have lost more than that through you,—happiness, love, trust,—everything! Go,—you had better go. Do you hear me? Go!"

I unlocked the door. But she lingered.

"John," she said, in a strange voice, "I would ask you to forgive me, but I know you cannot, and perhaps it is too much to expect of you. Yet I am sorry, John. I should have known you better."

She had been ready enough with her tears often before, but now her eyes were dry. Only her lip quivered.

I turned away. I had no answer to make.

Still she lingered. She would have given ten years of her life to ask me what I meant to do, but she did not dare. I waited till I heard the rustle of stiff silk,—her wedding dress!—sweeping along the uneven stones of the long flagged passage. Then I went up to my room.

It was a little low loft over the cart house, attached to the house, and reached by means of a staircase that was more of a ladder than anything else. I had slept there from a boy. There were better rooms unoccupied, and, indeed, I had contemplated changing But I was fond of the loft. It had white-washed walls and no ceiling,—the raindrops were noisy on the roof,—and it never lost a faint smell of apples, which were stored in the other half of the loft, divided off by a rough partition wall. I thought the smell like sweet-briar, and liked it. All my childish recollections had this faint aroma clinging about them.

I gathered together a few things, very few, not wishing to be troubled with more than a small bundle. Among them was a queer little silhouette of the mother I so faintly remembered; it had confused my memory of her as a boy, being strangely unlike the image in my brain and heart.

As I turned over my things, voices floated in through the tiny window, together with the hum of the bees and the scent of the newly-stacked hay. There were logs piled up against the cart-house wall; I knew my step-mother was sitting there with her husband. There was a soft, cooing tone in her voice,—a tone I had never heard from her before, and I recalled the defiance with which she had said,—"I love him!" and wondered at my blindness in never having seen her partiality,—rather, her passion. It must have been strong, to make her scheme so for a man of whom she said herself,—"He would not marry me without the farm!"

I wonder with what tissue of lies she had got him to agree to a secret wedding. Probably respect for my father's memory had been urged as a reason for being married quietly,—my poor father! He had not been eight months in his grave. When I thought of Tomos Gabriel a text flashed into my mind, and I thought that my step-mother would not escape unpunished, though I held my hand. He was not a man whom it would be safe to deceive, however easy a clever woman might find it.

When I had finished packing, and had concealed my money carefully about my person, I brought my bundle downstairs under my arm, and reached down my father's gun, which, always loaded, hung supported on two nails above the cheese-press. As I went through the yard I patted Taffy's head, thinking to myself that it was for the last time,—which was not the case. For when I had gone the length of two fields in the direction of Tanlan, I repented, and turned back, and left the gun in the cart-house, saying to myself,—"For Rachel's sake." And indeed I knew the old gun's ways, how that it seldom went off when wanted; but my cart whip, which hung from a nail, I took

with me. I put what I could of it into my tail pocket, and the rest stuck out.

I was relieved not to fall in with my step-mother,—I found out afterwards why not; and Tomos Gabriel did not see me, though I caught a glimpse of him in his fine new coat, measuring my ricks with his eye, as I came out of the cart-house. He was a handsome man; I wondered more than ever at my blindness. I wished I could have held him responsible for his wife's doings,—he was a man.

Taffy strained at his chain, and I was forced to cross the yard to pat him, and I touched the wall of the house, too, in passing, as a sort of farewell caress, a boyish action, of which I was half ashamed. But then I held on straight for Tanlan; yes, and showed the oily-haired snake, too, what I had brought my cart-whip for, and left him whimpering and swearing.

It was growing dusk now, and I had far to go. The new railway came as far as Tycroes, ten miles off, and the train passed somewhere about half-past eleven o'clock. It was past eight now. Still, I determined to go round by the road, for I could not bear to pass my home again. I only retraced my steps sufficiently to pick up my bundle, which I had left in the hedge.

It was lovely, this place I was leaving. Never had its beauty struck so to my heart as now, when I was looking at it all for the last,—the very last time. The scent of the honeysuckle had never been so seductive, nor the warm fragrance of hay so sweet in the air. The light rustle in the treetops had never been so silken. Oh! the dear old paths, the dear old fields, had never been so dear to me as now, when I was to leave them all.

I could see the pine-end of Pantglâs through the trees, nor could I resist leaning my arms on a gate and taking one long, last look. When I felt tears splashing on to my hands I knew I had better go, and stooped to take up my bundle again.

Then from among the dark trees on the other side of the lane something white flashed in the half-light,—something panted at my ear,—something white and soft and warm.

"Rachel, Rachel!"

It was she, clinging to my arm, panting and weeping.

"Oh, I have been so frightened!" she sobbed, looking up at me just as she might have looked—yesterday. "Oh, John, Mrs. Griffiths.—your step-mother,—ran over to Glanrafon, and said you had taken your gun, and she didn't know whether you wanted to kill her or yourself or Rhys Jinkins, and I ran all the way to Tanlan—"

Strange, wasn't it, that I could still feel jealous?

"You need have had no fear," I said, lifting my bundle. "Let me be, I must go."

"Go! Where?"

"Where? Where? What matters it where, so long as I never see you again? I can earn my bread anywhere."

"John!"

"Let me go!"

For she had twined soft arms about me, and had laid her tear-wet face to mine,—her heart was beating so fast!

"John!" she pleaded. "Forgive me,—oh, forgive me, and stay! I was weak, they forced me to play a part,—oh! I will tell you the truth, I thought I loved Rhys then, and he made me promise. But, oh, John, not now, not now!"

I tried to loosen her arms gently.

"Oh, don't go! she sobbed. "I have no mother, and that witch,—it was all her wicked doing, has stolen my father, and I know now what Rhys Jinkins is,—fool that I was. You are the only friend,—oh, John, John! You taught me to love you. Oh, I love you, John,—don't go!"

Oh, how the hot blood rushed through my veins! For a moment I forgot,—forgot everything, and kissed her. The touch of her tears recalled me to myself. I pushed her away.

"You have no love to give that I will take," I said, sternly. "You have deceived me. Is this play-acting, too? Girl, Girl!" I burst out. "Rachel, Rachel! you have broken my heart!"

For a moment yet she clung to me. Then I put out my arm and swept her aside. She staggered back, I heard her crash against the hedge. And I went my way, under the summer sky and the pale, peaceful stars, on and on for many miles, till at last I saw the red and green lights of the railway station close at hand.

FROM thence I passed to Thomas Goodin's, where I had a blessed meeting, from thence I went to Machynlleth, where I had a meeting amongst the world's people, who at first were very rude, especially the young ones. But after a while they were like other people, very attentive and modest, and many of them tender and broken, so that truth went over them all. This was inside of North Wales. From this place I returned back to Cardiganshire, which is upon the seaside in South Wales, at a town called Aberystwyth. I had a great meeting, mostly of world's people. From this place I passed towards North Wales again, and came to Merionethshire, to Llwyndu, where I had a good meeting, from thence to Lewis Owen, near Dolgellau, where I had a very good tender meeting, to the great comfort and edification of Friends. From this place I went to Bala and Penllyn, where I was born and bred. It was upon the sixth day of the week, so notice was given for a meeting to be at Ciltalgarth the first day, and with all I desired Friends to give notice to as many of my old acquaintance and relations as they could, that I did not intend to stay there but that day, and so to go on my way. I knew abundance would be willing to see me, and I was more desirous to see them at a meeting than any other place, for I had some secret hope that some of them would be reached, and so it was. Abundance of people came to the meeting, there had been great meetings formerly, but never so many together before. After this meeting I went away as I said, but they thought when they heard of it that I would come no more, but I did not intend it, I did it purposely to get them together, that I might clear myself of my service. So I passed to Montgomeryshire to Llanwyddyn, where I had a good service; so to Dolobran, where I received abundance of love from Charles Lloyd, his wife, and Friends; here I had a precious meeting, went on to Cloddiecochion, where I likewise had a good meeting. Hence I returned to Charles Lloyd, and so to Penllyn again, where I had a meeting at Robert Vaughan's, which was bigger than that I had before. There was neither house nor barn that could contain the people, so that we were forced to keep several meetings out of doors. From thence I went to Denbighshire, and meeting at Denbightown, and came back to Penllyn, where I had a meeting at Llwyn y Branes; the meeting house being too little, we went to a great house that was hard by, but this was likewise too little by a great deal. A glorious meeting it was. I left Penllyn and went to Denbighshire and Wrexham, where I had a good meeting, from thence to John Merrick's, so to Newtown—here I had a good open meeting, and met old Isaac Asten, who accompanied me to Vock Savage, to Peter Prickle's house, from thence to Feanly meeting, where I had a great meeting. From thence went to Thomas Williamson's at Crawton, from thence to Tareploy to Samuel Trafford, from thence to a meeting at Gilbert Woolson's. From thence to Middlewitch, and after to Congtergen, where I found a good meeting, and lodged at Thomas Welch's. From thence to John Melor, and so to a meeting at Lecke, where I saw my dear and ancient friend John ab John. From thence I passed to Maxfield to John Hughes, and thence to the meeting house near Whansley, where I had a good meeting and met Benjamin Banks. So I passed into Manchester, where I had a meeting, and so to Warrington and to the meeting at Lanckey, which was very large and precious. From thence I went to Wrexham and so to Penllyn, where I had another heavenly meeting,—it was as large or larger than any before. From thence I went to Dolgelle to a Quarterly Meeting, where I met many friends from many places, and back again to Penllyn. I passed then to Montgomeryshire to a Quarterly Meeting held at Charles Lloyd's, where I had a good meeting, and back again to Penllyn to a meeting at Robert Vaughan's. At this meeting I was to take my leave of the people as I thought who came there in abundance, so that after we

began the meeting at the house, which was one of the greatest in the country, it could not contain one-half of the people, so we kept it out of doors, and a blessed meeting it was,—there were people from seven parishes. I appointed another meeting at Ciltalgarth to take leave of friends, and the day following at Robert Vaughan's, which I thought then should be the last meeting in Penllyn. From thence I went to the Monthly Meeting at Lewis Owen's, where we had a parting meeting, in which there was great tenderness, and love to truth and one to another.

A LETTER FROM HUGH ROBERTS TO WILLIAM PENN.

MY DEAR FFRD W. P.,

I am greatly trubled with many more that thee hast lost the government of this cuntry, I can truley say it is a great disappointment unto us,—I mean ye Welch,—for I can truley say that many of us had never cam here, but becaus of the love and unity and confidence we had in thee, not questioning but the Lord God had an eminent hand in ordering thee this cuntry, and yet I doe not question but it was so, though som may now thinke otherwise dear ffrd we have wanted thee here very much, for great hath been the truble and exersise of many of us, upon the acount of the devision and separation that hath hapned amongst us, which was jefley ocationed by G. K.: well Let me and others writ unto thee w^t^ we will, I think thee canst hardly belive that he is gon as bad as he is I need not mention many of his actions, for I do beliv thee has heard a great-el alredy, but this I can truley afirm thee,—whether thee willt beliv soe or no,—that I never so a man,—under any profesion,—in mor pasion and bitternes of spirit and mor redy to carp and to discover the weakness of ffrds, than he is and not onely so but he will endevour to put many things to frds charg, when they are very clear, and truley at first this gave me good satisfaction that he was not gided by the spryt of the Lord. I heard him in a meeting of sevrall hundred of ffrds and others, calling ffrds blood thyrsty hounts and that I beliv ten times over and that in great rage and pasion, and not only so, but with abundance of such bad language, which I am loath to mention here to truble thee withall, this I am trubled at so here that thee canst hardly beliv us thy frds about this unruly man and som others that is joyned with him, and that thee shouldest writ something of an incoragement to him to goe one in his prinsiples and plattonic beysdydy, which certainly did strengthen his hands, at this I say I was not litle concernd, for he doth bouldly report that thee art for him and against frds with this thing he prswaded many to have beter thoughts of him, but I hop beter things of thee as I ever did but this I doe afirme thee that he is gon out of the bounds of truth and that he is becom a great adversary to ffrds, and it is my belief that he is and will be as great oposer of truth as ever apeard amongst frds, it may be thee wilt looke upon me two rash in my judgment if so I cannot help it, it is my sencre belife.

And further my dear frds, it is well known unto thee that many of our ffrds in England had hard thougts of thee and we, because of our removal from that to this cuntry and I doe not thinke but they had som cause, for here cam som peopel that had not a right end in their removals som for fere of persecution som that were discontented with their brethren where they were, and others that promised to themselves to be great in the world I beliv all these meet with great disapointments and som of them cam back unto England, others of you did send very bad reports, both of the cuntry and ffrds, for they were not contented with ffrds here, no more than they were in their native Land, and so when som ffrds in England heard and perceved these things, some were redy to conclud that they had not mist in their first thoughts of us, but for all this I know here is many hundreds that cam here in the integrety of their harts and in a true sence of what they did, and never to this day had cause to repent nor repin, though they were very hard put to in the outward, and not oneley so, thorow the great goodnes of the Lord our God have keept our places in the truth hitherto, blesed be his worthy nam sayth my soul.

Now my ffrd this I doe understand, by the two epistles that is send to us from the two wekes meeting in London, that they have great jelousy that we have not keept our places, but have been two hasty in judging G: K: and others, which I beliv is a great mistake in you all, for I am sure he have had full gosbel order, but it is true if you will beliv him, it is not much that you mae have hard thoughts of us, for I shall tell thee plaenly that the sprit that G: K: is of is not oneley a tering devouring sprit but a cursed leing sprit also and this trubles me greatly if you our brethren in London doth decern w^t^ spirit this man is of having seen som of its fruts for if you doe desern it why doe you then beliv it and if against your brethren, whom I know is faithfull and have been to their places, though I beliv som of you thinkes otherwise but unto him y^t^ knows ye hearts of all we shall willingly apeal, And further my frd I shall tell thee, y^t^ it is those peopele y^t^ I hinted before y^t^ were never right neither in England nor here and hath caused bad reports both of ye cuntry and ffrds and caused also two many ffrds in som parts of England to loge hard thought of most of us if not all it is y^m^ y^t^ hath joyned with this unruly man, I doe very well know y^t^ som of our ffrds in some places in England but more esbesialy in London had not very good thoughts of us in this cuntry befor they heard of this seperation some exberense I have had of it when I was in London, and I believe this biance being upon som befor hand, makes you to have more iealousie of us then they ought to have, therefor I would to God y^t^ you did rightly understand w^t^ we are, and then I know you would not bear so hard upon us, I desir thee to speake with our ffaithfull and worthy ffrds To: W and James P. and see their judgment about us, I hop you cannot but beliv [*illegible*] of ye great power of God y^t^ is upon you, I would not have thee to thinke y^t^ I or any of us, are ofended with our brethren at London no God knows our hearts, you are near and dear unto us, but this I must tell thee y^t^ your great iealousie of us have aded to our exercise, and further I must tell thee y^t^ faithfull frds in other parts of England is not of your minds they have not good thoughts of G K they doe not nor cannot call him their frd and brother and they doe not loge hard thoughts of us, and beside our ffrds in barbados Virginia Maryland est and west iersy long and road Island have given their judgment against G K and his spirit and som eminent ffrds from all these parts cam here to visit ffrds and all of you did hear their testimony against G K and his spirit and not oneley so but all of you did hear their testimony also of their great unity with ffrds and y^t^ ye power and presence of God was richly manyfested amongst us to their great ioy and satisfaction, but G: K: runs out against you as bad as he did against us and so he doth against our worthy ffrds Tho. W. and S: D: and will doe so against you if you dare be plaen with him as I believe you must for I understand of som ffrds in England y^t^ hath writ unto him of late to blam him for w^t^ he did and he renders you as bad as he doth us, he also takes great advantage y^t^ G W and other ffrds ar in unity with him and truly it is much to me how can any sensible man y^t^ have seen his bookes and ye tendancey of y^m^ and also understands of his seperation and sever tretments to ffrds can call him their ffrd and brother for y^t^ is very plaen, —as he himselfe afirms it,—it signifies their unity with him. I know this hath strengthned his hands and soe bringst mor truble upon us who have judged and disowned him which I know all ye faithfull amongst you will be forced to doe as we did at last for he is a man y^t^ is gone from truth doe you thinke of him w^t^ you will but at Last you will find it so my dear frd there another thing y^t^ trubles me very much y^t^ is in one of ye two epistles y^t^ cam from ye two weekes meeting in London, if I doe not mistake they writ as if ye difrence of falling out was between ye two scolars and all ye rest but parties of both sids, if you judge so I tell thee you judge hard of all, and you are in a great mistake for I know to the contrary for Tho Ll: was not concernd a long time after he broke out and I know he did endevour to prswayd both frds and to gain upon him as much as any man amongst us, and for a long tim ye difrence did not at all apear between Tho Ll and he, but at Last when

he could not be pervaild upon but he rund frds down at strainst rate becaus they refused to subscribe his creed with many other things of his [*illegible*] which frds could not joyn withall, it is true Tho Ll. was forcd to apear, but as soon as he apeared though very meeke Loving and tender he began to be mor eger at him then any, for he thought if he could but run him down he could deal well inufe with the rest, and after this it is true Tho was forced to stand in ye front, being beter quarif [*torn*] amongst us, this I do believe y^t^ ther is not a man amongst us y^t^ can truley lay to his charg not as much as a hasty word or unsavry word in all ye discours y^t^ he had with him from first to Last but always cald him his ffrd G K but I have heard many a time G K abusing him calling him a pope a hyppocrit an impudent man with abundance of such unsavrey exbressions, and as concerning ye judgment y^t^ ye 28 passed upon him if we did miss at all we did it becaus we had not pas it ye sooner, for he was so busey traveling abroad indevouring to get a party to himselfe and perswaiding ye people y^t^ ye most of these 28 with many mor were for him and in one place he was afirming y^t^ he had hundred for one and this did pervail much upon many simpil hart having good thoughts of ffrds and mor esbesialy of ye most part of ye 28 but after ye judgment was given fourth got but few proselits and truley ye judgment of those of other parts caused many to leve him and to give larg testimony [*torn*] spirit and if ffrds in London had don so it had been of mor service for truth in these parts then endevouring recconsilation being ye thing has gon so far as it is, for w^t^ signifies if we did writ to y^m^ to be reconsild with ye spirit of S: W: and J: S: would not they looke upon us very simple and unwise, and how doe they think y^t^ ffrds can be reconsild with this spirit which is alltogether as bad as was theirs and as hard or harder to be pervaild upon it mae be they can hardly bel [*torn*] this but if ever he comes amongst you I queston not but they shall have two deep exberience of it so my dear ffrd I thought it my place and my duty to writ these things unto thee being one y^t^ had real love for thee since ye first time y^t^ I ever was acquainted with thy nam, much mor since I have had a little acquaintance with thee I can truley say y^t^ many hath ben my prayers and supplications yea and my ters also unto ye Lord in thy behalf y^t^ he might bear up thy head over all thy treials and exercise both within and without to ye honour and prayes of his eternal everlasting nam and to ye joy and comfort of thy own soul and ye souls of all y^m^ y^t^ loves ye truth,

thy ffrd in ye truth

H R —

I can truly say y^t^ I doe not know of any outward thing y^t^ is so desirable unto me then thy company here, if thou be ye sam man as thou wast but if thou be w^t^ G K afirms thee to be I with many mor are of a contrary mind.

[THE END.]

CAMBRIA.

LAND of song, a silver clarion note
Goes sounding o'er thy grey and aged hills.
'Tis hope trumps forth a triumph soon to come;
When Cambria, gaining prestige of her youth,
Renews herself; and, like that fabled bird
Of ancient time, rises, with life new-leased
And pinions set for fame, from smouldering fire
Of her adversity. The blast, loud-voiced,
Rings clearly down each valley's hollow ear,
Awakens slumbering echoes near the steeps,
Glides swiftly, soft and mellow, down the streams,
Re-echoing in the woods a million times,
And, buoyant of its import, rides the air,
Till intercepting crag, or jagged rock,
Rends, and makes the music into fragments.
Then, breeze-borne quavers, the shattered joyance
Quick is wafted in from every quarter
Whence the changeful wind listeth so to blow;
And the wished-for, welcome notes tell tale
That rouses lurking love of native worth,—
Provokes the proven wonted native pride.
Land of song,
Thou smilest on thy sons; not faithful few,—
But one whole family striving for thy fame,
Thine honour, fortune; hoping now to add
A brighter radiance to the bright renown
Writ on thy 'scutcheon. Bid them speed on
For thy sake, Cambria's sake. Say the eyes
Of all the world look kindly on the work ["God,"
They have commenced. And, since the watchword,
And after that, "The Nation," guides the way,
Why, every man, their brother, bids them cheer.

W. H. K.

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF JOSEPH EDWARDS.
(From a photograph by the late Robert Crawshay, Esq., Merthyr Tydfil.)

JOSEPH EDWARDS, SCULPTOR.

BY WILLIAM DAVIES *(Mynorydd)*.

XV.—CONFESSION OF FAITH AND PRAYER.

A confession of faith.

REMEMBER, my dear friend, that I am a thoroughly spiritual Trinitarian Christian; and am, therefore, completely in favour of every just means which tends most to promote the divine life in the soul, and to enlarge wisely God's holy kingdom in the heart. At the same time, I am equally in favour of every great and small revelation which our Heavenly Father grants us through our glorious and earnest-minded men of science; inasmuch as they are true ministers, in their way, of "The High and Lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy!" For God, we should bear in mind, does grant revelations to us now as He did to our forefathers in the old days gone by; and one of our great writers of the present time has seen this sublime truth clearly, and has expressed himself most ably on the subject in the following words,—"Is not God's universe a symbol of the God-like? Is not immensity a temple? Listen, and for organ music thou wilt *ever*, as of old, *hear* the morning stars sing together."

Now in accordance with this great truth we can safely admit that in religion, as in science, its present, as its past, holy flowers fade in their turn, and the leaves decay; but only in order that other and still more holy flowers and leaves shall bud forth again and bloom afresh, so to say, in the following new year. Therefore in divine religion, as in physical science, we should, in the autumn time and winter, prepare the ground in the best way we can for the new floral glories of the following spring-time and the summer.

Leaving, however, physical science for the present, as well as all the glories of the ideal in music, poetry, painting, sculpture, architecture, and literature, and attending only to divine religion, which is also a science, and a fine poetry and music of the soul, I would venture to do my humble part in endeavouring to prepare the ground for the coming spring-time of these new flowers divine.

With this object in view, I would venture, first of all, to deal with the marvellous glories of the human mind, through which alone all things whatsoever become known to us. Among these glories I find, as chief among the rest, a capacity, —a mighty power in the mind to apprehend, relatively, or subjectively, the all-boundless universe *without* us, the all-reflected universe *within* us, and the all-holy and eternal universe of God in heaven.

In other words we have our relative conceptions of what we call the real, the ideal, and the divine; and this divine is the very highest culmination of the ideal, which highest culmination becomes to us, through enlightened faith, the most real of all realities. Here religion, for the well-being and happiness of mankind, is enthroned supreme, having on her right the real, and on her left the ideal, each alike in glory and in the pure lustre of the scientific truths of the mind. Here, in raiments new and white as the driven snow, and pure in spirit as are the angels of God, we see holy religion, through our heavenly Father, bestowing upon us a divine light in darkness, a new strength in weakness, a holy consolation in sorrow, and an eternal all-heavenly life in death. For she indeed is "the king's daughter who is all-glorious *within*." She is also the true wisdom, "whose ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace."

As time rolls on, this, our "king's daughter," will have her hitherto "unwritten gospel of the universe" written out divinely, to enlighten, soothe, control, and guide our happy successors on this globe. In the meantime, and as soon as possible, let her now withered flowers and leaves be laid aside with all gentleness and love, and with true wisdom the most profound. Then, in all perfect purity, and in all untainted spirituality, we shall see ever near and most dear to us, the soul-reviving glory of our heavenly Father and Enlightener, our divine Redeemer and Saviour, and our holy Sanctifier and Consoler, Three in One, and One in Three, ever ready, from among countless millions of holy angels, to give us joy indeed, if we desire it, and to make this earth for us, in enlightened happiness, to be a bright stepping stone to God's holy and eternal universe in heaven.

A prayer.

O God, should it be Thy will that I may have the supreme happiness of leaving some lessons of wisdom, of truth, of goodness, and of love to my fellow beings before my turn comes to be mingled with the dust, I shall indeed feel a grateful joy unutterable, and shall thank Thee, O God, for the blessing,—thank Thee, O God! who art the giver of all good, and the ruler of all things whatsoever,—yea, the ruler of all things for ends that must be sublime beyond all utterance for their wisdom, power, beneficence, and love. So whether my humble prayer may be granted or not, do Thou, O God, in either case, alike teach me to bow down before Thee, as I do now, in utter wonder, trust, and adoration.

In the universality of law, in the orderly sequence of nature, there is, and there can be, in my estimation, no break whatever. Mind, like matter, is under the full sway of this universal state of things. Therefore there never has been, and there never will be, what is called a miracle in the vulgar sense of the term. All is order, all

is law throughout the boundless universe. This, we may safely assert, I think, from the most careful investigation of the great facts of nature.

All these great facts may be included under three supreme divisions of the marvels revealed to us through our minds, —the universe without us, the universe within us, and the universe of God in heaven. The latter of these is indeed a great fact revealed to us by nature through the eyes of the mind,—through the large broad avenues of the imagination; and greatly indeed should we cherish this sublime revelation of the supernatural by purely natural means. For this we can make the divine and the ideal add their resplendent glories to the real in strict accordance with the just demands of science. By the wise blending of these mighty divisions, and in conformity with them, we have a new view, and a new-old means of contributing infinitely to the well being and happiness of our fellow creatures, and of thus making our own brief day of life bright and our solemn night holy with the pure dawning gleams of joy eternal.

The undeviating external order of the universe does not in the least interfere with the sublime glory of the ideal universe which is revealed to us from within by the wonder-working power of the pure in mind.

In this ideal universe God the most Holy dwells in his threefold capacity of creator, redeemer, and sanctifier. This Holy Trinity in unity, in his own heavenly empyrean, is surrounded by millions of astral systems, where holy angels dwell in peace and joy, and are ever ready with a speed far swifter than that of light to whisper peace and joy to the pure in spirit and devout in mind, if prayed for earnestly. And God will dwell in our hearts as He does in heaven if we but pray for the blessing with a faith which is unshaken, and with a purity which is divine.

A divine life in the soul, a kingdom of God in the heart, appears to me to be the high object of true religion to attain for our joy and strength in the world. For by this means, in all the lights and shades of our existence here we can have a pure and sublime ideal to balance and adorn the real; and thereby be enabled in our respective ways to make the day glorious and the night holy.

"To the pure all things are pure."

There is another evangel arising, the evangel of light and joy, of love and truth, of purity and uprightness. It is not antagonistic to any of the prevailing forms of worship of the day. It is merely co-operative and sympathizing with them. With them it seeks everything which is most high and most holy and most conducive to the well being and happiness of our fellow beings on earth. Its distinctive characteristic is to look around in calmness and in love on all the noble progress made in every department of learning, in every dominion of science and to accept with gratitude and joy every truth that reveals itself to the human mind as time rolls on and the ages become more and more advanced towards maturity. In the ideal and the real it rejoices earnestly. In the spiritual and the material it sees a light divine. In this light it seeks to arouse in the mind a high and abiding ardour for all things truly great and good, nobly wise and just; and when evil is to be repressed it does so more in sorrow than in anger towards the evil doers,—more with the view of reforming than of punishing them, more with the view of bringing them, if possible, to the pure paths of righteousness and peace, of enlightenment and joy than in leaving them in the agony of error, and to the anguish of despair. So tolerant is this evangel that its disciples at present need have neither churches, nor chapels, nor halls of science of their own, but can go to either of these, according to circumstances, and co-operate in them with all earnestness, and with all truth in everything which is in each highest and best, and most free from everything which is simply narrow and merely sectarian.

A new evangel.

One feels in reading the following extract that it forms a part of Mr. Edwards' personal views on religion, so we may

venture to add it to the foregoing passages connected with his philosophy and religion. It is a reproduction of part of Renan's address to the Academy in 1879,—

"I want a living religion of the soul, born of a sublime ideal world; which religion tends ever to promote virtue, science, and art, I want with this living religion, such views of the all boundless universe as admit of the great fact that every living person on this globe of ours leaves behind him, for good or evil, an everlasting trace. For, in this view reason triumphs over death, and to work for it is to work for eternity. Seemingly lost as the individual is in this grand choir of millions of beings who sing the everlasting hymn, yet each voice has counted and will always count. In pure joy and genuine cheerfulness, these thoughts give us a sure sign that we labour here not in vain. These thoughts contribute to talent, create it, call it forth; and the talent a doctrine inspires is in many respects the measure of its truth . . . The nobility of character, disinterestedness, and self-abnegation inspired by science allows, moreover, no envy of the past, for against the saints, heroes, and great men of all ages might be set off scientific men attached solely to the quest of truth, indifferent to fortune, often proud of poverty, disdaining honours, as stoical to praise as to calumny. These they can well dispense with, for they have an inner happiness born of the consciousness that they labour in the paths of reason for a work of eternity. They see too the great sun of a new truth already ascending in glory behind the summits of our present horizon."

QUERIES.

CXIII. THE MORAVIAN BRETHREN IN WALES.—Will some one of the readers of WALES give some account of the Moravian Brethren in the Principality, the date of their arrival, the location of their churches, their success, and present state, &c.? BEDW.

CXIV. THEOMEMPHUS' FAREWELL TO PHILOMELA.—Having seen several translations of Williams of Pantycelyn's hymns in WALES, I should like if some one would give an English rendering of his *Cân Ymadawiad Theomemphus*? BEDW.

CXV. Is Macaulay quite impartial in his description of Judge Jeffreys? I do not wish to tamper with truth; but, in an age when everybody is whitewashed, has it been decided that a Welshman was such a monster as the judge described in Macaulay's history, and in Blackmore's "Lorna Doone?" G.

REPLIES.

110. It is very unlikely, indeed, that Owen Glendower should want to establish a University in Wales. He died before the fall of Constantinople, and before the literary revival which followed the coming of Greek scholars to the West of Europe. But in his letter from Pennal to the king of France in 1405, he states that, among his other aims, he intended to establish two Universities in Wales.

111. Mynyddwr will find very much information concerning Roger Williams in Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic." He might also consult the article in the Dictionary of National Biography. There were many Welshmen in those seventeenth century wars, fighting shoulder to shoulder with Teutonic Dutchman and Celtic Huguenot for religious freedom.

ON another page will be seen the remainder of the "Brief Journal" of Hugh Roberts, the Merionethshire Quaker, who settled in America in the early colonizing days. The spelling of his letter to William Penn is not modernized.

EBEN FARDD says in his Diary that he slept a night at Plas Du, and from thence visited his "natal point." Plas Du is the birth-place of John Owen, the epigrammatist. Eben Fardd's birth-place,—now only a "natal point,"—once stood on the declivity quite close to Plas Du, facing Cardigan Bay. There is not a stone to show where it was; but Myrddin Fardd showed me its exact position.

EISTEDDFOD NOTES.

THE Eisteddfod of 1896 has come and gone; and one other gigantic and successful literary meeting has been added to the history of Welsh literature. Of those who are serving Wales at the present day, the men who serve on the local committee of the National Eisteddfod are not the least important; their duty means a year of hard work and of anxiety. Each Eisteddfod is expected to show some new development, and the local committee is expected to show originality as well as business ability. The Llandudno Committee has been condemned in many quarters as an almost revolutionary one; but the success of the Eisteddfod,—a success great beyond all expectation,—show that the Llandudno leaders knew what they were about.

There are some features connected with the Eisteddfod that might well disappear. As a matter of fact, they are gradually disappearing; and the Eisteddfod will soon approach perfection as a great democratic literary festival. Let us not place any hindrance in the way of the development of this great institution. One great hindrance would be the recognition of the Eisteddfod by a royal charter. I have heard this talked of as a possibility, not seriously I hope. The Eisteddfod has no privileges to maintain,—but it has much progress still to make. The aim of a royal charter, I take it, is to secure privileges won in the past, often at the cost of retarding progress in the future. It would be dangerous to define the functions of the Eisteddfod in a royal charter while it is growing; let that be put off until the days of its decline.

I wrote that the Eisteddfod has no privileges to secure. For the moment I had forgotten the Gorsedd,—an institution mostly composed of Christian ministers who make believe they are heathens, an institution which has quite lately attached itself to the Eisteddfod. The Gorsedd grants degrees in letters and music to all who come to ask for them. This year, I have been told, the aspirants for degrees,—unless they have wealth or a title,—must pass a sham examination, and pay a crown. It would be absurd to fetter the Eisteddfod by a royal charter in order to find some sanction for these Gorsedd degrees. The recipients themselves know they are absolutely valueless; and I have never yet seen anybody write his Gorsedd degree after his name.

When the poet Homer Taliesin Jenkins heard that the candidates for Gorsedd degrees had to pay five shillings, the following is the effusion that ensued,—

In that olden day,
Which can ne'er return,
The records tell,—
Who sat on a throne had a crown as well.
But now they say,
(With sorrow we learn,
And sinking heart,)
Who'd the Gorsedd gain, with a crown must part.

There was to be no English at the Gorsedd. The rule was proclaimed in a stentorian tone; it was to be even as the laws of the Medes and the Persians. But an Englishman came, who can boast of the knowledge of many things outside Welsh, and permission was immediately given to desecrate the Gorsedd.

A weekly paper, famous for its radicalism and Nonconformity, gave a list of some of the personages present at the Gorsedd at Llandudno. Curiously enough, all the writer could remember bore titles,—spiritual or temporal. I do not believe that all the persons he mentions as being present at the confraternity of bards ever wrote a line of poetry between them; fair play to them, I do not think that any of them ever tried. But one was a bishop, and they all had titles, and that was enough for Mr. Radical Nonconformist. If Hwfa Mon and Dewi Ogwen had been Bishop Williams and Archdeacon Roberts respectively, if Elfed and Dyfed and Pedrog wrote Honourable before their names,—they might have been mentioned as being present at the Eisteddfod. I am very glad, for one, that Lord Wideacre and Sir Quarry Brown and Sir Smith Smith take an interest in our literature; but save me from the snobbery which makes the *Patriot* lose sight of all the bards of the Isle of Britain in the refulgence of their presence.

One day the bards got into a pretty mess in the face of the sun and in the eye of light, on the Eisteddfod platform. It was on the eve of the impressive scene of the coronation of the bard of the year. Everything was ready,—the bards were assembled, the chair and the sword were there, the new banner was there, the thousands were there, the victorious bard was among the throng, though it was not known to very many so far who he was.

But a certain Lord Jones had not turned up. He was not a bard, but he had a title, and titles are dazzling. Word came that his lordship was discussing his mid-day dinner, and that he was then over his leeks, and would not be hurried. Some of the bards actually proposed, I am told, that the ceremony should be delayed until Lord Jones had finished his leeks. There were hundreds of lovers of literature and learning, some of them real bards, who had gone without their lunch in order to witness the ceremony, but then they had no title and were of no account.

We audience were not aware until some time afterwards what the commotion was all about. But we heard afterwards that Dyfed, who was to read the adjudication, uttered a manly protest, and threatened to leave the platform there and then if the Eisteddfod was so insulted by the bards.

The Eisteddfod platform may often learn a lesson from the Eisteddfod audience. The most reckless tampering with the advertized programme, the most long-winded speeches, the most uninteresting adjudications,—it is supposed that the audience will bear anything. On the whole, the Eisteddfod audience behaves splendidly; but the Eisteddfod platform has much to learn. The audience has often to wonder where it is, as the programme is useless; it has to wonder in silence how long a speech or an adjudication, absolutely uninteresting to it even when audible, is going to last. And sometimes it has to put up with a direct insult from some sensitive adjudicator or irate musician.

I am quite willing to admit that the Llandudno Eisteddfod, of all I have been to, was the most free from such unpleasantness.

During the two or three days I was able to spend at the Eisteddfod, some well-known bards and *littérateurs* rose considerably in my estimation. But three,—three personal friends I hope I may call them, and three for whom I felt and feel much admiration,—fell many degrees in my mind. The three were Principal Rhys, Principal Herber Evans, and Mr. Emlyn Evans. And I will briefly state the reason.

Of the presidents and musical adjudicators only a few could speak Welsh. The audience on the other hand, was entirely Welsh; the Llandudno visitors had departed, and the Vale of Conway and the Vale of Clwyd and the Arvon and Merioneth quarries and Liverpool poured in their thousands instead. Now all the English-speaking presidents repeated the well-known assertion that unfortunately they knew no Welsh, and let us understand that they would speak that language if they only knew it. Principal Rhys and Principal Herber Evans know Welsh well, and no one dreamed of hearing anything else from them, the sister language being so well represented already. But hark,—no Welsh still; or, at the best, just a touch of it as a graceful condescension to an illiterate *gwerin*. The same tale is to be told about the adjudications, especially on music. I am sorry to see from a newspaper account that Mr. Emlyn Evans added insult to injury in response to a cry for information in Welsh concerning his adjudication. It is one thing to do all one can to please stray English visitors; it is quite another thing to absolutely denationalise the Eisteddfod.

"Saul among the prophets," said someone in seeing Professor J. Morris Jones among the bards. It may be news to some that Professor Morris Jones is one of the best bards we have. There is no man living who has a better knowledge of the *mesurau caethion*, or a more complete mastery of them. It is true that he has never been chaired or crowned at an Eisteddfod. But there are a few real poets in Wales who cannot write in competition for prizes,—it recalls their school days too vividly.

In everything save music, I have been informed, the Llandudno Eisteddfod did not rise higher than previous Eisteddfodau. The chair was taken by a real poet, but most of the essays were disappointing,—the hand-books most of all.

The eisteddfod wavers between two aims,—the production of great works and the encouraging of effort. If the former, the prizes are too small; if the latter, they are too valuable. I am strongly of opinion that the latter should be the aim of the Eisteddfod, and that the prizes be more numerous, but less valuable.

The Eisteddfod is becoming a glorious pageant,—and a series of monster concert meetings. The University is not very Welsh,—there is still something wanting to foster and regulate the growth of purely Welsh literature. Local Eisteddfodau will do much,—I don't see why they also should not have their Gorsedd, if they are foolish enough to wish for one. Still, with advancing years, one longs for the old quiet Eisteddfod, in which the harp could be heard by everyone present, and the whole of the chair *awdl* was read by its author.

The list of subjects for competition at next year's Eisteddfod has been published, and it is clear that the Newport committee has begun excellently.

Editorial Notes

Address,—O. M. EDWARDS, LINCOLN COLLEGE, OXFORD.

I AM continually tempted, by the writers of interesting articles, to enter into the sphere of party politics and sectarian creeds. I have set my face resolutely against giving the tenant's view of the landlord, or the landlord's view of the tenant. But I am always willing to give what hints I can to enable parties to understand each other; if landlords and tenants read more and wrangled less it would be very much better for both.

The other day a manifesto by a Merionethshire landlord was placed in my hands. For crass ignorance and naive audacity it beats everything I have ever seen. The genial landlord,—concerning whom it may be said, as was said of William the Conqueror, that he loves the fat game as if he were their father,—issued his effusion to his tenants on rent day. In it he states that the Rating Bill has passed, that tithes are now paid entirely by the landlord, and that the land tax will be henceforth two shillings in the pound only. All this was taken as a great joke,—for, I believe, the genial landlord's tenants now pay a land tax of sixpence halfpenny.

I know some people who have a hazy idea that it is always moonlight about two o'clock in the morning; and I know others who have an idea that the land tax is always four shillings in the pound. Dowell's *History of Taxation* should be in every landlord's library; its four volumes are not exactly exciting reading, but they might save their owner from foolish mistakes.

I forgot to say that the interesting collection of misconceptions was issued because the writer's tenants only read the Welsh newspapers. This makes me feel certain it was a joke.

The Rev. David Davies of Brighton finds time to do as much work as a dozen fairly hard-working men. He is one of the most popular preachers, and one of the most successful ministers in England to begin with. He has found time to do work that a professed historian might be proud of in connection with his book on Vavasour Powell. He knows how to make magazines a success. His children's monthly, *The Church and the Household*, and his weekly, *The Christian Pictorial*, show what religious magazines ought to be. He can evidently throw himself heart and soul into any work he has in hand; he is not editor turned preacher or preacher turned editor, but he preaches when in the pulpit and edits when in the editor's chair. His knowledge of the technical parts of the printer and of the engraver's work is as thorough as if he had been apprenticed to their profession; and his camera is the cause of one or two of the most interesting of the features of his magazines. I cannot help thinking that the work that gives Mr. Davies most pleasure is the describing of the characters and scenes he knew in his Welsh home in Carmarthenshire. I am glad to understand that another volume of *Echoes from the Welsh Hills* is in preparation.

NEW BOOKS.

ALAWON FY NGWLAD,—"The Lays of my Land," collected by Nicholas Bennett of Glanyrafon. Arranged for the harp or pianoforte by D. Emlyn Evans.

These two magnificent volumes contain, I believe, close on five hundred airs. The get up of the volumes,—barring a few misprints,—is worthy of the permanent place they will take in the literature of Welsh music. The portraits of harpists and *penillion* singers,—over which the greatest care has evidently been expended,—are good beyond all praise. All introductions and biographies are very brief and condensed. The patriotic *uchelwr* of Glan yr Afon has done his country splendid service. "To collect some of these treasures and rescue them from inevitable oblivion," he says, "has been to me a labour of love for more than half a century, and I look back with mingled feelings of joy and regret to the time when I secured many an old air of exquisite beauty from some venerable harpist, or aged *penillion* singer tottering on the verge of the grave. I now venture to submit the result of my researches, not only to my fellow countrymen, but to all who take an interest in Celtic music, confident of their approval of this, the largest collection of Welsh airs ever published, and of their appreciation of the intrinsic value and excellence of some of the oldest Cambrian melodies extant." Mr. Bennett was fortunate in enlisting the services of Mr. Emlyn Evans, who possesses historical taste, as well as a mastery over the technique of music, and who would no more "restore" or "improve" an old air than I would an old ballad.

The volumes are published by Phillips and Son, *Express and Times* Office, Newtown. The price of the two volumes is a guinea and a half.

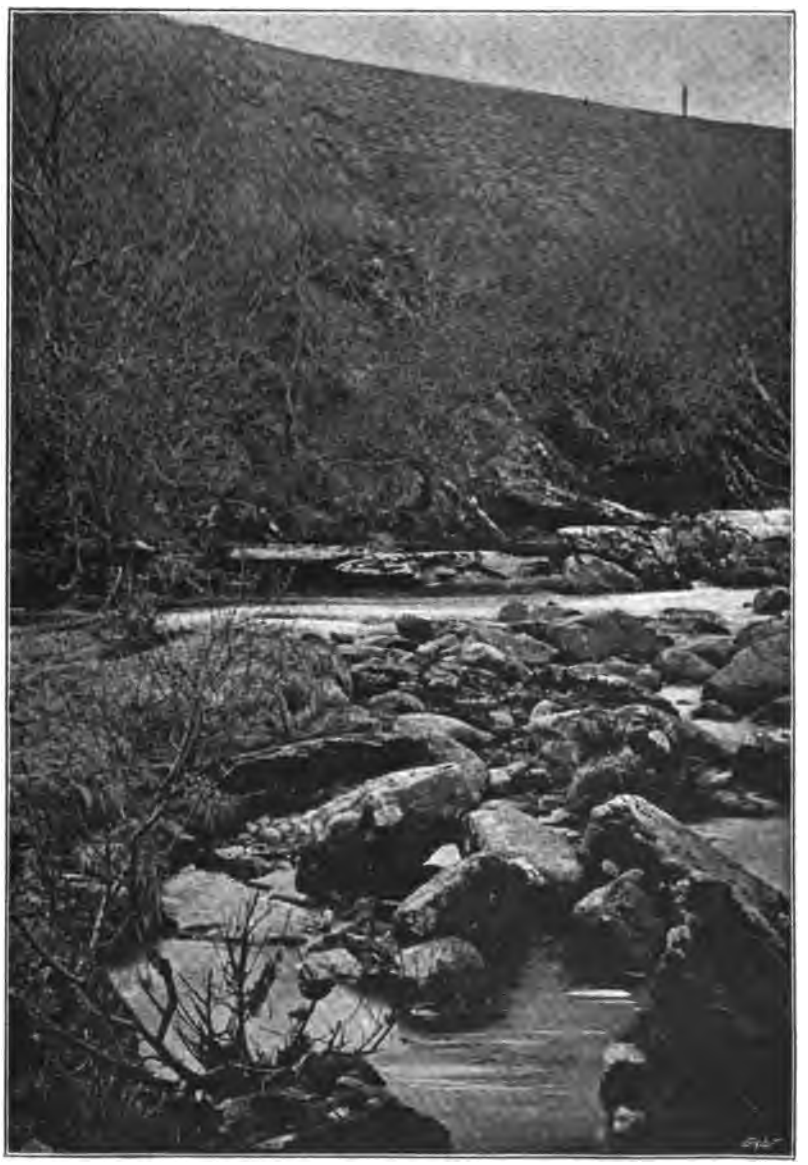
CARTREFI CYMRU. This is the first of a series of little shilling books called "The Heather Flower Books," in Welsh. They are published by Messrs. Hughes and Son, Wrexham; and are among the neatest books ever published in Wales. The first volume is illustrated by S. Maurice Jones, and contains descriptive articles on twelve Welsh homes,—Dolwar Fechan, the home of the peasant hymn writer, Ann Griffiths; Ty Coch, the home of Ap Vychan, preacher and divine; Gerddi Bluog, the home of the arch-deacon who gave us our glorious metrical version of the Psalms, and who was believed in his own day to hold sway over evil spirits; Pant y Celyn, the home of Wales' sweet singer; Bryn Tynoriad, the home of Ieuan Gwynedd, journalist and patriot; Trevecca, the home of Howell Harris, the man of will and power who awakened modern Wales; Caer Gai, the home of the poetess Gwerfil Vychan, and of the stout

old royalist Rowland Vaughan; Cefn Brith, the home of impulsive, self-sacrificing John Penry; Glas Ynys, the home of Ellis Wynne, author of the famous *Visions of the Bard of Sleep*; Ty'r Ficar, the home of the vicar who preached seventeenth century morality in the rough verses of the *Welshman's Candle*; Y Garreg Wen, the home of a famous musician; and Tyddewi, the home of the patron saint of Wales.

The volume contains 144 pages, and is neatly bound in stiff lettered cloth.

COFIANT CADWALADR OWEN. This is a volume of 408 pages, excellently printed, illustrated, bound in cloth, published at 3s. 6d. by Hughes and Son, Wrexham.

It is a memoir of Cadwaladr Owen by his son, the Rev. Griffith Owen of Rhos Ddu. It is most interesting to those who know, or wish to know, Wales,—and who, of course, can read Welsh. It gives an account of the sweetest-voiced of the mighty preachers of the last generation. The descriptions of Dolyddelen, and of the romantic glen where Cadwaladr Owen composed his sermons, are exceedingly graphic.



Y CEUNANT *(Uffern)*, THE HOLLOW *(Hell)*.
(From Cofiant Cadwaladr Owen.)

TWO PREFACES.

TWO books were published in 1802, one to "unmask" the young Methodism of the eighteenth century, and the other to defend it. I print the two prefaces; we have left those burning questions behind us now, and can treat the question as a purely historical one.

The title of the first book is "Methodism unmasked, or the progress of Puritanism from the sixteenth to the nineteenth century." The author was the Rev. T. E. Owen, B.A., who had been a student of Christ Church, Oxford, and was the rector of Llandyfrydog in Anglesey. The book is a collection of excerpts, more or less vituperative, relating to the rise and progress of Nonconformity. The attacks on John Wesley, especially, are most virulent. The compiler shows, by means of numerous very interesting foot-notes, that the Welsh Methodists of his time were no better than their English precursors and contemporaries. The verse on the title page is,—"O full of all subtlety and all mischief, wilt thou not cease to pervert the right ways of the Lord?" It is dedicated to the Earl of Uxbridge, in the following terms,—

"MY LORD,

In being allowed the honour of dedicating this little work to your lordship, I feel highly gratified, both by the countenance which a nobleman of such exalted rank is pleased to give to unaspiring zeal, and also, by this fresh testimony of your lordship's determination to continue to act, with unabated temperance, but with energy and decision, in the defence and support of the Protestant Established Church, and that beloved monarch, who is the defender of our faith. Remarkable as the exertions of your lordship's family have been, at a period of unexampled peril to our country, they have been rendered pre-eminently useful by one peculiar coincidence; while your lordship's gallant son was obtaining the most important victories for his country, and immortal honour for himself, on the plains of Egypt, your lordship was no less actively, nor less zealously employed, at home, in protecting our coasts against foreign foes, and our establishments against the more dangerous inroads of heresy and schism."

I.—THE PREFACE TO "METHODISM UNMASKED."

In submitting the following pages to the public eye, it is by no means my design to excite the general indignation against all sectarists; much less is it my wish to rouse government to any acts of cruelty or oppression towards them. Religious persecution is what I most sincerely deprecate, as having always been attended with the most dreadful consequences in respect to the unfortunate objects of it, and never benefitting the cause it professed to support. My intention is far otherwise. It is to prove, by the following extracts, what I have before asserted, "that sectarists of all kinds are,"—and ever have been, since the time of the Reformation,—"either blind instruments or wilful tools, in the hands of Anarchists and Atheists," that their aim is not a reform in religion, but a total overthrow of our religious and political constitutions, and a revolution in these dominions, similar to that which has deluged France with blood, and brought upon many millions irreparable ruin. If this plan shall appear sufficiently developed in these pages, I am not without hopes that this, added to what abler writers have published on the subject, will convince all, who may deign to read this tract, that some restriction on secret societies is absolutely necessary, and that the heads of the nation will stimulate the Legislature to interpose the shield of its power between us and impending destruction. I am, also, not without hopes that the well disposed sectarists, who have become such from a view to religious reform,—and many such I know,—will, when satisfied of the danger their schism is of to the state, imitate the conduct of the German Masons, voluntarily make a sacrifice of their private opinions for the public good, and shut up their societies, rather than endanger the safety of their country.—These excerpts, too, may, and I trust will, serve as a beacon to warn

the sincere, but unwary, Christian from approaching too near the shoal of schism and the rock of revolution. It will be seen that the sect whose conduct is principally considered is that of the Methodists; because, as I have before said, I look upon them to be the most dangerous of all,—I cannot compare them in everything to any one set of the old Sectarists, but they have several things in common with many of the very worst, and are most like to the Independents, who were the spawn of the Puritans, and murdered in cold blood the good king Charles. This will appear by an examination of those particulars wherein they resemble each other. The Nicholaitans held dark meetings. The Carpocratians taught faith, without works. The Nazarites were led away with notions of private revelation and enthusiasm. The Aschothyptæ despised works. The Donatists maintained their own church to be the only pure one, that every man had a right to choose his own religion or sect, that it was lawful to kill those not of their own faith; and that they had private revelations and enthusiasm. The Gnosimachic were haters of learning and book knowledge. The Taudenians held the doctrine of faith without works, and that priests or laymen were equally qualified to preach, &c. The Petrobrussians held churches useless, and were guided by their own reason in matters of faith. The Waldenses resembled the foregoing in the above particulars, besides which, they rejected religious orders, held it lawful for laymen to preach, &c., and maintained all ground to be holy without consecration. The Pseudo-apostoli held dark meetings, maintained themselves to be the only true Christians, and that a hog-stye was as fit to pray in as a church. The Antinomians held nothing necessary but faith, and that the child of God, —namely the elect,—cannot sin. The Brownists maintained their own sect to be the only true church; would not go to church; held all ceremonies Popish; that laymen and mechanics might preach and expound the Scripture; and that all set prayers were abominable. The Familists confined their public charities to those of their own sect. Theaureau John's Sect called the English clergy thieves, robbers, deceivers, sounding from Antichrist, &c.; they despised learning. The Independents would have every congregation to be ruled by its own laws; slighted the churches, and called them steeple houses;* despised learning and university degrees in their preachers; were against set prayers as a choking of the spirit; authorized private individuals to create and gather churches together; allowed their own congregations the power of election, of appointing ministers, of deposition and excommunication of their own officers, and a final determination of religious causes; permitted all gifted men,—as they called themselves,—to preach and pray, and would not communicate with the Established Church. No reasonable man will deny that a sect which agrees in so many particulars with the bitter enemies of our Establishment is dangerous to the state. It will be seen in the following work that they do agree with them in most, and I should have no difficulty in proving that they do so in all.

I am aware Methodists will now contend that I have assumed as a datum a fact which they never have conceded, viz., that they are Puritans and Independents under a different denomination. My humble abilities afford me no means of judging to what genus of plants a religious scion may belong, but by an examination of its fruits. If it shall be proved by the following sheets that this scion Methodism is still gradually producing the same fruits with Puritanism of old, I trust that every candid reader will spare me the trouble of pointing out its resemblance to the original tree in all respects; and allow me to quote, as a confirmation of my opinion, the following extract from the writings of an author, whose publication has been equally admired by his friends, and respected by his enemies.

"They who now go under the name of Methodists, were in the days of our forefathers called Precisians, terms of their own devising, importing that the bearers

* It is well known that in some parts of Wales a church is called by enthusiasts "Ty Clôch," i.e., "Bell House;" and as a steeple commonly contains bells, it is presumed that the modern name is intended to imitate and supersede the ancient. E.

of them had carefully squared out their religion by line and level.

"The elder Methodism, on its first appearance, put on the same suffering exterior, which we see the younger brother wear at present. During the firm administration of Elizabeth, it disguised, and but barely disguised, its native ferocity in feigned submission; after having invited persecution, with the air of a persecutor. Those times, we may be sure, would not suffer it to wait long for what it wanted. And then, as a precious metal, which had undergone its trial in the fire, and left its dross behind, the sect, with great propriety, changed its name from Precisian to Puritan. But in the weak and distracted times of Charles I., it ventured to throw off the mask, and under the new name of Independent* became the chief agent of the dreadful disorders which terminated that unhappy reign. For Independency was a name as well suited to the weakness of that government which it defied and overturned, as Methodism is to the strength of this, of which it stands in awe.

"Nor is this pedigree, which makes Methodism of the younger house to Independency, invented, like heraldic fictions, to ennoble my subject. Whoever reads the large accounts of the spiritual state of the regicides while under condemnation,—written and published at that time by their friends, to make them pass with the people for saints and martyrs,—and compares them with the circumstantial journals of the Methodists, will find so exact a conformity in the frenzy of sentiment, and even in the cant of expression, upon the subject of faith, grace, redemption, justification, &c., as may fully satisfy them that they are both of the same stock; and ready, on a return of the like kindly season, to produce the same fruits." † ||

In perusing these extracts, I must request the reader to keep in mind what St. James says respecting "the wisdom that is from above." "The wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peacable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy." If it shall be found, upon an impartial examination of the conduct of Dissenters and enthusiasts, in general, that they can justly lay a superior claim to the "wisdom that is from above," let the palm be conceded to them, and let the Established Church fall, never to rise again. But if, on the contrary, it has, or can be shown, that they are eminently deficient in those requisites which are necessary to prove that they possess that "wisdom" which the apostle speaks of, let the Church of England reign triumphant on the foundation of truth, and the spirit of disunion be discarded from among us. Some of the proofs necessary to determine this important point will appear in the following "extracts," and the rest may be obtained by a reference to those works from which the extracts have been made. In making them, my object has not been to form a complete history of Methodism; nor can I presumptuously hope that mine is the best selection of general facts which can be made. The remote country to which I have been called by the duties of my profession, the consequent want of access to valuable libraries, and the almost total exclusion from all literary intercourse to which I am subject, will, I hope, induce my readers to peruse this little compilation with an indulgence, which, under any other circumstances, I could not possibly expect; at the same time, I trust it will be sufficient to convince him that the designs of sectarists have been the same in all ages; that Methodism, under different denominations, is nearly coeval with the reformation; that the designs of this sect have been uniformly hostile to our Establishments, and finally, that it will not be conciliated.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

* If the name assumed be a proper criterion by which to judge of the courage of this Proteus-like sect, it is to be feared that the awe, which prevailed in the time of the good bishop, is now very rapidly declining; as it is notorious that a very large proportion of the Methodists have lately revived among themselves the detested title of Independents.

† The Bishop of Gloucester's "Doctrine of Grace," &c.

|| It is a circumstance worthy of notice, that the modern Methodist was, until lately, known in Wales by no other name than that of "Pengrwn," i.e., Roundhead. The evident tendency of their political principles made it prudent to adopt a more deceitful one.

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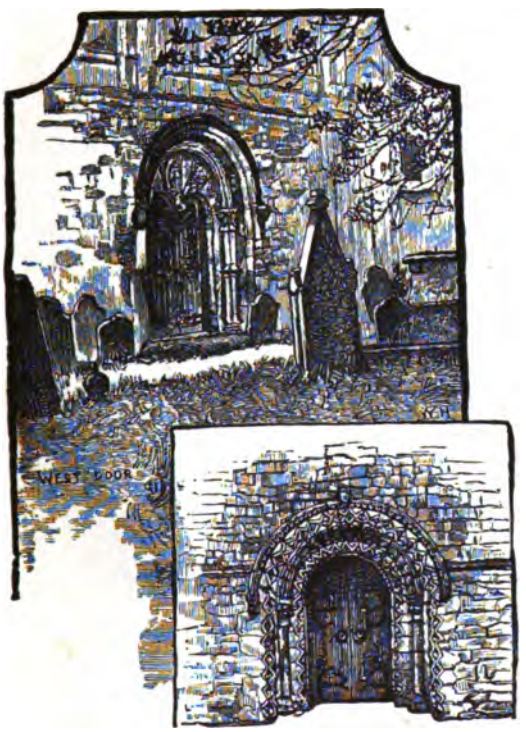

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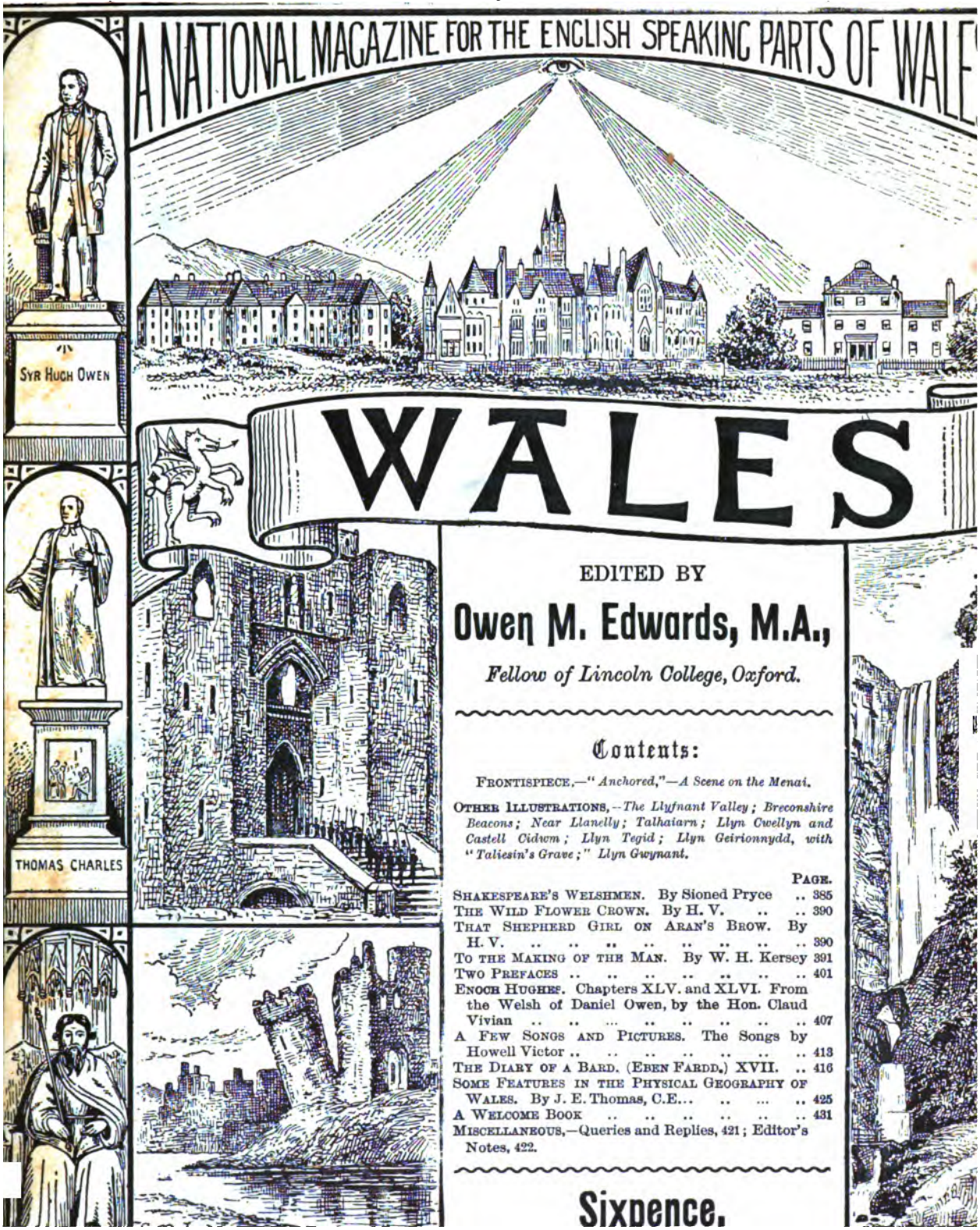

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SHAKESPEARE'S WELSHMEN.

By SIONED PRYCE.

THE reference lately made by the Prince of Wales, in his speech at Aberystwyth, to Shakespeare's "three highly finished portraits of Welshmen,—the soldier, the divine, and the feudal chieftain,"—has freshened the interest of many in Fluellen, Sir Hugh Evans, and Owen Glendower. Although these are not principal parts, although not in their respective plays the central characters round which the whole plot turns, yet in the ranks of Shakespeare's side-figures and secondary characters, there are none drawn with a greater fidelity, a more appreciative grasp of national peculiarities, than Fluellen and Sir Hugh Evans. Owen Glendower is naturally less of a type than these; his individuality, indeed, is decidedly an eccentric one. Yet whoever tries to picture Glendower to himself as a Frenchman, a Spaniard,—even as a Highlander, or, most impossible of all, as an Englishman, recognises here, also, the same discernment of racial characteristics,—the "correctness" upon which Macaulay insists.

It is this accuracy that strikes a Welshman when he comes across his countrymen in the pages of Shakespeare. True, it is not because they are Welshmen that they attract us in the first place, any more than it is because Othello is a Moor and Richard II. an Englishman that we follow their fortunes with such breathless interest, such eager sympathy. But as a side-matter, apart from the main motive and plot of the play, it delights us to find one more proof of the genius and knowledge of the great dramatist in his accurate delineation of Welsh character.

It needs but little seeking to discover what great weight Shakespeare attached to nationality. Though he realised, and teaches us, that human nature is much the same all the world over,—that "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin,"—yet he puts his finger unerringly upon national characteristics. Could the principal characters in "Romeo and Juliet" be anything but Italians? "The characters," says Professor Dowden, speaking of the play, "are Italian, with their lyrical ardour, their southern impetuosity of passion, and the southern forms and colour of their speech." Could Macbeth, with his easily swayed nature, his frantic superstition and "second sight," be anything but a Highlander? If Shylock were not a Jew, to what nation could he by any possibility belong? We notice, beyond the more evident and aggressive traits in his disposition, his clannishness, his faithful affection for his dead wife, his clinging to the Old Testament. "Shylock," says Schlegel, "is everything but a common Jew; he possesses a very determinate and original individuality, and yet we perceive a faint touch of Judaism in everything which he says and does. * * * In tranquil situations, what is foreign to the European blood and Christian sentiments is less perceivable, but in passion the national stamp is more strongly marked." And nowhere has Shakespeare shown a finer touch than in Jessica,—pretty Jessica, this "most sweet Jew," who yet in her love forgets not the jewels. Schlegel's remark that the national stamp is more strongly marked in passion, applies not

more to Shylock than to Othello. When jealousy lays hold of the Moor, the self-restraint taught by military training and association with Europeans goes to the winds, and the African blood has its way. Coriolanus, again,—is not his excessive pride of place pre-eminently a Roman fault, due to the "great gulf fixed" in Roman society? And Volumnia, by whom the pride that is his ruin was instilled into her son, and who yet hesitated not between son and country, is she not the very type of a Roman matron?

The same exactness is observable in the minor characters, — in that "refined traveller of Spain," made ridiculous, no doubt, to please the queen, with whom all things Spanish were in ill odour,—in the Prince of Morocco, whose language breathes Oriental exaggeration, — in the over-sanguine, recklessly light-hearted noblemen of France in *Henry V.* It is not necessary to multiply examples.

Thus it is that a Welshman is interested in knowing what so careful an observer thought of his nation also, and he has no right to complain of its representatives in the pages of Shakespeare.

Fluellen is perhaps the most attractive, —Fluellen the choleric, Fluellen the pedantic, Fluellen the brave soldier, the loyal subject who is at the same time a burning patriot. Apparently Shakespeare differed from some writers and speakers of the present day, who maintain it to be impossible that loyalty and love of country should unite in a Welshman.

Fluellen was evidently a favourite creation of Shakespeare's. The tenderness of the touch, even when his eccentricities make us smile, is very apparent. Professor Dowden says that Shakespeare loved Fluellen "as Scott loved the Baron of Bradwardine, for his real simplicity underlying his apparatus of learning, and his touching faith in the theory of warfare." But Fluellen dealt not only in the theory of warfare, he had some practical knowledge thereof, as shown in his shrewd remarks upon the mining operations, to assist in which he was especially sent for by the Duke of Gloster; in his regard for discipline, which made him decline to intervene in Bardolph's favour; and in his common-sense insistence that silence should be kept in the camp. His bravery, too, is the first characteristic brought before us. He comes upon the scene loudly echoing the words of his illustrious leader. True, his words are not so stately as Henry's dignified appeal,—"Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more!" but possibly Captain's Fluellen's excited yell,—"Up to the preach, you dogs! avaunt, you cullions!" was even more inspiriting.

His "apparatus of learning" is comic in the extreme,—and yet the true love of learning was alive in him. Apparently the days had not yet come when Welshmen who wished to pose as patriotic held that classical learning should be as a sealed book to their countrymen, and, trying to bind them by the chain of their language, grudged them their share in the spoils of the ages.

Fluellen, it is true, delights in parading his knowledge, in "showing off." "There is a river in Macedon," he condescendingly informs the ignorant, "and there is also a river at Monmouth." We notice a little of this in Sir Hugh Evans also, and the same tendency to "brag,"—in a different form, and decidedly exaggerated in Owen Glendower.

Fluellen's use of the English language is by no means such as is heard from Welshmen, though it possibly represented the English notion of Welsh pronunciation, even as Shakespeare's stage French represented to his audience "la langue de Montaigne." Yet we observe a few Welshisms,—for example the dropping of the *w*, which letter the Welsh language knows not as a consonant, the favourite phrase "look you" *(gwelwch chwi)* frequently heard in Anglesey, the inability to pronounce the "sh," which, at least some years ago was characteristic of Merionethshire. Sir Hugh Evans' English is precisely like Fluellen's. He cries,—"For shame, 'ooman!" for all the world like a Welshman,—but perhaps on the whole Shakespeare meant rather to point out that Fluellen and Parson Hugh "could not speak English in the native garb" than to indicate the precise pronunciation of every word. In Shakespeare's time more was left to the discretion of the actor than

in these days of minute stage-directions, when the greatest of living dramatists considers it necessary to specify the bindings of the books in the bookshelves directed to form part of the scenic accessories, when he indicates the number of macaroons to be eaten by the heroine. and the precise expression intended to be called up in her husband's eyes. Shakespeare, if he thought about the matter at all, knew that his fame could no more be clouded by careless and inefficient actors than by insufficient staging, — or the absence of all staging to which he was accustomed in that "Wooden O" where his plays were first produced.

To return to Fluellen. Another distinctively Welsh trait is his generosity. How warmly he pressed on William his "silling," following the king's royal gift! With what greater generosity, obeying the king's wish, he makes the first advance towards friendship! This readiness to make friends contrasts with his determination to avenge upon Pistol the insult paid to his country. But a Welshman, though his sting is extracted as soon as he feels that he has had satisfaction, will keep his stone for seven years before he throws it.

It has been stated that Shakespeare, in Fluellen, drew the portrait of Sir Davy Gam. His reference, following Holinshed, to the death of "Davy Gam, Esquire,"—he was knighted upon the field when either dying or dead,—is held to be nothing to the point. Jones, in his *History of Breconshire*, supports this view,—

"There can be little doubt," he says, "but that Shakespeare, in his burlesque character of Fluellen, intended David Gam, though for obvious reasons, as his descendants were then well known and respected in the English court, he chose to disguise his name. I have called Fluellen a burlesque character, because his pribbles and prabbles, which are generally outheroded, sound ludicrously to an English as well as to a Welsh ear, yet after all, Llewelyn is a brave soldier and an honest fellow; he is admitted into a considerable degree of intimacy with the king, and stands high in his good opinion, which is strong presumptive proof, notwithstanding Shakespeare, the better to concel his object, describes the death of Sir David Gam, yet that he intended David Llewelyn by the portrait of the trusty Welshman; for there was no other person of that name in the English army, who could have been supposed to be upon such terms of familiarity with the king; and it must be observed that Llewelyn was the name by which he was known in that army, and not Gam or squinting, by which epithet, though it was afterwards assumed by his family, he would probably have knocked down any man who dared to address him."

I have quoted this at length, because the book is not easily obtainable. The literary style of the last sentence is certainly unique.

Of David Gam it is that the story is told of how, having been sent out to reconnoitre on the night before Agincourt, he reported to the king that there were "enough Frenchmen to be killed, enough to be taken prisoners, and enough to run away." Referring to the statement that Gam was known in the army as Llewelyn, it is perhaps not necessary to point out that "Fluellen" is simply Llewelyn Anglice. In the same way, out of "llymry" English tongues have made "flummery," the *ll* being ever a stumbling block, which in the present day is generally got over by substituting "thl" for the true sound of the letter.

Against this somewhat weak argument of similar names stands the fact that among Shakespeare's contemporaries at Stratford was a man named William Fluellen. There was another named George Bardolph. There is no reason for thinking that Shakespeare sketched these men in the characters that bear their names, but it is at least possible that he borrowed the names from them. It is tempting to imagine that in his fellow-townsman and others, Shakespeare studied the Welsh character from life, thus making his estimate even more valuable. If not at Stratford, surely in London, Shakespeare must have met with Welshmen, though probably they did not then flock thither in such crowds as at the present day. It is difficult to believe that even Shakespeare could have described so exactly national

characteristics which he knew only at second-hand.

We cannot turn from this play without noticing king Henry's claim to be considered Fluellen's countryman,—not only his friend, but "his kinsman too." "I am a Welshman," he remarks to Pistol. "I am Welsh, you know, good countryman," he reminds Fluellen. But though we would willingly take him at his word, and though Fluellen accepts it as a fact, and with a lofty condescension, which we must attribute to his pride of race, remarks that "he is not ashamed to be called his Majesty's countryman," yet Henry's only claim to be called a Welshman lies in the fact that he was born at Monmouth, which was part of Wales till the reign of Henry VIII., and as far as natural boundary goes is part of Wales to this day. Fluellen's observation that "all the water in Wye could not wash your Majesty's Welsh blood out of your body" is strictly true, inasmuch as there was absolutely no Welsh blood in Henry V. What little ever flowed in the royal line of England till the descendants of Owen Tudor ascended the throne made its first appearance in Edward IV., whose descent through Gwladus, wife of Ralph Mortimer, from the princes of Wales, was remote enough.

But Henry V. is a fine fellow and a gallant soldier, and we appreciate the compliment he pays to our nation in calling himself a Welshman.

Turning from Fluellen to Sir Hugh Evans is like turning to a similar plant grown in different soil. Fluellen would have made an excellent pedogogue, Sir Hugh Evans would have made a fiery warrier. In theory he is a man of peace, "a man of the church, who will be glad to do his benevolence, to make atonements and compromises," but he squares his elbows with much joy and promptitude at the French doctor, making friends afterwards with yet greater joy and still more promptly, and forthwith turning his attention to a new enemy. Quick temper is common to all three of Shakespeare's Welshmen. Certainly Sir John Falstaff makes a mistake in calling Parson Hugh a "Welsh flannel." (Where, by the way, did Shakespeare pick up this bit of idiom?) On the contrary, Sir Hugh is uncommonly sharp, as shown by his observation of the "beard under the muffler" of the "maid's aunt of Brentford," though his good nature is shown in his forbearing to press the matter. We notice however that he keeps silence henceforth, instead of striving as before to calm Ford's jealously.

Sir Hugh Evans is as pedantic as Fluellen, and is evidently regarded as a man of great learning by his neighbours, albeit his title "sir" indicates that he is not a graduate of a university. Taking him "for all in all," this Welsh parson is decidedly a credit to his country. All his "admirable pleasures" must be "fery honest knaveries." He unites shrewd worldly wisdom and an appreciation of the good things of this life with the demeanour due to his profession,—he "will not be absence at the grace." More than this, he has a kind heart, and a simple, straightforward nature, nor is he more popular with his friends and acquaintances in the play than with those who know him through the medium of the great magician, Shakespeare.

Owen Glendower is a man of a different stamp to Fluellen and Sir Hugh Evans, and is, it must be confessed, less attractive. He is of better family than either, doubtless, notwithstanding Fluellen's boast about "the derivation of his birth." Owen Glendower, indeed, was of royal descent on both father's and mother's side, though on his mother's side, through whom he claimed descent from Llywelyn, last prince of Wales, the line was possibly illegitimate. This may not of necessity have been regarded as a bar to the succession. The name "Glendower" is a corruption of "Glyndwr," contracted from "Glyndyvrdwy,"—"valley of the Dee," the name of his estate, which was probably also his birth-place. His real name was Owain ab Gruffydd Vychan. His English is free from peculiarities. "I can speak English, lord, as well as you," he loftily remarks to Hotspur, "having been bred up in the English court."

Certainly Glendower's exaggerated opinion of himself is one of the most striking points in his character. He appears to regard himself as something well-nigh supernatural,—

"Give me leave
To tell you once again,—that at my birth
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes;
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields.
These signs have marked me extraordinary,
And all the courses of my life do show
I am not in the roll of common men."

This is bombastic language, but perhaps in excuse of Shakespeare's Glendower,—for it is only with his character as delineated by Shakespeare that we have to do,—it may be urged that others spoke of him as he spoke of himself. "The great magician," Henry IV. calls him, saying, moreover, that Mortimer "durst as well have met the devil alone as Owen Glendower for an enemy." Superstition has its part,—a great part,—in the Welshman's exaggerated language. He attaches much importance to "the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies;" he is fond of talking about the "moldwarp,"—by which is meant Henry IV.,—"and the art." Shakespeare even suggests that it was superstition and belief in prophecy that kept him back from the field of Shrewsbury. Superstition is undoubtedly part of the Welsh character, and even the rigid restrictions of Puritanism, often directed against what is imaginative and poetical, have failed to crush it out.

Strange are the tales told by old writers of the prodigies that shadowed forth the greatness of Glendower. His domestic bard became almost blasphemous in his efforts to magnify his patron, comparing the comet which appeared in the year of Glendower's coronation to the star which proclaimed the birth of Christ. Holinshed gravely remarks that on the night of Glendower's birth, his father's horses were found standing in pools of blood. This tale, says Pennant, is "correspondent to a blemish we could wish to clear the character of our countryman from."

A charge of barbarity against Glendower and his followers is put by Shakespeare into the mouth of an enemy. He took the tale from Holinshed, it appears to have originated with Walsingham, and has been accepted by Hume and other English historians. The battle referred to was fought in Radnorshire, near Knighton. It is an ugly story, and we should find it hard to believe that a man of culture like Glendower could have lent his authority to savage brutality.

One characteristic of Glendower's is rebuked by Harry Percy. "Tell truth," he cries, "and shame the devil!" Perhaps Hotspur is a little hard on this,—shall we call it tendency of exaggeration? It is a fault to which the Welsh are prone, and it has earned us a reputation for inaccuracy of speech, especially with people who have not themselves sufficient imagination to exaggerate. A Welshman may, like Sir Hugh Evans, "despise a liar as he does despise one that is false; or as he despises one that is not true," and yet be unable to resist adding the touch of colour that will turn a poor story into a good one.

Glendower's bravery, like that of Fluellen and Sir Hugh Evans, is unquestioned. Like these, he is quick to resent slights and injuries, real or imagined. "Cousin, of many men I do not bear these crossings!" Says Mortimer to Hotspur,—

"I warrant you, that man is not alive
Might so have tempted him as you have done
Without the taste of danger and reproof.
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you."

He is granted by all to be highly accomplished in the art of warfare, and "valiant as a lion." "Owen Glendower," says Campbell, "is a noble, wild picture of the heroic Welch character; brave vain, imaginative, and superstitious. He was the William Wallace of Wales; and his vanity and superstition may be forgiven; for he troubled the English till they believed him, and taught him to believe himself, a conjurer."

His affability and generosity are insisted upon by Mortimer, and so is another point of resemblance between him and the other two Welshmen,—Fluellen and Sir Hugh,—namely, his love of learning. This point was especially remarked upon by the Chancellor of the Welsh University. "Nor is it without significance," said the Prince of Wales, "that Shakespeare, with his intuitive perception of character, representing at this epoch three highly finished portraits of Welshmen, depicted them all,—the soldier, the divine, and the feudal chieftain, as men of thought and learning."

And this in days when Welshmen had no University or University Colleges! We notice too Glendower's love of music,—he was a composer as well as a performer.

There are others of our countrymen scattered up and down the pages of Shakespeare. In this same play of *Henry IV.* is the charming Welshwoman, Lady Mortimer. She, like her father Glendower, and her countryman Sir Hugh Evans, has the Welsh love of music, and is apparently an excellent musician, for Lady Percy flatly refuses to sing after her. Except that the song is to be Welsh, it is not further specified; a young Welsh actress lately selected "Y 'Deryn Pur" for her song in this part, nor could she have found a sweeter. Not only when she sings does Lady Mortimer delight her hearers. Even when she speaks her tongue "makes Welsh as sweet as ditties newly penned,"—at least to her husband. Mortimer,—whose declaration "my wife can speak no English, I no Welsh," irresistibly reminds one of Jack Sprat and *his* wife,—has at least a little Welsh blood in his veins too. It is perhaps unnecessary to point out that Shakespeare rolled the two Mortimers, uncle and nephew, into one. It was not the heir to the throne, but his uncle, who was married to Glendower's daughter.

In *Richard II.* appears a "trusty Welshman," as the king calls him, although he brings ill news. How full of Celtic superstition is the man's reply! In *Richard III.* there is a passing reference to "Sir Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew." Again, was the "faithful Griffith," as his name suggests, a Welshman? *King Lear* and *Cymbeline* are set in too remote an age, and are of too romantic a nature for us to gather inferences from them as to national character. It is, however, interesting to note that Holinshed, from whom Shakespeare took the rough outline of the story of Lear, borrowed it from Geoffrey of Monmouth, who gives it as an old British legend.

We cannot doubt Shakespeare's sympathy with the Welsh character, which he understood so well. Indeed, he sympathised with all nationalities. "Shakespeare," says Victor Hugo, "is a sympathetic genius. Insularism is his tie, not his strength. He would break it willingly. A little more, and Shakespeare would be European." But surely it is Victor Hugo himself who might have said "a little more." Shakespeare is European, as the Germans realise, —more, he is for all the world, even as he is for all time. And this being so, let us rejoice that the representatives of our own dear nation go forth to the world in all ages painted by the great Shakespeare in such fair and pleasing colours.

THE WILD FLOWER CROWN.

THEY tell me there's a tower in great London town,
Where they keep the queen's jewels and fine golden crown;
And I wonder if ever I'll see that great town,
See the queen with her jewels and king with his crown.
Ah! no crown would look better than that one of [mine
That I once made for my love in the bright sunshine,
When she blushed like the roses, a girl in slim gown,
Because she won from a boy his wild flower crown.

That crown she is still wearing, her throne is above,
And my heart it yearns sadly for my queen, my love;
From the fields where we linger'd my loved one has flown,
But her spirit is still wearing the wild flower crown;
O! the girl of my fancy her beauty unknown
In my memory lingers with that wild flower crown;
Should angels be like her, my little queen, still mine own,
I'll know her, my own loved one, by the wild flower crown.

H. V.

THAT SHEPHERD GIRL ON ARAN'S BROW.

A SHEPHERD girl on Aran brow,
I loved her years ago as now;
And true to me she did incline
To tell me that her heart was mine.
She loves the rugged mountains high
That lift their summits to the sky,
Yet day by day, come rain or shine,
I go to woo that girl o' mine.

I find her daily with her sheep
Upon the lonely mountain steep,
On Aran's brow, in rain or shine,
I find my love, that girl o' mine;
I love her so, I cannot sleep,
And almost jealous of her sheep,—
There day by day, come rain or shine,
You'll find me with that girl o' mine.

H. V.

TO THE MAKING OF THE MAN.

BEING A TALE TOLD BY AN ITINERANT BARD.

By W. H. Kersey.

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HE was an old man, looking weary, feeling weary, whose slow walk became a slower plod as he picked his way along a path indistinct in the lessening daylight, and difficult to follow through the brush, and coarse, rank vegetation covering the ground verging on a strip of marsh alongside the river. For fully an hour, from the time of his leaving the comparative quiet and shelter under the highlands, now lost in the evening shades behind, he had been making slow progress across the open, braving the rigour of the March wind blowing a gale, beating on, and with a lagging gait over the last mile of a day's long tramp, towards the little town looming in front.

He sat down to rest awhile upon the end of the wooden bridge spanning the river running wide under the borough walls.

Anon his eyes sought to pierce the gloom beyond the turbulent tide. Above the grimly shadowed great gate he could see faint gleams and the flicker of firelight; dimly illumined openings broke the black mass of the castle's triple towers close by; and his fugitive glances along the frowning walls of the town discerned the inner dull radiance, arising from lights aflame and fires uncovered until curfew should ring.

Still regarding the castle, the old man stood up to lean against the side of the bridge. Deepening reflection recalled the time, years ago 'twas, when last he set eyes on that same pile. He remembered having crossed over to it by way of this same bridge. Years ago, when he ——. He abruptly put aside sad memories becoming bitter, and busied his mind with the question of the moment,—how to obtain quarters for the night. He scanned the bridge; then took a few cautious steps forward. The unstable structure, rudely buffeted by the wind, rocked and trembled upon its supports. The tide beneath, flowing fast and high,—for the bore rushed fierce up Severn sea,—encountered the tempest from north east, which chopped, and churned, and lashed the black waters into countless little currents and eddies, and a multitude of wantless, frantic waves, that curled, thinly cream-crested, in midstream; and went flapping, and rolling, and washing, and whisking under either bank, and leaping and beating against the castle walls with a persistent fury of miniature breakers, and spume, and spray. The old man little relished the racket. Nor did he like the swishing and flapping sounds the waves made; nor the ceaseless *gluck! gluck!* and gurgles going on among the piles under his feet. However, he ventured further, grimly clutching the side of the bridge to gain support; besides taking care to assure himself of the security of every step he took, for the footboards were loose, and he was fearful of a gap, afraid that a board might be washed away. Despite such fears, and the fact that more than once during his passage he had perforce to pause, being scarcely able to stand before the wild wind, he reached the opposite bank without a mishap. A minute later he was trying to make his presence known at the east gate.

His incessant hard knocking and belabouring at the dark portal were in no wise successful. Nothing daunted, he commenced a determined bombardment of the gate-house within the walls, by throwing handfuls of gravel and sundry stones over the top of the gate. At length this persistive assault, some time with

weighty ammunition, doubtless met with a measure of success on the other side of the wicket; inasmuch as a loud, angry voice called from that direction, assuring the knocker that his whereabouts was more than guessed at. Moreover he was bidden, in bawling truculent terms, to desist from the despatching of any other well-meant reminders that he waited outside.

When the wicket was thrown open, the enraged guardian of the gate shouted from behind the glare of a lantern at the meek and blinking traveller; rating him severely, and for the most part, somewhat wildly. Indeed, the effusive warden held the weather as of no account; but continned to hold forth at great length, and on a variety of topics.

He remarked that he had said the very fiend was abroad with the storm when he thought he heard the shingles flying from the roof of the gate-house. Shingles, forsooth! What he did rightly hear was the ancient reprobate without the walls assaulting the place with slinging missiles. And a stone, dropping through a hole in the roof, had fallen upon the fire; so that he thought 'twas a thunderbolt. It gave him a sorry turn; and set him all a-quiver. Saints preserve him! that was not the worst. Had not a shower of pebbles and the like beat upon him outside, bruising him from top to toe. Holy St. Thomas, 'twas an evil wind that had blown such an unhappy wight to the gate. Here the speaker broke off the thread of his eloquence to invoke other than blessings upon the offender standing dumb and apparently penitent. Did the crazy old tatterdemalion wot that such behaviour deserved a night in the gate-house, with a speedy appearance before Master Mayor to get sentenced to a sound whipping at the cart-tail? 'Twere just as well that one so drunken *was* outside the gate. Not drunken, quotha? Benighted, eh. Benighted, pah! A pretty tale, a very pretty tale. And the watchman distinctly stated that in his opinion the ill-plighted one was more likely to be some roving, robbing night-hawk of a Welshman. Ay, and one who had all the sauce and sly impudence of his race, rousing the whole town at that unseemly hour. What! But it *was* late. All respectable persons were within walls.

Thereupon the irate watchman's invectives vented warmer and more varied; and he called on his favourite saint to bear witness to his testimony, that no burgher of the town would dare to raise such a din at nightfall as had this itinerant minstrel. Ay, the begger *might* starve, he went on; and freeze withal! There were an hundred like him in the town now. Bards, they called themselves. An unlicensed clamorous set of vagabond lazy loons and mischief-makers! They thronged the hostels; and were as thick about the country-side as buds upon the hawthorn. He, the watchman, was o'er-tired and sick of seeing them swarm in and out at the gate. Fiend take them! To hear them for ever prating and gibbering, knaves and fools together, and airing an outlandish mother-tongue, was enough to turn a body's wits. He had been abroad, he had fought in France, and he had fought on the Scottish borders, but of a truth,—and let the beggar take heed, —the vilest provincial French, or the broadest Gaelic that ever had tortured his ears, was as music when compared with the unpronounceable parlance of the Cymry. He humbly thanked Providence for a merciful dispensation in providing him with a Saxon name, and a Saxon tongue that could utter the language of his own Christian country.

In such wise did the watchman ease his mind; and when he paused, seemingly more for want of breath than for want of words, he extended his arm with the lantern through the wicket, in order to cast a brighter light upon the daring disturber of a township's peace.

The minstrel took advantage of the opportunity offered for further pleading. He said that he was an English harper, and that he had reached the marches that very morn. He had news from Gloucester and Chepstow, he urged. Mayhap the fair folk at the castle would like to listen to his gossip. Besides, he could play upon his harp, and sing a song or tell a tale, as well as e'er an one. He would earn a night's lodging, he said.

The watchman appeared to consider profoundly, and to weigh the minstrel's

arguments and assertions. Although seeming doubtful, he finally admitted the man; hoping by such conduct to please his betters; and directed him, by way of Castle-green, to where the castle drawbridge crossed the moat.

The minstrel received a ready welcome in the castle hall; he was the right man arrived at the right moment; and the company therein collected, the knight, Sir Rolf Fenten, and his guests, were eager to be entertained by a well-informed and capable gleeman. He was bidden to eat his fill at the board; but he supped sparingly. His superior manner and bearing, and the flow, the fascination, the variety of his chosen conversation, gained him favourable comments; so that there was no lack of listeners ready to follow him when he took a seat in a central position beside the hearth-stone.

He retailed his stock of news from beyond the border. He told of the doings at this castle and at that. He recited the forays and the pillagings, the raids and ravages of rebellious and robber Welsh. He recounted what he had heard concerning that vagabond wanderer, Owen Glendower; how some said that the outlaw was dead; others that he was alive; that he had been seen north, and that he had been seen south, here, there, and everywhere; no two tales tallied; descriptions of him were as dissimilar as the dispositions and the imaginative powers and descriptive talents of the tellers.

With such gossip and stories, the minstrel held the fireside gathering deeply interested; so that it was not strange that none of them asked him to sing, all seeming content to listen to his talk.

A wide knowledge of life, and which was stamped and lined upon his face, gave pith to his continued conversation, teeming with personal experience and individual recollection; and this, together with his venerable appearance, his long white beard, bushy eyebrows, and scant silver locks, ensured him consideration and respect from the whole company. He looked a noble figure of hoary age as he sat fronting the fire of faggots and a huge burning log; whose changing lights and reflections constantly added fresh effects of soft rounding shadows to his features growing in animation with his discourse. Sometime he spoke slowly; and for the main part, of the past, therefore thoughtfully. But the further back into the bygone days he threw his memory, the brighter, more eager were his ideas. In thought he renewed his youth. Then his talk dwelt lingeringly on younger days; with a smile in the eyes for the joys, a laugh upon the lips for the follies,—and in the laugh his listeners joined,—and always with a fleeting smile for certain sorrows which had lost their stings. The years had dimmed his eyes, had furrowed his face; yet he set to harping upon the richly vibrating strings of the memory of youth, and reflections flowing like mellow melody lit the mournful from his features, and drove the latent mournful from his voice.

Sir Rolf and his noble guests were not a little curious about the old man. Of their number, my Lord Beaulisle, soldier, statesman, astute and taciturn, with a high forehead, bright eyes, and ascetic features, seated his tall, lithe figure back in the shadow and watched and listened to the minstrel. Something in the man's manner, and pose, gestures, and intonation struck the nobleman as being strangely familiar and vaguely reminiscent. He sat and puzzled, trying hard to remember. 'Twas mental zeal wasted. Anon his thoughts veered with the conversation.

The minstrel spoke of court life. As a young man, he had been in the following of a nobleman who stood high in the favour of the then reigning monarch, "the *beau* Richard," the last of the Plantagenets. At the palace at Westminster, he had seen much of the lavish display, the proud show, the arrogance of pomp and power and extreme regal splendour in which the royal Richard delighted. That period was the period of the highest chivalry; and true courtiers, keeping the king's inclinations closely in view, vied one with the other in knightly endeavour, in martial magnificence, in sumptuousness of attire, and in liberality and luxury of living. Ten thousand persons continually constituted the king's household. In many of the stately mansions facing the great river highway, the Thames, there daily dined

crowds of liveried retainers, soldiers, and dependants. Westminster itself was all life, hurry, bustle, and clamour from lauds before cock-crow until lauds again.

"At that time, I was little more than a stripling," the minstrel continued; "and went heedlessly on; taking the blows and buffets of life with a smile or a laugh; having scarce a thought for the morrow, scarce one." His musing eyes caught the light of leaping flames and seemed to sparkle. His face looked suffused with the fire's warm glow. "Then methought 'twas joy to be alive; and right jolly to hear the merry, manly uproar. Come morn, come night, there was naught but constant heyday, sure. Naught save lads and lasses, cudgels and swords, cups and tankards; and we were gleesome, and drank life all a-foam. Ay, good sirs, we were young. We said we lived. We took our joyance in the sunlight. Though, belike, when I think on't, there must have been those amongst us who wept in the shade. Howbeit, we had it that we lived a right merry life, I tell ye, every one of us. We held up our heads and looked every man in the face with careless eyes. He who had cares must keep them in his gipsire. Therein was room enough, and to spare, I'll warrant me; for our hands were ever in our purses to pay shots seldom light. But what would ye, sirs. Doubtless even ye have found out how money doth fly.

"Many's the time since then that I have wondered whether we trod the ways men should; or whether they, the good brothers of the Abbey close by the palace, whom we could hear continually singing and chanting, were living like proper men. Mayhap, after all, they were, mayhap they were. It hath often occurred to me that if I had been——

"Well I remember me how, in the summer time, and before daybreak, as I made my way down to the riverside to see that my Lord's horses were well watered, I used to pause and linger about listening to the monks chanting lauds. Staves broadly sung in Gregorian unison, and the deep-voiced trolling of sombre harmonies, came clear upon the freshness of the early air; and used to set me a-wondering whether the quiet of the cloisters was not, indeed, a good thing for a man's self. Also I argued me that if such retirement from the attractions of the world, the flesh, and Satan to meditate in solitude on their unfitness and the consolation and comfort afforded by contemplation of things spiritual was not so palatable to the ordinary human, whether it might not be a life better worth living than was ours, with such roistering and lightsome ways. I have said that at that time I was young; deep down in me was a-much of my mother, moreover of the simple purity of her early teachings; and at such moments as I meditated as I have told ye, many of her long mislaid lessons would come to light within me, so that my mind grew mazed as I thought of divers things which I divined held new meanings for the thinking on.

"My master's quarters lay close beneath the wall closing in the Abbey precincts; and occasionally in the daytime I sat me at an upstair casement to watch certain of the staid brothers of St. Benedict working in their little garden nigh St. Stephen's Chapel. Planting and hoeing and weeding, they went about them all in such prim silence. 'Twas just as if the wall shut in an ever reigning quietude, and shut out the loud unceasing babble from beyond. Let the outside noises and disturbances be what they might, the workers in the garden apparently paid not the slightest heed; but went about their business and several duties with eyes straight and steady, and a composure almost to be felt. It seemed impossible for aught to disturbe their perfect repose of manner and mien.

"Now I wondered at such in the very young men amongst them. They were mere youths, a-many of them; who helped their elders, and fetched and carried, and plucked and culled the ripe pot-herbs and simples grown in the garden,—the sick amongst us had oft tasted their well-seasoned and savoury brews; and some of us who had had severe cuts and broken heads that wanted healing, knew how skilled the good brothers were on leech-craft and surgery. Ay, as I said, I marvelled how these same young men, having flesh and blood and bones like my-

self, could endure the sinking silence; with scarce a word between themselves; and their smiles but semblances. How could they brook being in the world, albeit out of it? 'Twas little they seemed to talk about; what did they think about? Did their minds dwell on naught else but monkish lore? Was the young, hot blood in them turned to water, that they could so steadily go about their dull gardening business and not be wearied; that they could wear on day in, day out, and without a throb in the veins catch the multitude of sounds, the bright music, the merry gossip and laughter coming from the other side of the wall? In the severe chastening of themselves, had they so deadened the humanity which was their birthright that the stirring shouts, the martial tramp, the noises of the wild rush and scurry, with splintering shock, and clashing, and cheers at a jousting in the lists, or that the blithe minstrelsy, the rattle of cans, the ripple of women's laughter failed to touch them, to send their blcod leaping and coursing? Sirs, ye see how that I loved life like a frolicsome young wild thing, unconsciously, unconcernedly.

"In course of time my doubts seemed likely to be lessened; inasmuch as certain events came about which went towards their dismissal, and to the quieting of much of my conjecture. I will relate to ye what happened. Of a truth, but some trifling events did go to the making of a not small matter; finally affording me an adventure after my own heart.

"Well, know ye then that the summer was lately gone; and the autunm had commenced to colour the leaves with rich tints of brown, and red gold, and dead gold; and the sown fields and the tilled ground yielded of the fulness of crops and fruits. In the Abbey garden at Westminster, the gnarled, spreading apple-trees were laden with ripening russets, rosy wardons, and shining green pippins. 'Twas such a sight as pleased the eyes of the brethren; boding so well for luscious pies, toothsome desserts, and a plentitude of cider. Likewise did the goodly load which bowed down the pear-trees promise to increase the number of the cellarman's perry casks. During the time that the fruit in the garden was being picked, I beheld a few unfamiliar faces amongst the brothers. One in particular I remarked; a right handsome manly face, I do mind me; and belonging to a young lay brother. The youth had an upright form that methought would well have filled a squire's harness and a stout pair of plates. I marked him where he worked alone and busily with the pears trained along the wall underneath the casement I gazed out at. Now there was that in his face that attracted my attention; it was not lacking in colour like the faces of the main of his fellows; nay, rather was it ruddy, as though the young man had been country bred. Nor did it reveal the lines of self-restraint as did those of his elders; but rather was it proud of expression, with an upward tilt of the chin, and a pair of resolute lips which yet wanted to lose the curves of youth. His bearing and his gestures were free, unhampered and unretarded by any conscious regard to monkish etiquette. Methought that in another sphere he would have looked inclined to make a proud man, and a haughty; like one who was aware of birth and noble blood. And he had a long stride, and a firm supple tread, which neither the gown of the Order nor the habitual noiseless progress about the Abbey could shorten or subdue.

"Well, sirs, I had opportunities of watching the youth at intervals during several days; until it so happened that on one occasion I caught his glance turned towards me. Mayhap my face betrayed the interest I felt in him, mayhap my eyes did; for he regarded me earnestly, and even raised again the eyes he had dropped after the first look. Yet that was the limit of our acquaintance at the time. And owing to my absence from the city, when I went with my lord into the shires, I saw no more of the young lay-brother for a season.

"'Twas near Yule-tide when I returned from the country. At Westminster I found everyone busy and bustling. Indeed, everywhere the nature of the unusual stir betokened Christmas-time. On Christmas-eve I attended in the train of my lord at a service held in the Abbey. The king

was present with the court to crowd the sacred building. Such a sight, good sirs! Such a glitter and gleam and blaze! Such colouring! Ay, and I'll warrant me a very many wore the whole of their lands and belongings gaudily upon their shoulders.

"Whilst the procession of monks wound about the nave on their way to the chancel, I noticed my youthful lay-brother of the autumn apple-picking walking behind the first pair and bearing a tall lighted candle. As I followed his unrestrained stalk with my eyes, I found myself recalling reflections prevalent at the period when I last beheld him.

"Of a sudden I was surprised out of my meditations by catching a look which he cast quick, eager, and askance at a row of stalls on his left as he passed slowly down the nave. Curious, and wondering, I turned eyes in the same direction; where I saw a shield richly blazoned and cunningly quartered suspended above the canopied sitting of a nobleman, who from his situation close behind the king was doubtless a personage of importance in the court. I did not know the shield; although I could tell by its cognizance and devices that blood of no fewer than three of the best families in the land flowed in the veins of the owner. Underneath the canopy stood three persons,—a middle-aged man, richly attired; a woman less advanced in years, and gowned in velvet; and a beautiful young girl robed in some rich-coloured, valuable stuff, and whom I took to be still in her teens. At that moment, the Lord Bishop passed by them with the procession; and the two elder people remained with heads bent reverently. But the girl, who was in a like attitude, slightly moved her position; and I saw her raise her eyes and steal a look after the acolytes preceding the Lord Bishop, and amongst whom was the young lay-brother. It was a swift look; and her eyes fell again as swiftly. Her head lowered almost imperceptibly, to conceal colouring cheeks and softening lips. She did not look up again. Then, gentle sirs, I felt as though I had stumbled upon other than my own business. The feeling left me some qualms. I knew that I was at least the third party to a delicate secret.

"Howbeit, there came to my recollection the sum of much musing anent the monkish mind, and I was fain to keep a critical watch on the couple during the length of the service. I discovered naught else to further my information. Indeed, it seemed to me as if they were alertly conscious; and on that account careful to guard their looks, and to practise such restraint over their feelings as set additional gravity upon their features. Whensoever the girl *did* raise her eyes, she appeared studiously to turn them in any direction save where the young man sat; whilst he, forsooth, prayed and chanted right manfully, and was assiduous as e'er an one.

"Never a word did I speak of what I had seen. I left the Abbey, ruminating and marvelling to myself, and fancying that I had the threads of such a romance as minstrel or rhymer would have woven into tuneful verses and turned to good account. Of one thing I felt assured,—that manhood was far from being dead within that young brother. Then, as I thought more on't, and of what the end would be, I pitied him. In the fulness of my ripened youth, in the glory of my youthful prime, and knowing how good 'twas to be alive and filled with glowing health, and to have the prospect of light and love, in all the strength of that rosy promise, I pitied the men who were monks. Ay, good, gallant sirs, ye who are free to love and be loved, to woo and win your maids, and to make them your wives, wist ye not how my heart waxed soft? Methought fate dealt hardly by that young man.

"Yet was my commiseration o'er early, as ye will learn.

"That same night, at a late hour, whilst a winter storm of wind and sleet raged amain, I was walking along King Street. I passed close to each house, and crept underneath the wide eaves, that I might escape some of the rigour of the gale. So ugly a night it was, that I seemed to stagger through a resisting blackness, which stung and buffetted me at every step. Ever and anon I would bound into the shelter of a doorway, as a loosened tile, or a shingle, or mayhap the many flying pieces of a shattered casement came crash-

ing to the ground a-nigh me. I mind me how I vowed a goodly number of candles to various shrines as I made my unsafe, slow, and uncertain progress down the pitchy street. Not a light was to be seen; watchmen were keeping well concealed, and I'll warrant me well warmed, until twelve of the clock. Not a mummer did I meet. Not even a wait was there, to herald in the morn. I heard no better carol than the shrieking wind. Such travellers as I met, who, owing to the calls of the season were belated like myself, seemed to start out of the darkness about me, and to clap their hands upon their weapons in a manner that cried 'cut-purse' at me as they hurried by. Had the moment been more favourable, I would e'en have paused to prove myself 'honest man' to one or two of the more insolent of them, although I had had to enforce my title at the sword point. I was hotspur in those days. Howbeit, the howling storm bade me swallow my pride and make the best haste homeward.

"'Twas hard by the gruesome looking gateway leading into St. Peter's sanctuary that I stumbled against what looked in the darkness like a human form half-lying on the ground, half-huddled beside the wall of a house. In instant reply to my angry remark, there came two cries, one frightened and faint, the other, deeper-voiced and masculine, and which I realised that a woman and a man had uttered. As I instinctively thrust forward my arms to save myself from falling upon these people, each hand was seized in a fierce grip, and the man sprang up and leaped upon me. But a puny stripling I found him to be, when I closed with him; and the short, sharp struggle was over before the woman's subdued shriek had died out of my ears. Whilst I knelt over the form of my worsted adversary lying along the ground, the woman flung her arms round my neck, utterly hampering me, and entreated me not to harm the fellow.

"For a moment I was fearful of my life; and had it upon the tip of my tongue to shout 'watch!' I thought that I had fallen in with some tipsy reveller and his lightsome lass; and I feared me lest the vixen would stab me in the back unawares. Then it struck me that the woman's voice was refined, and her words were not rude. Keeping the man fixed tightly, I called out to the woman to loose my neck. She did so, and stood by weeping. I looked at her straitly. I made out that she was closely cloaked. Albeit, I marked her bearing; and argued from her speech that she was lessoned, and in all likelihood well born. I chanced my death blow from her by suddenly bending down and peering hard into the man's face. As suddenly I started back, and loosed him; bidding him get to his feet. He jumped up, never deigning me look or word, but straightway turned his attention to the lady. For lady she was, verily. And he,—whom think ye, but my interesting young lay-brother. There he stood, attentive to the lady as any sprightly squire, uncowled, tonsured to the dirty night, and wearing naught else than his habit against the wet and wind.

"Then it occurred to me what he had done to land him in this plight. I could not but admire him. His was a pretty spirit, I thought. He was the whole of a man; and I sympathised fully with his daring venture. So I strove to allay any misgivings he might have about me; and seeing that he did not recognise me, I recalled to his mind the incident of the autumn, when he recollected seeing me at the casement. He gladly accepted my proffered aid to get him hidden well and safely within precincts of the sanctuary.

"Now, to carry out the plan I quickly devised, the chief difficulty lay in getting past the gate-house into the domain we sought. Brief consideration bethought me on a method. I mentioned it to the twain, who did not hesitate to place such implicit trust in me as gratified me, because I felt 'twas a call on the man in me. And they seemed so childlike, as they stood before me, leaning one against the other, looking up into my face; I could compare them to nothing else than two strayed children.

"We withdrew into the darkness of a doorway. I bade the some time lay-brother gather up his gown above his knees. This done, I lent him the long cloak which covered me; and I arranged his cowl to look more like an ordinary hood over his head. The lady allowed me

to bulge out her gown, and to set her cloak in such manner as made her appear bigger-bodied, and mayhap older. Then, knowing 'twas nearly midnight, we awaited in silence for twelve o'clock, at what time the watch would leave the gate-house to make their mid-night circuit.

"We were not kept waiting a long while. Huddled close together for warmth and probable needful whispering, we presently beheld the door of the gate-house opened a little way, and then thrown wide. The cheery glow coming from inside drove the black night from a-nigh the threshold, and we could see the snow falling, and swirling, and being swept gustily across the fire-lit portal. And clouds of scurried snowflakes alighted to wreathe and drift into the doorway and through the door held partially open from inside. During brief lulls and sudden lapses of the furious blow, we caught faint sounds of the laughter and hilarity going on within the gate-house. I was not ill-pleased to hear such. I was delighted to picture to myself the merry men-at-arms, of whom not a few would already be near befuddled, passing around their jovial circle brimming black-jacks, giant and dwarflike; and rejoicing and holding high revel withal, in due regard to the festive time. Well aware how drowsy wits inside the gate-house would get us safely into sanctuary, I prayed fervently to the gods, Bacchus not excepted, to keep the merry-makers at their bout.

"Anon, the figure of a man bearing a lighted lantern appeared in the port. We could see him hunch his shoulders as he faced the storm; and the shiver running perceptibly over him as he stepped out into the night, told how little he relished the exchanging of warmth and good cheer for the wintry discomforts of his duty. His lantern swayed and twinkled as he stood stamping his feet whilst waiting and shouting impatiently for the five laggards who issued singly, lazily, and noisily to accompany him. The door closed with a bang behind the last lantern-bearer. Whereupon the whole six together loudly gave out twelve o' the clock; then started off to trudge down the middle of the slushy street, laughing and gossiping gaily.

"We crept further back as they passed our harbouring place. Afterwards I went forward to watch them. At a short distance down the street, where the ways crossed, they dispersed in different directions. So soon as the last lantern had glimmered into the storm, we sallied forth. Arriving within a few yards of the gate-house, I told my charges to stand well back in the shadow behind me, cautioning them, as they valued their safety, to stay from talking. Thereon I commenced a bold kicking and heavy blows at the door.

"Such noiseness had the intended effect, the door being opened speedily to me by a soldier with a very red and beaming visage. He asked what I wanted; and appeared disposed to prate, and to be trivial. So during the time I contrived to keep his questioning me, I managed to get a view to the rear of him, and saw that the room was empty, with the exception of another soldier lying fast asleep before the fire. 'Twas plain to me that the man I parleyed with had drunk deep. Seeing the little heed he paid to details of the tale I told him, I romanced broadly for his benefit; and it was an early moment that found us chuckling together as I retailed in what excellent manner I had fleeced my master. The witless varlet was unmistakably little loath to partake of the spoil mentioned in my fiction; therefore I made haste to appease his cupidity with some small coins; promising him a-many more whensoever the cry after should abate, and I should be able to leave sanctuary and possess the treasure I had hidden. By such means and light promises I succeeded in engaging his attention and getting him as far as the great gate. When he turned away from me, and bent down to open the wicket, I sprang upon his back, stopped his outcry with my arm thrown and tightened around his mouth and neck, and pricked his throat meaningly with my poniard, at the same time speaking sternly into his ear, telling him to hold his peace and to cease struggling an' he hoped to live to be shrived by a priest. He sank dumbly down upon his knees, and I could feel him shaking, and could hear his teeth chattering from other cause than the cold wind. Keeping the poniard pricking at his throat,

I whistled softly for the others. They hastened up, being hard by and within call, as agreed on. Then I ordered the watchman to raise his shanks and undo the wicket. He did so, all a-quake, as I do mind me. I pushed him before me through the gate. The young man and the maiden followed us. Ere we three friends parted company with the watchman, we bound and gagged him with his own belt and my baldrick; and left him propped against the wicket to fall unexpectedly into the arms and especial notice of any one who might open the gate from the other side.

"We had scarce turned from the gate to continue on our way, when we were persuaded to pause to make certain that the loud cries we could hear were uttered by people coming behind us. At first the cries were distant; being carried brokenly to us on the wind. Whereat I construed their meaning, and said that Christmas-time accounted for a deal of indecorum. Forthwith I gave the word to move on. But the noises drew nearer, till we were forced to admit the ceaseless shouting and increasing hubbub of men's voices as having an unpleasant tone. We lingered listening; when 'twas made evident that a large party of men approached outside the portal. There was now no mistaking them for merry-makers adrift. Their voices wanted levity. Nor did their pace tarry and lag like the aimless ramble of a troup let loose by the tapster; more likely than not they were running. For of their nearness we were assured, almost ere we were aware on't, as our ears were saluted by the loudest spoken of their astonished remarks, when they in all likelihood arrived at the gate-house and found the door swinging open. Come under a spell of suspense, and forgetful for the nonce of our position, we strained our hearing during the briefest silence, immediately concluding that somebody or other must have awakened the watchman who lay asleep beside the fire, inasmuch as a single hoarse voice, probably that of the aroused warden, shouted 'Alan, Alan,' the name, we took it, of the man we had seized and left bound. Suddenly, we heard what set us looking at one another; I meaningly at my two companions, they in a strange manner at each other, and together startled and sidelong at me. Once more, deeply distressed tones called out the name which had moved us,—'Anna! Anna! Lady Anna!' A score of strong voices echoed the cry, but vainly, and previous to a short, excited parley; talk too mixed to be understood by us. So we made off softly; I leading the way.

"'Twas a timely and fortunate move.

"We just managed to get amongst the shadows of the houses before the latch of the wicket clanged. A lot of eager, full-throated questionings blew past us upon the wind. I glanced back over my shoulder to behold a company of men bearing flaring torches swarming fast through the gate; and the foremost of them formed a wondering group round some object on the ground. I put hands upon the shoulders of my charges, and told them not to fear. We hurried our best feet forward. I heard a threatening yell in the rear. Turning my head, I took in the torchlit scene of our late prisoner standing unbound, bareheaded, dishevelled, and wind-blown on the snow stained with the red glare, addressing with wild gestures the shadowy-looking armed men, who even at that moment turned in the direction he pointed, as his arm swept to front of him, deliberate, conclusive, malignant. The furious retainers darted on our track, resolutely as sleuth-hounds. They were in pursuit of treacherous, dastardly child-stealers, who had carried off that sweet maiden and their adored mistress, the Lady Anna.

"I had decided in my mind whither we would go; but each moment saw me growing more distressed as I took note of our slow progress,—my fears reminded me that to be viewed by our pursuers were to be overtaken and captured. I acted on a sudden idea, and darted down the first turning out of the main street. We found ourselves in a narrow, darksome passage between two rows of houses. Herein much snow had collected, and was heaped high against one wall; and I had not trodden far through the clinging, bedraggling white wreathe before I fell headlong. My friend of the cowl, who was close at my heels

carrying the frightened, tearful girl carefully in his arms, tumbled upon me. I struggled round and held the pair close down to me; stifling any outcry of theirs, and charging them to be quiet and still. Thus we were most uncomfortably situated, as though encaved in snow, not daring to stir, and scarcely daring to breathe.

"From hence we saw the pursuit pass rapidly by the entrance; all the tearing, threatening throng getting safely past, save two men; and they, being of a prying disposition, forsooth, paused at the opening of our alley, and after searching with their torches to right side, and left, and some little way in front, forthwith determined to discover its depths. They ventured forward, one behind the other; the passage not being wide enough to allow of their walking abreast. The leading varlet carried a link aloft in his left hand; and gripped a sword in his right. Sir Inquisitive the Second was armed likewise. I could see the light glint and glide to and fro upon their blades. I had moved free from my companions; and kept crouched down until the peeping pair came quite near, when I suddenly arose, snow-covered and ghostlike, and faced them. During the surprised and doubtful instant indulged in by the man in front, when he stopped short and peered at me, I cut the flaming pine-faggot from his fingers, and my steel met his with a single clash as I plunged the blade forward and felt it pierce his jerkin. He staggered back, and dropped with a dull moan beside his spluttering, smoking torch. The other man made off. And 'twould have been ill-advised, even folly, to have lost time in following him. Therefore I hurried my charges out of the passage into the deserted street. I was not rash through overweening foresight; but I reckoned on it that we should meet with no opposition from dwellers in the district; seeing that the wild, blustering gale would drive within doors any who might have been disturbed by the riot and to-do lately passed. I proved myself to be within my reckoning.

"We ran up the street for a short distance before entering a thoroughfare whence we reached another outlying district within sanctuary limits, a district of ill-repute, and well-known as the abiding place of divers low-livers, peculiar persons, licentious varlets, and scurrilous knaves; but withal being a safe hiding-place for sinners hard pressed. I was not long in finding the house to suit my purpose. I had friends thereabouts,—and good friends, to boot; whose sole disgrace, and most heinous crime, was a too lavish spending of money borrowed at usury, or the too ready handling of a sword-blade to avenge an insult.

"Having safely disposed of my pair of lovers at separate dwellings, I set out, obediently to their wishes, in search of a worthy friar I did wot of; and whom I knew would marry them on the morrow, for a fair price."

At this point the minstrel paused. He closed his hand unconsciously round a tankard tendered him by one of the company solicitous for his welfare, and eager to supply the apparently needful. Yet he continued to sit silently, absently looking into the fire, with the liquor untasted, till his audience grew weary and fretful at the prolonged waiting which held them in suspense as to the outcome of exciting events Simultaneous questions came impatiently from different quarters to disturbe the rhymer's reverie. He looked around with a faint smile and a little shake of the head as he spoke to answer the gist of these enquiries. The adventure ended even more curiously than it began, he said; and therein was it true to life, in so far as the incidents came quickly, quietly to the surface of things, without interest to the many, concerning but a few, and few knew, divined, dreamt from what springs of tragedy arose the apparently airy trifles. No, he said, he had never again set eyes on the two young people he assisted, from that day to this.

Gradually the bard became taciturn. Further remarks of his were thoughtfully terse; consequently were less acceptable to a company inclined more for mental relaxation than for mental labour. So the group dwindled from his side, until only one man was left. He was my Lord Beaulisle. He arose from his seat in the background, and crossed over beside the bard. They sat nearly alone. When my

lord spoke, he spoke low. His grave face showed no signs of the emotion making the intermittent little quavers in his voice.

"Minstrel," he said, and with a trace of hesitation, as though he weighed his words. "Minstrel, I wot none, save one, who *could* know all thou knowest."

Then they twain read each other through the eyes.

My lord's pent-up breath escaped as his chest fell.

"Thou art——." He paused. His eyes grew so kind.

"Nay," quietly corrected the old man; "I *was*—the Glendower."

My lord shifted upon his seat, looked around, rose to his feet, sat down again, and fell to tapping the end of a large faggot with his foot.

The minstrel found much to interest him in the doings of others in the hall. He even laughed at a merry quip reaching his ears. He turned towards the fire when he felt the nobleman's fingers touch his own resting upon the form, and then press them so lightly as appeared insensibly. He was aware of the other's long look into his face. His head lowered as the noble said, sadly,—

"Friend—she died. That winter's night killed her."

While the minstrel returned the hand-pressure, he kept on nodding his head, but did not reply.

During the time they thus sat silent, each looked down to where the vista of his chequered life narrowed on an eventful Christmas-eve. When reaction flashed them back wistfully over the years, there remained an awful emptiness at their hearts. They felt the grim irony of it all. But they were men. Men are not wont to discover a voided heart. So hid they their heart's emptiness; perhaps, realising something of alleviation in the thought of animal-solace, whereby all creatures might uncover their wounds in lonely places, whereby they might unbosom themselves privily to themselves in the depths of their life loneliness.

Said Lord Beaulisle, presently,—

"I ride northward to-morrow with my following. They who ride with me ride unquestioned."

"Ay, I thank thee, noble sir," replied the bard. "I will go some way. My road lies north."

TWO PREFACES.

THE PREFACE TO "METHODISM UNMASKED" *(continued.)*

THAT the notions which the Methodists instil into the minds of their deluded followers tend to promote general insubordination and little less than military mutiny, the following fact (for the truth of which I hold myself responsible) will be sufficient to prove. At the time of the last threatened invasion, when the military were called upon by government to be particularly active, the patriotic commander of a respectable corps of volunteers, in the county where I reside, very properly directed that the men should assemble upon Sundays, and march in a body to attend divine service in the church. Observing, however, that there were some in his corps who did, *not casually*, but *always*, absent themselves from the Sunday parade, he inquired of them, when in the ranks on a week day, the reason of their disobedience. The answer was, "that it went *against their consciences to bear arms on a Sunday.*" He then suggested to them the possibility of the enemy landing on that day, and desired to know how they would act on such an emergency. The second answer was similar to the first. Those who know the decided character of the gentleman I allude to, need not be told the result; but it may be a curious circumstance for the public to know, that at a period of danger and alarm almost unparalleled in our history, at a time when our country called forth the active energy of every mind, the prompt and bold assistance of every hand, many Methodists were actually expelled, and more have since withdrawn from the corps to which they belonged, because they refused to bear arms on Sundays in defence of their king and country against a foreign

foe. Yes! to the perpetual reproach of this sect be it recorded, that its disciples, though solemnly pledged to defend, by all means in their power, our beloved king, and most excellent constitution, basely and perfidiously deserted them both at the very moment of impending peril.

It will be seen in the following sheets that I have not attended so much to the moral, as to the political conduct of the Dissenters; that my object has not been to prove them bad men, but bad subjects. I have therefore endeavoured to avoid any reference to the moral character of their preachers, unless when I deemed such indispensably necessary to elucidate their general hypocrisy, their hostility to the Church, or their disloyalty in the State. But when I speak of Dissenters, I must beg to be understood as not speaking of all Dissenters indiscriminately, but of those Dissenters only who have cherished in their bosoms the seeds of discontent, disaffection, and rebellion, and who wish to see these seeds produce the same fruits in this country, which, under the term revolution, they have already produced through the most fertile regions of the European continent. I wish not to wage war with religious opinions,—properly so called,—nor to give unnecessary offence to any person of a really scrupulous conscience. I shall ever deeply lament, but cheerfully forgive, the errors of such an one. But when I see men, under the cloak of religion, encourage a disrespect for constituted authorities, a contempt for distinctions of rank and property; when Sectarists unite themselves with Jacobins, with anarchists, and infidels, for the destruction of our establishments; when they endeavour to infuse into the minds of the ignorant and unwary the fascinating poison of a visionary equality which never has existed, and never can exist in any state of civilized society; when I see them, under the presence of a more pure and enlightened religion, ardently and indefatigably aiming at the total dissolution of that bond of unity which constitutes the principal safeguard of that palladium of Christianity, the Protestant Established Church; when in contempt of his divine precepts and example, who at one time said, "Judge not, that ye be not judged," and at another, "I judge no man," they actually erect within themselves a mock tribunal, an *imperium in imperio*, unknown to the laws and institutions of this realm, where they uncharitably judge and unwarrantably punish or absolve the sins of their fellow creatures, and insidiously pry into all the minute niceties of their domestic conduct; when they have the unparalleled effrontery to sanction with their approbation the turbulent and sanguinary counsels of a Pawson, it would be pusillanimous in a Briton to be silent, and criminal in a clergyman to be inactive. Actuated, therefore, by a wish to discharge faithfully the trust reposed in me, I declare that no calumnies which the enemies of our religion may invent; no dread of that sectarian vengeance which has been so publicly denounced against me, will ever induce me to shrink from a task which I think it is my duty to perform, or dastardly to desert a cause which I am sworn to defend. I declare, that while I see the enemies of our religion thus determined upon its ruin, and implacable in their hatred, I am equally determined to throw the small tribute of my humble abilities, and honest industry, into the scale of our general defence. And I do not hesitate to avow my unalterable resolution to persevere in those exertions which I think I owe to my king, my country, and my God; and to support by every legal means, to the last extremity, that Church, beneath whose ruins I would be buried sooner than forsake its standard. But should I perceive among sectarists in general,—and God grant I may live to see it!—a disposition to recede from democratic principles, and a sincere wish to return to the bosom of that Church, which they have rashly and ungratefully forsaken, I shall ever be one of the first to hail their return with the most cordial welcome and heartfelt satisfaction.

In presenting this little volume to the public, I claim no merit but that of a faithful compiler. If the real friend to our king, our country, and our establishments will bestow upon my endeavours the smile of approbation, I shall feel equally indifferent to the censure or the praise of others.

The title of the second book is "The Rules and Design of the Religious Societies among the Welsh Methodists, read and agreed upon in their Quarterly Association, held at Bala, June 16 and 17, 1801." The preface, I believe, is from the pen of Charles of Bala.

II.—PREFACE TO THE RULES AND DESIGN.

Man is a sociable creature, his temper and disposition is formed for society; nor can his portion of happiness be full and complete without the social intercourse which he is formed and designed to enjoy. The experience of all ages and countries proves that, by associating together, mankind have contributed much towards each other's mutual protection and support, improvement and comfort; and were it not for the sad loss of the original integrity and uprightness in which the human race was created, and the equal love of each other, originally implanted in man's heart, as well as a supreme love to God, their association would prove much more beneficial and consoling; but sin has marred all; has poisoned and embittered our richest sources of comfort. Perverted and depraved by it, man is become man's greatest enemy. Through the exceeding riches of God's grace we have the gift of the Holy Ghost promised unto us, to restore our nature, and "to renew us in the spirit of our minds."* In his gracious work on the hearts of those who experience his divine and saving influences, he does not destroy the faculties and powers of our nature, but reneweth them,—he purgeth away the corruptions with which they are tainted, and reneweth the whole man after the image of him that created him.† They are not changed as they are creatures, but as they are sinful creatures; the faculties are the same; only sin, their corruption, is taken away by the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost. Man is not hereby deprived of his social disposition; but, being thus renewed and sanctified, the social intercourse is formed for holy ends and designs, and for mutual improvement in the knowledge and practice of divine things.

The Church of Christ is a spiritual society, and transcendently surpasses all others that ever were, or ever may be, formed, as

To the foundation on which she stands;
The noble design of her formation;
The exalted privileges belonging to her;
The height of her glory, and her eternal perpetuity.

The glorious and unshaken foundation of the church is the everlasting love of God in Christ. The noble design of her formation is the full manifestation of the glory of God's attributes and the riches of his grace in the complete redemption and eternal glory of the church. Her privileges are unequalled and unutterable; all her members have the God and Father of Jesus Christ for their God and Father in him; Christ for their supreme and vital head, and the Holy Ghost is for ever the bond and life of this their glorious union. "All things are theirs, and they are Christ's, and Christ is God's."*

It is also a society formed for eternity. All others will be sooner or later broken to pieces and consumed,† but the church shall never be destroyed; she will stand for ever, as firm and lasting as the eternal foundation on which she is built;‡ she will be incorruptible and undefiled, and her glory shall never fade away. Where are all the mighty empires which once dazzled the astonished world with their splendour? Are they not all, ages past, crushed to atoms, and become like the chaff of the summer threshing floor! The wind has carried them away, and no place is found for them. But where is the lowly, the hated, and persecuted church of the King of Glory? Does she not still exist and grow in number and glory, maugre all the machinations of her inveterate enemies? She does; and she shall stand for ever.¶

"Behold how good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." "I in them," saith Christ to his Father, "and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one."‖ Their mysterious union forms the basis of their perfection.

* Eph. iv. 23. Tit. iii. 3.
† Col. iii. 10.

* 1 Cor. ii. 23. † See Dan. ii. ‡ Matt. xvi. 18.
¶ Dan. ii. 44. ‖ Ps. cxxxiii. 1. John xvii. 23.

These considerations, together with the examples of the apostles and primitive churches, and the many scriptural commands and encouragements to the same purport, gave origin to the private societies among the Methodists. They meet together as joint members of the household of faith, to instruct and to admonish, to reprove, to warn, and to comfort one another; desiring to speak a word in season mutually as the different circumstances, trials, and difficulties of each individual may respectively require; thus conforming themselves with the apostle's injunction,—"To warn the unruly, to comfort the feeble-minded, and to support the weak.*

That the churches of Christ from the beginning, besides their public meetings for the general instruction of all indiscriminately, had also their private meetings for more familiar instruction, mutual conference, and the proper and due exercise of church discipline, appears most evident from the whole of the New Testament to all impartial judges.† All the epistles addressed to the different churches collectively clearly prove it. For there must be societies, formed out of the general mass of the people, who attended public instruction, to whom the epistles were particularly addressed.

The necessity and great utility of such private meetings, for the more familiar instruction of poor people, have been acknowledged and practised in all ages, by men the most eminent for learning and piety, whose minds were duly impressed with the inestimable value of immortal souls, and of the difficulty of conveying instruction in divine things to illiterate minds blinded by sin and the love of it. "Since the great body of the people," says bishop Butler, "especially in country places, cannot be brought to attend the service of the church oftener than one day in a week; and since this is in no sort enough to keep up in them a due sense of religion, it were greatly to be wished they could be persuaded to any thing, which might in some measure supply the want of more frequent public devotions, or serve the like purposes." After observing how backward men are to make a personal application of what they hear in public, "It were greatly to be wished," the learned bishop adds, "that every man should have the principles of Christianity and his own particular duty forced upon his conscience, in a manner suited to his capacity, in private."* The present venerable bishop of Durham, in his excellent charge to the clergy of his diocese, to the same purport, says, "Much, I conceive, might be done by occasional conference with poor aged people, by conference with them at their own dwellings, concerning the state of their faith, their hopes, and their views of futurity; and if this conference were accompanied with reading to them some portion of Scripture, &c., the minister would do inestimable kindness. If you could advance one step beyond this, and induce the aged poor to assist one another, and form little societies in a large, or one society in a small parish, at which those who are readers might read to those who are not, it would be bringing your poor to a most desirable and edifying state of spiritual communion."†

We are not ignorant that such meetings have been much neglected by careless and formal professors, who cannot bear strict discipline any more than they can bear sound doctrine. Everything with them must please self, either in its sinful lusts or pharisaical pride. We well know, also, that such meetings are reviled by ungodly scorners. But are not the revilings of such presumptuous proofs in their favour? Were they not of God, and tended to promote the interest of Christ in the salvation of sinners, we have no reason to suppose that the enemies of all goodness would blaspheme and revile them. But are we to neglect and give them up because the ungodly and profane scorners are pleased to revile them? Is there any other practice that has any tendency to promote the kingdom of the Redeemer in the world that they do not show equal enmity against? To please them we must

* 1 Thess. v. 14.

† See the following places,—Matt. xviii. 15, 16, 17. Acts i. 13, 14, 15; ii. 1, 4, 23, 31; vi. 2, 6, 11; xii. 12; xiii. 1, 2; xiv. 22, 23, 27; xv. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 22, 23, 31, 40, 41; xvi. 40; xviii. 29; xix. 9; xx. 1, 7, 18. Col. iv. 16. Heb. x. 25. 3 John ix. 19. Jude 12.

* Charge annexed to the *Analogy* by bishop Halifax.

† Charge, 1797, Page 3. See also bishop Burnet's Pastoral Care.

give up everything but rioting and drunkenness, worldly pomp and fleshly lusts. Thank God! pleasing them is not our primary duty; but only as they may be pleased with obedience to God's injunctions. It is enough for us that Christ hath graciously promised to be where two or three are gathered together in his Name. Regardless, therefore, of all hard speeches, let us not forsake the assembling ourselves together, but diligently exhort one another, and so much the more as the day is approaching.*

We do not designedly dissent or look upon ourselves as dissenters from the established church. In doctrine we exactly agree with the articles of the church of England; and preach no other doctrines but what are contained, and fully and clearly expressed, in them. We highly approve of her excellent and most evangelical liturgy. In general the people in connection with us baptize their children in the church, and many of them frequently receive the sacrament of the Lord's Supper there. Our meetings also are seldom or ever held on church hours; but, in union with the church, we desire the full enjoyment of those privileges which the laws and happy constitution of our favoured country amply affords us, of having liberty, without restraint, to use every scriptural means to spread the knowledge of the gospel of Christ among poor, ignorant, and perishing sinners. Whatever appears in our proceedings as in any degree tending towards a separation from the established church, takes place from necessity,† and not from choice. Making a sect, or forming a party, is not the object we are aiming at, —God forbid! — but we think it our bounden duty and high privilege, in the diligent use of all lawful means, to edify one another, and to promote the knowledge of divine truths and the power of practical godliness among all. Our feeble efforts, in this view, we acknowledge with gratitude have not been altogether in vain. By the faithful labours of our dear brethren, for half a century past, our country wears a very different aspect from what it did before their time; a hundred for one, among the lower ranks, can and do read their Bibles with pleasure and edification.* Many hundreds, if not some thousands of families, unite daily in social devotions in their houses, where such devout exercises were entirely neglected before. May thousands more be added to their number, till no ungodly family is left in the principality, or in the world at large! Hitherto our eye, as a body, has been single to this point of highest importance, the salvation of immortal souls; and whilst we continue to pursue this object, we humbly beg the forbearance, the assistance, and the prayers of all.

To the different modes of the several parties among us, with regard to the externals of religion, we pay but little attention; decency and good order is commendable among all parties, but after all, the best external order is only the shell, and to be no further valued than a kernel may be inclosed in it; allowing the utmost to externals that can with any reason be demanded, yet, as the Lord says, "What is the chaff to the wheat?" What is the best external policy compared to the pure doctrines of the gospel and the power of godliness?† But as to the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy, and faith, we most heartily wish the increase of them among all parties, till the whole earth is filled with the knowledge of the Lord. This is the sole object we are aiming at, and the only point we desire to keep in view in all our labours, and for the promoting of which we are glad to spend and be spent.

* Heb. x. 25.

† Thus fines and confiscations have obliged us, of necessity, to licence our preachers and record our places of worship, which we had no inclination to do till necessitated to it.

* It is with the highest respect and grateful remembrance we record the successful labours of that eminent character the Rev. Griffith Jones, rector of Llanddowror, Carmarthenshire, in instructing our poor, illiterate countrymen. He was the first institutor of the Circulating Charity Schools in our country, which he successfully carried on for twenty-four years; and afterwards were continued by that honourable and pious lady Mrs. Bevan, of Laugharne, till her decease. In these charitable seminaries thousands of our ignorant poor were taught to read their Bibles, and instructed in the principles of Christianity. For their pious labours in this very important work their names should be held in highest honour and grateful remembrance by their countrymen whilst they continue a people. It is grievous that Mr. Jones' excellent Exposition on the Church Catechism, which is a compendious body of divinity, is not better known, and more read. We acknowledge also, with great gratitude, the voluntary, faithful exertions of many of our brethren in all parts of the country, in carrying on the Sunday schools. By their laudable activity and unremitting attendance, between twelve and fifteen thousand poor children are now receiving instruction in these Sabbatical seminaries. We should be very thankful for more assistance in this highly necessary work from our clerical brethren; their influence and inspection would be as creditable to them as useful in promoting the work.

† Jer. xxiii. 28.

Perfectly satisfied with the happy constitution of our highly-favoured country, and sincerely thankful for the just and benign government of our most gracious and beloved sovereign, we think it our incumbent duty to demean in all things as becometh faithful and obedient subjects. No subject of a political nature is ever introduced at our meetings but when we think it necessary to explain, inculcate, and enforce, by Scripture authority, our bounden duty as subjects, that our minds may be fortified against all specious seductions of turbulent and evil-designing men.* Our unimpeachable loyalty, for these sixty years past, will bear the severest scrutiny. We are conscientiously supporters of a regular government and due subordination. Upon all proper occasions we inculcate principles of loyalty and subjection to the higher powers, not only for wrath but for consciences' sake. A whole body of people cannot, in justice, be amenable for the conduct of every individual belonging to it; but if any member of our societies is found guilty of speaking evil of dignities, he is, *ipso facto*, expelled by Rule 16.

The doctrines preached and the morality inculcated by us, are drawn from the pure fountain of inspiration, and are in exact conformity with the articles of the established church; and as we cannot conceive terms more scriptural aud forcible to express our thoughts on those high doctrines and mysteries of Christianity than are used by our very learned, judicious, and pious reformers, we see no necessity for any further or other publication of the principles and doctrines believed and preached among us. If we err, the church errs also; and if she is right, so are we; for we neither believe nor preach any other doctrine. With full assurance of their exact conformity to the unerring standard, the divine word, we glory in the abundant grace therein manifested, and rest our eternal happiness on the truth of them.

But notwithstanding the uniformity of our sentiments with the doctrinal* articles of the established church, we have found it necessary, for the preservation of due order among ourselves, to draw up the following short and plain rules. They are taken out of the Sacred Oracles, and, for the most part, expressed in the very terms of the Bible, to prevent, if possible, all demur about them, or cavil against them. We look upon them as what ought to rule and govern the conduct of every professed Christian. We are not free, therefore, to admit anyone as a member of our private societies without he approves of them, and promises an earnest endeavour after the full conformity with them.

They were drawn up some years ago, and were ordered to be printed by our Association at Bala; June 16 and 17, 1801.

A translation of them is now published in English, for the satisfaction of those who are ignorant of the Ancient British language, and wish to obtain faithful information respecting us and our principles, the end and design of our private societies. Some high in office may think it their duty to make inquiries. They have every right to be fully satisfied; and we profess ourselves ready, at all times, with all due respect and honour to our superiors, to give them most faithfully every information in our power. With full reliance on the candour and justice of our superiors, we are confident of a fair hearing and impartial judgment. If anything can be proved against us, as a body, contrary to these our solemn avowals, in that case we shall deem ourselves unworthy of any further public protection; but that we have forfeited, by our ungrateful conduct, every claim we can have upon our country for the indulgence we have hitherto experienced. Give us a candid hearing, and judge impartially, and we in no degree dread the issue. We are confident of our innocence in this particular; the more it is examined the more conspicuous and evident it will appear.

* See Trysorfa, in Welsh.

* See the following articles,—1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 15, 17, 18, 19, 25, 27, 28, 31, 38, 39.

ENOCH HUGHES.

By Daniel Owen,

Author of *The Autobiography of Rhys Lewis, Gwen Tomos, &c.*

Translated from the Welsh by the Hon. Claud Vivian.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE CORRESPONDENT.

On special occasions,—occasions of some little importance,—Didymus used to pay a visit to David Davies. And these visits were not unprofitable to either of the two; for David required a spur, and Didymus, at times, a curb. Didymus derived more benefit from David than David did from him. As a correspondent to the newspapers,—for that was his chief occupation,—Didymus was inclined, like his brethren as a rule, to run to too great extremes,—to over-colour things,—to settle at once intricate matters,—matters that a thoughtful man would hesitate about,—and to state his thoughts in an almost oracular and authoritative way. Many a time when he was on the point of writing an account of some meeting or event, with his mind full of some pungent and half-formed sentences, and when he was thinking of how to "give it" to this or that person, a conversation with David Davies had been an effectual means of smoothing and toning down the whole, and sometimes of making him throw the whole of it overboard, just as Jonah was thrown overboard into the sea.

The farewell meeting of Mr. Simon was an event in Bethel, and an excellent opportunity, as Didymus thought, for him to throw light on his stay in our midst, and in addition to the fact that his so doing would fill up three columns of the *County Chronicle*, for which he would receive a fair payment, this would besides be an opportunity for him to express his opinions about sermons and preachers; and both the one and the other had been boiling up in his bosom for some time past. But before pouring himself out on paper, Didymus acted wisely, no doubt, by paying a visit to David Davis.

"I quite expected you here to-night, Thomas," David said, "and I am glad you have come. I have been thinking a lot to-day of what you will say, perhaps, in the newspaper about the meeting last night, for I know you will be expected, by reason of the office you hold, to say something. And I have hoped, and prayed too, I think, that you may obtain wisdom to guide you."

"Well," said Didymus, "I am going to give a verbatim and literatim report of your speech, David Davies."

"What do you mean by that, Thomas?" asked David.

"To put in the paper every word you said, for there was no one else there worth listening to," said Didymus.

"Nonsense," said David. "No, but seriously, what are you going to say about the meeting? You must recollect, Thomas, that it's not the people of Bethel only who will read the paper, and I should like you to be careful."

"What would you say if you were in my place, David?" asked Didymus.

"I don't know at all, indeed," said David. "I almost think that I shouldn't say anything."

"How shall I get bread and cheese if I don't say anything?" asked Didymus. "It's a matter of necessity for me to write this and that to the *Chronicle* every week, so as to be able to live. And you never saw such a trouble as it is to me sometimes to spin a bit of a yarn out of nothing in the world. A reporter in a small place like this has to be at it inventing all the time. And you would be surprised at the number of speeches I am obliged to make up incessantly that never were uttered in fact. There are the reports which I send every month to the *Chronicle*, of the speeches of the Local Board; do you think that half of them took place at the Board? No fear! There are not three members of the Board that can put two sentences together grammatically. But to every member that opens his mouth in the Board, *I* give a speech in the paper. Indeed, before now I have given a lengthy speech in the paper to a member that had done nothing at the Board meeting except give a nod of assent to some proposal or other."

"You are a sharp chap, Thomas, but do you think you are acting rightly, eh?" asked David.

"Quite rightly," said Didymus, "and it's just the same you know, at the Board of Guardians. There's that old Lloyd, of Wern Oleu. I remember him once trying to make a speech, and he began like this,—'Mister Cheerman, I did remember when I am a boy,' &c. It wouldn't do, you know, for me to report a thing like that in the

paper, and the way I reported it was,—'Mr. Chairman, the subject now under discussion forcibly reminds me of my boyhood,' &c.; and I gave him a long speech that was never uttered by him. At the last Board, I'll take my oath, the only thing old Lloyd said, was,—'I beg to second resolution;' and he sweated like a pig at having to say that; but I gave him a tidy speech in the *Chronicle*, for I knew it would please him. And if I had had to die for it I could not help smiling when I met old Lloyd in the fair. He said, swaggering a lot,—'Do you know what, Thomas, you sent in a very neat report of the Board of Guardians meeting last time. You said nearly word for word what I said. When will you come to have a bit of supper at my place, eh?' It was a very hard job to keep a serious face whilst I was telling him that I couldn't go to Wern Oleu that week. As sure as you are sitting in that chair, there was I with a fat goose of Wern Oleu in my possession the very next morning."

"Well, I never heard such a thing in my life," said David. "But tell me, what did the other members say when they read in the paper about old Lloyd having speechified?"

"Nothing in the world! For they all knew that if I were to report the speeches of the best of them as they are spoken, they would cut a funny figure. There's a sort of freemasonry among them,—don't you say that I told you anything about it. Indeed I never have heard even the chairman grumble when I have added a big lump to his speech."

"Do you know what, I wouldn't care for a business like that. It doesn't seem upright and honest somehow," said David.

"Everyone to his own last,—everything pays that keeps want away, David Davies. The business of a reporter is to guess what is in a man's mind, and how he would have expressed his thought if he had been able to; and if he succeeds in discovering those unuttered thoughts, all is well," said Didymus.

"But what sort of a report are you going to give of Mr. Simon's farewell meeting?" asked David.

"I don't know in the world," said Didymus. "I must bother my head to make up something. I would like to be able to say a lot of what is in my mind, and review a little the period that Mr. Simon has been amongst us. But there is one thing that makes me hesitate, and that's why I came here to-night. I don't want, for anything I ever saw, to injure the pastorate in the county. There is enough prejudice against them already, and I know that, were I to say my opinion straight out in the paper, it would create more prejudice. But honestly now, David Davies, did Mr. Simon's ministration answer one single object whilst he was here?"

"Yes, without doubt," said David, "it convinced nearly everyone, I believe, of the folly of jumping at a man about whom no one knows anything, and it will be a means, I hope, of our making sure of a good man the next time."

"I will hope that you have spoken the truth," said Didymus. "Men of Mr. Simon's stamp,—and there are many of them,—disgrace and injure the pastorate of our country, and lessen the love of the people towards those who are true ministers. I am as zealous about the pastorate of the church as Edward Morgan of Dyffryn was, but I am afraid,—not that there is too much pressure put on congregations to get ministers,—but too little pressure to take care that the right pastors should be chosen. The evil, I am afraid, is at the very beginning. A young man, to begin with, takes a fancy to the position of a preacher. He sees that it is a position of honour, and that no one is so dear to and respected by the Welsh as ministers. In his folly, the young man thinks that it is an easy post, with no hard work, except for about four hours on a Sunday, and that the pay is fairly good. He takes a fancy to the *post*, I say, and then begins to wear a long black coat, and a hat with a broad brim, and a waiscoat buttoning up to his chin on Sundays. His next step will be that he will get disgusted with his trade, and saunter about on the week days in his long coat,—the livery of the preachers. And as no one has probably thought that he would make a preacher he will himself say, some day, to his friends, that his mind is set on being a minister. Every one is surprised. But by this time, every one will admit that he looks like a preacher so far as *his clothes* are concerned. And so on and so on, for me not to follow him, till he comes out of college, and through some luck gets called to a chapel as its pastor. Then he begins to look askance at the old fashioned and godly preachers,—who are not pastors,—but who have guided many a sinner into the way of life. I believe from my heart that no youth ought to be allowed to begin to preach if he is not shoulders higher than those of his own age in power, knowledge, and culture; and if he has not made himself noted as a successful teacher in the Sunday school, the children's meetings, the prayer meetings, and in every quarter within his reach in which to make himself useful, and to show the honesty of his zeal by doing good. I do not believe in allowing a young man to give an instantaneous jump into the pulpit, for once he has climbed the pulpit steps, it is very difficult to tell him not to go there again. And I do not

believe that it ought to be from the young man that the request to be allowed to preach should come. It should come, as a request, or as a command to him, from others,—from those who have noticed him, and found in him suitability to the work."

"I agree with a lot of what you have said, Thomas," said David, "but you know very well that, had some that we recognize as true ministers waited till the church itself had asked them to preach, they would not have commenced even up to the present day. It's a disgrace sometimes that there is now and then a church without sufficiently sensible people in it to see the elements of a preacher in a youth who has been intended by God to be a preacher."

"That's an exception, David Davies," said Didymus. "There is a saying that a poet is born not made. And it is quite true. How many bards that were born bards are there in Wales to-day? You might count them on your fingers. But the ones who spin out rhymes and have pseudonyms are innumerable. In the same way a preacher must be born a preacher, or he will be a rhymester for ever. There is no use in the world in apprenticing a man to be a preacher,—that is merely making a parson of him, not a real preacher."

"Do you mean to say, Thomas, that you could count the true Welsh preachers on your fingers?" asked David.

"Nothing of the sort," said Didymus, "mercifully they are a mighty host. Wales has more need for preachers than for bards, and God has created more of them. But perhaps the proportion of the rhymesters among both the classes is fairly alike. Don't you think, David, that we get too much preaching?"

"Too much preaching? There can't be such a thing as too much preaching. I could listen to the gospel being preached every day of my life," said David.

"Well," said Didymus, "I am afraid we get half as much again too much of the sort of preaching that it is. When there were only about a dozen preachers in Wales, and all of them *A one*, there used to be more relish in the Gospel, and half as many again used to be saved, but when every sort of person gets to work to jumble up a story,—and to tell it coldly and uninterestingly,—it answers no purpose except to accustom the listeners to the facts, and deprive them of their novelty, and to induce a condition of disinterestedness by the time someone does come who can tell the story in all its full charm and force. Do you think that if St. Paul had sent fifty lukewarm men ahead of him to introduce the story that he was going to tell afterwards, he would have filled the world with the gospel of Christ? I am afraid they would have ruined his work."

"What would become of all our meetings,—especially our small meetings in the country, if you were to succeed in putting a stop to all the preachers that do not convince us that they were born, or intended to be preachers; and if Wales had to depend entirely on preachers who, the consciences of everyone forced him to testify, had been sent?" asked David.

"What is becoming of them now?" asked Didymus. "Are additions being made to them from the world? Is not the progeny of the congregations themselves the only thing that keeps them from decreasing? Besides that, the over anxiety that is shown in these days fo fill the pulpit of every mountain and vale with anybody keeps the congregations from falling back on their own resources, and breeds spiritual carelessness and laziness. By having someone in the pulpit every Sabbath, though he be only a man of wood, the congregation feels that it has done its duty, whereas, if it had only been left to itself, as in the Sunday school, it would have gone to work and have *done* something."

"You don't mean to do away with preachers, do you, Thomas?" asked David.

"Good gracious! I don't on any account?" said Didymus. "The preaching of the Gospel is the means God has ordained for saving the world, and Wales, more than any country under the sun, is more indebted to its preachers than to any other man or thing. But if I could, I would do away with mere empty preaching; that is to say, I would do away with every preacher who is not gifted with the spirit of ministration,—the class that fills up gaps, and prevents the holding of prayer meetings."

"But who is to determine who are the true preachers and who are the ones that fill the gaps?" asked David.

"The congregations, of course, by ballot," said Didymus, "for the congregations know very well the difference between a real preacher and the imitation of him that fills up the pulpit. Every congregation nearly now-a-days considers that they must have two sermons on the Sabbath, and rather than have an 'empty Sunday' the elders go on the prowl for Dick, Tom, and Harry. It would be a great deal better, to my mind, for us to stew in our own grease even for a month, till it became our turn to have *the preacher*, rather than keep a small shop open every Sunday as is the case now. And perhaps that would raise an appetite for the Gospel like there was long ago, when people went miles in crowds to listen to the

preacher, and came home with a wallet full enough to live on for weeks."

"It would be a fine life for us," said David; "and our grease would pretty soon come to an end, I am afraid. You have always some wild and impossible notions, Thomas. But let us talk sense. What are you going to say in the paper about last night's meeting?"

"I have a good mind to take your suggestion and say nothing," said Didymus,—"that is to say, to put in only some short harmless paragraph. For the best thing that I could say about Mr. Simon would be that he was a man of the *livery*. I never saw any clergyman more clerical than he was. I'll take my oath that if his coat had been one sixteenth of an inch too short he would never have looked at it, much less have worn it; and if his waiscoat had hidden or shown his white collar one thousandth part of a thread more or less than it ought to have done, it would have given him typhoid fever, and have deprived him of so much of the gospel as there was in him. O yes, don't forget the collar,—that is an indispensable part of a minister now-a-days,—that is to say, a minister of the *livery*. And it's not a white 'kerchief tied twice round the neck like the old giants of old were. What would John Jones of Talysarn have taken to have worn a Jesuitical collar like the ones worn now? He would have reckoned himself worthy of hell fire if he had put one round his neck."

"Good gracious! hold your tongue, Thomas, you are getting more presumptuous every day," cried David.

"What I am saying is true and serious, David Davies," said Didymus. "What in the name of all reason requires a preacher to dress differently to other people, and to make you think when you look at his throat, that he is intending to commit suicide in a respectable way? What is the need for a minister to be more unnatural than any other creature on the face of the earth? Who was it that, twenty years ago, jeered at the Welsh curates for their priest's clothes? Was it not the Dissenting ministers? But now-a-days the curate, poor fellow, is not to be compared with some of the Methodist preachers, and some of the Independent ministers, in any kind of way so far as coat, collar, and hat are concerned. In comparison with the parsons they are archbishops,—if I never move again they are! Remember I am all for a preacher dressing well and respectably, and I hate seeing a preacher dressing slovenly, but this over clerical dressing makes me sick and raises my bile. And those who are the most clerically dressed of the lot are the least gifted and the worst tackle of all for saving sinners. Do you know what, I was listening to one of the greatest preachers of Wales last week, and though he preached excellently, I got as much good done me from looking at his black necktie and the naturalness of the man as I did from his sermon. One like—— has no need of a *livery*, David Davies."

"Well, well, Thomas, my boy," said David, "you keep stumbling over small things, and if you were a blind man, like that Bartimeus, you would get more benefit from the services."

"I shouldn't wonder. But I am able to see now, and to see things like this makes me faint, and less of a Methodist every day. And I am not all alone in it,—this clerical dressing is painful to the eyes of thousands. There's none of the prestige of the *Hen Gorff* in it. But the sum total of all that has been said in this,—Mr. Simon was one of the men of the *livery*,—one who was apprenticed to be a preacher, without ever having been born a preacher. I should like to say a little about him in the paper, but I'll take your advice for fear that I might say something I ought not to. I must try to come across some 'marvellous potato' or 'prolific sow,' somewhere, to make up the news of the week. Good bye, and be good."

CHAPTER XLVI.

VARIOUS.

MANY weeks passed by, and though Sam Lloyd told as many yarns as he could about the virtues of Coed Madog Mine, and the Captain put every muscle to work to try to get his moneyed neighbours to take shares in the mine, his endeavours were not crowned with success. At this period the Captain thought within himself that the future was looking black; and to deepen his griefs, Mr. Denman,—after a hard fight with the world, and having brought as much money as he was able to the Captain, so as to keep an "interest" in Coed Madog,—had been obliged, in spite of his utmost, to become a bankrupt, and had been sold up,—been obliged to move to a small house at a rental of half-a-crown a week, and to take a place as an assistant at eighteen shillings a week, in order to get a scrap of food. My power would fail me if I attempted to describe all he, poor creature, had undergone from the reproaches of his wife; and, indeed, on thinking of the comfortable position he was once in the enjoyment of, when he possessed houses and lands and a good stock in his shop, it was no wonder that Mrs. Denman grumbled daily, and reminded him frequently of how he had carried all his property

to "that cursed old Captain." Mr. Denman, poor man, was now obliged to suffer this remark in silence, but what pained him most was his inability to pay his debts. He no longer had any future hope of quietness and peace except in the grave, a place he was fast going to. But throughout all, Mr. Denman continued to come regularly to the chapel, and appeared to derive more pleasure from the services than ever; and as David Davies said, though Mr. Denman, after years of struggling and great sacrifice, had failed to find lead, it was very evident that he had come across the "precious pearl."

The Captain could not do less than wonder and marvel at Enoch Hughes' continuing to spend money incessantly on Coed Madog, and this heartily and cheerfully, and he frequently said to himself,—"Mr. Hughes must be doing a big business to be able to keep on spending so much. It's a cruelty to let him go on like this. But what would become of me if he was to put a stop to it?" Enoch *was* doing a big business, and he didn't concern himself very much about money. The Captain could not help observing that Enoch appeared happier and more lively than he had seen him for years. "No doubt," said the Captain, "Mr. Hughes is more comfortable at home with his new housekeeper. I don't know what made him keep that old sack of a Margaret so long. But that Miss Bevan seems a superior sort of woman. I only hope Mr. Hughes won't marry her. Those good looking girls are dangerous characters as housekeepers to bachelors. I shouldn't wonder an atom if it ended in that way. Indeed there is something lovable in the looks of the girl. If I were a young man myself,—well."

The reader will remember that Enoch had engaged Miss Bevan without making any inquiry about her character, or asking her where she had been last in service. When Jones, the policeman, heard this, he laughed from the very bottom of his heart, and he could not help admiring the credulous innocence of his old friend Enoch. But Jones did not rest afterwards till he had got at the whole of Miss Bevan's history,—as he thought,—and after he had got it, he did not delay in informing Enoch of it. According to Jones, Miss Bevan's history was something like this. She was the only daughter of a fairly respectable farmer, who lived about four miles from Bethel. She had been brought up religiously, had had a little education, and when a girl, had gained a few prizes for singing, reading, and answering questions in the competitive chapel meetings, and she was reckoned a great deal more talented than those of her own age. Miss Bevan, too, though quite young, was looked upon as the prettiest girl in the district, which made her female friends envious of her, and the lads rivals about her. At the present time, Miss Bevan had been in service in many places, and with respectable families, and the only complaints that had been brought against her by the respectable families in whose service she had been, were,—firstly, that she dressed too well; secondly, that she made their daughters look common, ugly, and unsightly; thirdly, that she always had a lover, and was always a favourite with the sons of the "respectable family," and lastly, that she was light fingered. When the policeman narrated all this to Enoch, he believed the evidence as to all the complaints except the last, and he said impetuously,—

"Of course the girl dresses well, and what's that to anyone else? It's not a master's or mistress's business to tell a girl how and what she is to wear, if she pays for her own dress. And the girl is pretty, too,—there's no doubt about it,—but she can's help that, and I can easily believe that she makes the girls of 'the family' look common by her side, and that the boys like her looks. What was more natural? But there was no cause to blame the girl for that, and it's nothing but mean, dirty envy. Do you know what,—there are some families that think that a maid-servant has no business to be nice-looking, and if they could, they would give her the small pox, if not a hare lip. There is nothing wonderful if the girl has a lover, and if she has not a lover,—and she says she hasn't one,—it shows that the lads are as blind as gate posts. Very often, Mr. Jones, a girl like Miss Bevan will have half a dozen lovers, whilst the girls of 'the family' are longing for a lover, and no one will look at them. Haven't I got to do all I know to keep a watch on the lads in the shop; they are each day making some excuse for coming into the house, and I know that their sole object is to get a look at, and have a talk with Miss Bevan. And what is more natural,—wouldn't I do so myself,—if it were not for something which you know about? But as to her being light fingered, I will never believe that. Hundreds of servants, poor things, are dreadfully wronged. When the sprig of a son has pawned his gold studs to get drink,—oh, the servant has stolen them, of course! When the daughter has lost her brooch or her cuff-links whilst gallivanting, and doesn't want to tell her mother about it, the maid, poor girl, has taken them! The maid is the scapegoat of the family. The humbugs! Miss Bevan is a splendid girl, Mr. Jones, and this house is like heaven in comparison to what it was when Margaret was here."

The policeman listened to Enoch in silence, admiring his spirit of faith and want of malice;

but had his eyes been sharply looked into, his thoughts would have been read to be,—

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

The comforts of his home, no doubt, were accountable, to some degree, for Enoch's cheerfulness. But if it was in his home alone that his happiness was contained, he would scarcely have been an absentee from it till eleven o'clock at night, on four or five nights in the week. It must have been that Enoch got just as much amusement at Ty'nyrardd, as he was there so often. And Coed Madog,—which now only gave employment to a few men,—did not require Enoch to be consulting with Captain Trevor several times in the course of each week. And even if he had considered that this was necessary, the Captain had not been latterly to be found at Ty'nyrardd *every* night of the week. Immediately after the death of Mrs. Trevor, the Captain had begun the habit of going to the Brown Cow on nights in the middle of the week. Some thought that the reason for this was, that after the death of Mrs. Trevor, he felt lonely, and that he got a little help from "company" towards patting away his regrets. And, perhaps, he had another object,—by leaving Miss Trevor more lonely, she was given more leisure to consider her position and reflect on her loss, for young people are very unreflecting, as a rule. Perhaps solitude would do Susie good. But Miss Trevor did not take that view of matters, and she felt that her father's behaviour, so soon after burying her mother, in leaving her all alone by herself in the house till the middle of the night, was most unkind, and if Enoch Hughes had not been so thoughtful and good-natured as to visit her so often, her solitude would have been almost intolerable.

For some considerable time before her mother's death, Miss Trevor had felt that there was a sort of yawning gulf between her and her father, and that this gulf was daily widening. This occasioned her great sorrow. She remembered the time when she had looked on her father with innocent admiration, and had considered him as someone higher and better than men in general. This was far, far back in her vision, and she looked on that period with a regretful heart. She made many an energetic struggle to rekindle the flame, but the old feelings would not return. At times, she thought that she had formed in her mind thoughts,—she didn't know from whence she got them,—about rectitude, truth, and honour, that no man, not only not her father, but no man, could stand being measured and weighed by, but in a moment she would recollect Enoch Hughes,—she could find no fault in him in spite of them. Many a time she was frightened and felt guilty at thinking of the opinions she had fostered about her father. But in spite of every effort, she felt that the gulf that was between her and him was always getting wider. But she never for a moment forgot two things, namely, that he was her father, and that she had taken an oath to stick to him whilst he lived. The former only added to her pain, when she perceived a persistent falling off in her father from the day her mother died, and the latter only made her reflect on the extent of the miseries which were before her. Still she remembered she had a friend,—a friend up to the hilt,—and she could not any longer, without being guilty of the most heartless ingratitude, and the greatest treachery to her own best feelings, refrain from rewarding his assiduity. "Duty" had been the watchword of her life for many years, and she believed, in view of the change that had taken place in her "ideas" that it was her duty to inform her father of this change. She had now for some time been watching for an opportunity to do this, but the Captain, when at home, was usually in a bad temper, and when he returned of an evening from the Brown Cow, he was too drowsy and stupid for her to think of bringing the question forward. At last the opportunity came, and Susie told her father of her relationship with Enoch Hughes, as will be narrated hereafter.

THE "LONDON KELT."

LONDON Welshmen have a weekly newspaper all to themselves. It gives bits of Welsh news and of metropolitan opinion. No Welsh Londoner should be happy without it, and it is always welcome in the benighted provinces. The editors are young, I believe, and they are enthusiastic, as all young men ought to be. Sometimes they look longingly to times gone by; they wonder what Daniel Rowland would have thought of the Llangeitho Eisteddfod which pitched its tent almost in the shadow of his statue. Sometimes they pronounce upon our difficulties in Wales,—"It is a pleasing sign to note that at an appointment made this week at Rhyl it was an Englishman who moved that the person to be appointed must know Welsh." But the chief mission of the *London Kelt*, I hope, is to persevere in protesting against the sham patriotism, the unwillingness to sacrifice, the shallow cynicism of certain superior beings who infest every metropolis.

THE LLYFNANT VALLEY.

A FEW SONGS AND PICTURES.

The Songs by HOWELL VICTOR.

ALL FOR NANNIE, MY SWEET NANNIE.

BY Pendelyn Llam y Lladron
My Nannie lives down in the Glyn,
And many nights for years I have gone,
Down that sweet vale o' Tal y Llyn;
All for Nannie, my sweet Nannie,
By Craig y Dinas she will be
When the moon will light the valley.
For I know she is true to me.

Llyn y Mwyngil boys go courtin'
And fooling after Nan y Glyn,
But they've lost by Craig y Deryn
Nan o' the vale of Tal y Llyn
My fair Nannie, my sweet Nannie,
By Craig y Deryn she will be,
When the moon will light the valley
For I know she is true to me.

I CANNOT KEEP THEE HERE MY LOVE.

I CANNOT keep thee here, my love,
I cannot keep thee here;
I feel the angels coming, love,
And yield a loving tear;
I cannot keep thee here, my love,
I cannot keep thee here,
I hear the angels whisper, love,
They'll take thee from me, dear.

I could not keep thee here, my love,
My little one so dear,
Thou wert so like the angels, love,
I could not keep thee here;
But I will follow thee, my love,
The angels and their prize,
And I will seek thee and meet thee, love,
Again beyond the skies.

QUARRY MEN O' PENRHYN.

ONE Sabbath morn we sat beneath a wood bine tree,
Amid the wild grown flowers embraced in love were we;
And as we sat and wonder'd what joy our lives might be,
There came the chorus men with their Welsh melody,—
Quarry men o' Penrhyn that sing 'long Bangor shore,
In my heart I hear you as in the days of yore.

Alas, my love she died, but tender memory keeps
Beside the shoreland grave where my young lady sleeps,
Still amid the woodland oe'r Bangor's rocky shore
Love listens mid the flowers as it once did before,—
Quarry men o' Penrhyn that sang 'long Bangor shore,
In my heart I hear you sing for ever more.

THE ROSE LEAVES.

From a bush in the garden these rose leaves were torn
By my sweet Dolly Varden her hair to adorn;
From the stem they were broken with the rose, you see,
And I've kept them a token of her love to me.

The old bush in the garden it now stands alone,
And speaks of Dolly Varden, of her once mine own;
The rose leaves she gathered, and the rose you see,
Side by side are all wither'd with my love, ah me.

THE GREEN HILLS FAR AWAY.

A little girl she open'd her lattice,
And the eastern skies were red,
The golden sunlight flash'd across her window,
And the birds they sang o'er head;
So she looked at her own rose garden,
And the green hills far away,
And her life that would be bright like that morning,
She mapp'd for herself that day;
Ah! she would be different to others,—
The red sun rose on her play
And out from her lattice she laughed at her love
On the green hills far away.

And after years at the same old lattice
She gazed on the scene and sighed,
But her face it was wrinkled and sallow,
And a winter day out side;
Then she told me her sorrowful story,
Looking eastward cold and grey,
Of her love, of her life, and all that happen'd,
On hills that were far away;
She pointed to a cross on the hillside,
As the sun sank in the west,
And with the simple prayer of her childhood she
Passed with her sorrows into rest.

LILI LON.

Tune,—*Lili Lon.*

My Lily Lon lives in the lane
Behind the mill o' Abergwaen,
And all the world is harmony,
For I love her and she loves me;
Lili Lon, Lili Lon, in the lane my love won,
And I never in my travel met one like Lili Lon.

O Lili Lon, I thought thee plain,
When first I met thee in the lane;
'Twas thy chaste tongue that first charmed me,
Set ablaze my heart with love o' thee;
Lili Lon, Lili Lon, in the lane my love won,
And I never in my travel met one like Lili Lon.

Oh now I drive a loaded wain
And keep the mill at Abergwaen;
The old world goes well with her and me,
The dearest wife in the land is she;
Lili Lon, Lili Lon, in the lane my love won,
And I never in my travel met one like Lili Lon.

ON THE BANKS O' AERON DALE.

Fresh and fair, sweet Aeron vale,
Far away from me dull care;
While I linger in thy dale
Moments fly I know not where;
By the primrose deep and low
'Long the geeen banks o' the dale,
Love and I go happy so
Hand in hand along the vale;
Home of youth and maidens fair
O' Aberaeron, Aeron dale,
No nooks with thine can e're compare,
My love, my sweet fair Aeron vale.

Singing like a waterfall
Are the birds o' Rhianon
Charming, magic, seem they all
Melodious vale o' Aeron;
Love and song and fairy tale
Down the Aeron sweetly glide,
Wand'ring slowly through the vale
Love and I, ah, side by side;
Home of youth and maidens fair
O' Aberaeron, Aeron dale,
No nooks with thine can e'er compare,
My love, my sweet fair Aeron vale.

"And the green hills far away."

Breconshire Beacons.

NEAR LLANELLY.

THE ASH GROVE.

Tune,—*Llwyn Onn.*

THE skylarks were singing, the church bells were ringing,
When first my heart told me 't had fallen in love;
The maid she was blushing, away she was rushing,
I chased her and caught her in lonely Ash Grove.
My love I then told her, with my arm around her,
I read in her eye that I'd won her young love;
The flowers were peeping, and nature was laughing,
At the love going on in lonely Ash Grove.

In springtime and summer we linger'd together,
And as the corn ripen'd, we revell'd in love;
I was a young fellow, the corn it grew yellow,
And left me but sorrow in lonely Ash Grove.
My love she was carried to church and was married,
To a man that a maid, ah, never could love;
But soon they got parted, she died broken-hearted,
For love she had jilted in lonely Ash Grove.

Of her I am thinking, of larks and the singing,
When first my heart told me 't had fallen in love,
Her parents they sold her, a wealthy man own'd her,
Until she was laid 'neath the soil of Ash Grove.

Still young but half happy, I cleave to my fancy,
And ask for the girl that once won my young love;
The birds they all answer, the cornfields they whisper,
Her spirit is clinging to lonely Ash Grove.

GLADYS WEN.

Tune,—*Y Gadlys.*

GLADYS was a little angel, so said the collier men,
A very pretty child and an orphan, only ten;
She loved those honest colliers,
And she would kiss the grimy men;
With winning smile when they came home,
Sweet, poor, little Gladys Wen.

But one day the colliers missed her, my little Gladys Wen;
Her childlike golden prattle had won the hearts of men;
She went to Heaven, say colliers,
Where she pleads for the grimy men;
And how they gather around her grave
And sing o' Gladys Wen.

THE LEGEND OF THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE.

In old wild Wales, there is a legend told,
How an old Welsh dame the devil sold,
It was on the Alps of Ystrad Fflur
His majesty found her old and poor;
She had climbed from the valley deep below,
Up to the moorland in search for a cow.
"Ha, ha," laughed he, "there is your cow," said he,
"Go fetch it woman." "Sir, I can't," says she,
"No, indeed, sir, look—see that chasm deep?
How can I cross the wild water's leap?"
"I'll build you a bridge to cross it," said he,
"Its name shall be called in honour of me,
Who'll make it the wonder of all your vales,
A bridge that shall be the talk of all Wales.
But a condition I must make and bind
Before I would build a bridge of that kind;
The first living thing to cross it must be
Mine, mine," said the devil. "All right," said she.
The devil, happy, cock sure of his prize,
Built up a strange bridge in front of her eyes;
No need to go back to the vale below
To climb the hill on the other side now.
"Come, cross by the bridge for the cow," said he,
"In a moment, I will, kind sir," said she;
When out from her pocket she took some bread
And threw it across the bridge instead;
The dog by her side ran over the bridge,
And he chased the bread adown the ridge.
"Dear, dear! my poor dog is yours," said she.
"Curse the old dog, I'm sold," said he.

THE DIARY OF A BARD (Eben Fardd.)

XVII.—BELIEF IN LITERARY MEETINGS.

1856.

April 30th.—Forwarded letter to Lord Newborough in behalf of my eldest daughter. May it please my great divine Lord to prepare him for my request.

May 3rd.—Forwarded letter containing all the fictitious names of candidates to secretary of Llangernyw Eisteddfod.

8th.—Clynnog fair; may the Lord check the recklessness of the ungodly and the fools. The Llanllechid schoolmaster here; great talker. Dr. Pugh called, also Mrs. O. Pennarth and Matthews; subject, phrenology and temperaments.

10th.—Wrote to a Moses Hughes, Machynlleth, reserving decision to accept judgeship and attending their meeting at Christmas for £5 or £6 to a future time.

11th.—Griffith Hughes, Edeyrn. Araeth Ddirwest a Phregeth, "Cyfarfod Llenyddol yn foddion hau yr had da, ond eisiau Dirwest i *drainio* neu sychu y tir."

12th. — Cyfarfod Llenyddol Clynnog. Yn bresennol, — Rev. William Roberts, Robert Hughes, John Jones, Captain Owen, Messrs. Owen Jones, James Williams, Thomas Roberts, Dr. Pugh. The latter pointed out many things very prejudicial to the meeting, as the danger of its becoming *gwylmabsant*; he also spoke most disdainfully of beginners, &c. I mean to give up my interference.

Note.—D. W. P., in his address at Aera, detracted from our poetry as much as he could; at Capel Ucha again, in a lecture, he had some immense palaver about the uselessness of poetry, and the contemptible insignificance of the "Cader Varddonol," with all due deference, of course, to the old "Pendragon of the Beirdd," who was present. I take all this to be an invidious and selfish attempt on his part to lower the person who shared more than he wished of his popularity in the neighbourhood. Again, at the literary meeting he prophesied that it would soon become a *gwylmabsant*, and bantered the humble competitors for instruction, with the greatest scorn and derision; setting them down as ignorant, incapable dabblers, with all true learning immeasurably beyond their comprehension and grasp.

19th. — Received Lord Newborough's reply, as favourable as could be. I acknowledge my Lord in heaven, and see his hand with joy and trembling.

22nd.—Doing up "Piser Hir" in box to be sent to Rev. Robert Jones, Rotherhithe. D. W. P. in Babell Chapel. Denounced poetry. "The three epochs,—1, poetry; 2, darlith; 3, newspaper." Denounced, it is reported, the Literary Society *in toto*; said the English had no such thing; no prize system,—which, he said, was vicious. This is a lie. The English have the prize system in full work and approbation; witness the prize essays on the Sabbath.

23rd.—Mrs. Roche, in a letter to Miss

Traiis, called John Thomas, Chwilog, "the cripple bard," and myself "the peasant bard." Miss Traüs herself put the letter in my hand; we were favourably thought of, though.

25th.—Sent a peremptory refusal to go to Machynlleth at Christmas to Mr. Moses Hughes.

31st.—Mr. W. S. Parr, surveyor of Post Office, and Mr. Foster, P.M., Carnarvon, visited my office, and were very kind; appeared much pleased with my punctuality; the former said he would report me favourably in London. A review of me and my works and genius in the *Herald* by Cowlyd.

June 1st.—Forwarded letter to Mr. Gee, Denbigh, agreeing to get up hymn *attodiad* for him for £10, in course of four months.

2nd.—Letter from Dr. Edwards, Bala, inviting me there at the year's end. Went to Llanllyfni, after school, to sign a P.O. declaration; the old gentleman, — the rector,—was very agreeable; we entered largely into archæology, &c.

3rd.—Letter to Hughes, Machynlleth, saying I was none of the "gwŷr enwog," &c., leaving open the question of going there on Good Friday, &c.

4th.—Eliza and James to Carnarvon to teetotal meeting. Thank God especially for this day's providence.

6th.—Not so bright to-day from the P.O.; vain is it to trust in man. May the Lord be on my side.

7th.—Poorly from cold; at Sportsman in the evening to tea. Got 6d R. in B.; went up Llwyn Ne and Hafod y Wern, used it with the mountain stream, and suppered at Hafod y Wern; Mr. Ridge (Bala formerly) dined here.

9th.—Letter to Merthyr Cymmrodorion, declining an invitation to go there at Christmas.

10th.—Letter to Dr. Edwards Bala, declining to go there next Christmas.

11th.—Letter to Mr. Beaver Davies, advising him of an intended visit next Saturday or pretty soon.

14th.—Visited the Rectory, Llanllyfni, and the surgery at Penygroes and shop. Called at Bont on my return. Blessed be the name of God for good neighbours and kind, and especially for my daughter's well being.

18th.—Letter from Mr. W. E. Hughes,—Cowlyd,—the sketches writer. Forwarded a reply per return.

19th. — Forwarded letter, enclosing "Englyn Bedd," to Thomas, son of late Ebenezer Morris.

20th.—Daniel Davies and his son preaching at Capel Ucha. Accompanied them up. The son wanted to see me very much.

21st.—Commenced writing a little of the hymn collection.

28th.—Went to Chwilog, thence to the Pwllheli fair, called with Tegai; had tea there; he declined taking money for the newspaper; delivered pedigree to Dr. Hughes; promised Tegai to act as editor of poetry in his contemplated national periodical. Complaint from one of the losers at Llangernyw on Mrs. Sandbach.

30th.—R. J. Derfel called, with John Griffith and Robert Hughes. I could not know him, thought I had never seen him; he had a long beard, which I thought was the cause.

July 1st.—Cyfarfod Cwmcoryn; went there with the young men of the school, &c., over the mountain; fine ramble.

2nd. — Re-opening of Clynnog Vawr Church. Attended the English service in the morning, at which officiated Mr. Vincent, Mr. Williams, Llandwrog, and another. Preacher, Dr. 'Baylee. Contributed to collection, 1s. Attended evening service six o'clock. Preacher, Dr. James. Displayed considerable High Churchism at close of his discourse; the British primitive church,—this is the same,—overlooked the mediæval period, which entirely annihilated the primitive. Entertained at my house.

6th. — Received letters from Messrs. Roger Edwards and P. M. Evans. Draft in letter for £2 10s.

7th.—Miss Traüs, at the instance of Mrs. Roche, called on me. Lent her Wynne's *History of Wales*.

8th.—Visited Miss Traiis per engagement; saw Williams, an artist, sojourning at Clynnog Inn both; got several volumes of books on loan from them.

11th.—Rev. J. Jones Talysarn; attended him to Zion.

14th.—Forwarded "Darlith Liverpool" to Roger Edwards for the *Traethodydd*.

19th.—At home all day; unpleasant rather.

26th.—Went to Carnarvon this day in Caerpwsan cart from Bont, where I had taken one P. P. Dined and tea'd at Pritchard, stationer's; found the world rather more complaisant and fondly welcome of me than I had guessed it would be. Submitted to Rev. Thomas Hughes my case with the artist. Dr. Edwards, by rumour, to be preaching at Clynnog. Spurred John Williams, stationer, to push my second hand books.

29th. — Letter to Mrs. Roche. Dr Edwards Bala preached at Pentre; went with him to see the church and Robert Roberts' grave; supped with him at Ty'n y Coed; he tea'd at my house. Dr. Edwards advised me strongly not to have any more to do with adjudicating for different parties, as it consumed my time and wasted my energies to no purpose. I told him that I had entirely given it up long ago; from the end of last year to this time I had declined thirteen pressing invitations to different places.

August 6th.—I cannot but regard my present retirement from active and public literary pursuits as an approach to that sweet peace of enjoyment and rest in God which I hope finally to attain into. The little life that has been expanding to literary bloom and fruition from 1824, seems now in 1856 to be narrowing, contracting, and dropping down ripe and mellow into that soil of innocent, peaceful retiredness, and simple enjoyment, which it sprung from, to vegetate next into immortal joy, happiness, and heavenly converse with spiritual companions.

Dr. Tregelles and cousin; translating hymn for them. Mrs. Roche, supplying of Welsh periodicals for use of friend of hers. Mr. Simpson. The Cefnartho exchange of land. Thus I am transplanted from Welsh publicity to Saxon privacy as regards my present engagements.

8th.—Forwarded letters enclosing Welsh translation of a hymn to Dr. Tregelles and Miss Anna Letitia Waring. Ellis Wyn here.

9th.—Letter to David Roper, Dowlais; leave to use some lines of mine.

10th.—Letter enclosing elegy by Flavius sent to Mr. T. Levi. Letter to Rev. D. Jones, Carnarvon, advising above, and declining the elegies he had had from me, Flavius being adjudged the prize.

12th.—The ladies from Uwchlaw'rffynnon here; wrote in album.

14th.—Letter with two englynion at end of Traethawd on "Ffeiriau Cymru" for Humphrey Williams, Mr. Gee's foreman, Denbigh.

16th.—Letter from Miss Traüs and C. F. Williams, Esq.; returned answer to both. Poetry to Ch. Keys.

17th.—Cyf. Ysgol at Llanllyfni,—attended. Dined at A. Parry. Tea at Hugh Jones'. Tennyson's *In Memoriam* from Miss Traiis.

20th. — Wm. Davies went to Lion. Offered £60 rent to that fellow, which was declined and the matter dropped. I hope we are delivered from this perilous adventure through the mercy of our good God.

21st.—Read my awdl on Clynnog church to R. Isaac Jones, who was here. Letter forwarded to Davies, *Chronicle* Office, Bangor, declining to act as adjudicator to the provincial eisteddfod of Wisconsin, United States.

22nd.—Called with Mr. C. F. Williams, artist, at Plas, on his leaving Clynnog for South Wales. We conversed chiefly about Tennyson, whom he admired very much, and whom I ventured to pronounce as a somewhat dark, obscure, and mystic poet. He said it required a slow, deliberate perusal, that it was very sublime, approaching the infinite very often; that he should be glad if I submitted some dark passages to him or Miss Traüs in order to be explained, he said personal conversation on an author was very edifying to readers.

23rd.—Redirected two letters to Mr. C. F. Williams to Buckland Park, &c. Overtook Mrs. Keys and her companion on the road; Mrs. Keys said she very much admired my poetry to her husband. We conversed freely to the village on English poets and poetry. She appeared fond of Moore's, promised his works to me sometime; as also Longfellow's "Hiawatha." Mrs. Keys agreed with me that Tennyson was obscure and required a re-perusal over and over again to be well understood and

appreciated. She commended him very much as a finished, chaste, and sublime poet. She pronounced the *th* in "Hiawatha" like Welsh *th*; whereas C. F. Williams gave it the Welsh sound *dd*. Discussed the *f* and *v* sounds in Morva. Told her in answer to her enquiries that I had from very early youth loved poetry, and that I was exceedingly fond of reading. She was a very agreeable nice woman, much to my liking. Forwarded preface to Attodiad to Mr. Gee.

25th.—Word per postman, wife requested to go to Bont. Ellin unwell, had strength in cxix Salm 49-50. Rolled my burden on the Lord. A son born to my daughter Ellin; glory and thanks to my God for his wonderful mercies to me and mine, and to Ellin in particular.

28th.—Received a present of engraving from C. F. Williams, Esq.

31st.—A virulent letter from artist to Robt. Hughes shown me; Hughes' answer very sharp; advised him not to send it. Lent *Mari Lwyd* to Evan Thomas.

September 4th.—Six plans of Tre'rceiri from Rev. Longeuville Jones for Mr. Robt. Hughes. Letter from Mrs. Roche.

8th.—Twenty nine years to this day I came first to settle at Clynnog, it being Saturday. My lodgings at the turnpike. Very deep musing on this circumstance to-day. Mr. Joseph Roberts of Aberystwyth, now of Swansea, asked me a little way with him in his gig; he is *Cynniweirydd*.

9th.—Forwarded reply to Hugh Owen, Esq., London's circular, promising five shillings donation to Normal College.

10th.—Letter from D. Silvan Evans.

11th.—MSS. *Piser Hir* sent to Silvan Evans and letter.

12th.—Letter to John Pughe, enclosing "Llangybi" and hymn prospectus. Curious letter from E. H. Davies.

13th.—Rev. O. Thomas, London, preached; dined with him at Ty'nycoed, and attended him to the coach.

17th.—Letter from Rev. W. Rees. Death of his son on Sunday last. Returned letter of condolence same day. Received a letter from H. Owen, Esq., London, dated Bangor. Robt. Davies, Esq., gives £1000 to Normal College.

18th.—Rev. Mr. Williams, Llandwrog, called, went with him to Ty'ntwll; he said he would sell Ty'ntwll if desirable. What is this little cloud?

23rd.—Very dull day, physically and spiritually.

27th.—Nathaniel Jones, alias Cynhafal, Wyddgrug, staying at Tyisa as traveller from P. M. Evans, Holywell; he showed me his ticket of membership signed by P. M. Evans.

28th.—James delegated to Cyf. Ysgol Bwlan. Visited Zion Sunday School with Robt. Parry and Evans' traveller (Cynhafal). Moved "the district Sunday School Unity," and succeeded to get the Zion school to join.

30th. — Dolch am y Cynhauaf. In obedience to a strong inward motion, gave a word of exhortation to the people on the occasion, which was well received to the glory of God.

October 2nd.—Forwarded reply to Rev. T. Price, Aberdare, declining to act as adjudicator for the Ivorite Eisteddfod of 1857.

4th.—At home all day; read part of American Pryddest. Revising and copying my English poetry.

8th.—Edward Roberts, old pupil, and Josiah Thomas called.

11th.—Dined at Bulk. Bread and A. hot. £4 in bank placed.

14th.—The lodger at Tanyclawdd took M. Jones' letter. A young man from Abergele, descendant from I. Thomas, Pentre Voelas, visited me.

18th.—Dreadful work in the Cwmgwara woods with my children, carrying wood.

25th. — Preparing my "Golygfa yng Ngorsedd y Beirdd" for the *Traethodydd*.

26th.—Forwarded a letter of thanks to Mrs. Keys, Oxton, for Moore's "Lalla Rookh" and "Hiawatha."

28th.—Dr. Pughe sat at the fireside a while. Master W. Pughe Owen brought to me £30 remitted from Mr. Roberts, Crug, per his father Captain Owen.

30th.—Forwarded my Awdl to Rev. Roger Edwards for the *Traethodydd*.

November 1st.—The first morning of November was uncommonly fine, clear sky, calm, temperate, dry atmosphere; the sun shining with glorious resplendence, and genial warmth. The sea, Carnarvon Bay, like a vast mirror, with a few specks of

small crafts moving along gently in the midst of innumerable lilliputian fleets of gulls, causing jollity, like dust on a looking glass. I enjoyed myself capitally; at starting I thought out the following epigram,—

"Ysbonciaf dros y banciau,—i weld dydd,
A'r wlad, dan ei olau,
O oernos hir yn neshau,
I gyfaredd têg forau."

Walked up to, and along the Pennarth heights (Mynydd Bychan) in exquisite enjoyment of nature, and some communion with its God; sat on a fence at the top of the eminence reading a portion of Moore's "Lalla Rookh." Went in the evening to Mur Mawr.

5th.—A present of Colenzo's Algebra, 2nd part, from David Roberts and Thomas Owen, my pupils, who took tea here this evening.

6th.—The matter of S. Wales' visit with Robert Hughes finally given up. Mr. Levi advised thereof.

10th.—Forwarded the American *pryddest* this day to Rev. William Ambrose, Portmadoc.

11th.—Forwarded letter and song to Hugh Owen, London.

13th.—Received a No. of *Athenæum* from Mrs. Roche, and note.

14th.—Society. A remarkable owning of the Holy Spirit. Glory to God.

22nd. — Day of income tax appeal, Carnarvon; got to Mr. Griffith, Ty Mawr's gig; drove myself from Pontseiont to town. Attended court of appeal against income tax; commissioners present Lord Newborough, Hon. W. B. Hughes, M.P., and several others.

JONATHAN JONES: "Here is Mr. Thomas' statement (handing it to Lord Newborough), £69 10s."

LORD NEWBOROUGH (reading it rapidly): "How much is the lowest taxable amount? Is it not £100?"

Several Commissioners: "£100, £100." Statement handed to W. B. Hughes. W.B.H. glances at it, and half folding it carelessly, addressed some of his brother commissioners and surveyor in an inaudible tone.

JONATHAN JONES, surveyor (to me): "Is there any mortgage on the landed property?"

"No, sir."

A Commissioner: "You may go now."

"Am I discharged?"

"You are, you may go."

I to Surveyor: Please to remember to take off the charge at Llangybi." Answer consentive.

December 7th.—Very great rain and storm of wind.

20th.—At Mur Mawr writing letter to America and delivering carol to Owen.

25th.—Attended the Brynrodyn meeting as adjudicator, &c.; much carol singing. Slept at Rev. J. Jones, Groeslon.

26th.—Very great snow in returning.

29th. — Disconsolate. Presented *Awdl Barddas* to Dr. Pughe.

Easter Tuesday and Wednesday.—Met in company, accidentally, the following,—Revs. William Rees; Ambrose; T. Roberts (*Scorpion*), Newmarket, a sharp half grave man; H. Pugh, Mostyn, a fat, witty, agreeable repartier; Stephens, Dwygyfylchi, a portly, fine, self-sufficient, easy young man; Mr. Evan Jones, Dolgelley, printer, a very agreeable, fine, open, frank young man; Rev. T. Jones, Cefn Meusydd; Rev. Jones, Penmorfa, formerly Pisga; he did not take any notice of me, seemed to evade me; Mr. William Owen, Tremadoc; Rev. Evan Roberts, Brynmelyn.

July 26th.—Robert Roberts, of Ynys Leuci, stated to me that, from what he could recollect of my father, he was one of the first who began Sunday school in the Llangybi district; his two co-adjutors were William Owen, Gelli Gron, and Griffith Owen, Tyddyn y Llan. The latter turned afterwards to the Wesleyans, and was preacher with them. Robert said there was something *digri* in father, and that this caused him at times to be gamed at; but he was the master notwithstanding, and they could not do without him. Isaac Morris was at that time keeping school at Llanarmon. Robert remembered a "Harry Caecau" at the night school in Llangybi,—this night school was initiative to the Sunday school. Harry was a preposterous character, and showed his bad antics; the other boys took a candle and burnt it into a blue flame. Robert is now sixty seven, was but a "cub" at that time, from which he infers there must be

about fifty five years since the Sunday school was begun there.

August 22nd.—Planted an acorn in my garden near the kitchen gable.

December 31st.—This year is strikingly different to former years as regards my literary pursuits, my correspondence, and the aspirations of my mind. I return to reading more studiously and attentively, and with a more comprehensive and general grasp.

Owing to my resolutions at the close of last year to keep aloof from petty adjudications and literary drudgeries for obscure applicants, I have declined a great many applications, curtailed my correspondence considerably, and reduced myself to a private character; no longer subject to the teasing annoyance of postal missions. Although I feel desolate and cheerless in some measure in this transition, my aspirings are very strong and daring. What gives me most sorrow and mortification, is the feebleness of my faculties, and my want of inner light, that emanation of divinity which lifts the mind above material and sensual enjoyments to stroll rigorously and rapturously in the regions of *discoveries* and mental developments; and stamps dignity and real usefulness on the character. May God, who is Light, say "Let there be light" in my mind and soul.

An eventful year! opened with the marriage of my eldest daughter; then my other daughter to Miss Rees' boarding school; the birth of a son to my eldest daughter, and the death of my wife's father. In all these important incidents, as well as in innumerable minor circumstances of lively interest, I have thankfully to record the most wonderful and most gracious favours of my Heavenly Father towards me and mine. He has been my only refuge, my tower and stronghold, my Pole star to keep my eye on, and trust to his gracious guidance throughout the year. To God in Christ be all the glory and praise.

QUERIES AND REPLIES.

QUERIES.

CXVI. Is there any reason why, in speaking Welsh, one should talk of "feeling a smell," or, more common still, "hearing a smell?" In the interests of logical symmetry, should Welsh people not be taught to say "smelling a smell" *(arogli arogl)*? CONSISTENT.

CXVII. Can any one give me any information about "Sadie," the authoress of "O fy hen Gymraeg"? I should be very grateful also for a correct version of the song. MAN OF MOLD.

CXVIII. Where can I get trustworthy data about the Cycle? Has it ever figured in Welsh fiction? AB SAESNES.

CXIX. Would anyone kindly give me any information about "Eliza Carmarthen?" Have any of her works been published? FOOT OF GOLD.

REPLIES.

113. Together with a number of my relatives, male and female, I entered the Moravian School at Fairfield, many years ago; and during the three years I remained there I never heard of any Moravian settlement in Wales. The chief settlements in England were Fulneck in Yorkshire, Fairfield, and Duckinfield near Manchester. There is another settlement in Ireland, to the north of Dublin, but I forget the name. My father used to meet many members from the latter settlement at the Bala Association during the second and third decades of this century. Principal Reichel is probably a descendant of one of the Irish settlers. One of the teachers at the Fairfield Girls' School was named Reichel, whose ancestors probably came over in Count Zinzendorf's time. It is possible there may be a Moravian settlement in South Wales, and I shall look out for information in the next numbers of WALES.

Llanrwst. T. ELIAS.

115. G. will find some information concerning Judge Jeffreys in last month's *New Review*. Macaulay is flagantly unjust to him; and this very famous Welshman deserves fuller justice than he has received since Macaulay's time.

116. I have heard the expression "to stink aloud" in English. "To feel a smell" is very good Scotch. King James VI, in his *Counterblaste to Tobacco*, says,—"He that will refuse to take a pipe of tobacco among his fellowes, though by his own election he would rather feel the savour of a stinke, is accounted peevish and no good company, even as they doe with tippeling in the cold Eastern Countries."

117. The writer of reply 113 has favoured me with a number of extracts referring to the Cycle,—the Jacobite Club instituted on the day of the Pretender's birth. They will be of service to the Welsh historian and novelist; and I shall print them as a separate article in my next number.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Address,—O. M. EDWARDS, LINCOLN COLLEGE, OXFORD.

THE Piser Hir,—a long MS. book,—is now at the Swansea Library. It was compiled by the Rev. D. Ellis, curate of Criccieth, and it contains a great number of Welsh poems, dating from the fourteenth to the eighteenth century. From it many a bard copied his models. It contains some of the most beautiful poems in the whole range of Welsh literature; though the tastes of the compiler are decidedly late eighteenth century.

TALHAIARN.

The song concerning the authoress of which the Man of Mold inquires is as under. A translation of it into Welsh by Professor Rowlands of Brecon, was printed in last month's *Cymru* by the kind permission of Mr. D. Jenkins, Mus. Bac.,—

"O! FY HEN GYMRAEG."

No, there is nothing I want, dear,
  You may put the candle by;
There is light enough to die by,
  And the dawning draweth nigh.
Only the want remaineth,
  Gnawing my heart away;
Oh! for a word of my mother's tongue,
  And a prayer she used to pray!
  "*O! fy hen Gymraeg.*"

I wish I had taught you to speak it
  While the light was on my brain;
It has vanished now with the thousand things
  That will never come back again;
Only a vision of waters
  Rising towards the flow
Cometh instead of the countless hills—
  The hills that I used to know.
  "*O! fy hen Gymraeg.*"

The people are frozen hard here—
  Not you, my darling, not you!
And the air is thick with its yellow fog,
  And the streets have slime for dew;
There is never a line of beauty
  In all the weary rows;
And the saddest thing of the whole is this,
  That the bareness no one knows;
They are quite contented, and think it fine.
  "*O! fy hen Gymraeg.*"

Hush thee a moment, dearest,
  A vision of mine just now!
The place where we used to play,
  On the edge of the mountain's brow;
And the time one sunny morning,
  When a preacher came by that way,
And he talked to us with the gentle words
  That hallowed and blessed our play—
  "*O! fy hen Gymraeg.*"

We gathered us round about him,
  And we told him our childish dreams;
And I saw the light in his deep-set eyes
  Come flashing in tender gleams.
And we said, "Are our visions folly?
  Should we banish them and forget?"
And he answered—how well I can see him now,
  With the shade of the mountain across his brow!
"There is never a longing the heart can know,
  But a blessing shall fill it yet."
Gorffwysfa! O! Gorffwysfa,
  Gogoniant! Amen.

SHAKESPEARE'S WELSHMEN.—The following extract is from the Literary Remains of the Rev. C. Price, *(Carnhuanawc.)*

"When referring to Sir Hugh Evans, curate of the Priory Church at Brecon, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Mr. Price himself has stated,—'That from the intimacy which subsisted between Shakespeare and the Prices of the Priory, an idea prevails that he frequently visited them at their residence in Brecon; and that he not only availed himself of the whimsicalities of old Sir Hugh, but that he was indebted to this part of the kingdom for much of the machinery of the "Midsummer Night's Dream."'

Theophilus Jones, who appears to be altogether dissatisfied with Shakespeare's presentment of Welshmen, writes,—

"To his (Sir John Price's) son, who was well-known and received at the court of London, during the reigns of Edward VI, Philip and Mary, and the beginning of Elizabeth, I have reason to believe Shakespeare was indebted for 'that remnant of Welsh flannel' Sir Hugh Evans, a character, (if such it may be called) which seems to be introduced merely to amuse the audience with the jargon and phraseology of the Briton, and to make fritters of the English, in which, as in everything else the poet has undertaken, he has most admirably succeeded. Sir Hugh Evans was the protégé of our antiquary, Sir John Price, and his son Richard, the latter of whom presented him with the living of Merthyr Cynog in Breconshire, in 1572."

Campbell the poet was most anxious to establish the identity of Sir Hugh Evans of the Priory with Shakespeare's Sir Hugh Evans, and wrote many letters on the subject.

The story of Shakespeare's friendship with the Prices of the Priory looks probable when we remember that William Herbert, Earl of Shrewsbury, the patron and friend of Shakespeare, to whom the first folio was dedicated, and who is held by many to be the "Mr. W. H." of the sonnets, was also the patron and benefactor of Sir John Price. So it looks as though Shakespeare had really studied the Welsh character from life.

SIONED PRYCE.

In copying out Bobert Owen's two English poems for the last number, I somehow or other left out the last stanza of the last poem. It is as follows,—

Doubts and fears darkly loom
O'er my path of gladness,
Imagining an early tomb,
End of early sadness;
Death of hope and life may seem
Nigh, but by the sullen stream
With a purer, brighter beam
Will burn my love for Mary.

Most Welsh poets look upon the hymns of Wales as the best part of its literature, though the numerous attempts at translating them into English have not, owing to difficulties of translation insuperable even to genius, been perfectly successful. In the alternate heights and depths of the last part of his short journey on earth, Robert Owen tried to translate one of the most martial and one of the most plaintive of the hymns sung in the chapel of his childhood and in his Barmouth home. The Welsh original follows each version,—

I.

March, O Jesus, march triumphant,
Girdle on Thy mighty sword,
Neither earth nor hell united
Can withstand Thee, glorious Lord.
When Thy mere name is sounded
Every foe doth quake with fear,
All creation stands amazed,
When her sovereign Lord is near.

Marchog, Iesu, yn llwyddiannus,
Gwisg dy gleddyf ar dy glun;
Nis gall daear dy wrthsefyll,
Chwaith nac uffern fawr ei hun;
Mae dy enw mor ardderchog,
Pob rhyw elyn gilia draw;
Mae rhyw arswyd trwy'r greadigaeth
Pan y byddost ti ger llaw.

II.

Think my soul before thou spendest
All thy dear time on earth,
Hast thou got that precious treasure,
Pure gem of highest worth?
What shall then be thy condition,—
What for dwelling shalt thou have,
Whether bliss or black perdition,
Shall be thy lot beyond the grave.

Cofia f'enaid, cyn it' dreulio
D'oriau gwerthfawr yn y byd
Cyn ehedeg ffwrdd oddiyma,
P'un a ge'st ti'r trysor drud;
Ym mha ardal bydd dy lety,
Fath pryd hynny fydd dy wedd,
P'un ai llawen ai cystuddiol
Fyddi'r ochr draw i'r bedd.

To human ingenuity there is no end. The most wonderful summersauts of intellect are undoubtedly found in the realms of philology. The following letter is worth keeping on record as an example of the delightful imaginary paths into which a propensity to explaining derivations may lead one.

PWLLYCROCHAN V. PWLLYCROCHON.

To the editor of the *Daily Post*.

SIR,—As a constant reader of your paper for many years, I much dislike to see an instance of bad spelling in it. The meaning of the first form of the above name is as follows,—Pwll-y-crochan Pool-of-the-(boiling) pot, and the other form, Pwll-y-croch-on, Pool-of-the-great-ash (tree), and the last is undoubtedly the correct spelling and meaning, and I have it on the authority of the late land steward of Lady Erskine, the late possessor of the Pwllycrochon estates, and for the meaning of "croch" I refer you to Rev. XVIII. 2, "lefodd yn groch,"—English "cried with a mighty voice;" also see Daniel XIII. 4. Perhaps some of your Welsh readers will be interested in the derivation of the name.—Yours, &c.,

A WELSHMAN.

With reference to my observations in my last issue, and in response to my invitation to others to add to, or correct, the information therein supplied for the benefit of "Dovey's Daughter," R. Ivor Parry of Pwllheli suggests the following corrections,—

Banadl is the Common Broom, and the Latin name is *Spartium Scoparium*. It belongs to Class Diadelphia and the Order Decandria.

Erwain or Erwaint is the well-known Meadow Sweet, and its classical name is *Spiraea Ulmaria*. It is of the Order Di-Pentagynia of the Class Icosandria.

Y bengaled is the Knapweed, three of which we know, viz., the Greater, the Black, and the Brown, which are known by their Latin names as *Centaurea Scabiosa, Centaurea nigra, and Centaurea Iacea*, respectively.

Bwyd y llyffaint, also known as Caws llyffaint, Bwyd ellyllon, and Bwyd y barcud, is the Agaric of our fields, and its Latin name is *Agaricus*.

Yr Olcheuraid is our Wood Sanicle, and its Latin name is *Sanicula Europea*.

Yr Dorfagl is the Wild Clary of our pastures; its Latin name is *Salvia verbenaca*. The *Euphrasia*, our Eye-bright, is quite a different plant and belongs to a different class.

Y feidiog las, known also in Wales under the several names of Dail Eidral, Llysiau yr Esgyrn, &c., is the Ground Ivy of our hedges, its classical name being *Glechoma hederacea*.

LLYN CWELLYN AND CASTELL CIDWM.

SOME FEATURES IN THE PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY OF WALES.

By J. E. Thomas, C.E., Wrexham.

I.—INLAND LAKES.

ONE of the most remarkable features in connection with Welsh scenery is the large number of lakes, of varying dimensions, that are scattered broadcast over the mountains. They are characteristic of North Wales more particularly, but we find them also in mid Wales, as well as in parts of the south. They are more numerous and important in Carnarvonshire than in any other part. I can mention at least fifty of them in this county, covering an area of over two thousand acres. Merionethshire has also a large number, but they are of less importance. Indeed it is evident that the further we proceed from north to south in Wales, the lakes become less important as regards number and extent. And there must doubtless be a sufficient reason for this.

During the glacial epoch, this country was partially submerged in a sea of ice, and the mountains of North Wales appeared at that time as so many islands in a great Arctic Sea. When the whole country was subsequently being gradually raised to its present approximate level, all the principal Welsh valleys were filled with glaciers, Snowdon being the chief centre of six glaciers that flowed from its summit in different directions down the valleys of Cwm Brwynog, Cwm y Clogwyn, Cwm y Llan, Llyn Llydaw and Cwm Dyli, Cwm Glas, and Cwm Glas Bach. Unmistakable traces of striae* and other remains of ice action are to be seen in every Cwm and valley of this interesting mountainous region, and I will therefore take it for granted that this was the condition of Wales at this remote period. Sir Andrew Ramsay has given us his reasons why these lakes are so numerous in some districts, and so scarce or altogether absent in others; and these are his words,—"When glaciers descended into valleys, and deposited their terminal moraines,* it sometimes happened that, when a glacier declined in size, its moraine still remained tolerably perfect, with this result, — that the drainage formerly represented by ice is now represented by running water, which is dammed in between the surrounding slopes of the solid mountain and the mound formed by the terminal moraine, thus making a lake." This explanation, however, only applies to some lakes among the mountains of Wales, where they have been partly dammed by moraines, and in a few cases entirely so especially the smaller lakes, or tarns, as they are sometimes called. But as regards the larger sheets of water, the majority of them are in true rock basins, which have been formed by the long-continued grinding of ice action. Snowdonia, we know, is to a large extent covered with igneous matter, and faults and fissures are frequent, and in other parts of the world lakes are common in old volcanic craters. How far these conditions may have contributed to the origin of the more important lakes in Wales is an open question.

"It may seem strange," says Ramsay, "that I should take the lake of Geneva as a special example, when the lakes of Llanberis, Llyn Llydaw, and Bala, in Wales, Windermere in the Cumbrian region, Loch Doon in Ayrshire, Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond, and many other lakes in the Highlands, would, on a smaller scale, do as well. But though it was in Wales that the first idea of the theory struck me, while mapping its moraines and ice-groves in 1854, yet it was only after a critical examination of many of the lakes in and around the Alps that, in 1861, I ventured to assert that nearly all their basins were scooped out by the great glaciers of the icy period. I then first clearly saw its bearing as a veritable discovery in physical geography, affecting

* Streaked or marked with fine thread-like lines running parallel to each other.

* *Moraines* is the name given in Switzerland to the longitudinal mounds of stony detritus which occur at the bases and along the edges of all the great glaciers.

LLYN TEGID.

not Switzerland and Britain alone, but a large part of the habitable world."

In that wild mountainous area lying between the valleys of the Ogwen and the Conway are numerous lakes lying well up in scooped hollows at the head of their respective outlets. Llyn Cowlyd is the largest in the district, about two hundred and fifteen acres in extent, and at a height of one thousand three hundred and fifty feet above the sea, and a distance of about four miles from Llanrwst. Very fine views are obtained from this point,—Carnedd Llywelyn, Pen Helyg or Eli Ci Du, Pen Llithrig y March and Moel Eilio are in full view. A little over a mile northwards is Llyn Eigiau, eighty four acres in extent, and situated at the base of a greenstone deposit known as Craig Eigiau. About another mile to the north west are Melynllyn and Llyn Dulyn, which now is the source of the water supply for the populous towns on the coast opposite.

Between Llyn Cowlyd and Llanrwst are two lakes of much interest,—Llyn Crafnant, sixty acres in extent, and Llyn Geirionnydd, fifty five acres. The former is completely surrounded by mountains, and the surroundings generally are very beautiful. Llyn Geirionnydd is not so fine a sheet of water, but is historically more interesting. It is reputed as having once been the ornamental water in front of the home of Taliesin. "The late Lady Willoughby de Eresby placed a monument to mark the spot, but, it is said, on the wrong side of the lake, and the ordnance surveyors, noticing a cross on the monument, set it down as 'Bedd Taliesin,' or the burial place of the poet."*

In the same district is Llyn Ogwen, at the head of the famous Nant Ffrancon and the source of the river Ogwen. It is a mile long, about seventy five acres in area, and situated some 900 feet above the sea. This lake is a favourite *rendezvous* both for fishermen and artists

Between the Ogwen and the pass of Llanberis are several lakes, and unmistakable traces and remains of glacial action are visible. The valley of Llyn Idwal, says Ramsay, "has long been classic ground to geologists, having been the first case in which a special glacier valley in Wales was described in detail," by Darwin. The waters of the lake are partly dammed up by a terminal moraine, and the basin of the lake, Professor Ramsay suggests, was ground out by the old glacier, as referred to in the beginning of this article. The whole district abounds in glacier-scorings, but the most noteworthy remains of the great ice age are

* "Gossiping Guide to Wales," p. 207.

the "four moraines arranged in long symmetrical mounds, one within another, on the western shores of the lake."*

Like many other lakes in Wales, Llyn Idwal has its legend, given by Pennant. Prince Idwal, he says, a son of Owain Gwynedd, was murdered here by his foster father Dunawt, and of old it was supposed that the lake was the haunt of demons, and that no birds could fly over its waters. Further south east up the slopes of Glyder Fach is Llyn Bochllwyd. Cwm Bochllwyd, above this small lake, is "one of the wildest valleys in North Wales;" and at the upper end of the lake is an immense moraine heap, formed of angular blocks of stone. On the opposite side of the Ogwen, and on the southern flanks of Carnedd Dafydd, is a small tarn called Ffynnon y Lloer, quite two thousand feet above the sea level; and in the same district, between Pen Helig on the east and Carnedd Dafydd on the west, is a fine lake known as Ffynnon Llugwy, thirty six acres in extent, and being the source of the charming stream Llugwy. Other lakes between the Ogwen and Llanberis pass are Llyn y Cwn, two thousand two hundred feet high, Marchlyn Mawr, and Marchlyn Bach, lying between Elidyr and Bronllwyd.

The pass of Llanberis affords abundant proofs that a huge glacier at one time filled the gorge to a height of one thousand to twelve hundred feet above the present level of the lakes, for on the slaty and smooth rock surfaces high up the mountain on both sides of the valley are the grooves or striations made by the glacier as it quietly moved in a north westerly direction towards the coast. Llyn Peris and Llyn Padarn, being respectively one hundred and fifty and two hundred and seventy acres in extent, and in the deepest place one hundred and seven feet deep, are the remains of the glacial period, and at no very remote date were one sheet of water over three miles long. They are now divided by a neck of land some quarter of a mile or so in extent, near which is the renowned castle of Dalbadarn, which has done its part in history from the days of Maelgwn Gwynedd on; and in the time of the first Edward, a Welsh garrison defended themselves there against the English. "Dolbadarn has its legend also, which tells us that the fairest lady of all Cambria once dwelt here, and it only adds one more version of the old, old story of a lady in love, but not with the object of her father's choice. The fair Margaret preferred William of Montgomery; the father preferred Hector of Marchlyn Mawr. The maiden's choice was all a maiden's heart could sigh for, the father's was the adjoining landowner. Both the swains were allowed to come a courting, and both were received with smiles, the one from the child, the other from the parent. Just about this time a tournament was to be held at the castle, and it was arranged that the rival knights were to decide the fate of the young lady by force of arms, and it was agreed between them that the one who came to grief in the encounter should present to the other a steed on which to convey the lady to church on her wedding day. Hector, doubtful of the issue, and the villain of the piece, consulted a witch up in the mountain, and arranged with her that if he was second best in the lists, the devil was to provide him with a palfrey to present to the conqueror for the lady's riding. We need scarcely say that Montgomery was the victor, and as Hector fell, a milk-white palfrey of wondrous beauty galloped into the arena. This was the demon steed. The wedding day speedily arrived, and the lady, attended by a host of armed knights, rode the palfrey. At the right was the bridegroom, and on her left the discomfited Hector. Just as the church was reached the horse became restive, and the sight of a cross on the church gates caused it to start at full speed away from the throng, with the bride on its back. At once a hundred knights gave chase, but they were nowhere in the hunt, and soon only William of Montgomery remained. Hours of hard riding at a tremendous pace ensued, and just as the enchanted palfrey reached the steep side of Penmaenmawr, the bridegroom got along side with his horse, and clasped the lady around the waist. But it was too late, and with one loud scream from the

* Ramsay's "Ancient Glaciers of Wales," p. 87.

latter, the horses and their riders plunged into the abyss!"*

Proceeding up the valley towards Pen y Gwryd, we pass the well of St. Peris, which Pennant says was in his time attended by the sybil of the place, and who divined fortunes by the appearance or nonappearance of a little fish which lurked in some of its holes.

On the northern flanks of Snowdon are several small lakes or tarns nestling high up in the wild ravines leading from the summit, and in each of these valleys moraine mounds are numerous. Cwm Glas, lying under Crib Coch, is a notable instance, and Ramsay says that "on three sides it is bounded by tall cliffs and mountain peaks, in the midst of which lie two little deep, clear tarns, about two thousand two hundred feet above the sea, each in a perfect basin of rock, in this, on a small scale, resembling the Todten-see and the lake behind the hotel of the Grinsel."

About a mile to the westwards is another mountain valley, Cwm Brwynog, leading from Crib y Ddisgyl, near the summit of Snowdon, and on it a small lake, Llynddu'r Arddu, around which is "a great stony moraine mound." There is here a huge stone, estimated by Ramsay to weigh five thousand tons, and a story is told of this stone, the same as Mrs. Hemans tells of a stone on Cader Idris, that if a man sleeps on it for a night, he awakens either a poet or a madman.

The most important lake on the slopes of Snowdon is about a mile east of the summit, Llyn Llydaw, one hundred and ten acres in area, about a mile long, and one hundred and eighty feet deep, and at a height of one thousand five hundred and twenty seven feet above the sea; with Llyn Glaslyn, one hundred and fourteen feet deep, which drains into it, lying nearer Pen y Wyddfa, and at a height of considerably over two thousand feet. This lake is shut in by huge precipices, which at the further end of the lake come sheer down from the highest peak of Snowdon right into the water, a descent of some one thousand five hundred feet,—one of the grandest cliffs in Wales.

In "Hours of Exercise on the Alps," published by Longmans, is a chapter describing the ascent of Snowdon by Professors Tyndall and Huxley, December 28th, 1860, certainly not a safe time of the year for such an enterprise except by experienced Alpine climbers, and rather risky even to such. They had, however, a good guide. The description is by Tyndall, and the route is from Pen y Gwryd, passing Llyn Llydaw and Glaslyn. The description is worth reproducing. "The scene was grand in the extreme. Before us were the buttresses of Snowdon, crowned by the conical peak; while below us were three llyns, black as ink, and contracting additional gloom from the shadow of the mountain. The lines of weathering had caused the frozen rime to deposit itself upon the rocks as on the tendrils of the vine, the crags being fantastically wreathed with runners of ice. The summit, when we looked at it, damped our ardour a little; it seemed very distant, and the day was sinking fast. From the summit, the mountain sloped downward to a col, which linked it with a bold eminence to our right. At the col we aimed, and half an hour before reaching it, we passed the

* See "Gossiping Guide to Wales," p. 275.

LLYN GEIRIONNYDD,—with "Taliesin's Grave."

steepest portion of the track. This I quitted, seeking to cut off the zig-zags, but gained nothing but trouble in the attempt. This difficulty conquered, the col was clearly within reach. On its curve we met a fine snow cornice, through which we broke at a plunge, and gained safe footing on the mountain rim. The health and gladness of that moment were a full recompense for the entire journey into Wales. We went upwards along the edge of the cone, with the noble sweep of the snow cornice on our left. The huts at the top were all cased in ice, and from their chimneys and projections the snow was drawn into a kind of plumage by the wind. The crystals had set themselves so as to present the exact appearance of feathers, and in some cases these were stuck against a common axis, so as accurately to resemble the plumes in the soldiers' caps. It was three o'clock when we gained the summit. Above and beyond us the heavens were of the densest grey; towards the western horizon this was broken by belts of fiery red, which nearer the sun brightened to orange and yellow. The mountains of Flintshire* were flooded with glory, and later on, through the gaps in the ranges, the sunlight was poured in coloured beams, which could be tracked through the air to the places on which their radiance fell. . The scene would bear comparison with the splendour of the Alps themselves."

Another important lake in the Snowdon district is Llyn Cwellyn, on the main road from Beddgelert to Carnarvon. It is over a mile in length, a quarter of a mile wide, and about two hundred acres in area. Several small tarns on the west of Snowdon and Llyn y Gader, two miles south of Llyn Cwellyn, drain into it. Near the outlet of the lake is Castell Cidwm, the site of an ancient fortress, and the scenery around will well repay a visit. Llyn Cwellyn has its legend as well, which is very beautiful; but it is familiar in various forms to the students of myth.

"The fairies were dancing one night near Llyn Cwellyn when a young man, who had hidden himself in a thicket, rushed out and seized a beautiful fay, who, it is needless to add, was a lady. The rest instantly vanished, while he brought his prize in triumph home. After many entreaties she consented to become his wife, on condition that if he should ever strike her with cold iron, she would leave him for ever. The happy swain had no difficulty in entering into an engagement so readily, as he thought, observed. They were married, and in course of time a son and daughter appeared on the scene, but, unfortunately one day, in throwing a missile at a horse it hit his fairy wife, who instantly disappeared for ever. Her beautiful face was never again beheld by mortal, but one evening these plaintive lines were whispered in the breeze, heard only by the bereaved husband,—

'Rhag bod anwyd ar fy mab
Yn rhodd rhowch arno gob ei dad,
Rhag bod anwyd ar liw'r cann
Rhoddwch arni bais ei mam.'"

In one of the most charming valleys in Wales, Nant Gwynant, forming the eastern limit of Snowdon, are two lakes,—Llyn Gwynant, ninety acres in area, and Llyn y Dinas, sixty acres in area. On the north-western slopes of the former are moraine mounds and striations on the rock surfaces showing the direction of the glacier that came down from the side of Llyn Llydaw, and when it reached the valley the striations take a turn to the south-west, proving that the glacier were gradually declining. Just below Llyn y Dinas is Dinas Emrys on a wooded eminence, where legend says Vortigern retired and Merlin Ambrosius came to his aid.

Two lakes called Llyniau Nant y Llef or more generally known as "Nantlle Lakes," are situated in one of the most romantic passes in Snowdonia. It is said that in passing up this valley by Drws y Coed we get one of the finest views of Snowdon. The upper lake is eighty acres in extent, and the lower one about one hundred acres; unfortunately one of them is being gradually filled with slate refuse. It was from this valley that Wilson the artist took his celebrated picture of Snowdon. At the head of the valley in the direction of Rhyd Ddu, is Llyn y Dywarchen, a minor wonder of Wales because of its floating island at one time. In 1695,

* Moel Famman range.

LLYN GWYNANT. *(From Pennant).*

Gibson only saw a little green patch near the brink "which is all the occasion of the fable of the wandering island." Halley, the astronomer, visiting the spot a year or two after the editor of Camden, controverts Gibson's statement (in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1698) thus,—"In one of these lakes I was on board a floating island as it may be called; the lake is scarce half a mile about, environed with a boggy soil, a piece of which about six yards long and four broad floats on the water, having broad-spreading fungous roots on its sides, the lightness of which buoys it up. It was driven on the lee shore, but I launched it off and swam it to be satisfied it floated. This I take the more notice of, because it is denied to be true by the author of the additions to Camden lately published, but I myself saw it as described, and was told it had formerly been bigger, there being a lesser spot that they told us had been heretofore a part thereof, which floated likewise." Wilson took this lake and island as the subject of one of his pictures, and of it the following story is told,—"It is said that the artist was for a long time puzzled how to give a notion of the phenomenon in a painting, but at length he conquered the difficulty by depicting a man standing on the island in the act of wafting it nearer the shore with the aid of a long staff."* There is still just the remains of the island to be seen, and that is all.

There are lakes such as Llyniau Mymbyr in Nant Gwryd and others that we have not specially referred to, but that they are all of them the result of glacial action in the manner referred to by the late Professor Ramsay is beyond doubt.

I hope to refer to other lakes in Wales in a future chapter.

* Gossiping Guide to Wales, p. 293.

A HINT.

IT is to be hoped that some kind friend of every intermediate school will see that each boy and girl in it gets a copy of the vicar of Llanidloes' "Welsh Lyrics of the Nineteenth Century." It will give every child an idea of the value of the literature of his own country. It is most beautifully printed.

TO SCHOOLMASTERS.

IT does not seem to be generally known that Welsh can be taken as one subject in the Oxford and Cambridge local examinations. As a matter of simple justice to Welsh children, as well as with a view to the usefulness of their education, Welsh should be taken up in every school.

A WELCOME BOOK.*

THE man who will succeed in showing the true beauty of the poetic genius of Wales to the world outside us, especially to the not altogether unsympathetic English-speaking world, will not be accounted the least among those who serve Wales to-day. What strikes one, for example, in the *Lyra Celtica*, the most recent of Celtic anthologies, is the absolute absence of everything relating to modern Welsh thought and song. It was not Mrs. Sharp's fault, for translations made to order are not always successful. I have often been told that, of every modern literature, Welsh is the most difficult for a foreigner to get a glimpse of. Not only its *awdlau*, *cywyddau*, and *pryddestau* are untranslated, and, according to some, untranslatable; but its love-songs, its patriotic songs, its lullabies even, are all, as far as the outside world is concerned, in a sealed book.

What had been long desired was a small collection of good translations. This was desired for many purposes. The student of literature needed it, in order to have some faint idea what Welsh thought is like. The general reader of English required it, in order to understand Wales and sympathise with it,—for our Moore wrote execrable English, our Burns none at all. And besides, the English-speaking Welshman required it,—the son of a father, possibly, who is never weary of praising the Welsh muse, though he taught his children no Welsh. I continually meet an English student who asks me how he can get some information about the real merit of Welsh poetry; I continually meet patriotic Welshmen, especially at the Eisteddfod, whose devotion to an *awen* that is unintelligible to them is quite pathetic. I wanted a book to place in their hands, and I would say,—"I cannot give you a long disquisition on poetry, read this."

It seems to me that the vicar of Llanidloes has supplied this want. His little book, I hope, will be accorded a hearty welcome; that it cannot fail to give pleasure to everyone who reads it, I will give my word. The translator seems to be excellently qualified for his work,—he himself is a Welshman and can enter into the soul of the Welsh *awen* as well as any man living, and his mother,—not Saxon surely, but Angle or Celtic,—is of English speech. What the author says to his mother at the end of his very suggestive dedication, I would apply to every English reader, be he of Welsh blood or not,—

> "From your far Yorkshire home
> Perchance they may in fancy bid you come,
> Pondering past memories, to my native land,
> Once more to see fair Mawddach from the bridge,
> To mark how Cader rises, ridge on ridge,
> Or, where Llanaber guards our dead, to stand."

When reading the preface for the first time,—one generally reads the preface twice, at the beginning and at the end of one's perusal of the volume,—the news that the author is a "man that has never written a line of English poetry before" causes a little dismay, and the hint about "two or three further instalments" is set aside in the memory for further consideration. After reading the book through,—and I believe that even a reviewer will be tempted to read this book through, its fields being so fresh, and its pastures so new,—every lover of song and of Wales will be impatient for the further instalments, and will wish that the author will get "many hints and suggestions by which the faults and imperfections of the present volume may be avoided in a second series," and that he will pay no heed to any of them, but go straight on.

It is only fitting that the voice of the interpreter between the two worlds of thought should be heard at Llanidloes. It is the last town on the Severn to retain its Welsh. A few years ago it looked as if it also was going the way of Newtown and Welshpool, but now its old life is reviving again,—so, probably, in a unique period in its history, one small generation of people who know no Welsh will have risen at Llanidloes.

Twenty three years ago, as far as I am aware, the last attempt at interpreting the Welsh muse was made, and that at

* WELSH LYRICS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. Selected and translated by Edmund O. Jones. First Series. Bangor: Jarvis and Foster, Lorne House, 1896. Paper, 1s.; cloth, 2s. 6d.

Llanidloes. John Jenkins' "Poetry of Wales," a series of translations ranging from Aneurin to Canon Silvan Evans (who is still among us, and long may he live), is a very praiseworthy attempt at serving his country, but the translations are by various hands, and they aim more at imitating the shallow melody of the eighteenth century English poets than at reproducing the Welsh thoughts in their simplicity and beauty.

The vicar of Llanidloes has selected about fifty short pieces,—four from Alun, three from Ieuan Glan Geirionnydd, one from Glasynys, one from Ioan Emlyn, two from Trebor Mai, one from Caledfryn, two from Gwilym Marles, two from Ieuan Gwynedd, fifteen from Ceiriog, eight from Islwyn, four from Mynyddog, four from Ossian Gwent, and two from Robert Owen. Short biographies of each poet are added. Three of them were clergymen, four ministers, one a journalist, one a schoolmaster, one a tailor, one a station-master, one a farmer, and one a carpenter.

Every translation has one great and striking merit, and this merit will make the book exceedingly popular among readers who know Welsh, and *may* make it strange to those who have never thought save in English. That merit is this,—the translation gives, not only the form, but the soul of the original. The bits selected are well known in every home in Wales; the translation of each brought the original,—the whole poems and the exquisite pleasure they gave when I realised their meaning for the first time,—vividly to my memory. How they will affect my "Saxon" friends, I am very curious to know.

As one example, here is a nocturne from Mynyddog,—

"The mournful eve, a weary moan upraising,
Low lays her head adown in honeyed sleep;
And, flame-enshrouded, all the hills are praising
The God who ward o'er man doth keep;
On high the cloudwrack sailing
Its golden skirts is trailing;
Floats sound of summer song the evening airs
Says the light [along;
Breeze, "Good Night."

"The tiny flowers, with silvery dewdrops dripping,
Before the queen of night bow one and all,
Who, shod with feathery sandals satin-soft
comes tripping
To hide the world beneath her shadowy pall;
From many a quiet hearth
Over the darkling earth
Is borne along the sound of song;
Says the light
Breeze, "Good Night."

Very well translated, also, is Islwyn's "Night," beginning,—

"Come, Night, with all thy train
Of witnesses. I love
The stars' deep eloquence
That with the morning hours
Grows mute again."

Spirited pieces, like Ceiriog's "Steed of Dapple Grey," or bursts of happiness like Ossian Gwent's "Lark," are translated with equal success. To compare Mr. Jones' attempts with others, let the following suffice. The last stanza of Alun's "Nightingale" is well known, but I write it here from memory,—

"Er dichon fod ei chalon wan
Yn delwi dan y dulid,
Ni chwyna, i flino 'i hanwyl rai,
Ei gwên a guddia 'i gofid;
Ni pheidia 'i chân trwy ddunos faith
Nes gweled gobaith goleu
Yn twynnu, megis llygad aur,
Trwy bur anrantau'r boreu."

Here is the old translation, having only a vague resemblance to the original,—

"Altho' thy heart beneath the pang
Should falter in its throes,
Thou wilt not grieve thy nestlings young,
Thy song thou wilt not close.
When all the chorus of the bush
By night and sleep are still,
Thou then dost chant thy merriest lays,
And heaven with music fill."

And here is Mr. Jones',—

"Though 'neath the blight of sorrow's smart,
Her woman's heart oft faileth,
She moaneth not, but with fond smiles
Her pain in smiles she veileth;
So sings she through the live-long night,
Till hope's bright light appeareth,
Which, glittering like a radiant eye,
Through dawn's shy lashes peereth."

Does it not show a master's hand? The metre, the rhyme, and, above all, the inmost soul of the original are faithfully kept. The heather flowers, in this volume, retain, not only their form, but their most delicate bloom and faintest aroma.

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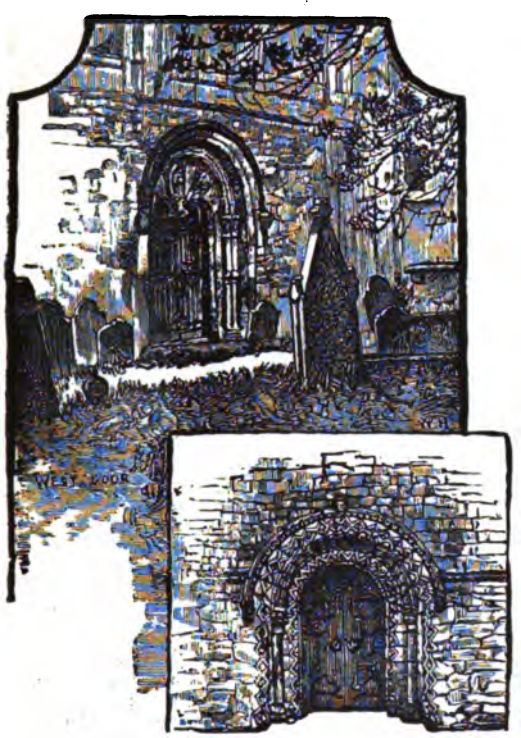

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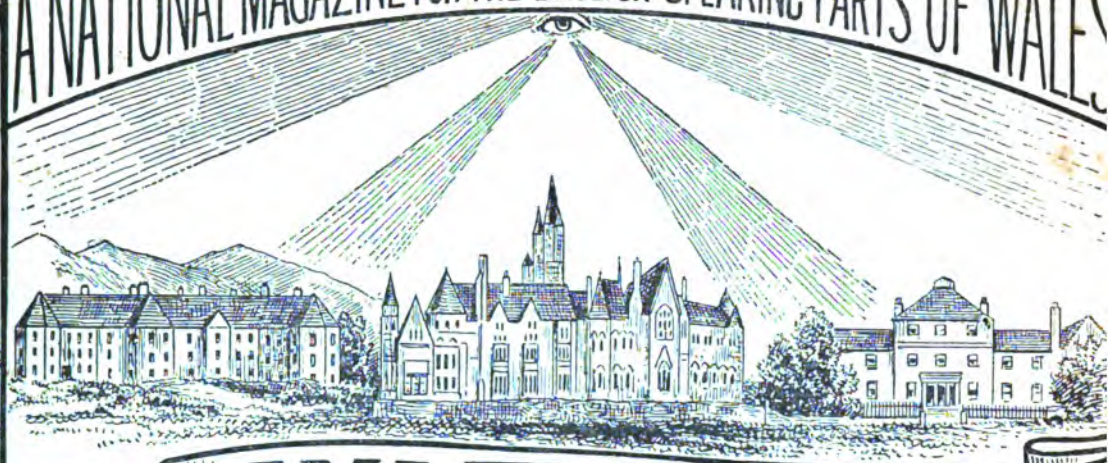

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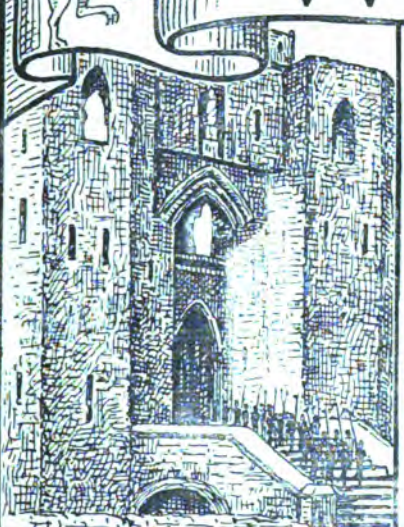

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THE PEOPLE OF NORTH PEMBROKESHIRE.

By ARTHUR WADE EVANS, B.A., Jesus College, Oxford.

A TRAVELLER in Pembrokeshire will immediately notice if he moves from north to south that he is going from among one distinct race of people into the midst of another. The cutting between the two is quick and sharp. Suppose for example he travels along the road from Haverfordwest to Fishguard, he will hear English only in Haverfordwest and English only along the road for about five miles. Afterwards he hears little but Welsh. If a line is drawn from St. David's due east through Brawdy, Trefgarn, straight on to Whitland, roughly speaking all Pembrokeshire north of this line is Welsh, the other portion of the shire is English, Flemish, or what not. How far the people of Welsh north Pembrokeshire are really Welsh, is the question I now wish to touch upon.

The inhabitants of north Pembrokeshire are Welsh in language and customs. Welsh only is heard in Nonconformist places of worship; so also in rural Welsh churches. In meetings, political, religious, or literary, Welsh is the language mostly employed. It is also the tongue heard along the streets and roads. English as a rule is restricted to the higher classes. Judging from the census reports, I should think that seventy per cent at least of the north Pembrokeshire folk speak Welsh. Their customs also are similar to those of other Welsh parts. Local eisteddfodau are pretty numerous, whilst "monthly meetings" and a "cymanfa ganu" are equally prevalent. "Dydd Calan" is still kept up with the same assiduity as the Sabbath day, and some other Welsh customs are extant whilst more have become obsolete within human memory. By merely casual observation however, I have noticed three points by which we might detect a foreign element by no means small and insignificant in the composition of the north Pembrokeshire people. There are other reasons that tend to prove the same argument. Nicholas, if I rightly recollect, in his "Pedigree of the English People," devotes a whole chapter to its discussion. But the following three are based solely on the number of foreign local names of undoubtedly ancient standing.

1. The prevalence of English names of places in the heart of a Welsh district.
2. The prevalence of Danish names of places along the coast line.
3. The durable extent of these Danish settlements as shewn by the town of Fishguard.

1. The great majority of these English names end in "ton," *e.g.*, Puncheston. They are dotted hither and thither over the whole range of the map. They gradually decrease in number towards the north. In south Pembrokeshire, that is, in the English district, they are very numerous. I take up the St. David's Diocesan Calendar and find that Pembrokeshire is ecclesiastically divided into eight deaneries, named from S. to N.,—Castlemartin, Roose, Narberth, Dungleddy, Dewisland, Fishguard, Kemes, and Emlyn. Now the number of parishes whose names end in "ton" in these deaneries will shew distinctly how the English names gradually decrease towards the Welsh parts,—

Castlemartin	(extreme S. W. of county)	5	English.
Narberth	(N. E. of Castlemartin)	7	English.
Roose	(Haverfordwest and S. of it)	11	English.
Dungleddy	(N. of Haverfordwest)	9	Border district.
Dewisland	(S. David's & neighbourhood)	0	Welsh.
Fishguard		4	Welsh.
Kemes	(Newport and neighbourhood)	1	Welsh.
Emlyn	(extreme N. E. of county)	0	Welsh.

Turning to the list of parish names in the English district of Gower, near Swansea, I find in the same calendar that "ton" names are numerous there as well. Some of them, in fact, are precisely the same as those of south Pembrokeshire; as, for example, Cheriton and Reynoldston. Now we are told the foreigners placed in Gower were of the same race as those placed in Pembrokeshire. These "ton" names then seem to be of their invention. Consequently, one would think that these people once extended much further north in Pembroke county than the parts they now inhabit Monington, for example, is only about four miles south of Cardigan. How then shall we account for modern Welsh Pembrokeshire? What became of the foreigners of the northern half of the shire? They must either have been merged into those of Cymric blood, or they must have been harassed by the Welsh towards the lower banks of the two streams, Cleddau. The former seems more reasonable and credible, for otherwise the names of their little towns would have disappeared with them. Doubtlessly many English names passed out of existence under the pressure of Welsh influence. Shall we not say, then, that there is a not very small element of Flemish origin in the constitution of these people, but that the preponderance of Celtism has blotted out any directly visible manifestation of its existence?

2. The Pembrokeshire coast is marked by Danish names to a more or less degree throughout its whole extent. For examples I give Tenby, Stackpole, Freystrop, Hasguard, Stack Rocks, and Strumble Head. These names again are far more prevalent in the south than north. But here in the north there is one spot where there must have been a settlement by no means insignificant, inasmuch as after the vicissitudes of wild centuries, Danish local names still abide. This spot is Fishguard, situated on the inmost extremity of a pleasant bay of the same name. This bay is bounded on the west by Pen Anglas and Strumble Head. On the same bay is situated the lovely little hamlet of Goodwick. Taking local names as one's only guidance, it would be thought that this alone was the seat of Danish settlers on the north coast of the county, but it seems probable that the Flemings would have retained Teutonic place names much more readily and naturally than the Welsh of the north, whose bitter hatred of foreigners was proverbial. Does not this fact then suggest the probability of a once larger number of foreign names in north Pembrokeshire, which gradually disappeared under Cymric influences? Thus we might imagine a large number of Danish colonists varying in extent, the smaller members of which disappeared *in toto*, whilst the larger ones, too, after a while, presented nothing of their true origin save the survival of one or two place names. If this theory be tenable, we regard Fishguard as having once been a settlement of goodly extent, an idea which my third point will show out still more clearly.

3. Fishguard is an ancient little town on the N. W. coast of Pembrokeshire, about seventeen miles south of Cardigan, It is well known as being in the vicinity of the spot where the French landed in 1797. Its Welsh name is Abergwaun, because it stands on the estuary of the river Gwaun. The population numbers about seventeen hundred. Like most* Welsh towns, English is gradually becoming the language of the people, though the sects still use Welsh, whilst the church service is bilingual. The four quarters of this town are called Hottipas, Wallis, Wŷs, and Slade. The last is the name given to a little glade, and is the Danish name for "dell." What the others mean I do not attempt to state, but who will call them Welsh? Tradition is altogether silent. There is a small green

* This I doubt very much. In many towns that I know much more Welsh is spoken than there was twenty years ago. Many towns, that were once purely English speaking, are now purely Welsh speaking,—e.g., Carnarvon, Conway, Beaumaris.—Ed.

tract of land formed by the river which is called "Mussland," a hill in the neighbourhood "Bigny," a well "Pistill Hotch," and some rocks leading down to the sea, "Lampit,"—names surely not Welsh. They date from long before human memory. In fact, of their source nobody knows anything. All one can say is, that if those who gave the town its now Welsh name of Fishguard did not give its quarters the non-Welsh names of Slade, etc., how shall they be accounted for? The logical conclusion I arrive at is that Fishguard formed an extensive settlement of the Danes, and that traces of this people are still seen in local names.

Welsh Pembrokeshire, then, is not so absolutely Welsh as one would at first thought suppose, but Teutonic blood is freely distributed amongst the people, and though their language and customs are Welsh, a strong element of foreign extraction has to many an inquirer marked off the people of northern Dyfed from those of other portions of Wales.

THE CYCLE.

THE Cycle, now merely a social meeting, the members of which reside mostly in the neighbourhood of Wrexham and in parts of Cheshire, was originally a secret assembly which met for the purpose of furthering the pretensions of Prince Charles Edward to the crown of Great Britain. The list of members underneath is, perhaps, the earliest extant. The more recent ones are drawn out in the form of a "round robin," and probably this form was adopted soon after the establishment of the society to prevent the possibility of any of the members being indicted as the principal of a treasonable assembly. The following are the original rules of the society,—

"We, whose names are underwritten, do promise, at ye time and place to our names respectively affixed, and to observe the rules following, viz.,—

"*Impms.* Every member of the society shall, for default of his appearance, submit to be censured, and shall thereupon be censured by the judgment of the society.

2ndly. "Every member y't cannot come shall be obliged to send notice of his non-appearance by 12 o'clock, at noon, together with his reason in writing, otherwise his plea shall not excuse him, if within the compass of fifteen miles from the place of meeting.

3rdly. "Each member obliges himself to have dinner uppon the table by 12 o'clock, at noon, from Michaelmas to Lady day, and from Lady day to Michaelmas at 1 o'clock.

4thly. "The respective masters of the place of meeting oblige themselves to take down in writing each default, and to deliver the same at the 'general meeting.'

5thly. "Every member shall keep a copy of these articles by him to prevent the plea of mistake.

6thly. "It is agreed y't a general meeting shall be held by all ye subscribers at the house of Daniel Porter, junr., holden in Wrexham on the 1st day of May, 1724, by 11 of ye clock in the forenoon, and there to dine; and to determine upon all points relating to and according to the sence (sic) and meaning of these articles." 1723.

LIST OF MEMBERS, 1723.

Thomas Puleston (eldest son of Sir Roger Puleston of Emral), May 21st, 1723.
Richd. Clayton, June 17th.
Eubule Lloyd (of Penyllan), July 2nd.
Robert Ellis, July 23rd.
Wat. Wms. Wynn (of Wynnstay), August 13th.
John Puleston (of Pickhill), September 3rd.
Thos. Eyton (of Leeswood), September 24th.
Wm. Edward, October 15th.
Thos. Holland (of Teirden ?), November 6th.
Ken. Eyton (of Eaton), November 26th.
Phil. Egerton (of Oulton), December 17th.
Jno. Robinson (of Gwersyllt), January 8th, 1724.
Sir Geo. Shakerley (of Gwersyllt), January 29th.
Robert Davies (of Gwysaney), February 19th.
Jno. Puleston (of Hafodywern), March 13th.
Broughton White Hall (of Broughton), April 3rd.
Wm. Hanmer, April 24th, 1824.

From *Cheshire Sheaf* in the *Chester Courant*, 1881.

The following note is from Adam's *Weekly Courant* of April 15th, 1755,—

"The 'Cycle' will be held at Mr. Hart's the 'Yacht,' in Chester, on Monday 21st, April, being the day of the weighing of the cocks."

In the advertising columns of the same, I find,—

"The next 'Cycle' is unavoidably postponed."

The following advertisement appeared in the *Chester Chronicle* of January 14th, 1791,—

"R. W. Wynn, Esqr's. Cycle will be held at the Eagles Inn, Wrexham, on Monday, the 17th inst. Dinner at three o'clock.

"Garthewin, January 6th, 1791."

The following note appeared in the *Cambrian Quarterly Magazine*, April, 1829,—

"The Cycle, now merely a social meeting, the members of which are gentlemen resident in the neighbourhood of Wrexham, and part of Cheshire, was originally a secret assembly, which met for the purpose of furthering the pretentions of Prince Charles Edward to the crown of Great Britain."

In the "Memoirs of Charlotte Williams Wynn,"—published 1878-9,—there is a record of one of the meetings of the Cycle, held at Wynnstay in 1843; and, probably, meetings were held at a later period. The late Lord Harlech possessed some papers in which a record was given of one or more meetings held at Porkington. Miss Wynn states that the wife of the Sir Watkin of the day was the only lady ever admitted to dine with the members.

LIST OF MEMBERS' NAMES, 1795.

Lady Patroness for the year, Dowager Lady Williams Wynn.

Earl Grosvenor,
T. B. L. Boycott, Esq.,
Lord Belgrave,
C. Humberston Cawley, Esq.,
W. H. C. Floyer, Esq.,
C. W. W. Wynn, Esq.,
Ed. W. Lloyd, Esq.,
Wm. Leche, Esq.,
Sir Thos. Hanmer, Bt.,
Watkin Williams, Esq.,
Thos. Boycott, senr., Esq.,
Thos. Crewe Dod, Esq.,
P. W. Davies, Esq.,
Rd. Aldersey, Esq.,
Phil. H. Fletcher, Esq.,
Thos. Apperley, Esq.,
Sir W. W. Wynn, Bt.
Fredk. Phillipse, Esq.,
Sir Foster Cunliffe, Bt.,
Sam. Riley, Esq.,
Rev. Ph. Puleston, D.D.,
G. Wardle, Esq.,
Henry E. Boates, Esq.,
Rev. W. Whitehall Davies,
Rev. H. W. Eyton,
Ed. Morgan, Esq.,
Thos. Tarleton, Esq.,
Thos. Cummings, Esq.,
Jno. Leche, Esq.,
Rd. Puleston, Esq.,
Jno. Hill, Esq.,
Jno. Kynaston, Esq.,
Jno. Wynne, Esq.,

1773.

Ellis Yonge, Esq.,
Owen Wynne, Esq.,
Thomas A. Cawley, Esq.,
Bagot Read, Esq.,
R. H. Vaughan, Esq.,
Rev. Ph. Puleston,
Jno. Puleston, Esq.,
Thos. Lloyd Fletcher, Esq.,
Peter Davies, Esq.,
Thomas Cholmondeley, Esq.,
Thos. Boycott, Esq.,
Phil. Puleston, Esq.,
T. Apperley, Esq.,
Thos. Eyton, Esq.,
Geo. Hope, Esq.,
Wm. Leche, Esq.,
R. Parry Price, Esq.,
W. Wynne, Esq.,
Watkin Williams, Esq.,
Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, Bt.,
Lord Grosvenor,
Hon. Rd. Barry.

Cheshire Sheaf, 1881.

A WELSHMAN'S CALL TO ARMS.

THE Welsh, as Welshmen, are filled with a national pride,
Ha! The "Wales for the Welsh" is the world outside;
Brave youth of Wales, arise, for freedom and for all;
Incarnate in your lives our Prince Llywelyn's call.
The brave who fought and died, they move for ever on,
In hearts, and souls, and lives, that liberty hath won;
Llywelyn fought for that we need not fight again,
His triumph was his defeat, his loss was our gain;
For right we still must fight, the truth must have its way,
And fighting men who'll fight for truth, we want to-day;
Spirit of Llywelyn, lead on thy people then,
But for the nobler cause, the brotherhood of men.
O, Welshman, be like him! the foremost in the fight,
A world of wrong around, arise! and set it right.

HOWELL VICTOR.

THE DIARY OF A BARD. (EBEN FARDD.)

XVIII.—PETTY ANNOYANCES.

1857.

January 5th.—Forwarded letter to Rev. J. Jenkins, M.A., announcing James a candidate for his school. Went to Presbytery meeting at Pwllheli; took up quarters at Thos. Hughes' with Robert Hughes. A very shabby Presbytery meeting.

6th.—Attended a good meeting this morning and two sermons. Called at D. Williams, druggist, who entertained me kindly with 2 g. W.; had 6d. R. in b. for road refreshment.

9th.—Letter to T. J. Jones, Bell Street, Mill Street, Aberdare, in reply to invitation there for £10; declined to say anything definitively.

16th.—Forwarded letter to T. J. Jones, Aberdare, declining to attend eisteddfod.

18th.—Remarkable divine influences felt at the night prayer meeting; glory to God.

February 1st.—Cyfarfod Ysgol y Fron or Cesarea; attended this meeting; dined at John Robyns, and returned with Robert Parry, Hugh Williams, and Robert Roberts, Bryneryr.

2nd.—My dear boy James took his departure from home by coach and railway to Chester school. May his mother and self be preserved to assist him.

4th.—John Owen, Cilcoed, paid me £2 10s. from the Capel Ucha people as gratuity towards the school. My Heavenly Father be praised.

11th.—Forwarded letter to H. Owen, London, thanking him for newspaper, and applying for his counsel to set James up.

14th.—Dr. Davies, Penygroes, intended to call; at home all day to wait, but he came not. D. Jones, Carnarvon, called, assured me that next year's school grant would be same as before, and all succeeding years, if Lleyn and Eivionnydd could be prevailed upon to join and to contribute only £10 a year. Had 6d. worth of rum on account of cold.

21st,—Went to Carnarvon in the coach; a very rainy day. Spoke for tomb chest on dear Catherine; got to Bont homewards on coach. Very dejected; home no home; did up bank to £101. God is my comfort and refuge, I praise him.

22nd.—Eight o'clock this evening my late pupil, Daniel Williams of Carneddi, died; and I am happy to hear he satisfied all about him that he died in Jesus.

March 13th.—Letters from and to Hugh Owen, Esq., at Bangor, deferring his visit to next week.

14th.—Visited at Bontlyfni. Have great cause to adore and thank God. But I am sorry that I feel so low, so prostrated in spirit all these days.

19th.—Letter to John Owen, Talyllyn, Machynlleth, promising to adjudicate for £1 for the Coris Literary Society.

25th.—Very thick snow, four to six inches. Hugh Owen, Esq., of London, here.

29th.—Derfel here in conversation.

April 3rd.—M.S. to Glan Collen.

6th.—Letter to the son of Bardd Coch with two Englynion for his tombstone.

7th.—Wm. Davies, candidate for poor rate collectorship, has put in his paper; subscribed my name as surety for him in the sum of £200.

10th.—Good Friday; attended divine service with my wife at Clynog Vawr church. Strolled to see Ellen at Bont in the evening; told her I was afraid they paid too little attention to religion and the Bible; advised them not to be high minded in their views of this life, but stick to honest and industrious labour.

11th.—At home all day; cutting wood; to Tynycoed in the evening with a letter to deliver. My good God touched their hearts to give me the usual school gratuity; him I thank and pray they may be blest.

13th.—Forwarded letters to Dr. Tregelles; Miss Waring, Darran; and H. Owen, Esq., London. Promised Tregelles and above lady some lines to the memory of Mr. Waring.

18th.—At home all day; rather idle which pained my mind a little; time is short. Drew up a short catechism on Jonah in the evening for Capel Ucha meeting; read J. Williams' elegy with re-

marks thereon, to be forwarded to D. W., Tyddewi.

19th.—Sunday. Wm. Roberts; a two hours' sermon.

21st.—Wm. Davies was chosen this day poor rate collector at £30 a year.

25th.—Getting dear Catherine's tombstone this day. Forwarded letter to J. M. Jones of "Drych a'r Gwyliedydd" New York; and to Williams and Hughes ordering old Rowl. Jones Broom Hall's book.

29th.—Eliza re-took cold this evening in chapel owing to preacher, Thos. Hughes, Machynlleth, insisting on opening the windows.

30th.—Llew. Turner, Esq., called; went out with him for a walk, a very agreeable and kind gentleman; lent him Pope's *Homer*, books 22, 23, and 24; old edition of Pope's own times with notes, lent to me by Thos. Owen, Felin Heli.

May 15th.—Forwarded two englynion on Bardd Du Mon to his son.

16th.—Eliza recovering slowly, God be praised. Cynhafal called, delivered back to him Caledfryn's book which he had sent me on loan per James from Pwllheli long ago.

20th. — Forwarded the Trawsfynydd Pryddestau, three in number, with a short adjudication, to Mr. Jarrett Jarrett, Glasvryn House, Trawsfyndd.

21st.—Went to Llandwrog Rectory to see Mr. Williams, who entertained me with his usual kindness.

22nd.—This morning my Lord Jesus Christ sent Rev. Mr. Williams here from Llandwrog to change a £5 bank note, and to give me £2. What wonders are wrought before my eyes in the operation of divine Providence! Glory to God in the highest, and sincere thanks to the amiable instrument of his wonderful mercies and goodness.

23rd.—Paid to Cynhafal my account with P. M. Evans, Holywell.

24th.—My wife very much indisposed; see this, my Lord Jesus, and have compassion to heal and forgive. Jesus saw and answered; glory to his blessed name.

25th.—Mary considerably better to-day.

29th.—Sent the parcel Marwnadau J. W., Llecheiddior to David Williams, care of Williams, druggist, Carnarvon.

30th.—Adjudicating for Clynnog literary meeting.

June 1st.—Cyfarfod Llenyddol Pentre, Clynnog. This meeting came off with much applause. To the Lord and not to us be the glory.

2nd.—Parcel of Awdlau, three in number, arrived from Aberdare.

11th. — Mr. Breese called at school. Daniel Owen from Training Institute called.

13th.—Safe return of James; recorded my vows concerning him, and praise and worship along the Clynnog heights at the close of a fine and serene evening.

20th.—In waiting on Rev. D. Williams and Mr. Simpson. Dined at Plas with Mr. Simpson. Engaged to him and Mr. W., to survey and measure the land. God be thanked for the toward issues of this day. Greatly mortified, vexed, and dissatisfied on account of my bad speaking, think if I inspirited myself more I might do it better, I am too inanimate.

24th. — Returned critique signed to Gwilym Mai

25th.—Wrote to Robyn Wyn declining any further critique.

29th.—Mr. Owen Jones, of Henbant bach, called upon me at my request, and engaged to pay me one pound in aid of the school for the current year; in consideration whereof he requested to have liberty to send a few children for about half the year,—his brother's children and the Tynyweirglodd girl.

July 1st.—Ellis Evans and his kinsman, the Baptist minister of Sardis called, and brought me £1 from D. Williams, Tyddewi. God be thanked.

2nd.—Letter and account for school from Mr. Jenkins with a very liberal offer to teach my son for the past and coming terms at a greatly reduced charge. To all wise and all bounteous Providence be the praise.

3rd.—Letter to Mr. Revis in reply to his received this morning, thanking him, and stating the cause of my not sending my boy to him.

4th.—To Pwllheli to buy trousers and waistcoat for James at O. W. Jones, where I dined and tea'd. Went to the top of Carreg yr Imbill with Rev. J. Jarrett and O. Jones; home by coach.

13th.—Robyn Ddu Eryri called, he is fifty three last February.

15th. — Thomas Jones' brother called here, wishes his brother to be recommended to Mr. Phillips for school-keeping, advised he must soon leave here, suggested a recapitulatory course of teaching for a quarter or so.

16th.—James off to Carnarvon per coach as delegate from the Clynog Temperance Society, to represent it in the conference.

18th.—At home all day, preparing some Sunday school papers for Penygroes meeting; very low and cheerless.

19th. — Cyfarfod Ysgol Penygroes. Pwnc,—y pwys o wneyd iawn ddefnydd o foddion gras. Went there in gig with John Jones, Tynycoed, Garthderwin, to dinner; Shop to tea.

20th.—Eliza to Carnarvon to pay licence. My God shield, protect, and prosper her. At dusk went out to my devotional walk,—confessed, repented, vowed, obtained pardon and remission; adored and sacrificed praise. The thing was one of life's growth.

21st.—John Evans, Berth ddu's fellow officer called, wondered at his volubility, was much mortified at my own inanity. End of morning school; fatigued and hungry; greatly dispirited and out of talking mood.

22nd.—Went to Bont in the evening to copy month's account for William Davies. B. of p. did me under God's blessing great benefit as a tonic.

23rd.—Ellin and little Ebenezer here on a visit.

24th. — Forwarded poem Carreg yr Imbill to O. Jones, Glasvryn House.

25th.—Went to Uwchlaw'rffynnon, and called at different houses in Llanaelhaiarn village to deliver letters, &c. The spying glass brought to my near view many intensely interesting spots towards Llangybi. Back on top of coach. Drawing Saethon pedigree for D. Williams, Broneryri.

August 1st.—Spoke to William Hughes, Talsarn, on behalf of Thomas Jones, my pupil, to keep school at Talsarn.

2nd.—James Jarrett to preach, but did not come; alleged cause, wife ill.

5th.—Called on invitation on Mr. C. F. Williams and Miss Traiis at the inn, when their little dog rushed to me and bit me in my ancle.

8th. — Excursion to Nant Gwrtheyrn with Mr. Williams and Miss Traiis.

12th. — Received and acknowledged P.O.O. from Aberdare for £3; returned promissory note.

17th. — Painting name on Cefnartho cart; 18th, painting Daniel Thomas' name on ledge; 20th, painting my own post office sign.

21st.—Rev. J. Jones Talysarn's funeral; age sixty. Estimated number attending, five thousand. Eliza gone to it. Began *Marwnad* to J. Jones late in the evening.

22nd.—Painting cart sign at Mur Mawr.

24th.—Thomas Jones left school and opened one at Talysarn this day.

25th.—Finished J. Jones' *Marwnad* this morning; twenty seven eight line stanzas in three days.

27th.—Poor O'Neil handcuffed and taken before the magistrates. O my good God, how I thank thee for our senses, and how I pity this poor man; have mercy upon him, O my God, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

29th.—At Carnarvon, delivering copy of J. Jones' elegy to the publisher, Rev. Griffith Parry, who engaged to pay me in course of from three to six months £5 for copyright.

30th.. — Cyfarfod Ysgol Brynaera. Attended in the morning as chairman.

September 2nd.—The little dog that bit me, belonging to Miss Traiis, died.

3rd.—Returned five books Miss Traiis had lent me by Mrs. Edwards' hand with a note.

6th.—Visited the Ceserea and Talysarn's school with Captain Owen.

7th.—Mr. John Lloyd Jones, of Nantlle, called, expressed his approval of my elegy to his late father.

8th.—Mr. Williams, Miss Traiis, Miss G. L. Williams, all off for good; shook hands. Letter to Rev. E. L. Davies.

10th.—The Association at Carnarvon; heard that Rev. O. Thomas recited a portion of my elegy in his sermon on the death of the Rev. J. Jones, Talysarn, and that it had a pleasing effect on the large audience.

11th.—Letter to a T. Robert Owen, promising to adjudicate for the Betws y

Coed Christmas Literary Meeting. Received two volumes of civil service reports from H. Owen, Esq.

12th. — Returned Enderbie's *Cambria Triumphans* to J. Williams, Bridge Street, Carnarvon. Eliza returned from *Sasiwn.* Car overturned; all escaped unhurt; to God be the praise and glory.

16th.—Dr. Maurice, of Oxford, called to see me, also Mr. Moses Roberts, of Liverpool, and lady. Dr. Maurice called several times, and presented me with his works on music.

17th.—Letter to Roger Edwards declining going there, but offering to adjudicate from home. Dr. Maurice called again; presented me with some of his works.

20th.—Visited Ysgol y Cilgwyn and Pen y groes with Captain Owen.

21st. — Very much vexed and disappointed by the sudden exit of Dr. Maurice while I was at school. Mr. Davies of Liverpool called, and asked me to Liverpool at Christmas to lecture as before; declined to promise.

24th.—Learnt in the *Drych* that Gwilym Hiraethog had been chosen Beirniad Eisteddfod Wisconsin, on my declining the post. Letter to Robin Wyn, declining voluntary evidence in his case, and dissuading him from persisting in his folly.

29th.—Letter from Hugh Owen, Esq., respecting our dear James' future prospects.

30th.—Very low all these days.

October 1st. — Cyfarfod Llenyddol Pwllheli. Went to Castellgoed with Betsey, thence to Pwllheli, to be present at the meeting, which passed off well.

2nd.—And the night previously had very agreeable conferences in lodgings with Mr. Ambrose and several young men of the committee; attended the services at chapel in the morning and afternoon, dined with Thomas Hughes, druggist, and tea'd at Mr. Jarrett's. Called at Mr. D. Williams, druggist; spoke to Miss Williams; called at Tegai's; asked to tea by Mrs. Jones, of the P.O.; returned by the mail; attended own chapel; had many fresh causes in these incidents to praise God for his great mercy to me and my family. Sent the following englyn to Charlotte Jarrett, the very pretty and interesting little girl of Mr. Jarrett, two years and eight months of age,—

> Y lon eneth, o lân wyneb—yn nelw
> Anwylaf dynoldeb,
> Pwy'n ddiau, yn nyddiau neb,
> Fu iti yn cyfateb!—EBEN VARDD.

3rd.—At home all day answering correspondents, — H. Owen, London; Cardiff Eisteddfod; Cymmer ditto; Llanrug Cyfarfod Llenyddol.

4th. — Mistook my round with the schools. My wife spoke to Dr. Penygroes; may God bless the interview.

8th.—Forwarded a copy of my address at the Pwllheli literary meeting to editor of *Arweinydd.* Mrs. Ambrose calling with O. R., Penygroes, and Mrs. Jones, Ty'nycoed; seeing church; sat at the inn.

11th.—Cyfarfod ysgol Talysarn. Attended in the morning, and inspected Rhos Tryfan school in the afternoon; was driven in car by Owen Evans.

12th.—The vicar urging me again to apply for the Carnarvon postmastership. Forwarded application to his grace the Duke of Argyle, Lord Newborough, and Bulkeley Hughes.

13th.—Reply from Lord Newborough, kind and non-interfering.

14th.—Rev. W. Roberts, Hendrebach, died this morning.

15th. — Received letter from Rowland Hill, saying I ought to have applied to the Treasury for nomination to Carnarvon Post Office. Forwarded a letter to Lord Newborough to ask Hendre for son-in-law.

17th.—Intended day to go to Chwilog, but it rained. At home, setting up mourning for William Roberts on pulpit, and attending his funeral at Capel Ucha.

20th.—"Adolygiad y Wasg" prepared for *Herald* and *Arweinydd.*

21st.—Letters to *Arweinydd* and *Herald Cymraeg*, enclosing review of books and William Roberts' death and character. Dr. Pughe called.

22nd.—Letter from Bulkeley Hughes, M.P., excusing to act in my behalf, as he deemed it his duty to do so in favour of widow; sent him letter in reply, to express my admiration of his kindness, and excusing myself for applying unwittingly across widow. Letter from — to a M. Jones, Carmarthen, respecting copyright of elegy.

25th.—The very singular letter from Jersey. Forwarded reply.

29th.—Received the explanation from Jersey; it was "a National scheme of Emigration for Welshmen."

31st.—Went to Carnarvon this day. Tea'd at Glanbeuno. Called at Bont; before I left news came that William Davies was the new tenant of Hendre Bach. This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in my sight. I offer my sacrifice of heart, praise, and gratitude to the throne of him who reigneth. Blessed be his name. May his blessing and grace be the portion of my wife and children. 6d. R. in bottle; called at G. Parry's.

November 2nd.—Interview with Mr. D. Davies at Plas. Letter to thank Lord Newborough.

6th.—Eryron Gwyllt Walia and Rev. G. Parry here.

10th.—Letter to Robert Rowlands in reply to his announcing his wedding. Robert Jones, Tanygraig, Abererch, engaged me to be at a literary meeting there on Christmas next to adjudicate.

14th.—The letter of William Jones, formerly of Bachwen, now of Jersey, to me, appeared in this day's *Herald*, about emigrating to the Banda Oriental, S.A.

16th.—William Davies and Ellen removed to Hendre Bach to live this day; presented my supplications on their behalf to the Throne of Grace; presented them with £20.

17th.—James, in a committee of brethren, moved that a new leader be chosen to go to monthly meetings; not seconded nor received well.

19th.—Received tune book from Dr. Maurice and letter from E. L. D.

21st.—Very great rain; at home all day. Examining Dr. Maurice's tune book. My name judge on chair prize at Llangollen with Nicander and Emrys in the *C. and D. Herald.* A letter on the Banda Oriental from Liverpool; received from Mr. Gee his present of a hymn book.

24th.—Forwarded letter to Rev. J. W. (*Ab Ithel*), declining bardic judgeship at Llangollen Eisteddfod; also to Dr. Maurice on metres not included in his tune book.

28th.—At home all day. Forwarded letters to John Evans and Mr. Gee to acknowledge hymn book present and draft for £11 in payment for my *Attodiad* thereto. Although I thank my God for all his goodness to me and mine, yet I feel low and disconsolate, nothing cheering from any quarter. "A'th hael ysbryd cynnal fi!"

December 1st.—Forwarded letter, with lines in memory of Lady Newborough, to Rev. D. Williams, Llandwrog Rectory. To my terrible chagrin, found at night that my above letter to Mr. Williams had been detained by my wife unwittingly.

5th.—Rev. D. Williams Llandwrog's invitation to dine. He disapproved of my English poetry, but much commended my English prose. Letter from H. Owen, Esq., recommending me to send James to London. Praise to the Lord for all his wonders. Very low and disconsolate. My letter to Ab Ithel improperly published in *Herald*

6th.—Received the parcel of compositions for the Cyfarfod Llenyddol, Betws y Coed.

8th.—Received a single essay, signed *Multum in Parvo*, with the secretary's note, stating it had been unwittingly overlooked amongst his papers when the parcel had been forwarded.

12th.—Forwarded letter to John Griffith, London, and Hugh Owen to Australia. At home all day, adjudicating Betws y Coed essays; very hard work.

19th.—Sent compositions and critique by itself to Betws y Coed.

23rd.—Letter from Mr. Thomas Williams, Muriau, Betws y Coed, professing to enquire on behalf of the committee about the above mode and time of sending in the compositions and essay, with several names of committee-men (ostensibly) written in the above person's own hand. Returned answer declining to communicate with the committee officially except through their secretary.

25th.—Christmas Day. Attended a literary meeting at the Methodist chapel, Abererch, as adjudicator. Very crowded both in subjects and congregation. Partly ill managed. Only 10s. On foot go and return.

I was very much struck with the mutations of life. Forty two years to this time I had been for a year in school at this place,—very spot,—where the meeting was

held; to-day how few of my fellow scholars I could recognise in the place, and those few deserve to be named, viz., David Hughes, a sharp boy then, now looking elderly, chairman of the meeting, in spectacles; then John Elias, grey headed; Lewis Roberts, the same; Sarah, of Glanymorfa; John Jones, of Felin Rhydygwystl; also Hannah I saw, maid with dear old vicar; also Watkin, who was a nice boy five years of age when I left Llanarmon, now a poor invalid on his crutches.

O my God, reveal thy glory to my soul, and the glorious perpetuity of spiritual bliss, until my soul rests with delight and rapture in thee, who art the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. Take me, my wife and children, and their connexions, and all our goods and circumstances, to thy favour to obtain protection, blessing, and happiness under thy almighty wings, and give us all that peace which the world cannot give, for Jesus' sake,—Amen.

26th.—Two books and letter from Miss Traiis and Mr. Williams; also letter from Mr. Jenkins, Chester, all very favourable to me and James. O thank God.

28th.—Bu yn gysurus ac adeiladol i ni fod yn y Cyfarfod Undeb y pedair ysgol ym Mrynaera. Gogoniant i Dduw.

29th.—Society. Impressed on myself and all the labour and forethought required with religion as taught in our Lord's parable of the man building a tower.

30th.—This day went to see John Thomas Chwilog with my son James; found him much as usual; called and dined at Castellgoed; part of my way home per coach. The P. O. business per Mr. Williams, vicar, again mooted; don't like it; cannot trust the quarter it emanates from; laid it at my Saviour's feet.

31st. — I was greatly distressed on account of Mr. W. renewing his urgency that I should apply for the P. O. at Carnarvon. I did so twice at his instigation, and rather against my will, as I wished to do my utmost to comply with his wishes, but having been unsuccessful in both trials, I thought it was sign enough that Providence would not have me to fill the office. I cheerfully contented myself with present old ways of living; and, thank my Heavenly Father, not a little kindness and liberality is shown in friend's provision for my well being; but up comes the harassing canvass again, and most painful was the urgency with which it was recommended to my attention. However, although I had no friend in my family capable of sufficient sympathy and judgment to aid me in this dilemma, and though there was no time to consult dear friends at distance, I laid the whole at the feet of my Counsellor and Saviour in heaven, and felt relieved by rejecting the recommendation, and declining the canvass a third time. I trust in him, whose are things in heaven and earth, whose is the kingdom and power to provide for my wants and save me from such as may wish me harm. Service in church; wife attended. I feel very disconsolate and low. But at the end of this year, oh! how great has been God's mercy and favour to me and my family. Our religious course sustained, our temporal circumstances improved; friends, kind and benevolent; wife rather improving slowly; Eliza regaining her former strength and health; and James preserved and favoured admirably throughout the year; Ellen and her affairs thriving; myself, in favour with God and men; and thousand more blessings our good God hath vouchsafed to us unworthy people. Now at the close of the year I return to give God the glory and praise,—my comfort, my refuge, my only stay and delight is God in Christ, as revealed in glorious unchangeable love in creation, providence, and grace. Blessed be his holy name, accept my offering through Jesus, O Lord,—Amen and Amen.

PROFESSOR HERKOMER AND THE EISTEDDFOD.

THANKS to Professor Herkomer's zeal and generosity, Hwfa Mon will, I can safely assert, present a more glorious appearance at the Newport Eisteddfod than any historical archdruid ever did,—draped, crowned, buskined, and all. Professor Herkomer is doing a more real service by appealing to every Welsh artist to help the Eisteddfod to foster art in Wales.

ENOCH HUGHES.

By Daniel Owen,

Author of *The Autobiography of Rhys Lewis, Gwen Tomos, &c.*

Translated from the Welsh by the Hon. Claud Vivian.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE BROWN COW.

THE fact was, as has been suggested in the last chapter, that Enoch, at last, had succeeded in his endeavours. Miss Trevor had promised to be his wife. And if anyone ever deserved to succeed, Enoch did, for his fidelity had been unfailing, and his sacrifices above being valued. How this was brought about I do not intend to narrate,—for, in such like circumstances,—and they are all much alike,—so much folly and so much tittle tattle takes place, that every man who has been married for six months is heartily ashamed when he recollects that he went through such a laughable episode, and he does not like its being mentioned. For that reason I will not mention it, for, if I did, pleasure would be given to no one except a few boys, - and it is not for boys that I am writing this story, but for sensible men. It is sufficient to say that Miss Trevor had promised to marry Enoch Hughes, which had transported him at once to the seventh heaven, and had made Miss Trevor, as has been previously said, consider that it was her duty to inform her father of the fact.

I have spoken more than once, in this story, of the Brown Cow. The Brown Cow was a very old-fashioned public-house on the border of the town. The house at the present time has undergone some alterations, but I am speaking of it as it was some time ago. No one living remembered it ever being anything else than a public-house. It was a large house and very well adapted for the business, and there, in old times, the drovers used to lodge the night before a fair. It was said that there was no cellar in the country like the Brown Cow's cellar for keeping beer from turning, and in the old times the family used to brew their own beer. Above the door there was a board, and on it the figure of a cow, painted by some one, no one knew who, which was kept from destruction by being varnished over every year. It was evident from the picture that the cow would not have taken the prize in an agricultural show in our days, for her hips looked as though they were almost coming through her skin, and her legs were so stiff that they convinced everyone that she was suffering from the rheumatics. Besides this there was a lot of curls on her forehead, which made her look more like her husband than herself. And yet there must have been some charm belonging to this cow, for there is a story existing of a man who had kept the Brown Cow once having taken it into his head to pull down the cow and put up in its place "The White Horse." At the end of a fortnight he had lost all his trade, and he had to put up the old cow again above the door, when the trade came back, and the house is a successful one to this day. In the Brown Cow there were two rooms in front, and two at the back. On the left side on going in there was the spirit room, or the bar; on the right side there was the big kitchen,—on one side of this room there was a big oak dresser, no one knew what its age was, with pewter plates, bright and valuable, on it, which looked cosy on winter nights when there was a big fire in the grate opposite. On the other side there was a wide bench running along the wall, and on the third side, pretty near the fire, there was a high settle, which seated four or five. With the exception of a big strong table in the middle of the floor, there was no more furniture in this room. It is true that there was a double barrelled gun on one of the beams, and, usually, some sides of bacon, and a ham or two on another beam perhaps,—considering that there was so much smoking in the room, they might be called smoked bacon. But the things we have last named can scarcely be called furniture. Oh! yes, there was too on one of the walls a picture of the old Sir Watkin, and another picture of a fox hunt, in which one of the riders, in jumping over a gate, had fallen on his back, and the horse had gone a tremendous way without a rider, and was looking very wild. In the big kitchen the common customers of the Brown Cow assembled,—such as the miners, the boot makers, the bakers, and tailors, and such like. In the good old times, before Welsh newspapers existed, and before there was any talk of teetotalism, the old codgers of Bethel used to go to the big kitchen of the Brown Cow, after it was night,—not so much for the sake of the innocuous home-brewed beer, as for the sake of innocent conversation, and to hear any news, if by chance there happened to be some

travelling pedlar or a bard staying the night there. At least so my grandparents told me. And with what eagerness used the old codgers, open mouthed, to receive the news of the pedlar, though it was two months old! In the absence of the pedlar, many a good story used to be told in the Brown Cow's big kitchen. That, worse luck, is not the history of public-houses now-a-days. Beardless, empty headed lads frequent them now, and that too just like so many animals, to drink Bass and to go home in a worse state than that of animals.

As has been said, there were two other rooms at the back,—in one the family lived, and the other was kept as a kind of parlour for the best class of customers, such as shopkeepers, and the one or two religious people who liked to get a pint without anyone seeing them. In this room too any respectable lodger that chanced to stay through the night sat, if he didn't prefer going to the big kitchen for the sake of the company. To cut the story short, it was into this room that Captain Trevor was conducted by Mrs. Prys, the public-house landlady, when he first visited the Brown Cow. It must be stated that Mrs. Prys considered her house honoured in no small way when the Captain put his nose in it, for she was perfectly aware that the Black Lion was the only house in the business that the Captain had paid homage to. Great was the fuss Mrs. Prys made in welcoming the Captain, and great was her joy that there was in the parlour,—as it happened,—respectable company for him on the only occasion he had come there. This company on that night consisted only of three fairly respectable shopkeepers, but the Captain enjoyed himself so much with the company, that he said, on bidding farewell to Mrs. Prys, that he wouldn't go any more to the Lion, and that this should not be the last time,—D. V.,—of his visiting the Brown Cow. Mrs. Prys was an hospitable and good natured old woman, and in her own kind way she dragged the Captain by the hand to the bar, and made him drink her good health in a glass of mountain dew, "just to have his opinion about it." The Captain praised the whiskey, and as he liked it, Mrs. Prys begged him to take another glass "just for her sake." The Captain complied, for he never liked to refuse a lady.

The Captain was as good as his word,—he was always that,—and from that night forward he visited the Brown Cow three times and sometimes four times a week. As he was a first rate conversationalist, and was fairly well acquainted with what was going on in the world, his visits to the Brown Cow made the company of the parlour increase to five, and in the end to half a dozen, and at times to even more than that. The company made much of his society, and Mrs. Prys enjoyed his visits more than anyone. The Captain saw this quite clearly, and it is natural for every man to pay homage to the company that puts a right value on him. He felt, without flattering himself, that he was shoulders higher in ability, gifts, knowledge, and especially in the gift of telling stories, than all the company put together, and he knew that he was so looked upon by the company. In truth, if he had not been too much of a gentleman to lower himself to it, it would not have been necessary for him to have spent anything on drink, for the company almost contended for the honour of paying his "shot." So great was the attention paid to what he said, so great was the value put on his views, and so great was the pleasure that all this gave him, that the company of the Brown Cow became necessary for him every day of the week. The Captain quieted his conscience with the thought that there was no longer any pleasure for him at home, now that he had lost the dear wife of his bosom. It was true he had a daughter, but what sociability was there between the young and the old,—between summer and winter? Before he had begun to frequent the public-house at all, the Captain had been a heavy and constant drinker at home,—and though he never at any time got drunk,—that is, so drunk as not to be able to walk straight, or tumble down, or, indeed, at any time lose his head,—yet the effect of his long drinking was to be seen in his appearance. He had not been, for some time, so neat and tidy in his dress as formerly,—his shoulders had rounded, his legs were getting more shaky every day,—and his face,—which originally had been a very handsome one,—was fast becoming all of one colour,—there was no difference between the colour of his lips and his cheeks—and each part of his face seemed to be striving to get to the same colour as his nose, which had been the first to change its colour to a colour that was no colour in the world. The colour most like it that I can imagine is that of the liver of a calf that has been struck by lightning. I am sure that none of the companions of the Captain when a young man,—who had not seen him since,—would have known him of all people in the world. The Captain gave a philosophical reason for this extraordinary colouring of his face by attributing it to the effects of certain subterraneous gases which he, as Captain of the mine, had had to come in contact with; and he said that some affinity in the skin of his face had brought about some chemical process that other miners were not subject to. But the truth is that not much of a task had been left to the Brown Cow to "finish off" the Captain, when he began to frequent the house. Miss Trevor

perceived this clearly, and it became more evident to her every day. What grief of mind, what anguish of heart, all this occasioned her no one but herself knew. She was afraid of talking to him about his condition, and she knew well that her doing so would be of no use. She saw clearly that her father could not hold out long going on the way he was, and perhaps, it was this that had made her the more ready to listen to Enoch Hughes' offer, and in the end to become engaged to him. However, she considered that it was her duty to inform her father of the engagement she had made. She had for a long time been seeking for an appropriate time to snatch the opportunity of her father being in a good temper, for she did not know how he would take the news. She believed that the news would be agreeable to him, but she was afraid he would get into a bad temper because he had not been consulted before she had made so important a promise, for the Captain had a high opinion of his dignity. Of a morning, and in the afternoons, when he was perfectly sober, his temper was harsh and fretful, and the least thing would send him into a regular fury; and afterwards, at night, after returning from the Brown Cow, he would be drowsy and sleepy, and Miss Trevor did not consider it would be right to mention the matter on the Sabbath. And thus, weeks went by before she could get a chance of telling him. Enoch offered more than once to speak to the Captain,—but Miss Trevor refused his service, for she thought that inasmuch as she had promised to marry Enoch before consulting her father, and that she was determined to fulfil her promise no matter what he said, it was her duty to inform him of the fact, and after she once believed something was her duty, there was no possibility of moving her from her determination.

But the opportunity had come at last, and in this way. One night when the Captain had gone to the Brown Cow, he found a stranger among the company there,—he was not among the company either, for he was sitting at the other end of the room, at a small table, writing, as travellers often do, and the Captain would have thought he was a traveller if he had not at once perceived that he was an old man, and that his head was as white as snow. After glancing at him once he thought no more about him. Everything went on as usual, the company were there till closing time, and they left the gentleman still sticking to his writing. The stranger was there the next night at his table, but he was reading on this occasion, with his face half turned towards the company, but he did not appear to understand anything that the Captain and his friends were talking about at the other end of the room, or to take any interest in them. Before leaving the Brown Cow that evening, the Captain went to the bar and asked Mrs. Prys who the old gentleman in the parlour was. Mrs. Prys could not give any information about the gentleman except that he was an Englishman,—come from America,—according to all appearances very rich,—intended to stay for a day or two,—didn't drink any intoxicating drink, said nothing to anyone unless it was necessary,—and was always reading or writing. Mrs. Prys added that she was sure that the stranger was a real gentleman, for his pockets were full of gold.

"Just the man for me," said the Captain, on his way home, "but he's too old to speculate, and he is only going to stay here for two or three days, and he is a teetotaler. I never got any good from those teetotalers except Enoch Hughes. They are too cautious to speculate, and so good bye, Yankee, you're not worth another thought."

The next day the Captain saw the old gentleman in the street talking with Jones, the policeman, as if asking about this and that; and after he had taken a look at him, he agreed with Mrs. Prys that he looked like a gentleman. He stood up straight and his figure was strong, though he was no doubt a man of seventy five or more. His clothes were good, and he had shaved his cheeks clean, but had left his moustache and a beard on his chin, and he wore a slouch hat. "A real American," said the Captain. The old gentleman stayed in the Brown Cow for some days,—he was regular in his corner, reading either a newspaper or a book. Inasmuch as the stranger was an English American, and the Captain and his friends spoke Welsh, the company did not feel that his presence was any hindrance to their freedom. Inasmuch too as the stranger appeared to belong to a higher circle of society than they, and was particularly reserved, none of the company felt a desire to approach him, and everything went on as usual. But if any of them had been sharp enough to do so, he might have perceived that the stranger was not so wholly disinterested in the company as he was thought to be. For every time that the Captain was talking, the gentleman might have been seen to shut his eyes,—not to cogitate but to listen carefully. At another time he would look at the Captain over the edge of the book or paper he was reading. This he would do every time the Captain spoke, but no one noticed him. The gentleman had been in the Brown Cow eight days. Between whiles he had walked here and there in the neighbourhood. He had made friends with no one, and he had never been seen speaking to anyone except Jones the policeman. It is true he had gone to the Cross Shop almost every day to buy cigars, for he was an incessant smoker.

But Jones, from all appearances, was the only one on friendly terms with him, and the policeman had endowed him with such information as he possessed about the neighbourhood and the people. But even Jones did not know what the stranger's business in Bethel was, and Mrs. Prys didn't so much as know his name.

One night,—a Monday night it was,—the Captain had been rather late in joining the company in the Brown Cow. Whilst he was apologizing to the company, and explaining to them the reason for his being late, namely, his large correspondence, he happened to look in the direction of where the American was sitting, and he saw that the latter was earnestly gazing at him over the edges of the book he was reading. The stranger lowered his eyes to his book. The Captain had been struck by something, for he hesitated in his conversation and lost his gift, which was a very strange thing for him to do. On seeing the Captain looking in the direction of the stranger, and hesitating, every one of the company looked in the same direction, but they only saw that the stranger was again deep in his book. The Captain was not himself that night,—he was more silent, and appeared as if something was weighing on his mind. And so it was, he was more troubled in his mind than anyone imagined. At the end of a few minutes, he said in a low voice to his friends that they must excuse him that night,—something had come over him,—he didn't feel well. He added that he must have caught a chill, or that he had worked too hard that day, "for," said he, "so to speak, I feel quite faintish." One of his friends offered to see him home, but the Captain did not wish it. When leaving the room, he looked with the corner of his eyes at the stranger, but his departure had no effect on the old man,—his eyes were fixed on his book. Mrs. Prys was astonished at the Captain going home so early, and when he said that he wasn't feeling well, the old woman thrust, in spite of his utmost, a pint bottle of mountain dew into his pocket, advising him to take "a drop hot before going to bed."

"I am a fool! a perfect fool! It's all imagination! It's impossible! My fancy is playing tricks with me to-night. But I couldn't prevent it, though it is only perfect nonsense. What does not a guilty conscience conjure up? I have a good mind to go back. No. I can't go there again to-night, though it's all pure nonsense."

Thus the Captain talked to himself on his way home. By the time he reached Ty'nyrardd his conscience had become easy, and he was firmly convinced that his imagination had played tricks with him; and yet he felt anxious to have someone to talk to, for he was bad company to himself on this night. Enoch Hughes was not at Ty'nyrardd on this evening, but Susie was there, and the Captain was thankful for this,—he had never been so glad of her company. Miss Trevor was astonished to see him come home so early, and still more astonished at finding him so kind and amiable, and anxious for her to stay and talk to him, and perfectly sober too. Here was the opportunity for her to tell him her story. She would never get a better chance; and this she did, as will be seen.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

A GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

To see her father home between nine and ten o'clock at night, with no sign of drink on him, and to find him kind and loving in spirit, and as if he were afraid of her leaving him for two minutes, was something that Miss Trevor could scarcely believe, and at times she thought she was in a dream. Her mind ran back to the time when she was a girl, when she had thought that her father was the best man in the world, and when she had loved him with all her strength and heart. He was the same person still, she thought, but drink had made him look like someone else, and she felt guilty,—terribly guily,—for having ever fostered any different feelings about him, and for having felt coldly towards him. This was evident to her; for on this night he was quite like what he had been long ago,—pleasant, loving, and sociable; and it must have been the drink that had ever made him otherwise. What had caused him to come home early and sober on this night? What had caused him to be like himself? She knew not; but all her love for him was re-awakened, and she longed to put her arms round his neck and kiss him, which was a thing she had not done, and would not have dared to do, for many, many years. Little did she know,—and the fact was astonishing in itself,—that the disturbance there was in his mind,—the storm there was in his conscience, had made him come home early and sober, and had given him his old sweetness. All of this was nothing but a deep desire for the sympathy of someone whom he knew to be true, and to have something to drive his thoughts away from himself. In reality, never had the Captain had such a craving to drown himself in strong drink,—the craving was like a ravening lion in him on this night. But he felt that a stern necessity demanded of him to keep his head clear and his heart awake till he had got undoubted

certainty that there was no foundation for his fears, and that he had been deceived by his imagination. Miss Trevor, however, was remarkably merry on this night, and thought that her prayers were beginning to be answered, and that her father might, after all, die a good and righteous man. But there was another thing that had been weighing on her mind for weeks, as has been said before, namely, her engagement to Enoch Hughes, and now her father was in a temper that she could venture to tell it to him. On seeing him in this state, and so fatherly, she almost repented of not having consulted him before she had given her promise to Enoch Hughes. But there was no help for that now, and she said, bashfully and timidly,—

"Father, I want to tell you something; you won't be angry with me, will you?"

"Angry with you, my dear child? What should I be angry with you about? I know that there is no one to care for me now but you, and I know that you have not done wrong," said the Captain.

"I hope that I have not done wrong," said Susie, "and, to avoid beating about the bush, I have promised to marry Mr. Enoch Hughes."

The Captain looked at her astonished, as though he could not believe his ears, and after gazing and gazing at her in silence for half a minute, he said,—

"God bless you both! When, Susie, did you give him your promise?"

"It's some weeks, if not months ago, now," said she.

"Hm," said the Captain. "I have nothing to say against it. I have no serious objection to your marrying Mr. Hughes. But, so to speak, Susie, I should have expected that you would have consulted your father before entering into so serious an arrangement. But never mind that."

"I was to blame, father," said she, "and I am sorry I didn't speak to you first. But the thing is done, and I hope you will forgive me, and that you will show no objection to it."

"I can only say, my child, as I said before," said the Captain, "God bless you both. But, so to speak, I have seen the time,—yes,—I have seen the time when it would have been bitter to me for anyone,—no matter who he was,—to have received a promise of marriage from the daughter,—the only daughter,—of Captain Trevor, without its having first been talked over and arranged with her father. But Captain Trevor is not Captain Trevor now-a-days,—everyone, worse luck, knows that, and his own daughter is no exception, and has behaved like it. But Mr. Hughes is fortunate,—I must say that even to your face, Susie, he is very fortunate, and there's nothing for me, henceforth, but to live on my recollections,—pleasant recollections, it is true, but still they are only recollections,—and try to be contented with what is called fallen greatness. I am not the only one who has fallen from the top of a pinnacle into the mud. No. But the old lion is not dead yet, and there is more mettle in him than many imagine; he is not a hundred years old yet, and perhaps the Captain may yet be looked on,—with the blessing of Him who granted him success in years past,—as someone worth consulting."

Susie had not expected biting remarks like these, and said,—and the words almost stuck in her throat,—

"Father, I didn't intend to hurt you by not consulting you, and your words kill me. And even now, if you will be always as you are to-night,—sober, kind, and pleasant,—I will recall my promise, if you tell me to do so."

"What?" said the Captain, "the daughter of Captain Trevor break her promise? No, my dear child; if you had given your promise to the poorest miner that is half starving at Coed Madog I would compel you to fulfil it, if it were within my power. To break a promise does not exist in Captain Trevor's history, and is not worthy of the prestige of his family. But I must say again that Mr. Hughes is a lucky man, and under the circumstances, perhaps, you could not do better. Make your mind easy, my dear child, I, so to speak, entirely approve of what you have done,—indeed, I am glad to think you will secure a home whatever my position may be, and no matter what may become of me personally. I will sacrifice myself; the parish and the workhouse are open to everyone."

"I do not intend to leave you, father; that is understood between Mr. Hughes and me. You shall have the same home as I, and I know you may depend on Mr. Hughes' kindness. Indeed, I consider that it is I, and not Mr. Hughes, who am lucky," said Susie.

"I think, Susie," said the Captain, "if things turn out as I expect, that it will not be necessary for me to depend on the kindness of anyone whatever. At the same time, don't think that I do not appreciate your adherence to me, and your kind intentions towards me. Perhaps I may be glad of them, no one knows. As to Mr. Hughes, I know him pretty well, and I shall not be sorry to see him my son-in-law. What's the reason, Susie, that Mr. Hughes didn't come here to-night; for after the conversation that has taken place between us, I, so to speak, feel a sort of longing to see him."

"He told me that something required him, and that he could not come to-night," said Susie.

"Well," said the Captain, "though my mind is sad, I can only say as before, God bless you."

And thus terminated, harmlessly enough, what Miss Trevor had so feared, and had been so anxious about. The truth was, that this was the best news that the Captain could have got,—this was what he had wished for many years, and he and Mrs. Trevor had done all they could to attain this object, namely, to get Susie and Enoch engaged. After Mrs. Trevor's death, the Captain had watched them often, seeking for some signs of love, and after having failed, as I narrated, he had been so anxious that his daughter should obtain Enoch as a husband, that he could bear the uncertainty no longer, and had asked his daughter the question straight out. Great and deep had been his disappointment when he had been given to understand that there was nothing more than friendship between them, nor any probability of there being anything more, and so there had been nothing else to be done but to continue to bleed Enoch, poor fellow. Latterly, the Captain had been expecting every day to hear Enoch say he would not spend a penny more on Coed Madog; and then what would become of him, the Captain? This weighed so heavily on his mind at times that he longed to go to the Brown Cow to drown his anxiety in Scotch whiskey. But now, here was what his heart had longed for for so many a day come to pass. The Captain knew Enoch Hughes sufficiently well to be able to depend, if he had promised to marry his daughter, on his doing so without fail, and this gave him so much joy that he could not picture it even to himself. The Captain now considered that his duty, as an honest man,—and who dared doubt his honesty?—was to tell Enoch that it was folly for him, and for *himself*, to spend any more money on Coed Madog.

"I'll tell him this to-morrow," said the Captain to himself. "My duty as an honest man is to tell him, for he and I have spent too much there already, and there is no more sign of lead there than in that clock case over there. I am heartily glad that things have ended so well. But this is only another proof that I know men fairly well. I have known for years that Mr. Hughes was thinking of Susie; thank God she is so lucky. I was beginning to be anxious about what would become of her, poor girl."

Thus the Captain conversed with himself after Susie had gone to bed. If the conversation that had taken place between him and his daughter had occurred the previous night, the Captain, in his own reckoning, would have been a perfectly happy man. But he was not happy,—there was something, either true or imaginary, causing a gnawing at his conscience. He looked at the clock; it was only a quarter past ten. He walked up and down the parlour for another quarter of an hour, then stopped to listen. Susie and Kitty had gone to bed some time ago, he thought. He pulled off his slippers and put on his boots, put his top coat around him, and a cap that he used to wear when at home on his head, and went out as quietly as he could. He walked quickly and skulkingly towards Sam Lloyd's dwelling. Sam had gone to bed, and when he heard someone knocking at the door, Sam opened the window and put out his head, on which there was a huge woollen night-cap tied under the chin. When he realised that it was the Captain who was there, he came down stairs at once. Sam, bachelor-like enough, used to keep the fire smouldering all night throughout the year, and so as not to keep the Captain waiting he came down without putting on anything except his drawers and slippers. A consultation took place between the two for half an hour, Sam sitting doubled up on a low stool, and the Captain in a chair,—one on each side of the made up fire. A photograph of the two would have been interesting. Yet the two looked serious. They talked in a low tone as if they were afraid of anyone hearing them, and indeed, that was the fact, though there was no need for them to have been afraid, even if they had shouted, at that time of night. Though the subject was so serious, Sam could not help being conscious that the Captain perceived that the candles he burnt to light his tent were candles from Coed Madog. On such an occasion as this, that was neither here or there. After the consultation, the Captain gave Sam some minute and full instructions, and then went away, and Sam smoked a pipe, huddled up and in his woollen drawers, to cogitate over the matter. There never in his life had been a wiser look on the old sage than there was on this night.

The Captain returned in a round about way to Ty'nyrardd, and it would have been almost impossible to have heard him open and shut the door, and go to the parlour. When he had got to the parlour, the first thought that came to him was to fetch the bottle of whiskey out of the cupboard. But though he had been a slave to drink, the old Captain had an incredible power of will, and he said, to himself,—

"No, not to-night,—I must keep my head clear for a bit, at any rate. Not a drop, till I become absolutely certain in my mind. I shall hear to-morrow what Sam says,—he will settle the question. I'll go to bed,—I sha'n't sleep a wink, I know. I hope to God there is no cause for my fears. But he is terribly like! Still I am almost certain that it's all stupid imagination. It's a dreadful thing, after all, a guilty conscience! But I'll see what Sam says. I have cause to be

thankful. And granting that things are so, I need not any longer be anxious about Susie, she's safe,—thank God."

The Captain did not sleep a wink that night. Foreseeing this, he had taken his pipe and his tobacco to his bedroom, and he smoked a great deal, but did not touch a drop of intoxicating drink, though he had plenty in the house,—it was necessary for him to keep his head clear, and his intellect lively, as he had said. He was filled with two feelings,—unbounded happiness at the prospect of having Enoch as his son in law,—and great fear that what had come across his mind that night might turn out to be a fact. The state of his mind was such that he himself, though he had such great powers of description, could not have given a true picture of it. But he comforted himself by thinking that it would not be necessary for him to suffer this uncertainty for long. Sam Lloyd would settle the matter one way or the other.

Sam did not go to his work at Coed Madog the next morning. He dressed in his Sunday clothes, and he was seen early in the morning sauntering about the town, and hanging about the neighbourhood of the Brown Cow. Indeed, though Sam pretended to be a teetotaler, he slipped more than once into the Brown Cow for two pennyworth, when no Dissenter happened to be in sight. As Captain Trevor's lieutenant, Sam had a hearty welcome at the Brown Cow, and Mrs. Prys asked kindly after the Captain's health. Sam shook his head knowingly, and hinted that the Captain's health was not what he or any of the miners would like it to be, and Mrs. Prys gave a sigh that was worth two pence to Sam, free of charge. Sam was ready with his report before midday; and he hastened to Ty'nyrardd.

A DIFFICULT TASK.

THE following ode on the death of Sir Thomas Picton was composed by David Rowland (1783-1820),—

O wake the lyre, ye minstrels hoar,
The deep toned strings of sorrow sweep;
For Cambria's hero is no more,
Around his tomb her daughters weep.

Weep on ye forms angelic,—pour
A flood of tears upon that tomb;
A mightier warrior ye deplore,
Than any son of Greece or Rome.

Brave Picton, son of victory,
His life-blood shed this realm to save;
The arm that set all Europe free
Lies nerveless in the clay-cold grave.

He left the world a legacy,
Peace performed and prospects bright,
His works achieved, his soul burst free,
And winged her ways to realms of light.

Who can recount each daring deed,
The feats of valour he performed,
The hosts he chased with eagle speed
The battles gained, the forts he stormed?

His deeds shall swell the trump of fame,
Worth from honour who can sever?
He died,—but left a deathless name,
In glory's blaze 'twill live for ever.

The ode was sung at the Caermarthen Eisteddfod, on the ninth of July, 1819, by Miss Bartlett, adapted to the air of "Anhawdd Ymadael."

A translation of the ode on the death of Sir Thomas Picton was made by three individuals, with the intention of rendering it as close to the original as the strict rules of Welsh poetry would permit, allowing an englyn to each English stanza. In performing this difficult task, the three bards took a stanza in turn, as follows,—

Gerddorion mwynion a mad,—O tynnwch
O'ch tannau alarnad;
Forwynion, cenwch farwnad,
Eirian glain, arwr ein gwlad.—S. PRICE.

Dewch er cof i wylofain,—ar wyddfa
Yr addfwyn lyw cywrain,
Ail ni bu i'r cu wr cain,
Er rhyfyg Groeg a Rhufain.—W. WILLIAMS.

Picton ei âlon wyliodd,—rhag taerni
Rhwyg teyrnas achubodd;
Rhyddion holl Ewrop rhoddodd,
Marw yw 'nawr, a mawr y modd.—J. HOWELL.

Rhodd hyfryd gwir bryd ger bron,—a gludai,
I'r gwledydd heddychlon;
Aeth 'nol gorffen dibenion,
I entrych llewyrch yn llon.—S. PRICE.

Pell edrych, pwy eill adrodd,—y nerthol
Iawn wyrthiau gyflawnodd?
Gelyn traws o'i geulan trodd,
Ei gaerau oll a gurodd.—W. WILLIAMS.

Gwych udgorn clod, nod a wna,—o'r gwyrthiau,
A'r gwerth nis gwahana;
Marw wnaeth, yna daeth enw da,
Yn fythol hwn ni fetha.—J. HOWELL.

STEAM NAVVY AT WORK.

THE VALE OF GLAMORGAN RAILWAY.

By EDITH PICTON-WARLOW, Ewenny Priory, Bridgend.

THERE are few works so interesting to watch as the construction of a railway, and down in the Vale of Glamorgan everyone has an opportunity now of watching the work of the British navvy, concerning whom people in general know so little. The railway, which is to be only thirty miles long, or thereabouts, was begun nearly two years ago, and is not finished yet. This does not by any means prove that they have been slow over the construction of it, but the work is such that, unless one has really watched it going on, one cannot realise the greatness of it,—how the valleys have literally been filled, the mountains brought low, and the rough places made smooth. I remember well some eighteen months ago, when they were commencing the hard work, watching the men begin to make a bank across a broad valley. The beginning was so small that it made one smile, and wonder how long it would take to be finished. As we watched we would see *one* wheelbarrow at a time, with perhaps three or four large stones in it, wheeled solemnly to the edge of the hill, and the few stones tilted into the great chasm beneath, which looked as though it never could be filled up; hurling these few stones into the valley seemed as much use as throwing a basin of water into the sea to make it greater. Very often though, the greatest works have the smallest beginnings; and ere long the trucks were put on, and then, instead of three or four stones falling aimlessly down, truck load after truck load could be heard clattering down, and rapidly making the necessary bank on which to run the rails.

It is a pretty sight to see the wagons "spragged," as they call it, and the horses bringing them up, from close quarters. The rails are laid down on which the trucks run to the edge of the bank, and on

to the truck is hitched with a chain a powerful cart horse,—magnificent animals some of them are. The truck is started at a trot some two hundred yards from the edge; on getting nearer the horse breaks into a canter, a man is leading him; then comes the critical moment when, at about thirty yards from the edge, the horse, still going at a full canter, is suddenly unhitched from the wagon. With marvellous activity he jumps aside, while the wagon runs on to the very edge, where it is stopped by a couple of men, who "sprag" it just at the edge of the bank. "Spragging" means thrusting a strong pole through the wheels of the wagon as it runs along; it is thus brought to a sudden stand-still, and the contents at the same time hurled into the valley below. We cannot help admiring the nimbleness of heavy looking horses, and their patience too, dear things, as they stand waiting for the work they have to do,—a work not unaccompanied with danger. In the picture before us we see a magnificent specimen of the horses used. He is black, and such a strong, powerful beast, one of the finest, I believe, used on this line. He has just had his truck filled by the steam navvy, and before long he will be performing the feat just described.

The work of the steam navvy too is interesting to watch. With its great yawning mouth it digs into the soft earth, worked by the machinery with a boiler behind. When full, the whole thing is turned round till the mouth is just over the wagon below, the trap-door is pulled, and out falls the soft earth. Three or four times this is repeated, the truck then is full, and off it goes, pulled by our powerful friend, to make the bank they are working at yonder. Going down one hot summer's day to see it working, we found the machine had broken down, — it seems rather fond of doing that,—and an extra gang of men were working hard to make up for it. In this second picture we see the men themselves filling the trucks with spades, which is long weary work. "Ginger Joe's" gang is at work here. We find on enquiry that, as a rule, the navvies all go by some such nick-name or other; this is his, and from the name we gathered that he must be a red-headed gentleman. We never enquired further on being told the nick-name, for the very simple reason that it would be no good, their mates seldom know aught other, and the man himself probably would much prefer not being called by his real name. A navvy may live with another in the same hut for a year or more, they may be real friends to each other, and yet never trouble to find out each other's original names. One is "Darky," the other "Pincher," that is quite

GINGER JOE'S GANG AT WORK

CONSTRUCTION OF A NEW DOCK AT BARRY.

enough for them, and they want to know no more.

The Vale of Glamorgan Railway runs down to Barry,—everyone knows of that wonderful town, how ten years ago it was a small village of one hundred and eighty inhabitants, and how it has now swelled to twenty four thousand. In this third scene we have before us, we see one of the new docks being built. Few can realise what making a new dock means till they *see* the work actually being done. Looking at these high massive walls, which ere long will be surrounded by the sea, we are involuntarily reminded of the magnificent masonry structures of ancient times, and wonder if these will last as long, for they look as though they never could be destroyed. Just notice how small the man looks on the top of this yet unfinished sea wall.

The last view shows us the men at work dressing the stones used for these walls, and is an instantaneous photograph taken some months ago at Barry dock.*

The men working on docks and railways go through great and manifold dangers to life and limb, and we little realize how much we owe to the navvies of Great Britain who spend their lives in making everything add to the comfort of life. To them we owe the ease of modern travelling which a hundred years ago was unknown. How little we realize, when flying through the tunnels and over the bridges of our railways, that *lives* have been sacrificed for the comfort we enjoy? It is only those who go amongst the men and see what their work is that can have the dangers they go through brought home to them. One day when on the line we hear the men speaking in low and solemn voices. What is it? The masonry of a tunnel a mile up the line has fallen through, and many of their mates they will see no more on this side of the grave. Alas! A common enough occurrence but none the less sad when we think of the awful suddenness of it, and of the wives and children. Another day a man has been run over by the engine and killed on the spot, or else lost both his legs; or maybe the chain of the crane suddenly broke and the men below by the fall of the weight which the chain supported were in a moment hurled into eternity. We know that people in general look upon a navvy as a human being endowed with more vices and less virtues than ordinary mankind. This is not true. But what is true is that they have far less chance than any other class of men of good education and

* The illustrations in this article are from photographs by the authoress.—Ed.

true religious teaching. The difficulties in the way are obvious from the fact that they are ever on the move. In spite of this, however, the Navvy Missionary Society, which was started some forty years ago, has indeed worked a great change amongst the men; and the navvy of the present day is a very different man to the navvy of sixty years ago. In those days they really were shunned as though they were savages, and by the generality of people hardly looked upon as human beings. Left alone, as they were, with few, if any, to give them a helping hand, to speak a word to them of the salvation of their souls, or to care in any way for them, we are not surprised that their lives were often spent in a way one shudders to think of. The forming of the Navvy Missionary Society was the first united effort of a body of people to work amongst these men, and by the help of God to put before them the only true religion which alone can change their lives from reckless despair of both body and soul to true happiness. A great work has been done. When we see strong men stand up and with tears in their eyes thank God that they have been brought from darkness into light, we realize what a grand work it is, and at the same time with some sadness we think of the thousands not yet brought to this same great light.

Many a time when a missionary is sorely needed in some out of the way settlement where a railway is being made, and the men themselves ask for one knowing their great need, no one can be sent. The work of the Society is spreading, and funds are much needed. Perhaps, after reading this short account some kind reader may feel inclined to help in some way; for, besides giving money, there are many ways in which everyone can help this great work. If so, your kind help and sympathy will not be in vain; and the time will come when strong men, with their hearts overflowing with thankfulness, will call you blessed for having in the hour of their need stretched out a hand to help them.

DRESSING THE STONES

REMEMBERED FRIENDS.

ONE of Ceiriog's most striking poems is the one in which he dreams that he is spending a merry evening with six of his fellow bards. The poem is really the expression of the poet's longing for his dead friends, and he describes the manner of their death, as, in turn, they shuffled off this mortal coil. Iorwerth Glan Aled,—flighty, self-conscious, of gorgeous imagination,—went in fear and trepidation first of all in obedience to the ghostly summons. Rhisiart Ddu o Wynedd and Rhydderch o Fon then went together. Creuddynfab, a true son of genius, was summoned next. He was gloomy at the prospect, and Talbaiarn said he would follow him. And so he followed, before his summons came; he committed suicide October 17th, 1869. Glasynys was the last to stay, and the mountains and the sea knew the poet who had loved them no more.

Mr. Henry Rowlands of Llangollen (*Henri Myllin*) sends me the following attempt at a literal translation of Ceiriog's poem,—

One night the bard dreamt he was by the fire,
And with him six others rejoicing—
Glan Aled, whose face the muse could inspire,
And Rhydderch o Fon were conversing.
We called for the harp, the hours to cheer,
And beer———, it's no good denying;
Creu and Glasynys—poor Tal, he was here—
With Richard Ddu in a chair sitting.

Talhaiarn recited his "Lines to the Sun,"
His verse to the "Green Cheese" most freely;
Glan Aled repeated, as soon as Tal had done,
His song to "The Rose," which was pretty;
For hours we talked—repeating old tales –
In glee the soft *awen* was flowing,
Thus gliding along the strains of Wild Wales
With fervour till dew in the morning.

Before the bard's cot there lived a great King,
Who had a young daughter most loving;
Princess Fame was her name; – they said that some-
Was in that grey hall always troubling; [thing
The King heard that the bards were sitting close
He said it was now his intention [by;
To send for them all in their turn for to try
To know what was troubling his mansion.

And when all the bards were merry around,
A rap on the door was then given;
The bard thro' the casement looked down to the
And saw the pale ghost of a maiden; [ground,
Her clothes like a shroud were covering her head,
He could not perceive her face lighted—
"She's no one beside Princess Fame," so he said;
"She's coming for Iorwerth Glan Aled."

Poor Iorwerth was startled, and went very pale,
Obeyed, and followed on slowly;
And walked with his stick along the dark vale,
Towards the great hall of the Lady:
We took up the thread of the tale that we had,
And the hours were very beguiling;
Although the long night turned heavy and sad,
Again we went on with our smoking.

Another slight rap was heard from below,
And the poet went down to enquire;
There saw a bright face which was whiter than
And shining upon her attire; [snow,
"The King sent me here to call Richard Ddu
And Rhydderch," she said, "away sudden,"
So Richard and Rhydderch went through the glen
And followed the skirts of the maiden. [free

Two bottles were left on the table apart,
And Tal, who was always so merry,
Said—"Open one more, and then we'll depart—
There's danger in drinking too freely;"
A rap for Creuddynfab came on the door still,
And he as a poet felt gloomy;
"I will join you," said Tal, "there's no one that
Hinder me from following the lady!" [will

No one but Glasynys was left in the room,
We felt rather dismal together;
Another rap soon came across the thick gloom,
Glasynys was beck'd to stroll over;
Then a young maiden, the Dawn, slowly came
And set me awake from my dreaming:—
The Daughter of Death, and not Princess Fame,
Took all my old friends, so heart-rending!

THE CLAIMS OF THE WELSH LANGUAGE.*

By W. Llewelyn Williams, M.A.

ENGLISH STATESMEN AND THE WELSH LANGUAGE—WELSH IGNORED BY EDUCATED WELSHMEN—WELSH IN THE SCHOOLS OF WALES—EFFORTS TO UTILISE WELSH—SUPREME IMPORTANCE OF WELSH IN THE EDUCATION OF WELSHMEN—THE NEW CODE AND THE SOCIETY'S DUTY TOWARDS IT—WALES HAS CLUNG TO ITS LANGUAGE NOT IN VAIN.

"THEIR language is attacked on every side. Schools are erected in which English alone is taught, and there were lately some who thought it reasonable to refuse them a version of the Holy Scriptures, that they might have no monument of their native tongue." So wrote Dr. Johnson, in the account of his *Tour in the Hebrides*, of the efforts to exterminate the Gaelic tongue. The policy which was being pursued in the Highlands of Scotland in the middle of the last century is the policy which has been pursued by English statesmen in reference to the Welsh language during the last three centuries and a half. I am far from saying that this policy has been the outcome of malevolence or ill-feeling towards Wales and Welshmen. English statesmen have been convinced,—and the majority of them are still convinced,—that the very best thing that could happen to Wales would be the extinction of the Welsh language. Not only English statesmen, but some of the best and most single-hearted Welsh patriots, have also been of the opinion that the extinction of the language, which has for centuries isolated Wales from England and from Europe, would be a great blessing to the Principality. As in Scotland, so in Wales, men have been ready to sacrifice the highest interests of a generation of Welshmen in order that their children might grow up possessed only of a knowledge of English. When one looks back upon the history of the last three centuries and a half, it is appalling to think of the great price with which Welshmen have bought the liberty to use their native tongue. Englishmen have ever looked upon the existence of the Welsh language as the greatest barrier to the extension of English influence in Wales, and have therefore pursued it with relentless hostility. Not at the hands of one king alone have the bards of Wales been evil-intreated. They were looked upon as the guardians of the ancient tongue, and the keepers of the national traditions. By the church of the middle ages they were looked upon askance, and they have been classed in the English statute book with "rogues and sturdy vagabonds," who must work or hang.

It may be said with truth that no nation is so little indebted as Wales to its Government for any help or encouragement in literary work. To the pious zeal and private enterprise of certain Welsh bishops and scholars we are indebted for our earliest version of the Scriptures; our music, our literature, our ancient MSS. have been rescued from destruction by the voluntary work of men like Owen Myvyr, Iolo Morgannwg, Jane Williams Aberpergwm, Brinley Richards, and Wynne of Peniarth. It is only this year that a tardy acknowledgment has been made by the Government of the great services which have been rendered to Welsh literature by Mr. Gwenogvryn Evans, and even this small acknowledgment has been sneered at and criticised in the English press.

Since the Act of Union between England and Wales, the Welsh language has been tabooed in our courts of law and in our public administration, so that the gentry and professions have been almost completely Anglicised. The effect of this has been insidious and far-reaching. The pursuit of literature as a profession has been rendered impossible in Wales. The educated and the leisured classes have been brought up in ignorance of the Welsh language, and often with a distinct prejudice against it as a mere *patois* un-

* A paper read before the Welsh Utilization Society at the Pontypridd Eisteddfod, August 2nd, 1898.

worthy of the respect of an educated and cultured man. Welshmen, writing in the vernacular, had therefore only a very limited circle to appeal to. They had also to appeal to the poorer classes of the population, who cannot afford to spend money on expensive books, and who probably would have no time to read them even if they could be bought. We are sometimes reproached with the poverty of our literature, and with our want of a Welsh history. For my own part, I am lost in wonder when I think of what has already been achieved under such circumstances. No national prince or patriotic and enlightened noblemen have, as in the days of Gwalchmai, "bought the praises of the bards;" Goronwy died unknown and unhonoured across the Atlantic; Owen Myvyr spent the small fortune he had accumulated in honest trade in giving his *Archæology* to his countrymen; Iolo Morgannwg died in extreme poverty; the monumental work of Thomas Stephens brought him little, if any, personal or pecuniary advantage. The Eisteddfod must be given the credit for having, at all events, by fits and starts, done much to encourage Welshmen to persevere in works of research by offering some, if inadequate, inducements to Welsh *literati*. More than all, the Cymmrodorion Society has done its best to encourage this department of literary activity. But the encouragement has been very inadequate, and the tendency of the English Government has always been to place so many disadvantages and obstacles in the path of the Welsh-speaking Welshman's progress and advancement, that Welshmen have often been reluctantly compelled to admit to themselves that the existence of the Welsh language has been a curse to Wales.

When therefore popular education sprang up in Wales, the teaching of the native language found no place in the educational system. Ignorance of English was confounded with a knowledge of Welsh, and it was not thought possible for a literary knowledge of the two languages to exist side by side. The great aim and object of education was, not only to learn English, but to supersede Welsh. The pupil's knowledge of Welsh was entirely ignored, and he was expected to proceed to the knowledge of the unknown without taking any notice of what he knew already. It was only in one* exceptional instance that wiser counsels prevailed, and even in this case the original object of the founder has in process of time been ignored. In the deed of the founder of the Welsh Institution at Llandovery, it is stipulated "that the Welsh language shall be taught exclusively during one hour every school day, and be then the sole medium of communication in the school; and shall be used at all other convenient periods as the language of the school, so as to familiarise the scholars with its use as a colloquial language. The master shall give lectures in that language upon subjects of a philological, scientific, and general character, so as to supply the scholars with examples of its use as a literary language, and the medium of instruction on grave and important subjects. The primary intent and object of the founder,—which is instruction and education in the Welsh language,—shall be faithfully observed." But the prevailing opinion of the age was too strong for the adoption of Mr. Thos. Phillips' scheme for long. Gradually the "primary intent and object of the founder" was abandoned, and even so good a Welshman as our chairman found it impossible to make the Welsh language the sole subject taught in the school for one hour in each day. Indeed,—though I am speaking with all respect for the old school,—it must be said that more Welsh boys have been taught to forget than to learn their native language within its walls. The neglect of the founder of Llandovery's wise conditions betokened the spirit of the age. It was not enough that English should be learnt, but Welsh must be forgotten. In this struggle to thrust away the language in which the people of Wales were born, it is small wonder that some thoughtful men saw a great danger to the race. 'But what if,' uneasily asked Dr. Rowland Williams of Lampeter, 'by our neglect of Welsh, we are throwing away a great gift of Providence? Is there any reason why a people should not learn and thoroughly

* NOTE—I believe that Welsh was taught in St. David's College, Lampeter, from the first.

understand a neighbouring language, without immediately smothering their own?'" But the voice of Dr. Williams was as of one crying in the wilderness. The mad passion to forego Welsh and acquire English had taken possession of the people of Wales. For many years, no attempt was made even to make use of Welsh for the purpose of teaching English.

At last a suggestion, which originated from the Cymmrodorion Society, was the means of starting a "Society for the Utilisation of the Welsh Language." This society however, as its name implied, took a very limited view of the value and position of the Welsh language. Welsh was worth learning and teaching only as a means towards the better cultivation of English; it was to be used only as a handmaidén to the stronger tongue, and presumably, once English was acquired, Welsh would not he regarded as worth the trouble of being kept up. Welsh was therefore very far from being looked upon as a "great gift of Providence." Its existance was an untoward accident, which had resulted in a great ignorance of English. The best amends which Welsh could make for the wrong it had done to its sons was to give way to English with has much grace and with as little noise as possible. This very modest estimate of the value of Welsh at least had one good effect. It served to draw attention to the language, and to pave the way for a fuller and more thorough recognition of it. Men began to see on what wrong assumptions the whole system of our education was based, and how absurd it was to ignore the Welsh language in the education of Welshmen. It was seen that it was unreasonable that a nation, who by voluntary effort in our Sunday schools and Eisteddfodau learned to read and write its language, should only be taught a foreign language at the public expense in our elementary schools. But we had grown so accustomed to being ignored by English officialism that it was with a gasp of surprise, a few years ago, we found that Sir Wm. Hart Dyke had allowed to Wales all that the Welsh Utilisation Society demanded. But by this time men had been taught to look upon the question of Welsh teaching in schools from a very different point of view, and the society will, I trust, be so reorganised as to adapt itself for the new requirements. Even Welshmen, at last, began to think that Providence in its wisdom must have put a language in their mouths for some better purpose than merely to act as a means to learn English. Some few even thought that they saw in it a "great gift of Providence,"—a gift sadly misused, greatly undervalued, lamentably unappreciated, but nevertheless a great and noble gift.

Mr. Acland in the New Code has been the first to recognise officially and publicly the supreme importance of Welsh in the education of Welsh children. He has admitted that the language is worth cultivation, not only as the easiest and most intelligent means of teaching English to a Welsh boy, but also for its own sake. As the true meaning of education comes to be understood, I believe that more and more value will be set on Welsh. Education does not mean the amassing of a number of facts, or the acquisition of mere knowledge; but the training of the mind, the widening of the understanding, and the development of the mental faculties, so that we can the easier reach towards new knowledge, and make good and better use of knowledge, when it is acquired. It is one thing to load the memory with a host of facts, it is another and totally different thing to train the mind to grasp a truth, and to distinguish between what is important and what is trivial. It is a mistake, therefore, to try and over-burden the minds of our children with knowledge; the work of the true educationist is to train and cultivate the mind so that it can proceed from strength to strength. Since this is what is meant by education, which is the best way to get it? We cannot do better than to accept the unanimous opinion of educationists of every age and country. Their opinion is that a linguistic training,—a training in the idioms and construction of two or more languages,—affords the best training for the mind. That is why the sons of wealthy men are set to learn Greek and Latin. These are dead languages, and of little practical use to those who learn them, after leaving school. It is true that

the literature contained in these languages is rich and valuable; and that many of the words, used in modern languages, are derived from these classic tongues of antiquity. But it is not for their literature that these languages are taught, nor for the sake of teaching Englishmen the origin of some of their commonest words. All the literature of Greece and Rome has been translated into the vulgar tongues of modern Europe, and it would not be worth the while to spend years in learning Greek, merely for the sake of understanding Homer in the original. Within a few years of leaving school, the clerk and the merchant, the government official and the pressman, the doctor and the lawyer, forget their Greek and Latin. But have all the years they have spent in learning these languages been therefore wasted? If it is so, our whole system of education is radically wrong. But educationists will say that the time has not been wasted, though the knowledge acquired in the time has evaporated. If, therefore, a linguistic training is admitted to be the best kind of education, it will be seen that the survival of Welsh is not a curse, but a blessing. Mr. Mundella, speaking a few years ago at Sheffield, alluded with regret to the facilities afforded for education in Switzerland as contrasted with England. He instanced the case of a young shop girl, who could speak French and German fluently, and who also had a fair knowledge of English and Italian. Such a thing would be impossible in England. It is admitted that the only way of learning a modern language is by hearing it spoken. English people are notoriously bad linguists. Why? Not because they are duller than other nations, but, because from their insular position, they have no advantages to train the ear and the memory for acquiring any other language than their own. The Swiss, on the other hand, are well known to be excellent linguists, which is due to the fact that French and German overlap, and the people are taught from their early youth to speak, and write, and read two languages. For purposes of education, one language is almost as good as another, and we may certainly take it for granted that Welsh is, in this respect, at least the equal of English or French.

We should remember, however, that Mr. Acland, naturally and reasonably, has only allowed Welsh to be taught in Welsh schools, "if the managers so desire." The work of the Welsh Language Society is not therefore at an end. The managers and teachers of schools must still be taught to value the Welsh language. I think I am right in saying that in the most Welsh counties in South Wales,—Cardigan and Carmarthen,—Welsh has not been taught in half a dozen schools. And yet the Society was primarily started in order to utilise the Welsh language in these Welsh districts! Even in places where the managers of schools are in favour of Welsh teaching, I believe it would be unwise to force the teaching of Welsh on the teachers without their consent. That would be simply to court failure. If the teaching of Welsh is to be successful, we must first of all convert the teachers to its practicability and its usefulness. If the teachers teach it only because they are forced to, it would be idle to expect good results. The Society should see to it, therefore, that the teachers of Wales are enlightened on the question, convinced of its merits. I believe that teachers are now afraid in many instances to take up Welsh. For instance, great uncertainty prevails as to whether the code regulations in reference to Welsh should be adopted in their entirety, or whether they should be gradually applied, beginning with the lower standards of the school. I believe that as a matter of fact the chief inspector of schools for Wales has secured the permission of the Department for schools to take up the new schedule in standards I. and II. in the first year, and add a standard each year. Thus the course will not be in full operation for four years. It will be seen from this that the success of the new arrangements will mainly depend upon the zeal and energy which will be shown by those entrusted with the enforcement of the provisions of the code. In districts where the inspector is favourable to Welsh teaching, no difficulty need be anticipated. For example, in the Merthyr district, where the inspector is cordially

and enthusiastically in favour of Welsh teaching, nearly all the teachers have been converted to his view. Mr. Edwards has most wisely and prudently called together the teachers and managers of the schools in his district, and has explained to them the provisions of the new code, and they have taken counsel together as to the best means of bringing the code into practice. But, unfortunately, all the inspectors of schools in Wales are not of a like mind with Mr. Edwards. I believe that Welsh has not been taken up in the schools of Carmarthenshire* mainly because it was suspected, rightly or wrongly, that the late inspector was opposed to Welsh teaching. If I might make a suggestion to the Society, I would urge it to inquire into the steps that have already been taken by Her Majesty's inspectors and headmasters of schools towards preparing the way for the fresh regulations, and what obstacles and difficulties are anticipated, or have already been discovered in the working of the code. What we want now is a society to see that the provisions of the code are being adopted with something like uniformity throughout Wales, and to familiarise hostile or indifferent teachers with the results that are being obtained by those teachers who have adopted the code. The new code is important because it recognises that Welsh is worth teaching for its own sake.

We cannot complain of the progress which the claims of the Welsh language have recently made in popular estimation. Twenty years ago the highest aim of the Welsh educationist was to strangle the Welsh language,—to ignore it in our courts of law, in our public administration, in our educational system. Since that time, the attempt to crush out the language in the course of one generation has been definitely abandoned, and the idea that has taken possession of educationists is now to utilise the language in order to acquire another, while at the same time they contemplate with more or less equanimity the ultimate and perhaps the speedy extinction of the Welsh language. For my own part, I cannot accept such a view. It may be that the language which had attained definite literary structure centuries before the birth of the father of English poetry, the language which was used by great poets and eloquent speakers and fine writers before even the Bard of Florence commenced the creation of modern vernacular literature, is doomed to perish as its sisters in Cornwall and Scotland and Ireland and Brittany have perished, or are about to perish. But to my mind it cannot be that Providence was blind in giving to us the language which is our differentia among the nations of the world Our forefathers who faced so many hardships and suffered so many privations in order to hand down to us the language that from time immemorial has been spoken among the hills and valleys of Wales, cannot have made a vain sacrifice. The great men who have through the long roll of the centuries been spending their lives in studying and enriching their language have not been pursuing a futile object. The language on which has been showered so much care and devotion and love must surely be intended for nobler purposes than merely, after isolating Wales for many centuries, giving way at last with as little fiction as possible to the superior claims of the English language,—on the contrary, I believe that at last the time has come when the Welsh language will repay her sons for their devoted love and affection. She came to them when she was persecuted of the rulers, and they gave her shelter and a home from the storm. Like the fairy in the tale, she has now, as it were, discarded her ragged robes, and is about to dispense her gifts among her children. The language which was looked upon as an obstacle in the path of the Welshman's progress now appears as the dispenser of an educational training which can only be acquired in England at a great price. Wales has been offered a choice of caskets, and she has deliberately chosen the leaden casket. Honour and wealth and worldly success she willingly cast away, and chose rather to remain in obscurity, happy in the possession of her secluded hills and melodious language. The time has now come, however, for the caskets to be opened. "Who choseth this must give and hazard all he hath" was written on the casket

* Things have greatly changed since 1893.

which Bassanio chose, and Wales hath indeed hazarded all she had on her choice of Welsh. I rejoice to think that, like Bassanio in the play, it will be found that after all she has chosen aright, and that the opportunity only needs to be properly grasped, for the Welsh language to be acknowledged as the greatest and most important factor for good in the education of Welshmen.

A VISION OF THE NIGHT.

By Kynan Meredyth.

'TWAS a cheerless night and dreary,
The moon shone not and the stars had gone,
As the darkness fell, and the wind, anon,
With a doleful dirge through the dale fled on,
While I wandered, wan and weary.

With a strange unnatural pallor,
The snow lay thick on the mountains high,
And its driven white met the black of the sky,
Emitting a gleam that but tired the eye,—
So weird was its ghastly pallor.

And the river's surging billows
So dismally roared, as they wildly swept,
That the echoes woke from the caves where they slept,
While a forlorn nymph by the waters wept,
And wailed with the withered willows.

She wept o'er a harp that was broken,
While her golden locks all dishevelled lay,
And over them spread the feathery spray,
Like snowflakes amidst the sunshine of May;
And she clasped the cherished token,—

A token of ancient glory,
And with wistful eyes she gazed on it now,
And bent her head,—that but grief could bow,—
Yet the tear fell bright from that rueful brow,
And mirrored the future's story.

But the nymph still wept in sorrow,
And bitterly moaned with a trembling cry,—
"Why, Gwalia, my home! must thy glories lie
In oblivion's gloom, till its shadows die
To mark but a meaner morrow?

"To tell thy forgotten story,
Land of the lyre, land of legend and lore,
Where is the poet whose muse shall out-pour
Songs, mightier far than thy arms of yore,—
Songs of thy pride and thy glory?

"When will that burning ambition
Kindle once more its fervour and flame
To lead on thy sons to fortune and fame,
To claim thee thy rights, and worship thy name,—
Mother of song and tradition?"

She ceased with a groan of sorrow,
And the darkness deepened, the roaring tide
Of the rushing river hushed and died,
And the tearing wind in a whisper sighed.—
A silence that death might borrow.

Then a voice, still with notes of sadness,
Rang through the gloom of the Stygian night,—
Sang of sweet hope, and the triumph of right,—
Sang of the glories of liberty's light,
Sang of its rapturous gladness.

And then through the gloom, advancing,
Appeared a form in knightly array,
Still pouring aloud the inspiring lay;
His armour dawned like the dawn of day,
And hope from his eyes was glancing.

He stopped where the nymph lay panting,
And touched her brow with a golden wand,
While brightly arrayed, and with hand in hand,
Adown the dale came a glorious band,
Of liberty sweetly chanting.

The nymph ceased her doleful moaning
As her harp with diviner chords they strung;
Pure ecstasy's tears on her eyelids hung,
And her tones grew deep when the song was sung,
As the day was faintly dawning.

They sang unrestrained by sorrow,—
"Gwalia! no more must thy story lie
In oblivion's gloom, nor thy glories die.
For the night departs, and its shadows fly
To mark yet a mightier morrow.

"Heralds of pride and ambition,
We kindle once more their fervour and flame
To lead on thy sons to fortune and fame,
To give thee thy rights, to worship thy name,
Mother of song and tradition!"

AN AUSTRALIAN WELSHMAN.

By THEOPHILUS WILLIAMS, Ballarat.

IN the Ballarat Old Cemetery there is a grave enclosed by tooled stone, surrounded by iron railings, and situated close to the enclosure and freestone monument which mark the resting place of the diggers who fell at the Eureka Stockade. The soldiers who fell in that encounter between the insurgent diggers and the Queen's forces lie in a larger plot of ground eastward. The plot is handsomely enclosed; and a monument, erected by the Victorian Government at the request of the citizens of Ballarat, tells briefly the cause of the encounter. The grave first mentioned is, in fact, between the two other enclosures, and on a small tablet is the following inscription,—

> "Sacred to the memory of the Hon. JOHN BASSON HUMFFRAY, who led in Ballarat the constitutional struggle for political reform in Victoria, was the first member for West Ballarat [Grenville] in the reformed Parliament, and the first minister of mines for the said colony. Born at Newtown, Montgomeryshire, North Wales, 17th April, 1824; died in Ballarat, 18th March, 1891.
>
> 'Y da wneir ydyw ein hoes,
> Ac wrth hyn bydd gwerth einioes.'
>
> ISLWYN.
>
> "This tablet and grave enclosure were erected by the public in memory of valuable services."

Welsh readers familiar with the political life which a generation and more ago stirred the pulses of the men of Newtown, who were the forerunners of the more famous Chartist movement, will readily understand that the late John Basson Humffray brought with him to Australia some of the true leaven of democracy. Born and nurtured in the atmosphere of freedom breathed by the reformers of Newtown, he took sides in the colony of Victoria with the diggers of Ballarat, who agitated for the reform of the Government. That agitation was caused by the oppressive administration of the law in the goldfields, especially in the matter of the levying of the license tax, which the diggers had to pay, for leave to "dig and search for gold." The law was a government regulation, sanctioned by a legislative council for which the diggers had no votes, and administered by the police under direct orders from the Executive. The governor and his police subordinates treated the diggers in a way that no men with British instincts of liberty and justice could quietly suffer. Every unlicensed digger was outside the pale, and the diggers were hunted and harried by the police, who called on them to produce their licenses under pain of instant arrest and imprisonment and fine if no license were then and there produced.

The law was unwelcome, as it was a tax levied upon unrepresented men. But it was the offensive and tyrannical method of its administration that provoked the indignant cry for constitutional reform. Free British subjects were subjected to causeless indignities, chained to logs, haled before the magistrates, fined or imprisoned for not producing a license paper at any moment when it chanced that a policeman made the demand. Men of liberal education, men of honourable character, were often thus treated by officials, some of whom were a long way beneath them in character and educational status. The whole system became so unbearable that the diggers not only agitated, but organised, for reform. The agitation was purely constitutional at first, and John Basson Humffray was one of its most promising leaders. He adhered to the constitutional phase of the movement all through, and he did this in spite of threats of violence from the more revolutionary of the agitators. These were eventually led by Peter Lalor, an educated Irishman, who afterwards became the speaker of the Legislative Assembly of Victoria, although as leader of the armed insurgents at the Eureka Stockade on the fatal third of December, 1854, he had been outlawed, and a price set upon his head. That encounter quelled the insurgents, stopped the revolutionary schemes of the Irish and foreign element in the physical force movement. There-

after came the reforms which the wiser counsels of the contingent, led by Humffray, would have secured without bloodshed; and he and the pardoned Lalor were the first representatives chosen by the Ballarat diggers to sit in the reformed Parliament. "Humffray," says Withers, in his *History of Ballarat*,* "was then a young man, too, possessing the patriotism, and, more than usual, the caution of Welshmen. Darker in complexion than either Lalor or Raffaello, he also differed from them in stature. He was about the middle height, moderately stout in frame, and had a well poised head and a comely face. His voice was musical, and he possessed a readiness of utterance which made him one of the foremost of the advocates of peaceable reform. To that phase of the struggle he adhered, but his caution at times led him to cross the more ardent purposes of others, who used to accuse him of trimming,—an ancient and easy method of denouncing, and often of no worth. In this case there seems no ground for supposing Humffray ever to have been disposed either to abandon a legitimate or to sanction an illegitimate agitation for a redress of grievances."

His political fortunes are followed by the historian, who narrates his eventful fall before the fitful fancies of the democracy, and he says,—"In all Humffray's public career, he carried himself, as Hamlet puts it, 'indifferent honest,' not descending to the cunning acts of falsehood, which have in later years carried away many constituencies captive."

This virtue was possibly a bar to his public advancement, coupled, as it may have been, with qualities which otherwise incapacitated him for success in the rough and tumble fight of life in a young country. He certainly never became rich by the self-seeking which made the fortunes of smaller and less scrupulous men. Fallible, as most men are, Humffray had his foibles. He suffered long in body, and died honoured and respected for his adherence to the principles he taught in the early fifties.

* Second edition, p 145.

STRANGE VOICES.

IV.—EBEN FARDD'S ENGLISH POETRY.

A friend remonstrated with Eben Fardd for attempting to write English poetry, while praising his English prose. It is probable that no poet can write save in one language, and that language the tongue of his childhood.

THE REMONSTRANCE.

WHY, little dog, thou bitest me so?
I did not mean thee harm;
I did not even bid thee go,
Nor raise at thee my arm.

Thou saucy dog, thou snarling dog,
Mischievous thing thou art;
A peevish, spiteful, shaggy dog,
Uncivil, surly, tart.

I'll try the Druid's creed with thee,
That soul-migration creed,—
Can the first Edward's soul now be
In thee to prompt this deed?

'Tis said he bit off all the bards,
At one tremendous bite;
So thou hast done with one poor bard,
Fie! on thy envious spite.

But I forgive thee, little dog!
Thou livest to thy own law;
Man, nobler far, than thee, poor dog,
Does sometimes bite, I know.

I never bite, I never fight,
I never hate or spurn;
Come, little dog, now for thy bite
I pat thee in return.

Just as thy master rescued me,
And pulled aside thy head,
So God shall always set me free
From dangers which I dread.

A fellow creature still thou art
Quite pretty and unique;
Purge, therefore, thy canine, shrewd, heart,
From every faithless pique.

CAIO AND ITS CAVES.

II.

By the Rev. D. Cunllo Davies, Dowlais.

NEAR the Ogofau there are five farms called Ynysau. The only addition to the name, generally made, that will assist us to understand which farm is meant, is the surname of the occupier. Since the river Cothi flows through the whole five, and forms a boundary for more than one, it is often thought that because a part of the farm is surrounded by the water of the river, the five were called *Ynysau* or islands.

However, two other theories are advanced, which can boast of more plausible corroborations, and which will explain other place names. *Ynys* in Welsh, *insula* in Latin, and *ennis* in Irish, in the ecclesiastical language of the ninth and following centuries always mean a hermitage, a cell, or monastery. It was a place cut apart from the world for prayer, for the uninterrupted enjoyment of the inward experiences of the soul, and for self-brooding. Monasticism had been introduced into Wales early in the fifth century. It was known long before Elltyd the son of Bucanys built his school at Lantwit Major. From the life of St. David (Buchedd Dewi Sant) we know that the ideal of Welsh monasticism was the Egyptian. Unlike the orders who had accepted St. Martin of Tours as their ideal, the Welsh monks sought relief from the influx of nominal Christianity in the desert, in the caverns of the mountain, and in the forests. They did not linger in the neighbourhood of churches and schools, but retired as far as possible from their fellow men. The patron saint of the Egyptian hermits was Anthony, and the most zealous disciple was Simeon the Stylite, who lived on the top of a lofty pillar sixty feet from the ground. From this summit he preached to large crowds. In him we find embodied the extreme tendencies of the tenets of St. Anthony, and after his time a movement towards the cloister or cell life was made. We find a common brotherhood on an island in the Nile under Pachcmius, who lived by making wicker work, and farming. The third grade of a life of religious retirement, we have in the abbey or monastic life proper, under an abbot.

The three grades of monasticism have, it would appear, left traces of their history in the place names and ruins of Caio. No more secluded spot could be found for the hermit than the caves and valley of the Cothi. The land is fruitful, and where would the willow for his basket work grow better than by the river? Names that suggest the cloister period would be those with a prefix *Cil*. We find it in Cilmaren, Cilgawad, &c. At Talley or Talyllychau, there is a fine ruin of an old abbey. It was founded before 1214, because in that year Iorwerth, its abbot, was made bishop of St. David's. Tanner and Leland are our only authorities. In the former's *Notitia* we are told that Rhys ab Gruffydd (1197), the prince of Wales, built it, and dedicated it to the Virgin and the Baptist. Leland on the other hand maintains that it was established by Rhys ab Tewdwr. Its revenue was great. In 1533 the income was about £150,—a grand endowment for the time. At the dissolution the abbey of Talley had eight canons. Its prosperity and fame seem to point to the fact that monasticism had taken a firm hold on the neighbourhood, and it may be that the hermitages of Ynysau and the *Cils* of the valley around contributed greatly towards this.

Another theory is a more modern one, and rests on a more scientific basis. In times remote there must have been a barrier to the flow of the Cothi at a point

where the village of Crug y Bar now stands. This bar extended across the whole valley, and was gradually worn away by the water. The valley must have been covered with water, and on the other side of the bar there would have been a great waterfall, and it is believed by many that the fact is perserved in the place name Ffrwd Fâl,—now the residence of J. M. Davies, Esq. The geological strata of the neighbourhood confirm this. All along the valley we have a bed of clay, overlaid by a deep gravelly soil. Through the gradual wearing away of the bar, the lake would diminish, and the current of the river would become swifter. The clay bed of the lake would be gradually covered with river sand stone. Moreover the probability is further established by the contour of the hills that would form the two ends of the bar. Both by reading into and reading out of the strata and contour, we have substantial reasons for accepting this theory, and it requires no great stretch of the imagination to see that as the lake would become shallower, small islands would be formed, and these islands may in some remote age have given the name of *Ynysau* or *Islands* to these five farms.

If we accept the above theory as a fact, we must accept another respecting the derivation of Crug y Bar, a village made famous by the name it has given to a popular Welsh hymn tune. *Crug* in Carmarthenshire is always an appellation for a mound, *tumulus*, or hill, The name would therefore signify the hill of the bar, and it would probably have received its name from the fact that it was built in the shelter of the hill that formed one end of the bar of the prehistoric Cothi lake.

The village is but small, containing only an Independent chapel and about half a dozen houses. It stands on the scene of one of the most fierce battles ever waged between our forefathers during the insurrection of Boadicea, and the Romans. Some trace of the battle is found on a monument found on the spot to the memory of a Roman general, who was buried here. We know from Talitus' *Annals** that Ostorius, when in command of the Roman legions, was stationed for some time among the Silures, and that he advanced within no inconsiderable distance to the channel that separates Britain from Ireland. It was somewhere in this vicinity that Poenius Posthumus laid violent hands upon himself; when so chagrined at the contempt he was held in for his cowardice in battle. A monument to his memory was found on the side of the road that leads from Llandovery to Trecastle. The stone lay for many years at a wayside inn on Trecastle mountain, but has subsequently disappeared.

More Roman *tumuli* have been discovered in this vicinity than anywhere else in the kingdom, and from this fact the village antiquarian derives the meaning of Crug y Bar. It is a name of a Roman graveyard. *Bar* or *Bâr*, means anger, and being the burial place of the Roman dead, the name would signify a mound of anger or resentment.

Pont-ar-drymus, a bridge crossing the Cothi, has gathered interesting myths and legends around itself. Mr. Eliezer Williams in his English works (London, 1840) divides the word into Pont-Rhyd-Remus, the bridge of the ford of Remus. A popular explanation would be found in the legend of Pont-ar-dri-mis, the bridge of the three months. A local squire of some remote age had a fair daughter. Her hand in marriage had been sought with success by a young man who lived beyond the river. In crossing the flood to visit his lady love, he had often been on the verge of drowning. However, though he had to wade the river, his love had not been extinguished, but he had proposed, and she had named the day.

Even in that age there was progress, and a bridge was in course of building when one day the squire rode past. Desiring to reward his daughter's lover, he turned to the workmen, and said that his daughter was to be married on that day three months. If the bridge was completed on that day, so that the wedding party could cross over, he would reward them worthy of himself. It was finished, and the happy couple passed over it. Hence the name Pont-ar-dri-mis.

* Lib xii., Cap. 31.

A POET S LETTERS.

John Thomas,—or, as the bardic fraternity know him, Sion Wyn o Eifion,—was born at Chwilog in 1786, and died at the same place July 8th, 1859. He was bed-ridden for fifty-eight years; and his humble home was visited by all poets who had the honour or the desire of knowing him, by Eben Fardd among Welsh poets, by Shelly among English goets.

The gift of song raised him from among his fellow-villagers into the valued friend of the famous and the wealthy. Where the poetic gift came from is a mystery. It is almost a mystery, also, where his English came from. In those out of the way parts of Eivionnydd, where a stray and almost illiterate schoolmaster was the only teacher of a foreign language, bards like Sion Wyn and Eben Fardd wrote English of which modern Welsh journalists, many of them having University degrees, might well be proud.

Sion Wyn had a great influence on Eben Fardd's genius and character, as can be seen from his diary. His works were published by R. I. Jones, Portmadoc, in 1861.

DEAR FRIEND,

It is a long time now since I have seen or heard from you, and I assure you that this is not a gratifying circumstance to me. As your company was always pleasing to me, I regret that we do not meet so often as formerly. There is scarcely anything so pleasing, and at the same time so improving, as to enjoy the company of the virtuous and well-informed. I agree with the bard when he says,—

> "True bliss, if men may reach it, is composed
> Of hearts in union mutually disclosed."

Solitude is sweet beyond expression; yet, as Cowper says,—

> "Grant me still a friend in my retreat
> Whom I may whisper,—'Solitude is sweet.'"

I suppose, sometimes, that the circumstances of your having had the geography is the cause of my not seeing you so often as in times past; and, as perhaps it is inconvenient for you to pay for it, and as I should be glad often if it were with me in order to be referred to on some subject or other connected with geographical knowledge, I should take it back with much pleasure. It would be rather difficult for me to get another in its stead, and you may rest assured that I shall not look worse on you for returning it.

I should be glad to see you here pretty soon. I rather think some other friends will be with me on the evening of to-morrow; but to-morrow week, or the 10th of this month, I shall be very happy to have your company. I have been writing almost continually this week, which has had the effect of fatiguing me very much. What are you doing now? Does the *Awen* now and then engage your attention?

I wrote this in the midst of great talking in this house.

Yours faithfully,

J. THOMAS.

August 2nd, 1825.

Ryw fisoedd yn ol, gadawodd Daniel Felin yr Ynys Goch rai rhannau gyda mi, gan erfyn arnaf eu rhoi i ti pan y deuit i Chwilog. Fe allai y caf y dywenydd o'th weld yn lled fuan.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Our pleasure in writing to a friend is pretty much in proportion to the degree of esteem and attachment which we entertain towards him, and I can assure you that I feel highly gratified in being able to address you on this occasion. I was truly glad to see you here on Monday last, though I felt very sorry to see you look so unwell, but I sincerely hope that you will soon become gradually better both in health and spirits. There is something in your situation that tends much to depress your spirits; and if I could, I would most willingly do something that might contribute to your comforts. Our days of adversity are rather numerous in this world, but I think, if mankind would balance all things aright, they would perceive that their comforts are much more numerous than their afflictions, and, consequently, that we have greater reason to be grateful than to murmur under the infinitely wise dispensation of heaven. No situation, whatever may be its advantages; no connection, however dear, can make us perfectly happy in this world; and though there are some connections that tend much to enhance our comfort, yet that cannot last long, for death comes soon, and cuts the most tender of our ties.

Now, my dear friend, in the face of all

the difficulties and gloom that may attend your path, pray often that you may be guided by the Spirit and word of Jehovah in the ways of wisdom and holiness, for if we are once mercifully brought to, and kept on the way, we are sure of enjoying that sweet peace this world cannot afford. We are continually seeking for happiness, a resting place to our souls, and how consoling it is to know that it may be found through faith in the testimony of God respecting the glorious Redeemer, whom "he hath made to be sin for us that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." In this way the guilty may be justified freely, a believing application of his blood will cleanse us from the pollution of sin, and in Him we may find strength in the face of temptation, and light and consolation in all our trials. All the promises of the Gospel, those never-failing sources of comfort and peace, are yea and amen in Jesus Christ. He, my dear friend, is our peace, and a believing dependence on his atoning death will make us, like the eunuch formerly, to "go on our way rejoicing," at the same time that it will keep us on the path of duty. I am afraid to trouble you by prolixity, but I beg you to accept my sincere thanks for your kindness in bringing me the book, which I now return.

Yours faithfully,

J. THOMAS.

August 11*th*, 1827.

September 2*nd*, 1828.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

The donation from Mr. Williams came to my hand and I thought it my duty to send a note for him, which is now enclosed in this letter. I understand also that you expressed a wish that I should do this. I well know your fidelity and the kindness of your disposition towards me, and I think I need not assure you of the friendly regards which I always entertain towards you. Mynych, mynych y byddaf yn cofio am yr oriau hyfryd a dreuliasom ynghyd wrth erchwyn fy ngwely; oriau ynt, er maint fy nhrallod, nad ant yn hawdd o fy meddwl, oblegyd y maent yn gysylltiedig â rhai o'r cysuron a'r gwrthrychau anwyl a fuont erioed yn fy meddiant. Wrth gwrdd â siomedigaethau a phall mewn ffyddlondeb ar ein taith, nis gallwn lai nag edrych yn ol gyda galar ar y dyddiau a'r gwrthrychau ag sydd wedi mynd heibio fel cysgod, a braidd yr wyf y munud hwn yn gallu atal y dagrau rhag rhedeg fel ffrwd dros fy ngruddiau. Y mae y cof am y pethau hyn yn tyneru anian yn y cyfryw fodd nes yw'r galon yn barod i ymdywallt mewn deigr hiraethlawn, a'r meddwl yn dymuno hedfan i'r trigfannau hynny lle na theimlir ysbryd trwm a briwedig. Ychydig o funudau yn ol bum yn rhoi sŵn ar dôn alarus gyda Sarah, yr hon, sef y dôn, ynghyd â rhai pethau eraill, sydd wedi effeithio i iselu fy ysbrydoedd yn lled fawr. My niece and my cousin Ann desire to be kindly remembered to you.

Yours faithfully,

J. THOMAS.

MY KIND AND DEAR FRIEND,

I feel sorry that I have been so long without writing to you. Indeed, when you were here last, I had an intention of addressing you long before this, but it often happens that something or other prevents us to fulfil a task the execution of which is truly pleasing to us. I felt the most sincere gratification the last time you were here, and I very much regretted that it was not convenient for you to stay longer with me. I felt rather angry also when we were interrupted by the young men that came hither, for when you were with me, I desired nothing more than to be alone in your company. There is something that brings us to a very close attachment with some persons, there is something in their taste and the feature of their mind which makes us esteem them in the most unfeigned manner, and which raises a painful regret in our breast when we cannot enjoy their company. You are one of those dear friends, whom I could wish to see very often by my bedside,—but alas! Providence ordains that this cannot take place. I heard some time ago that your banns have been published, but I scarcely believe this, after what I heard from you. To marry is a very important step, and perhaps no wise man enters this state without deliberating a great deal, in

a very calm manner, for though it is a state that contains much felicity and much that tends to one's happiness, yet at the same time it has its disappointments, its cares, and its bitter crosses. Johnson observed once that, if all would happen which a lover fancies, it would be difficult to know what other terrestial happiness would deserve pursuit, but that love and marriage are different states. To suffer all evils together, and to suffer often for the sake of one another, must tend much to lessen that tenderness of look and benevolence of mind which arose from the participation of unmingled pleasure. Yet, after all, to live with those whom we love is one of the chief ingredients of happiness.

I have not been out often since I saw you, but I cannot express to you how sad are the sensations which are excited in my bosom when I am drawn to a little distance from the house. Indeed some objects, especially the sea, appear still so wonderful to me as if I had never seen them before. I cannot now send the poem to you, but I think it will not be long before you will see it. Let me hear from you, very, very soon,—remember this, my dear friend. Sarah begs to be remembered kindly to you and the young woman.

Yours most affectionately,

J. THOMAS.

November 13th, 1828.

My niece Sarah desires much to see the young woman, your sweetheart, at Chwilog for once.

My sister begs to be remembered to you, and my cousin Ann sends her best regards to the young woman.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

It would be extremely difficult for me to describe to you the sensation of sweet delight that was excited in my mind, in receiving your kind and welcome letter, dated the 15th ult. All the sentiments contained in it appeared to have been dictated by friendship in one of its most engaging moods; and when it came to my hand, I could not help feeling a painful and longing regret, in looking back on the time when I used so often to see the friend who had penned it. I was really glad to find that you had come on so well with the school, and I sincerely wish that your situation may prove comfortable to you in every respect. Happiness is not confined to any particular spot on earth, for it is plain, I think, that an elevated rank, affluent circumstances, and the applause of the world cannot keep off the effects of moral and natural evil, while on the other hand, a person cannot be unhappy even in a low situation, if he enjoy that sweet peace of mind which results from a life of faith on the promises of the Gospel, and of conformity with its precepts. It is equally plain that in connection with this, human happiness is greatly promoted by the enjoyment of the comforts of health, by our having some engaging end in view, and, in an especial manner, by the company of those that we affectionately esteem. To be absent from those who are objects of his particular affection must be always distressing to a person of a feeling mind, and perhaps Dr. Tillotson gave a very correct definition of happiness, when he observed that to be happy is to enjoy what we desire, and to live with those whom we love. After all, no man can expect to attain this while in the vale of tears, such a state of happiness is to be enjoyed only in those mansions of bliss, into which sorrow and sighing can never enter.

It gives me great pleasure to hear that Mr. Williams is so kind to you, by favouring you with the perusal of valuable books, &c. The kind notice of a gentleman of engaging qualities and tastes like Mr. W., must conduce very much to the comfort of a person in your situation. I know something of this experience, for it must have been really distressing with me, if Providence had not ordained that I should fall under the notice of some ladies and gentlemen, who had a heart to sympathise with me, in my confined and afflicted state. Ere this, you are beginning to form some degree of acquaintance with the people of the village. It is our duty and interest, in every situation, not willingly to offend any one, but the wise and the virtuous only are entitled to our confidence and esteem, and we ought always to remember that a close connection with

the profligate will be a sure means of drawing contempt on us, at the same time that the friendship of the wise and the good must tend to our improvement, as well as the respectability of our character in the world. But, indeed, I know well that you are capable of acting in a really prudent and becoming manner under every circumstance. At all times look on the Bible as an unfailing source of light and consolation, and as the unerring rule of your faith and conduct.

Y mae ansawdd fy iechyd yn waeth o gryn raddau ers o gylch pythefnos yn ol, ac yn fynych yr wyf yn dra isel o ran fy meddwl, mae gofid a thristwch fel tonnau gorchuddiawg i'n dilyn tra yn y byd hwn, ac nid hir y byddant heb ein gyrru i'r byd diderfyn hwnnw o ran ei barhad am yr hwn nas gwyddom ond ychydig yn bresennol. I beg you to write to me as soon as conveniently you can.

Yours most faithfully,

J. THOMAS.

I did not receive your letter till the 27th of September, though it bears the date of the 15th of the same month. If you order your letters to be left at Mr. O. Owen's shop at Pwllheli, I should have them immediately, that is, if you send them in that way.

Sarah talks of coming to Clynog some time next month.

I am very sorry that an ill state of health, and other circumstances, prevent me from writing sooner to you, but you may rest assured that not a day passed me on which I did not think of you with that affectionate regard which one entertains only for a truly dear friend. My sister is often very poorly, and she and Sarah beg to be remembered to you in the kindest manner.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I have been very ill for some time now, from a complaint in my breast. I feel extremely weak, and my difficulty of breathing is very painful. It gave me pleasure to hear from my niece that you intend to visit me soon; and as I am now so very weak, I could wish to see you in the latter part of the week, as, perhaps, before that time I may be a little more able to talk. I have since yesterday began to take some medicine. I have been scarcely ever more unable to talk than at present. At the hour of distress and sorrow, the believing mind must view the world and all it values with peculiar indifference; the promises of the Gospel are the true and sole source of its support and consolation.

Your faithful afflicted friend,

July 10th. J. THOMAS.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I entirely forgot last night to give you the *Grisiau*, but lest it should be called for, I return it by this opportunity, with many thanks for the favour of seeing it. Perhaps you will call upon me on Wednesday night. I rather think a young man will preach here sometime on Tuesday. He is considered as a pretty good preacher. You perceived that my spirit was rather lively last night, but to-day I feel much more depressed. Clouds must be expected often to surround our paths.

Yours sincerely,

J. T.

September 10th.

Be pleased, my friend, not to say much to your acquaintances about the conversation of Mr. R. while he was here.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

As an opportunity offers to send something to Clynog, I take hold of it with great pleasure to send a few lines to you, though I have no message which may serve as an apology for giving you the trouble of reading this trifling note.

I may truly say it is very seldom that a day passes me on which I do not remember you with affectionate regard, and I often reflect with melancholy pleasure on the time when you were near me, and when we had frequently an opportunity of seeing each other. There are but few intervals of my life which have been so gratifying to my feelings, on many accounts, as the periods on which I saw you so often. I then had a mother to attend and sympathise with me. Sarah also was here at that time to delight me by her tuneful voice and to help me under the pressure of affliction. I had also then

some other young friends whose company was pleasing to me, but who are now in the silent grave. "Ni ellir galw doe yn ol,"* and useless is the regret in thinking of the time that is past, and it would be foolish in me perhaps to indulge a hope that I shall ever see an interval of time so full of pleasing incidents as the one to which I refer. My niece Sarah is with us these days, and she feels very grateful to you for the kind mention which you make of her in the stanzas; and I could perceive that while I recited them she was very much affected.

I can know that you will take great care in binding Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, by placing the sheets aright, and by not cutting the leaves too short; let the margin be pretty large.

I hope to see you here again very soon. I am likely to go from home next week, if the weather and the state of my health will permit me, but only for a few days, and if I go, I intend to return the day before Criccieth fair. I cannot promise to myself the pleasure of seeing Clynog this year, for I feel much more reluctant now to leave home than formerly, on account, principally, of bodily weakness and my liability to catch cold, and frequent illness, but I have been much better for more than a week now. O how precious are the comforts of ease and bodily health, yet a peaceful mind is still infinitely more precious than all the comforts that have a relation to this world.

Yours most faithfully,

J. THOMAS.

Chwilog, June 18th, 1836.

Remember me most kindly to your wife. My sister and Sarah send you their best regards.

* A Welsh proverb,—"Yesterday can not be called back."

QUERIES.

CXX. WELSH HUMOURISTS. — Who are the humourists of Welsh literature? Will some reader of WALES name half a dozen? BEDW.

CXXI. With reference to recent activity on the part of some of our members of Parliament, can it be said that any unfairness is shown towards Wales in the matter of the publication of historical documents? Is the Welsh historian of the present day under greater difficulties than, say, Hallam when he wrote his *Constitutional History*. I believe that the work of the true historian is to find out and unearth documents throwing light on the history of the past. If he waits until Government does the real work for him, he will find that any journalist in his leisure moments, or even any member of Parliament, can do his work. I should be glad to know what others think.

A TRUE WELSHMAN.

CXXII. JAMES HOWELL.—Is there a recent edition of "Epistolæ Ho-Elianæ or Familiar Letters"? Is James Howell known to have written anything in Welsh? LLYS.

CXXIII. I should be glad of information regarding two men, who lived far apart from each other. One is Vavasour Powell,—his birth-place, did he know Welsh, are any of his works published, is there any convenient hand-book of his life and works?

The other is Lewis Edwards, D.D., of Bala, one of the editors of the *Traethodydd*, and Principal of the Calvinistic Methodist College at Bala. Has any biography appeared, or is there any probability of one appearing? LIVERPOOL CYMRO.

CXXIV. Could any one give me the list of the Welsh members of Parliament after the General Election of 1859? MORFUDD BERWYN.

CXXV. THE POET LLOYD.—In a life of the poet Lloyd, prefixed to his works on the "Poets of Great Britain" (London and Edinburg, 1794), I find the following,—

"Mr. Lloyd," says Mr. Wilkes, "was an excellent scholar, and an easy, natural poet. His peculiar excellence was the dressing up an old thought in a new, neat, and trim manner. He was content to scamper round the foot of Parnassus on his little Welsh pony, which

seems never to have tired. He left the fury of the winged steed, and the daring flights of the sacred mountain, to the sublime genius of his friend Churchill."

Is this intended to imply that Lloyd was of Welsh nationality, or——what? BRWYN.

CXXVI. DAVIES OF CASTELL HOWELL'S TRANSLATION OF GRAY'S "ELEGY."—The Rev. Thomas Rees, D.D., in his "History of Protestant Nonconformity in Wales" (2nd edition, page 443), says in a sketch of the life of the Rev. David Davies of Castell Howell that "he was a celebrated poet. His translation of Gray's 'Elegy' is incomparably superior to the original."

This statement is, to me, a most surprising one. Can it be substantiated? Where can I find the translation? BANADL.

CXXVII. ROWLANDS OF THE "LLYFRYDDIAETH."—Will some one give a sketch of the life and labours of *Gwilym Lleyn*—(Rowlands of the "*Llyfryddiaeth*")? NANT.

REPLIES.

113. MORAVIAN BRETHREN IN WALES.—In Birt's history of the Moravians, published 1848, the only reference to Wales that I can find is that there is a small settlement in Brockwear, Haverfordwest, numbering sixty-eight members.

Manchester. E. M. POWELL.

118. Notes about the Cycle will be found on page 435 of this volume. I am not aware that any Welsh novelists have drawn on the materials connected with Welsh Jacobitism; but there is a rumour that Owen Rhoscomyl will have something about them in his next work. "Saesnes" has, of course, read Mr. Arthur Price's articles on "The White Rose in Wales."

119. "On this Whit-Monday, May 14th, 1894," a friend wrote to me, "I visited the tomb of 'Eliza Carmarthen,' at Aberdare Cemetery. Near it are the tombs of Tegai, Canon Jenkins, and of many other eminent sons and daughters of Wales. Within those railings rest the remains of Alaw Goch; David Saunders, the great poet-preacher of Wales, a little beyond. On the tomb of Eliza Carmarthen is,—

'In affectionate remembrance of Eliza Phillips, 'Eliza Carmarthen,' the beloved wife of the Rev. Thomas Johns of Hirwain, who fell asleep on Whit-Monday, May 20th, 1872, aged 47 years.

'Underneath rest her mortal remains. Her intellectual capacities, her poetical genius, her musical acquirements; and her skill in drawing, painting, and needlework were rare.'"

On another page will be seen a specimen of her work.

123. I might, pending further information, mention the life of Vavasour Powell, by the Rev. David Davies of Brighton.

I understand that the late Dr. Edwards' son, Principal Edwards of Bala, intends to write the biography that "Liverpool Cymro" wishes to see. Principal Edwards has undoubtedly fuller information than anybody else; and, naturally, no one wishes to write a biography which might immediately be superseded by a better one. We all know, however, and deeply regret, to what an extent Principal Edwards' late illness must have thrown him into arrears of work.

124. I make up the following list from Mr. W. R. Williams' "Parliamentary History of Wales," an invaluable book of reference,—

WELSH MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT IN 1859.

Anglesea	Sir R. B. Williams-Bulkeley.
Beaumaris	Hon. W. O. Stanley, Penrhos.
Brecknockshire	Hon. G. C. Morgan.
Brecknock	Lt. Col. J. L. V. Watkins, Pennoyre.
Cardiganshire	W. T. R. Powell, Nanteos, 1070. *A. H. S. Davies, Pentre*, 928.
Cardigan	E. L. Pryse, Gogerddan.
Carmarthenshire	Davies Jones, Pantglas. David Pugh, Manoravon.
Carmarthen	David Morris, King Street, Carmarthen.
Carnarvonshire	Hon. E. G. Douglas-Pennant, Penrhyn Castle.
Carnarvon	Ch. G. Wynne of Voelas, 380. *W. B. Hughes*, 328.
Denbighshire	Sir W. W. Wynn, 2135. Col. R. M. Biddulph, 1611. *Hon. W. Bagot*, 1532.
Denbigh	T. Mainwaring.
Flintshire	Hon. E. T. M. Lloyd-Mostyn.
Flint	Sir John Hanmer.
Glamorganshire	C. R. M. Talbot. H. H. Vivian.
Cardiff	J. F. D. Crichton Stuart.
Merthyr	Henry Austin Bruce, 800. Charles Meyrick Elderton, 106.
Swansea	L. L. Dillwyn.
Merionethshire	W. W. E. Wynne, Peniarth, 390. *D. Williams, Castell Deudraeth*, 350.
Monmouthshire	C. O. S. Morgan. P. G. H. Somerset.
Monmouth	Grawshay, Bailey, Aberaman.
Montgomeryshire	H. W. Williams Wynn.
Montgomery	David Pugh.
Pembrokeshire	Viscount Emlyn.
Pembroke	Sir John Owen.
Haverfordwest	J. H. Philipps.
Radnorshire	Sir J. B. Walsh.
Radnor	Sir George Cornewall Lewis.

It will be seen that there were contests in Cardiganshire, Carnarvon, Denbighshire, Merthyr, and Merionethshire. In some of these the contest was exceedingly bitter. Radnor had, perhaps, the ablest man that ever sat for a Welsh constituency. The names of unsuccessful candidates are printed in italics.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Address,—O. M. EDWARDS, LINCOLN COLLEGE, OXFORD.

AMONG the most welcome contributions to this magazine are descriptions of local characteristics in Wales. The short article by Mr. A. W. Evans, B.A., of Jesus College, Oxford, proves nothing new; but it illustrates by personal observation what historians knew before. In no part of Wales can we find that mythical "pure blood." The history of nations consisted in their migrations and in their continual inter-mixture. The advent of Angle, Saxon, and Flemish people is but one migration, and possibly a comparatively unimportant one. Every district in Wales teems with characteristics suggestive of mixture of race and blood; and any observation of out-of-the-way words, legends, nursery rhymes, measures, nick-names, place-names or others, should be chronicled in these pages. Characteristics often strike strangers when the people who possess them are unaware that they are in any way peculiar; hence it is that clergymen and ministers who settle in a strange place have golden opportunities by simply keeping their eyes and ears open.

Mr. Evan J. Rees, of Des Moines, Indiana, U.S.A., kindly sends me the September number of *Demorest's Magazine*, containing a very interesting chatty article by Helen Marshall North,—"A Day at Bryn Mawr College." It is characteristically American,—characteristic at least of the American who goes abroad, and gives so many minutes to each object of interest in every place he visits. In this article we are rushed through the buildings and quadrangles as if in fear of losing one's train. There is nothing of the meditative about the article,—the more I live the more I wonder how Hawthorne and Longfellow could be Americans,—but the authoress chats away merrily, noticing details that only women see.

Bryn Mawr is of great interest to us Welsh because it has been founded by Welsh people in what was once a Welsh-speaking district. By this time, however, owing to the mighty growth of the republic of the United States which has found in Bryn Mawr College its university for women, the only thing Welsh that remains are the names of the various parts of the buildings. The Principal, Miss Thomas, I ought to add, is a descendant of the old Welsh settlers.

Now that women are becoming undergraduates and graduates, will the time-honoured cap and gown be subjected to the fickle taste of those who preside over the ever-varying fashion of female dress? During the controversy which raged at Oxford recently, just before the voting in Convocation on the question of admitting women to the degrees of the University, I heard objections which none but the most pedantic would ever have dreamed of. But, I must say, nobody suggested the awful suspicion that the fashion of University garments would no longer be as it is supposed to have always been.

"The scholastic cap and gown of the English Universities," Miss North says, "are almost universal at Bryn Mawr, though the cap is usually left in the room or carried in the hand, for the Bryn Mawr girl is not a martyr to her complexion. At the hour for morning chapel you may see the dignified, picturesque gowns floating out towards Taylor Hall from Merion, Radnor, Pembroke, and Denbigh, the short sleeve indicating the undergraduate, while the owner of a degree wears a sleeve reaching to the foot of her gown. Objections are sometimes offered to the use of this uniform dress, but it has many advantages. As a matter of economy it is to be commended. The season of balloon sleeves, for example, has no terror to the wearer of the students' gown; for last year's wardrobe, still fresh and pretty, is free from reproach under the friendly protection of the fine black serge or nun's veiling which forms a summer and winter's costume. The becoming black mortar-board cap is equally universal in its application to fashions and seasons."

But however strange the saying may be, men undergraduates and graduates have changed the fashion of university costumes before this. The commoner's gown was once of the ample dimensions of the graceful scholar's gown. But the commoner sacrificed ease and grace to comfort. He can swing his arms about him with ease, for he wears but an ugly black patch on his back. The mortar-board cap was originally, I believe, a skull cap. The mortar-board is the trencher on which the undergraduate ate his commons. It was convenient for him to carry his trencher on his head.

The five volumes of the evidence given to the Welsh Land Commissioners have been published; but, when I am writing, the printer has no notion when the Report will be in the market.

Nevertheless, very full reports have been given in the daily papers. How these reports are obtained, nobody knows. Very often they are the deft piecing together of the stray observations, made in unguarded moments, by various commissioners. Or a newspaper man may know a friend of a commissioner, and the report may leak through in many ways.

If the printer does not make haste, the report will be quite ancient history before the date of its supposed first appearance.

The volumes will remain, however, a most interesting and full picture of agricultural life in Wales at the end of the nineteenth century. For

future political purposes, of course, they will be a mine of information, and they cannot fail to affect legislation. But beyond this, they will materially help that much-abused being, "the Welsh historian."

I have seen it stated as a piece of startling news that Principal Rhys states that most of the Welsh tenantry are Iberian, and that many of the landlords are Aryan. This, if I am not mistaken, has been Principal Rhys' opinion for years. What "Iberian" and "Aryan" really mean is a difficult question. "Aryan" is a term referring to languages; but the people speakiug those languages may be of all kinds of races. Of all tests of race, language is the most worthless. No one dreams of saying that all who speak English or German or French, or even Welsh, are of one and the same aboriginal race. We are all mixed.

"Iberian" is supposed to mean the short dark type of people who came to Europe first, or at any rate before a good number of other people. The ancient theory is that they were exterminated by Teutons who followed them. The newer and better theory is that they are still the main portion of every nation in Europe, England included. Before the French Revolution, the French nobles said they were the descendants of the later Teutonic conquerors, a very unwise statement to make at that time.

The truth seems to be that it is impossible to exterminate a people by cruelty, and plant another in its place. It would be as hopeless as if a man were to sow the seeds of a tender plant among the weeds of a cold country, thinking that an occasional plucking up of weeds is all that is wanted. Not even the Turk can do it. When Time, the best avenger, decrees that he is to become extinct, the people whom his fathers conquered, and whom he massacred during fits of ungovernable lust, will flourish as of old.

Professor Herkomer's Appeal.

"At Newport, on the 17th August, the Gorsedd proclaimed the Eisteddfod of next year, which will accordingly take place in that town, a year and a day from the date of proclamation. As everything points to the exceptional success of next year's Eisteddfod, I wish to make a fervent appeal through the courtesy of the Press to the Welsh nation to do its utmost to bring the Art Section into proportionate prominence with the musical and literary sections.

"I reiterate my public utterance that I believe art lies organically in the Celtic race, and only needs calling forth by means of 'rational' tuition. This tuition, however, will depend on the masters, who, in the present state of Welsh art, must be looked for outside Wales. There must be many Welshmen who have learnt and are practising their art-craftsmanship in England and elsewhere, just as we know of many musicians who have learnt their art in England and elsewhere. The latter have invariably remained loyal to Wales, and have returned again and again to give their compatriots the benefit of their education. I appeal now to the Welsh art-craftsmen who may be domiciled outside Wales to do the same. I appeal to their patriotism by asking them to compete at the next year's Eisteddfod, not for the sake of the prizes offered, but for the sake of Welsh art, which must be brought to life. The Eisteddfod is at present the only "machinery" that can give the necessary impulse to art work in Wales, and so lead the way, first, to the discovery of the masters, and then to the establishment of independent schools of art through the help of county councils and communities.

"If all the painters, sculptors, metal-workers, and carvers, who are Welsh born,—living in or out of Wales,—were to send works to this yearly Eisteddfod, Wales would soon discover the workers who were masters by virtue of their work, whereas now a Government certificate is the only guarantee of efficiency in an art master.

"Again, as every art worker seeks to become widely known, I can hold out to the competitors a particular advantage leading directly to this desired end, and in this way; I intend to request all the London art magazines to reproduce the good designs and pieces of workmanship sent for competition to next year's Eisteddfod, in the hope that the precedent may be followed up every year.

"I earnestly urge all Welshmen,—living in or out of Wales (or others who have resided three or more years in the Principality)—who can paint, draw, etch, model, work in metal, or carve in wood to send for particulars of this coming Eisteddfod to me, at Lululand, Bushey, Herts, or to the secretary of the Art Section of the Royal National Eisteddfod, Newport, Mon.

"As a last word, I may mention that I am making this appeal with the entire sanction of the chairman of the Art Section.—Yours, &c.,

HUBERT HERKOMER."

Sept. 4th, 1896.

I gladly give Professor Herkomer's appeal in full. I hope that every Welsh artist will help him, in all ways possible to him, to encourage the art section of the Eisteddfod competitions. Poetry and essay-writing need no fostering in Wales, they will flourish even in utter neglect. But, so far, art is a tender plant in Wales, and it needs all the care and encouragement that can be given it. Good and numerous prizes will do much; but the important thing is to lead Welshmen to the love of art by publishing in the Eisteddfod programme a long list every year of what they ought to take to. The prizes need not be very valuable; it is guidance, not reward, that is required.

I hear that the subscriptions towards Daniel Owen's memorial are still coming in. Between two and three hundred pounds have been promised. It is clear that some memorial can be made; is it not worth while making an effort to get a really noble statue?

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE BRITISH OR CAMBRIAN MUSIC.

By L. Morris.

The following attempt at describing the history of Welsh music is taken from one of Owen Myfyr's manuscript books, kindly lent me by Gutyn Arfon.

I wish somebody would give us a real history of Welsh music, giving the national airs their approximate dates, and noticing the various characteristics of different centuries if possible. Professor David's book is interesting, and gives a fore-taste of what is wanted. Have we no Welsh musician with a taste for history? Mr. Bennett's magnificent collection furnishes the coming historian of music with, possibly, all internal evidence required.

THE ancient music of the people of Britain hath been so intermixed with that of other nations, who have from time to time made conquests or otherwise inhabited in this island, that, as in other sciences among them, it is at this day a very difficult matter to trace out the true British music and its revolutions. Yet, upon a strict enquiry into our history, and ancient manuscripts in that science still extant among the curious, we make a tolerable guess at its rise and progress among the British nation.

This, of all other arts of amusement, seems to be the most ancient, and hath been caressed by all people in the world, barbarous as well as civil.

The most ancient account we find of our British music is in the time of the druids, it being a very considerable branch of the pagan religion. The most learned of that profession in this part of the world, as Julius Cæsar says, were in the Isle of Britain; and Mr. Rowlands* points out the very spot to be Anglesey, where their chief schools were. Ammiamus Marcellinus, who flourished about 380 years after Christ, tells us that the tribe of them sung in well-made compositions to the lyre,—commonly translated a harp,—the heroic acts of their great men.

This druidical institution in Britain and Gaul is supposed to be of very ancient standing, and not above five hundred years from the flood,—*i.e.,* not above three or four removes at furthest from the person who is supposed to have possessed all human knowledge,—when we may date the origin of our British music. This may seem an odd position to common readers; but, to persons well versed in antiquity and history, it contains nothing absurd or strange.

Time made a terrible havoc among our ancient history. We find, at this distance, but glimmerings of the light till the great Cæsar's ambition opened a new scene, which is yet delivered but partially, as some bold spirits have hinted, particularly Suetonius and Lucan.

Aboris,—which name our critics pronounce Ab Rhys,—was a noted British druid in the time of Pythagoras, and mentioned by Roman authors. And unless Ithel Iorwerth (or Edward) and yr Athro Fedd, who invented the chromatic notes and those cross keys which bear their names, were druids, we have none others of the names of the druids handed down to us.

The British history* mentions one Blegwyryd, a king of Britain about 190 years before Christ, who was a great master of instrumental music, and was upon that account called the "god of harmony."

Our druids upon the Roman conquest having retired to Ireland and the Isle of Man,—places where the Roman sword could not then reach,—it is said the theory of British music moved along with them, and settled in Ireland particularly, which no doubt was the seat of philosophy and politeness for many ages, till war and dissensions buried almost all in oblivion.

The Romans had a poor title to music, poetry, or any other part of polite learning before the Grecian conquest, which was about a hundred and fifty years before Christ, and which was about a hundred years before they invaded Britain. So that the arts and sciences,—except the military and oratory,—were but in their infancy at Rome when Julius Cæsar visited us, which was about fifty three years before Christ. For, in the 592 year of the city, which was about 162 years before Christ, all teachers of philosophy, &c., were

* *Mona Antiqua Restaurata.*

* Brut Tysilio.

banished the city of Rome by a public edict, some few Grecian teachers having crept there among them. And Cicero owns that the Romans at that time knew nothing of mathematics further than arithmetic and reasoning, or, as Mr. Kennedy expresses it, measuring and casting accounts. Cato, in his *Origines*, mentions the music of the ancient Romans, which Cicero quotes to prove that they had formerly a kind of music as well as other nations. They sang to the *tibia*,—a kind of flute made of cranes' legs,—the praises of famous men.

I think this proves the British music to be entirely our own, and a remains of druidism; and that we could not borrow it from the Romans, or any other nation. Ireland, as before mentioned, being the chief store-house of learning after the Roman invasion, it is to be supposed that the wars and distractions in Britain, which are never friends to learning, drove what little knowledge was left to the mountains of Wales as the most safe retirements; and there remains to this day among those simple well-meaning Britons, for all that Romans, Picts, Scots, Saxons, Danes, or Normans could do. The peculiar air of their music and method of singing plainly shows it at this distance of time.

There were some regulations made in the keys of music in king Cadwaladr's time, which might be about the year 700; and Dr. John David Rhŷs names some keys and tunes.*

We read of no considerable alterations in our music or instruments after this till about the year 1000, when Gruffydd ab Cynan, prince of North Wales, as Caradoc's chronicle tells us, reformed the disorders of the Welsh minstrels by a statute made for that purpose. Dr. Powel, in his note on Caradoc, informs us what this reformation was. It prescribed their behaviour, rewards, and punishments. But the doctor says further that the music, — not the instruments,—for the most part in his time either came from Ireland with the said prince and his Irish musicians, or was composed by them afterwards. Mr. Wyn, the late editor of Caradoc's *History*, hath mixed all the notes with the text through the whole book as well as in this place; and mistaking the sense of this passage in Dr. Powel by not distinguishing between instrumental music and musical instruments, *i.e.*, between a minuet and a fiddle, hath misled his readers ever since in saying that the harp and crowd,* as he calls it, came from Ireland.

The authority Venantius Fortunatus may prove the crwth to be a British instrument,—

> Romanusque Lyra, plaudat tibi barbarus Harpa,
> Graecus Archilliaca, Crotta Britannus canat.

And it also appears by this distich† that the Roman *lyra* and the barbarian *harpa*, —both of which the moderns take for our *telyn* or harp,—are quite different instruments.

As to Dr. Powel's note on Caradoc before mentioned, where he argues from the Irish names of tunes in our ancient books of music that most part of our British music was had from the Irish. If so, it was but paying what they before borrowed. But it seems the doctor had no great knowledge of the art, or had not seen many books of music. A good antiquarian may be a bad musician. It seems to turn out otherwise than what he says; for most of the terms of the art, names of tunes, keys, &c., in our old British books,—of which I have very many,—are either British or derivable from the Greek, as a great part of the language by its analogy seems to be, or else so very obscure that the British or Irish can account for them; and those, for ought we know, may be the antiquated terms of the druids.

The enumeration of two particular keys being Irish, described in our old books of British music as *Y Cywair Gwyddelig Dieithr* and *Y Lleddf Gywair Gwyddyl*,—*i.e.*, the "Strange Irish Key" and the "Flat Irish Key,"—plainly show all the other keys, flat and sharp, are British; and some pieces of music attributed to the Irish, or that bear Irish names, which are but few, as *Y Gainc Ddu o'r Werddon*, &c., demonstrate the same.

But what clears all up with regard to the above passage is the following account

* Gram. p. 303.

* Dr. Powel calls it *crowth*, in British *crwth*, a kind of tenor to the harp, with six strings.

[† It is printed as written in the MS. Ed.]

I find in an old manuscript of British music. After several examples of the measures of music in composition after the manner of the Britons, says he,—

"Llyma'r pedwar mesur ar hugain cerdd dant, yn ol rheol fesur, oll fal y cyfansoddwyd mewn Eisteddfod, &c."

That is,—"These are the twenty four measures of instrumental music, all according to the rule of measure as they are composed in a congress before many doctors of the science, of Britons curious in the art, and others of Irish, in the time of Gruffydd ab Cynan, and were wrote in books by order of both parties, the British and Irish, principal and royal, of that time."

Hence it appears that Prince Gruffydd ab Cynan only brought some of the chief Irish musicians with him, who joined with the Britons in regulating the art of composition, and whether the Irish had kept their measure in greater perfection than the North Wales or not, this prince having been bred and born in the city of Dublin, and thereby having imbibed a natural affection for the Irish, he at least thought so, which occasioned the above-mentioned congress.

We read of some laws in relation to music made by Bleddyn ab Cynfyn, prince of Powys, about the year 1065, but have not room to enlarge upon that head, and shall close up this account with a passage out of Giraldus Cambrensis, who was secretary to King Henry the Second, and tutor to King John, and wrote the histories of Ireland and Wales, about the year 1150. He would never have given the Britons such a character in music if they had but lately and in his time borrowed their instruments and music from the Irish.*

From this curious account of Giraldus, it appears that the British music, which may be taken for granted to be a remains of druidism, had then arrived at a very great perfection, the greatest art being to conceal art, and the chromatic note B flat being so frequent as he mentions in their compositions shows it to be an ancient invention among them, though it was not known to the rest of the world till the time of Guido Arctinus, the monk who might be a contemporary of Giraldus.

The curious may expect a further account of the British music if the publishers of this collection† are encouraged to go on, containing the rules of composition, terms of art, &c., which may be a means of retrieving a valuable branch of British antiquity.

* The famous passage from Giraldus is not given in this MS.—Ed.
† A list of airs follows.—Ed.

TO THE MEMORY OF MR. JOHN OLIVER, LLANFYNYDD.*

EMINENT FOR HIS INTELLECTUAL ACQUIREMENTS, HIS CLASSICAL TASTE, AND HIS MILD AND HABITUAL CHRISTIAN DEPORTMENT. WELL MIGHT IT BE SAID OF HIM,—"BEHOLD AN ISRAELITE INDEED, IN WHOM IS NO GUILE."

ANOTHER star in glory,—
Another spirit gone to cluster mid
The jewels of the Saviour. Gone, ay, gone,
Where fading is unknown, where parting tears
Are hushless, and where all is sinless peace
Without an aching sorrow. Friend, beloved!
The consummation of thy heart is gained,
And now thy wondrous intellect so great
In all its elements of gathered lore
Is perfected! Thy eye so holy soft
Is glowing by the sweet seraphic tones
Of countless myriads joining with their own
In praise eternal. No exhaustion there,
No brow of weariness, no fainting breath,
No quenching of the deep soul's ardent love,
No lassitude nor fear of gloomy night,
No ponderings of care, no envious tongue
To rob thee of the blessedness above,
No pain, no throbbing heart, no doubting faith,
But firm abiding happiness and rest
For ever with the Lord.
Still, still, we miss thee sore,
And fain would hear the footsteps come again
In gladness by us. But it may not be!
Thy course is ended, and thy life of bliss
Is superseding all that earth can boast
Of earth's affection. Thus we give thee up,
Our noble and beloved.
God of grace,
Give strength and consolation to his dear
And honoured parents. Bid them calmly look
Beyond these worldly scenes of tears and grief
On to the future. Yet a little while,
A few brief seasons, nay, it may be hours,
And they shall go to him and endless dwell
In sweet communion with the white-robed throng
Who chant for ever of redeeming love.

Carmarthen. ELIZA.

* 1838-1866.

SACRED WELSH PLANT-NAMES.

By George Rees, Aberystwyth.

In response to an appeal in a recent issue of Wales I send you the following list of plants named in Welsh after, or consecrated to, the Virgin Mary,—

Allwyddau Mair	Ashen-keys.
Briallu Mair	Cowslips.
Chwys Mair	Buttercups.
Clustog Mair	Thrift.
Celynen Mair	Butcher's broom.
Cribau Mair..	Milk thistle.
Dagrau Mair same as	Briallu Mair.
Dail Bysedd Mair	Tormentil.
Gwlyddyn Mair Gwrryw ..	Scarlet pimpernel.
,, ,, benyw ..	Blue pimpernel.
Gold Mair	Marigold.
Eirin Mair	Smooth gooseberry.
Esgid Mair	Lady's slipper.
Helygen Mair	Bog myrtle.
Llaeth Bron Mair	Lungwort.
Llys Mair	Bugle.
Mantell Mair	Lady's mantle.
Meddyg Mair	Ploughman's spike-nard.
Menyg Mair	Foxglove.
Meipen Mair	Bryony.
Mieri Mair	Sweet briar.
Mintys Mair	Spearmint.
Mwyaren Mair	Dewberry.
Rhedyn Mair	Heath shield fern.
Tafolen Mair	Sharp dock.
Tapr Mair	Great mullein.
Ysgol Mair	Common centaury.
Ysgallen Mair same as	Cribau Mair.
Ysgawen Mair	Dwarf elder.
Ysnoden Mair	English galingale.

Many of the old Welsh plant names, not a few of which are now obsolete, have their parallels in English and continental languages. It is hardly necessary to state that *Rhos Mair*, or *Rhos Mari* (Rosemary), is in no way connected with the name of the Virgin. The name of this plant is said to be derived from the Latin words *ros marinus*; owing to the fact that its leaves have the appearance of being covered with sea dew. Other plants associated with the Virgin in Welsh names are,—*Eurwallt y forwyn* (common hair moss); *Geulin y forwyn* (bastard toad flax); *Llin y forwyn* (common toad flax); *Llys y forwyn* (meadow sweet); *Bogail y forwyn* (navelwort); *Gwallt y forwyn* (common maidenhair). The two last named plants are also associated with the pagan goddess Venus, and are named respectively *Bogail Gwener* and *Briger Gwener*. Many plants bearing the name of Our Lady were, we are told by certain authorities, in Puritan times replaced by the names of Venus, thus recurring to the ancient nomenclature. Such sentiment would, no doubt, directly or indirectly, affect Welsh plant names also,—directly, by a like sway of religious feelings; and indirectly, by what might be called post-Reformation translations.

Allwyddau Mair (Mary's keys), said to be mentioned by H. Salisbury (1590), are the fruit of the ash tree, which were supposed in bygone times to have the power of keeping evil spirits in subjection. Marigold is a common generic name in English, but the Welsh *Gold Mair* seems to be confined to the Pot marigold. It is owing to the association of this plant with the name of the Virgin Mary that we have marigold windows in lady chapels. In North Wales Pot marigold finds its equivalent in *Blode cawl*. Orange-yellow being the liberal colour in Snowdonia, I well remember *Blode cawl* being in great demand during the last general election for other than culinary purposes.

The name *Rhedyn Mair* is applied to several kinds of ferns in different localities. Referring to this fern Mr. Thiselton Dyer says that "Corpus Christi day was, in olden times, observed with much ceremony, the churches being decorated with roses and other choice garlands, while the streets through which the procession passed were strewn with flowers. In North Wales, flowers were scattered before the door; and a particular fern, termed Rhedyn Mair, or Mary's fern,—probably the Maidenhair,—was specially used for the purpose." *Llaeth Bron Mair*,—the Welsh name for the Lungwort, a plant of the Borage tribe,

—is called in Cheshire, Lady's Milk Sile. "The word *sile* is," says the Rev. Hilderic Friend, "a provincialism for 'soil,' or 'stain,' and the name is said to be derived from a legend, still current in the country, that a portion of the Virgin's milk fell on the leaves, and so caused the spots which are now seen on their surface." Judging from appearance, one would imagine that the lichen Lungwort would cover the name and the tradition better than that of the Borage order. *Cribau Mair* (Mary's combs) has a corresponding term in the English name Venus' comb. The English and Welsh names are, however, applied to plants of different orders.

STRAY LEAVES.

I FIND Barmouth as pleasant as ever. In the heat of summer, and in the height of the season, it is very much too depressing for me. But now, at the end of September, it is truly delightful. A storm is blowing over the place to-day, — the wind whistles dolefully, there is something of anger in the deep murmur of the sea, and an occasional shower is dashed against us as if an Atlantic storm brushed us with its skirts as it passed southwards. But the deserted and desolate beach, the distant foam-crested waves, the iron-bound Merioneth promontories are, I must confess, a thousand times more welcome to me than a densely packed beach under the broiling sun of August. Joy, joy, the storm has driven the niggers away with the rest. Mist, wave, storm,—it is a rare holiday to watch them on the sea from a room with a blazing fire, and through a spacious window.

The danger of every watering place in Wales is over-building. It begins as an unknown village. A few stray people, ever in search of absolute quiet, find it out. They make themselves comfortable in fishermen's cottages or in the surrounding farmhouses. They get splendid bathing, they get new scenery with perfect quietness, and they return sunburnt and with energy enough to live happily through dreary months of unremitting attention to the duties of their station. They come again, and a host of friends come and quarter themselves around them. The newspaper gets wind of the new-comers, and a paragraph proclaims Pentre'r Môr to be one of the rising watering places of Wales. The speculating builder looks in, and the place thinks its fortune is made. The village girls begin to speak Welsh with an English accent,—so far knowing no English. Gradually cheap trips are run to the place,—'Arry comes and demands beer and gets drunk. The better class of visitors disappear in disgust, and Pentre'r Môr loses all its Welsh characteristics, especially what is virtuous and robust.

Nature seemed to have protected Barmouth against undue extension,—the really delightful and picturesque sites are few. When only a Welsh fishing village, the houses had been built on almost every ledge of rock that gave footing even to a bird. In the Dolgelley direction Brogyntyn Terrace takes up all the space there is, without carving space out of a sheer precipice. Buildings are creeping along the Llanaber road, but, though the views of the sea are grand beyond description, the sites are pretty far from the sea.

When I came here the other day, however, I saw the beginning of a speculation that almost struck me dumb with astonishment at its temerity. It seems that a daring speculator has got some rights,—building rights I presume,—over the foreshore from the Commissioners of Woods and Forests; and he has begun a wall which runs along the sand parallel to the wall in front of the Marine Terrace. If he can make his terms with Maurice Jones and David Jones,—as the wind and the sea are called here,—he will build a terrace between the present terrace and the sea. I do not know, though I can imagine, what the feelings of owners are in the face of their Terrace being turned into a back street.

I took the advice of the London papers this time, and brought Owen Rhoscomyl's "Jewel of Ynys Galon" with me to the sea-side. I have just finished it, having revelled in sea-fights and sea-adventures in imagination; and I have not felt so young for thirty years. There is some wonderful charm about the book; and the more I review the characters in memory, the more attractive the stormy weird scenes of Ynys Galon became.

We have need of books of this kind in Wales. Education is a good thing, but we must guard against making all our children sickly pedants. Every boy ought at some time or other to look at a pirate's life as the height of his ambition,—at the same time conscientiously doing his home-lesson. Whatever education and culture will do, and I hope they will work wonders, they ought not to deaden that delight in adventure and peril which forms the substratum of the character of the individual and of the nation.

I am now reading Owen Rhoscomyl's "Battlement and Tower." It is a tale of old Conway. His next tale will be about Welsh Jacobitism and the Wrexham Cycle. So we will find ourselves face to face with David Morgan and the old Sir Watkin.

While staying at Barmouth I came in contact with one of Barmouth's sons,—the Rev. Edmund O. Jones of Llanidloes. I had just read his "Welsh Lyrics of the Nineteenth Century," a book that is all the talk of the country at the present moment. The more I know of Barmouth, the more important I find it is,—Robert Owen was a pupil-teacher here, and thought out his earlier poems on yonder beach; Mary Davies can fairly be claimed as one of its daughters; and to-day I learnt that the expounder of the Welsh *awen* to the English world is the son of the late rector of Barmouth, who was himself of Dolgellau parentage. The translator, about whom everybody is asking nowadays, is, like every true Welshman, keenly interested in modern Welsh education. He has dreams of a gigantic anthology of Welsh poetical thought; and I, for one, sincerely wish him all success in a work begun so well.

THE GOLDEN GORSE, OR THE PASSING OF LLYWELYN.

By J. Craven Thomas.

It is recorded that Llywelyn the Great was slain while wandering alone in a wood at Builth, and that his body fell among the gorse bushes, then in full bloom.

LOW in the wood Llywelyn lies,
Headless amid the golden gorse;
Far from the fastnesses that rise
By Conway's towers, or Aran's course.
Low in the golden gorse, the best
Of Gwalia's sons lies at his rest.

At Builth, amid the woody vales,
Low lies the leader of the state;
The fair Llywelyn, prince of Wales,
The martyr of a luckless fate.
His body by the treacherous blade
Upon the golden gorse is laid.

His last and bravest act is done,
For liberty alone he fell;
At even, while the setting sun
Was gilding the low-lying dell.
No friends were nigh, the foe had fled,
And on the gorse Llywelyn bled.

Of good the world calls "good," beware;
God's noblest sons must martyrs be,
A prince to be a prince must share
A people's throes for liberty.
Thus to fair Gwalia's bitter loss,
Llywelyn lies upon the gorse.

Brief was the subtle note of war,
When Edward's treacherous horde withdrew;
And left the leafy wood,—that bore
Llywelyn's body,—to the dew,
And soon the birds' songs, sweet and low,
Raised dirges mid the evening glow.

O vale of rest, fair wood of gold,
How honoured to all Gwalia's race!
Here lies a nation's leader bold,
Upon his gorse-clad resting place;
And as the birds their lays complete,
Cool night bore down his winding sheet.

ABOUT BOOKS.

TO the making of books in Wales at present there seems to be no end. The value of Welsh literature and music seems to have been discovered at last; and many have begun to feel that it is their duty to throw the thought of this country into the sum total of the known and admired select thought of the world. A country squire in Montgomeryshire has given the world a magnificent collection of Welsh national airs, a Montgomeryshire vicar has given a first-fruit of translations which promises a rich and an abundant harvest. Mr. Nicholas Bennett's "Alawon fy Ngwlad" will be a rich mine for those who wish to discover and use beautiful and pathetic old airs. The names of the tunes are exceedingly poetical, and I have spent many happy hours in guessing why some of the airs got their striking names. Mr. Jones' "Welsh Lyrics of the Nineteenth Century" will, I hope, create a keen desire in Wales and elsewhere for more renderings of the same kind.

Reprints are not wanting either. Elis Wyn o Lasynys' *Bardd Cwsg* has already been printed by Messrs. Jarvis and Foster, and the volume will be issued to subscribers as soon as the editor, Professor J. Morris Jones, finishes his notes. Professor Morris Jones, I believe, spends much time over his notes, and will not be hurried. Those who have read the suggestive notes in *Llyfr yr Ancr* are willing to give him as much time as he likes.

The edition is to be limited to two hundred and fifty copies, and I have heard bitter complaints from those who sent in their names when the list had been closed. *Bardd Cwsg* will probably be given to English readers at no distant date. Mr. A. N. Palmer has been working assiduously, and, I have good reason to believe, most successfully, at it. Mr. Marchant Williams is also finding time to translate *Bardd Cwsg*.

Messrs. Jarvis and Foster announce today another volume of reprints, — an anthology of Welsh poetry, edited by Professor W. Lewis Jones, of the University College of North Wales. An *edition du luxe* is to be followed by a popular edition. As no specimens of alliterative poetry are to find a place in the volume, all the poetry of early and mediæval times will be unrepresented. The volume will begin with Huw Morus, the cavalier poet, and end with Islwyn.

It is to be followed, I hear, by a volume of typical prose selections, from the Mabinogion to the writers of modern times, edited by Professor Edward Edwards of Aberystwyth.

"The vernacular literature," as some insist upon calling Welsh literature, is exceedingly and increasingly vigorous. The *London Kelt* has just been turned into a Welsh weekly, and when I say that it has got into the hands of Mr. Llywelyn Williams I say volumes. It has always faithfully reported what is going on around the Teivy; it now begins to unfold the life, old and new, of the vale of Towy. Some of its vigorous articles show that it will at any rate deserve an extensive circulation in Wales as well as in the metropolis.

Messrs. P. M. Evans and Son announce a Welsh weekly for the family,—*Y Teulu*; but, so far, I have not been given to understand what the special features of this venture will be. Mr. E. W. Evans of Dolgellau announces a woman's magazine, —*Y Gymraes*; and Ceridwen Peris is going to take up the work of Ieuan Gwynedd and Cranogwen.

Not content with WALES, the *Llenor*, and *Cymru'r Plant*, Messrs. Hughes and Son, now that their fine new premises are complete, are contemplating the publication of another Welsh magazine,—a magazine dealing exclusively with modern Welsh questions and living Welshmen, but without any reference to sect or party.

By this time next month, more information about next year's magazines will be forthcoming. One thing is abundantly apparent already,—the demand for books

and magazines in the Welsh language continues to become greater.

Wales finds more recognition in English literature than has been given it for many a long year. Owen Rhoscomyl is making its pirates and cavaliers and Jacobites known; W. Edwards Tirebuck portrays its miners and villagers; A. G. Bradley will undoubtedly make Owen Glendower one of the heroes of the British people, and not of the Welsh people alone. And it is an English magazine that begins to do some little justice to the memory of the much-maligned Jeffreys.

Many booksellers say that descriptions of Welsh life, especially if many Welsh names are given, are not loved by the ordinary reader of English outside Wales. I know they are mistaken. One of the characteristics of the time is a love for the provincial, and the desire to justify its existence. So far, Scotch life has had most justice done it. But the turn of Wales will come, and its life will be all the more interesting because it is so peculiar.

The educational movement is rapidly uniting Wales, and descriptions of it from the outside will help to precipitate the union. The next generations of Wynns, Kenyons, — of all old families from Wynnstay to Cardiff Castle,—will probably be Welsh-speaking. And while the upper classes are learning Welsh, the lower classes are learning English. A bilingual people, conversant with two literatures, will be a people to be proud of.

If descriptions of Welsh life were not welcome to the English public, the *Christian Pictorial*, edited by the Rev. David Davies of Brighton, would not be so popular.

The number now before me, — for September 10, 1896,—is very full of Wales. It begins with a racy illustrated account of a visit to Abbey Cwm Hir, the Cistercian abbey in Radnorshire, where many think the last Llywelyn is buried. This is followed by a chapter of "Echoes from the Welsh Hills,"—a second series of descriptions by the editor of the life of the people in his native Carmarthenshire village. I cannot refrain from quoting a paragraph about an old Baptist preacher who died recently.

"Talk about practical sermons," interjected Caleb Rhys; "there is an old minister near Llandrindod who is noted for being very practical in his discourses. He is the Rev. John George of Gravel,—a grand character. He is a Baptist minister, and for nearly forty years has been working hard upon his holding during the week, and on Sunday has walked ten or twelve miles to preach the Gospel to the same people. He is now over eighty years of age, and has only recently had a co-pastor. On one occasion, not long ago, he baptized a master shoemaker and his workman. 'Now then,' said Mr. George, 'just a word to you both. To-day you acknowledge Christ before the world. It will henceforth be in your power to honour or dishonour your Lord as you have never yet done.' Then, turning to the master shoemaker, he said, 'Mind you put good leather in the poor man's boots as well as in the rich man's,—be sure to put your religion always into your leather.' Then, addressing the workman, he said,—"And you, John, mind you wax your threads well, and take care of the stitches, pull them home tight,—put your Christianity into every stitch.' Then, speaking to both, he added,—'Now remember, good leather and tight stitches in the future, and God bless you!'"

I hear that the fearful atrocities to which the unhappy Armenians are subjected have found an organ in Wales,—*Cymru Unllais*, edited by Professor Arnold of Bangor, who is very energetic in this good cause. The relations between Turk and Armenian undoubtedly deepen the brutality of the one and the servility of the other. But there are abundant signs that the Machiavellian policy which the other powers have adopted so long will soon be a policy that every European people will repudiate, whatever European sovereigns may do.

Printed and Published by Hughes and Son, 56, Hope Street, Wrexham.

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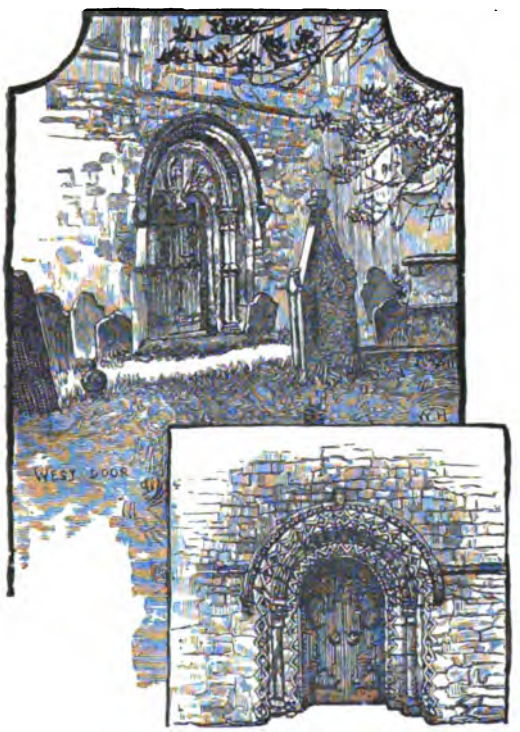

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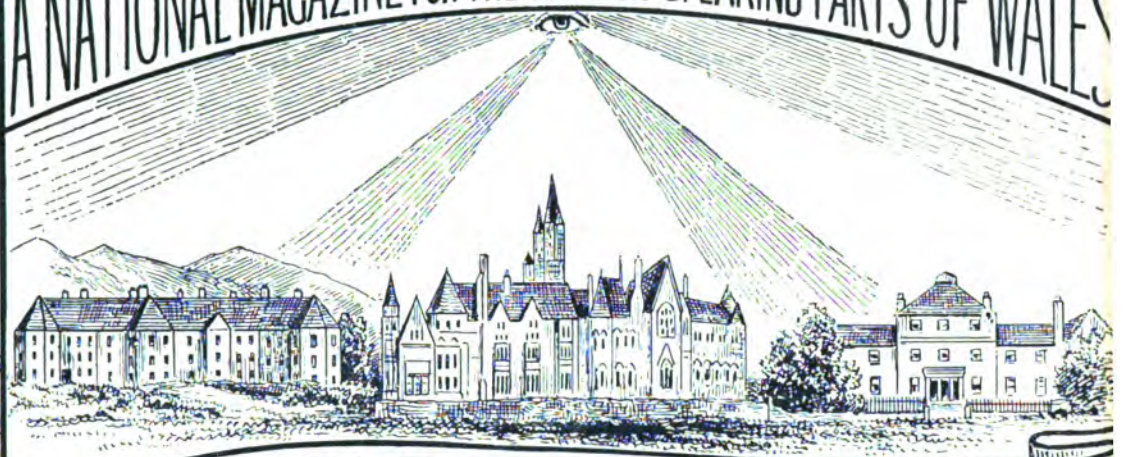

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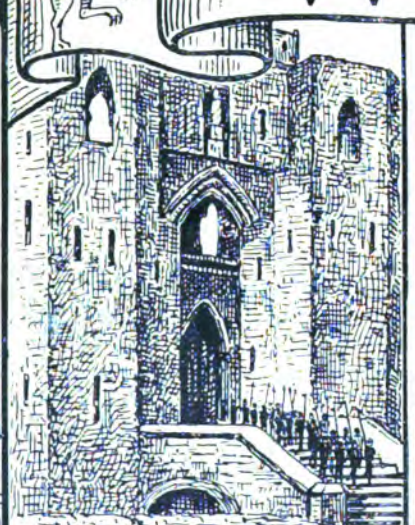

EDITED BY

Owen M. Edwards, M.A.,

Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford.

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WALES.

VOL. III.] NOVEMBER, 1896. [No. 31.

THE BISHOP OF ST. ASAPH AND ROMAN CATHOLICISM.

TIMES of great changes and of great reactions in religion never lose their interest. The transition from heathenism to Christianity, and the subsequent permeation of the new religion with the ideas of the old; the great struggle against sacerdotalism, which is called the Protestant Reformation, and the reaction against it so successfully carried on by the Jesuits; the transition from the national conception of religion to the individual, with the Toleration Act of 1689 and the Methodist Revival of the last century as its chief events, and the reaction against it, in one aspect, in the growing ritualism of our own day,—all these are intensely interesting to the student of comparative religion and to all who watch the development of the human mind.

Roman Catholicism died hard in Wales. The history of the transition from the church of Owen Glendower and Tudur Aled to the church of Elizabeth and William Morgan has not yet been fully written. The bulky volumes of the "Records of the English Province of the Society of Jesus," edited by Father Foley, throw very much light on the transition from the Catholic point of view.

Among the most interesting figures of the period is Father John Bennet, of the Society of Jesus. He was born about 1547, and was the son of Hugh John Bennet of Brincanellan, in the parish of Combe, near Holywell. He was educated at St. Asaph and at Douay College. He threw himself with his whole soul into the Jesuit mission, and looked upon the re-conversion of England to Catholicism as certain, because the cause of truth was to be triumphant. Day and night he preached, and the people flocked to hear him. He was, of course, subjected to much persecution, and was often placed on the rack. When asked at the Holywell Assizes to hold up his hand, he held both hands up, exclaiming in Welsh,—"Behold both my hands against all the heretics of England." While on the rack at Ludlow, a Protestant divine would engage in disputation. There is much reason in the Jesuit's counter challenge,—"I beg you to hoist him up on a similar chair of teaching, opposite to me, that we may dispute on equal terms, and from like pulpits." Father Bennet died on Christmas Day, 1625, while in London ministering to those struck by the pestilence. The following account* of an interview between a bishop of St. Asaph and the Jesuit shows the attitude of the most tolerant bishops of the time to Roman Catholicism.

"And because there were few or none that rightly executed the functions of true priests in the country of Wales, he voluntarily, for the honour of God, employed himself in that behalf, traversing Wales all over, especially the north parts thereof, and that for the most part on foot, with exceeding zeal and labour, confirming such as he found sound in true faith, and reconciling others that were fallen from it, until he was at last, by order of Sir Thomas Mostyn, apprehended as he was on foot passing by his house of Gloddeth in Carnarvonshire, about the year 1582, who conveyed him to William Hughes, who was the pseudo-bishop of St. Asaph, and a fallen priest. He, out of his natural affection towards him, dissuaded him all that he could from his apostolical calling

* *Records of the English Province*, Vol. IV., pp. 497-516. Father Foley quotes as his authorities Stonyhurst MSS. *Angl.* Vol. IV., n. 71; Father Bridgewater's *Concertatio Eccl. Cath. in Anglia*; Father Bartoli's *Inghilterra*; Father Tanner's *Soc. Jesu. Apost. Imitatrix.*

and profession of the Catholic religion, which he did so much the more eagerly by how much the tyrannical severity of that time did otherwise afford him small hope of life. Whereupon he offered him a good ecclesiastical benefice on condition that he would conform himself to the heretical profession. But the holy man, with much expression of a religious disdain and zeal, contemned as much the sacrilegious reward as he detested so execrable an impiety.

"The pseudo-bishop, nevertheless, used him civilly, and treated him well for the space of two or three days, and when he saw no hope of perverting him, he committed him prisoner to the gaol in Flint Castle, having first given him half a crown, and taken from him the case of holy relics that he wore about his neck, reserving the same for his own use, and wearing it himself thereafter. And it proved not unprofitable for him so to do, for it was the constant opinion of the neighbouring Catholics that by the virtue thereof he strangely escaped an imminent danger of drowning, when he ventured to ride through a river at a time and place where the water was so deep that it was a wonder to all he could come forth alive. Such is the goodness of God, even to wicked apostates that use some respect to his persecuted servants, and have devotion to sacred relics of his saints."

How Father Bennet put down ghosts, and floored the bishop of St. Asaph in argument, must be left to another time.

FAREWELL TO EBEN FARDD.

WITH this month's number, the series of extracts from Eben Fardd's diary are brought to a close. To many of my readers, they have been the most interesting matter I have been able to lay before them. I have left out many of the years from the diary, and those not the least interesting; but I believe enough has been given to enable the thoughtful reader to realize what the real character of Eben Fardd was.

A reed shaken by the wind, in one sense, he was. Poor and dreading poverty; tied down to worries compared with which the life of the most abused of modern schoolmasters is a happy one, and at the same time helping to lay the foundations of what may become the most perfect educational system; turning in a narrow sphere, subject to all the petty annoyances of a village shop-keeper, far away from any sympathy, at the same time his soul trying to soar among the mighty; in ill health, and in the ever-recurring despondency of poverty and illness, at the same time sowing the seeds of a mighty future,—he is not uninteresting to anyone who knows Wales.

He kept a village school, and I have never met a pupil of his who did not absolutely revere his memory. He kept a shop and was the postmaster of a little country village,—and he was the incarnation of method and of rectitude. He eked out a scanty income by making up accounts, drawing up wills, writing rent and tithe notices, finding out pedigrees, and leading young bards into the intricate paths of alliteration. At the same time he was a really great poet, and did more than any one other man to give the life of modern Wales its delight in literature for its own sake.

He is the stock example in Welsh literature of the bard of pure life. But in this diary we find him struggling against the great sin which has destroyed the life and weakened the genius of so many of our poets. Let us now remember him as more than a pure bard,—as a bard who conquered a strong and ever present temptation.

In his diary, from a great number of petty details, there rises before me the figure of a great sorrowful man, who will remain my companion for ever.

The diary gives glimpses of his companions,—the mightiest of the last generation,—Caledfryn, Emrys, Sion Wyn, Iorwerth Glan Aled, Hiraethog, Glasynys, Nicander, Hugh Owen, John Jones Talysarn, David Jones Treborth, Roger Edwards, Dr. Lewis Edwards, Glan Alun, John Phillips, Edward Morgan, Llystyn, Ab Ithel, and a great number of others among them. He was a link between them all, and between the great movements they represented,—the religious revival, the eisteddfodic movement, and the educational movement. He was deeply religious, but did not sympathise with the excesses of religious thought which found vent in the villagers' prayers; as an adjudicator, his honesty and thoroughness raised the eisteddfodic tribunal into general respect; and he was clearly a born teacher.

THE DIARY OF A BARD (EBEN FARDD.)

XIX.—ADIEU.

1859.

O! New Year! God only knows what awful things thou mayst bring to pass! O Lord, vouchsafe to defend and bless my country, and my family, and myself; may I and each of my family be born again, renewed in nature and spirit, sustained in all trials, delivered from evil, and may we and ours rest in the favour and under the protection of the Almighty, and be qualified to serve him, our country, and each other. "Gair Duw yn uchaf."

January 1st. — Distributing Lord Stanley's rent audit. Letter from Hugh Owen, W. Williams, Hwfa, and Mr. Williams, Llandwrog.

3rd.—To Bangor literary meeting; went on foot to Carnarvon, thence per train.

4th. — Returned from Bangor with Robert Owen and James.

5th.—To Pwllheli. Went there in Hugh Williams' car from Llanhaiarn.

6th.—Forwarded letters to Mr. Hugh Owen; David Williams, Castell Deudraeth; Rev. D. Williams Llandwrog; H. Jonathan. Received bank receipt for my £30 from latter. Attended church.

7th.—Robert Hughes and O. Owens Gors heard my ode on Bosworth Field.

8th.—Bangor meeting report in *Chronicle* and *Herald.*

10th.—Forwarded letter promising to adjudicate on Cadwaladr Owen's elegy and epitaph to Dolwyddelen. Meeting on Whit-Monday.

12th. — Dear James forwarding two letters to apply for junior mastership.

13th. — Mr. Evans, Holyhead, schoolmaster, came here to ask me to go to Holyhead on Good Friday or Easter Monday; promised. Letter from Mr. Smith, earnestly requesting my attendance at Denbigh to plant their eisteddfod.

14th. — Letter forwarded to Martin Smith, William Rees, Glan Alun, J. Williams, Llanelly, and Hwfa Mon.

15th.—To Llandwrog Rectory in the evening; Mr. Williams very much approved of my sayings at Bangor. Ab Ithel's strictures in the *Carnarvon and Denbigh Herald* on my speech at Bangor literary meeting.

19th.—Went to Llandwrog; called at the Rectory, and attended the meeting; very pleasant meeting; spoke a few words; was sent back in Mr. Williams' phaeton.

21st.—A letter to W. Jones, draper, Clwt y Bont, promising to adjudicate and attend literary meeting August 20th.

22nd.—Letters to David Williams, Esq., Castell Deudraeth; the Rev. D. Williams Llandwrog; Robyn Wyn; Glasynys. Ab Ithel replied to in *Herald* by two different parties.

27th.—Letter to James; his prospect as junior teacher has vanished.

28th.—Travelled to Denbigh with Messrs. Stephens, Ambrose, and others. Attended the meeting; proposed thanks to mayor with few words on eisteddfod; slept at Gee's with Ambrose; very low spirited.

29th.—Started homewards in bus; called on Iorwerth Glan Aled at Rhyl; Searell in Bangor; rain at Carnarvon; waited a little; home in Plas Car; lost 1s. God be thanked for all his mercies. O! that I had more faith in his name, and more communion with him in spirit.

31st.—Busy in writing a letter to the *Carnarvon and Denbigh Herald.*

February 1st.—Letter and gift of J. Owen's epigram from Nicander.

4th.—Forwarded my translation of D. Williams, Esq's. Bala speech to the *Brython*; also letter to Mr. Williams to Castell Deudraeth.

5th.—My letter on the Welsh and English languages in *Herald.* Report of Denbigh meeting in *Chronicle* and *Herald.* Letter to me from Hugh Owen. Forwarded letters to Nicander and Meinwen Elwy.

9th.—Counselled R. Owen, &c., against unbecoming levity.

11th.—My dear son James off to Chester per coach. I feel extremely low and desolate. God held us all! Letter written in a very desponding mood forwarded to Isaac Clarke; decline to be editor of his

proposed new book, and decline to send any notes on my ode. O! heavy day, gloomy, disheartening. Our James off for Chester, our bereavements reproduced in sad reminiscences and longings. O! for grace and faith to roll my way with my son on the Lord. May he give his mother some greater assurance about his final good chance for livelihood, and may the Lord give my son life, and qualifications foi being useful, and keep him from all harm, and preserve our lives and means to help him.

14th.—Forwarded my translations of P.O. general instructions to Mr. Godby, Shrewsbury. O. W. Evans, Esq., Ty'n y Coed, called on heraldic business relative to the high sheriff. Very busy, but wondering and adoring mysterious Providence.

16th.—Letter to O. W. Evans, Esq., Ty'n y Coed, enclosing the Rhosgyll pedigree, notes, and mottos, and arms.

20th.—Visited Betty Jones, gave her residue of communion wine. She appeared dying.

21st. — Forwarded letter to Rev. D. Williams, explaining some passages complained of as "mystical" in a former note. Also to Isaac Clarke, declining a second time to be his editor of "Taliesin." Betty Jones died this morning. Attended wylnos at Hendre Bach. O! the sight of the infant corpse in its coffin,—truly angelic,—never saw such a perfect picture of peace and innocence, an image of cherub beauty and blessedness beyond all description.

22nd.—The funeral of David, infant son of William and Ellen Davies, my daughter. John Thomas Chwilog's letter.

23rd.—Very sad and melancholy this day. Drawing up petition for Robert Owen, Cadair Elwa; out at evening lone and cheerless. Visited Miss Mary Jones, Cefnygwreichion, sick in bed. Writing copies of list of subjects for literary meeting; much troubled with rheumatic stitch in shoulder.

25th.—Letters to Rev. Isaac Jenkins, Wesleyan minister, Cardiff, and to David Roberts, Bala College. The literary meeting, writing subjects sent to each Sunday school, very low spirited; find at the village school the fruits of secret machinations against me. May I be content, it is the Lord's will!

26th.—At home all day writing a little book of memorial for my daughter Ellen after her infant, little David.

27th.—Cyfarfod Ysgol Brynaera. Attended in the morning, and went round to Hendre Bach; delivered the "In Memoriam" to Ellen, and dined there; came to Pentre school at two p.m. Wife not at home, door locked, my house left desolate! O! I am low.

March 1st.—Letter in reply to Tom Jones, Llangybi, promising Saturday night next after Easter or Thursday night before Pwllheli fair to attend.

3rd.—Forwarded letter and schedule of school account to Rev. John Phillips, Vron, Bangor; invited him to Clynog in strong terms.

7th.—Letter from a person in Newcastle Emlyn, requesting me to adjudge some eisteddfod subject; laid aside without answer.

8th. — Letter from and to Cynhafal declining all treating about publishing my works. Three MSS. hymn copies returned to Rev. J. Owen, Thursington, per book post.

10th.—Letter and MS. book from Mr. O. Jones to copy.

12th.—Letters to Ab Ithel and to Davies, Liverpool, about Nant Gwytheyrn Works. Revising *awdl* "Eglwys Clynog." Glan Alun, Rev. William Griffiths, and Daniel Velin Goch here. Prepare proof of Hiraethog's extract of my ode for Tegai.

14th.—Went to the Carnarvon Monthly Meeting, very great rain. Put my pupils' case before committee. In company with William Rees.

17th. — Letters from Ab Ithel, &c. Forwarded two *pryddestau* to Foulkes, Holyhead.

18th.—Letters to and from Edwards, Menai Bridge, promising to attend at two p.m., Easter Monday, going to Beaumaris.

19th.—At home all day preparing a brief compendium of historical notes to prefix to my ode on Bosworth Field.

21st.—Forwarded above to Isaac Clarke, Ruthin.

26th.—Went with David Roberts in his gig to Morfa, thence to Llanhaiarn, thence

to Llangybi. After looking over churchyard went to Llwynhelig; examined old house and considered about the best plan to build a new house and cow house.

28th.—Went after school to Hendre Bach to measure its dimensions towards drawing plan of a house.

31st.—On hearing again from Searell, sent his marriage notice to *Herald.*

April 4th. — Agreed with Robert Williams, Ty Ucha, to build house at Llwynhelig; wages as we find the work after finishing; he said he would take it in goods from shop.

6th.—Saw a notice of the death, on the 26th ult., of Mrs. Roche in the *Brython.*

7th.—Letters from Jarrett and Rob. Jones, Portmadoc; John Williams, Baptist minister, late of Garn; lent him a copy (MS.) of an account of the Rev. Edward Samuel of Cwt y Defaid by Dan. Silvan Evans, prefixed to Edward Samuel's translation of Hugo Grotius, edited by Silvan Evans. Forwarded letter to Rev. William Rees, and *awdl* with critique to Morris Owen by post.

8th.—Letter from Sarah Jones respecting the alarming indisposition of John Thomas Chwilog.

11th.—Letter to a William Thomas, Aberdare, promising to adjudge for 10s. 6d. song "Italian Exiles."

12th.—Letter to John Thomas Chwilog, also to Isaac Clarke, Nicander, and Caledfryn.

14th.—All this week criticising for Beaumaris and Borth; very hard labour.

15th.—Went to Chwilog on foot this morning to see John Thomas after his severe illness. Slept at Capt. Watkin Williams', Tyddyn Mawr, a very nice place.

16th. — At Chwilog. Wrote John Thomas' last will; it was attested by Capt. Watkin Williams and William Jones, Chwilog Mill, and entrusted to me to keep.

19th.—A second letter from Pritchard; returned to him the English stanzas corrected, and took copies of them, if I can do anything of them as he requests. Letters to Bardd Treflys and Griff. Lewis, to ask them to judge reading.

20th.—Proof corrected and forwarded to Clarke, being the last sheet of my ode; requested a copy of it to keep.

23rd.—At home all day preparing my papers for Easter week.

25th. — "Hyfryd hin yn min Mai." Beaumaris literary meeting. Got on foot to Carnarvon, thence per train to Menai Bridge; per bus with Mr. Edwards to Borth; Mr. Davies, chairman; thence to Beaumaris; Rogers chairman; back to Borth by eleven o'clock at night. Borth meeting agreeable, Beaumaris meeting very vapid. Slept at Borth at Mr. Edwards'.

26th.—Holyhead literary meeting. To Holyhead per train, Mr. Edwards and servant with me, and paying for my ticket; very low all day; saw the new harbour works. Meeting, Mr. Stanley, chairman; satisfied with this meeting; many people and children. Slept at Mr. Evans, the schoolmaster's, very comfortably.

27th.—Saw Lord Eglington within a yard of him going to Ireland, being the Lord Lieutenant; saw the telegraph at work; back to Menai Bridge, Evans paid, to Carnarvon, home per bus, 1s. 6d; found all well. To God be the thanks.

28th.—Letter from dear James. Spoke to Capt. Jones Parry at Plas; very hearty. Attended church service.

May 1st.—Painfully low and disconsolate, owing mostly, I believe, to the perturbation caused to my mind and nerves in the late ramble.

2nd.—Mr. Rees arrived about one p.m. from Pant Glas. Depression prevails. Two compositions for Capel Helyg received this day.

6th.—I find our dear James was taken ill about this time. A blood vessel was ruptured!

7th.—Clynog fair. Sat in my room all day, very closely engaged in adjudicating for Capel Helyg.

9th.—Quite jaded in adjudicating for Capel Helyg; great headache; got out along Penarth road, recruited a little.

10th.—Quite foundered by moderate application to literary drudgery.

11th.—Received two copies of *Taliesin* per post; sold one to Dr. Pughe.

12th.—Letters to John Thomas and E. M. Roberts, Edern. Went over the

mountains to Capel Helyg with William Jones (*Llystyn*). Tea'd at Mur Cypla; slept at Plas Du.

20th. — Forwarded compositions and critique to Dolyddelen this day.

24th.—Met James at Carnarvon station. He was very much wasted.

27th.—James very weak, much fatigued in going to the foot of Bachwen hill and back.

June 1st.—Adjudicating for Clynog and Llanbedr meetings.

7th.—Forwarded letters to Morris Owen and Mr. Thomas Charles Edwards, Bala; out in postman's locomotive with James.

13th. — Cyfarfod Llenyddol Clynog. Cyfarfod da iawn, lluosog iawn, parchus iawn, a buddiol iawn.

14th.—Rev. Morris Williams (Nicander) called.

15th.—Nicander called. Opening of the new national schools at Clynog Upper. Went to Caedoctor in the evening to visit Mr. Williams; returned with Mr. Ben Ellis, Pwllheli, in his phaeton from Glyn.

16th. — Forwarded compositions and critique to Llanbedr; Nicander called and tea'd; walked with him as far as Afon Hen, and heard him preach in the church, —a most admirable sermon.

17th. — Nicander called to take his adieu.

22nd. — Eisteddfod Llanbedr Pont Stephan. Letter from Rev. D. Williams, Llandwrog, advising farmhouse lodgings for James, and fresh milk warm from cow. Letter forwarded to Pererin, declining to go there to proclaim Beaumaris Eisteddfod.

24th.—Letters to David Roberts, Liverpool, at Penygroes, and to Meinwen Elwy. I am under great lowness to-day, not a ray of light from any quarter except a slight gleam from heaven.

25th.—Went to Hendre Bach and tea'd there, and had a good g. of wh. and fresh milk; surveyed the farm, and was much pleased and thankful to our merciful father in heaven.

July 1st.—James and I at home; the remarkable dream last night fulfilled so precisely and steadily to-day! Praise the Lord.

3rd.—Rev. J. A. Hughes preached; the plan of the preacher was to work up the feelings of the audience to the highest intensity possible.

6th.—Went to sea in a boat with James; rowed by Evan Thomas and John Hughes and Griff. Griffiths; got sea sickness.

8th.—Got porter and dinner from Mrs. Edwards for James. My good friend John Thomas, Chwilog, dying this day, as I found afterwards.

9th.—Went to Llwynhelig via Moelfre, Penbryn y. Corsydd, and Mur Cyplau, over the old school path along the declivity of Carn Bentyrch, where I was engaged and wrapt in devotion, worship, and thanksgiving, and meditation, even to falling down on my knees. The progress of the building satisfactory. Returned by Pentyrch, where I sat many hours and tea'd. Walked to Lodge, thence by bus to Clynog; heard on my arrival that my friend John Thomas was dead. I shall long reflect on the incidents of this day.

11th.—Dr. John Pughe called personally this evening. O! the length of time.

12th. — Forwarded notice of John Thomas' death to both *Heralds*. Answer to John Morgan, Llanrhystryd, Aberystwyth, a poet at Lampeter Eisteddfod.

13th. — John Thomas (*Sion Wyn*) Chwilog's funeral to-day; was buried at Penlan ground in Pwllheli, his grave close to the wall near the old entrance from the south, now closed up. Attended a sermon in Penlan Chapel by a Wesleyan minister. Tea'd at Ellen Roberts', College Tavern, formerly of Drws Deugoed, with Sarah and her husband. Sat with Mr. Ellis Owen at the Whitehall; called at Messrs. Owen Jones and Thomas Hughes. Went to Chwilog in William Jones' gig to read his will and arrange some papers. Got his legacy of a gold seal, which had been given him by the late Mrs. Bennett of Plas y Rhiw; also his executrix presented me with a MS. copy of pedigrees and old records. Slept at Tyddyn Mawr.

14th.—Returned from Chwilog in coach. Found James returned from Bardsey Island, looking well, thank God. Letter to Morgans Dyffryn. A gentleman from Liverpool promised me Lewis Glyn Cothi present; took of him one glass porter.

22nd.—John Hughes, Liverpool, preached on Psalm lxvi. 16. I was this day pre-

sented with Lewis Glyn Cothi's poems in two volumes by J. Jones, Esq., Liverpool and Rhosmeilan.

30th.—To Llandwrog Rectory, thence with Mr. Williams in gig to Llanfaglan to copy some old monuments; great rain in return.

August 6th. — Went to Llanllyfni Rectory; had two g. r. at Pl. going. Had to wait Mr. Jones from town some three hours; the maid gave me tea. Borrowed of Mr. Jones three books, pedigrees, &c.; had one gl. wh. with honey; home late.

8th.—Delivered back to John Williams (*Shon Saer*) a plank used by his children at school; carried by Henry Thomas Ellis to his house.

16th.—In all day, adjudicating on the Deiniolen literary productions. Mr. Edward Morgans at Clynog with his brother John, who opened the devotion.

17th.—Cyfarfod Pregethu at Clynog. Society at eight; sermons,—ten, Rev. D. Charles and Edward Morgan; six, Rev. Robert Hughes and D. Charles; two, Rev. D. Charles and Edward Morgan. Society at the close.

26th.—Letter, enclosing John Thomas Chwilog's autobiography, forwarded via Pwllheli to his nephew, William Jones, Portmadoc.

27th.—Ysgoldy Llanddeiniolen literary meeting to attend. Went involuntarily to this journey; on foot to Carnarvon, James followed in cart, then in coach and I in car to the scene of a wonderful revival. I had no degree of pleasure in the ramble, but admired the revival process; took my quarters with James at the Rev. William Rowlands'. I did not try to make any display of public speaking, and was disgusted with the bad taste of many there.

28th.—I and James at Cefnywaen and Ysgoldy chapel; witnessed the wonderful effects of the revival. I assisted in the minor devotions.

29th.—Left James at Mr. Rowlands', it being very great rain, and waited all day within doors at Mr. Robert Ellis', where Robert Hughes, Ieuan Gwyllt, and John Evans of Llansantffraid and Dewi Arfon also sat, a very unpleasant time for me. In the evening reached home late through Carnarvon; a dreary home, no comfort anywhere.

31st. — Cyfarfod Llenyddol Aberdyfi. Letter apprising the secretary (E. W. Gee) of Denbigh Eisteddfod of my acquiesence in his request to adjudicate. O! dreary, desolate home! James home by the evening coach, looking well, thank God.

September 1st.—Letter to Hugh Owen, Esq., London.

3rd.—At home all day, copying pedigrees from Mr. Jones' book.

7th.—Forwarded the eisteddfod compositions to Merthyr.

10th.—Rev. Roger Edwards called here in my absence.

15th.—J. Deiniol Jones intimated his object of seeking the calling of preacher.

17th.—To Llangybi via Moelfra, Bryngadfa, Tanybryn, Penybryn (Mr. Ellis Glasfryn on horseback in quest of his son sporting); ate my bread and butter and a drop of R. at top of Cae Hen. Called at Mur Cypla where I ate maidd; at Llwynhelig by two p.m.; measured new work and inspected the new premises; generally satisfactory. Glass of ale at Ty M. Home by car.

28th.—Society. Exhorted young men to exercise public prayer; spoke to some. James ended the society by prayer; and all the young men kept a short prayer meeting themselves after society.

October 13th.—Review of *Lampau y Deml* forwarded to David Williams, Carnarvon, for publication in *Drysorfa*. Mixed prayer meeting; violent insipidness; bawling prayers.

14th.—Letter to Nicander.

15th.—Her Majesty the Queen coming to Bangor. Went to Tynlon to write J. O.'s account and to see Margaret. Dined there and attended chapel.

16th.—Evan Owen, Talsarn, and W. Llystyn Jones at Pentre Chapel. Both preached; had prayer meeting before and society after sermons; four hours' time engaged. No converts! Forwarded letter to *Baner and Amserau* on the Merthyr judgeship.

18th.—Mr. Williams and the Rev. J. Griffiths of Neath called at my house. The latter was an agreeable company, and spoke strongly in favour of total abstinence.

Society. The brethren repining for revival; turned the society to prayer meeting for the revival, and appeared to lack patience and proper spirit.

November 1st.—Showed William Llystyn Jones a letter in his behalf to John Owen, Penygroes, Hermon.

5th.—Went to Llandwrog Rectory; very great rain. The ladies sent the servant to drive me home in the basket phaeton. Delivered heraldic draft.

10th.—Rev. J. Griffith, Dolgelley, called. Rev. David Morgans, Ysbytty, preached at Pentre. Tremendous *gorfoleddu.* Present of herald book in Pwllheli bag.

11th.—Mr. Williams the vicar's youngest boy died; the funeral of the other two. Rev. D. Williams, Llandwrog, brought me Burke's *Peerage*, a present from his daughter, Miss M. A. W.

14th.—Letter and a copy of *Maes Bosworth* to Dr. Tregelles. Wrote a short reminiscence and cywydd on W. Robert Hughes for *Brython* this evening.

15th.—Letter as above to *Brython* per D. S. Evans.

18th. — Letters from Messrs. Silvan Evans and Jones Parry.

19th. — Reply to Mr. Jones Parry Madryn on the two eisteddfods.

23rd.—Letter to Rev. D. Silvan Evans; to John S. H. Evans; to Rev. Roger Edwards; William Llystyn Jones; Meinwen Elwy.

24th. — Forwarded letter to Alfred Tennyson, poet laureate.

29th.—Promised to write a Christmas carol to Joseph Hughes (Cwmgwara formerly).

December 1st.—Letter to Ellis Owen, Cefn y Meusydd.

4th.—Discovered by small talk between Rev. Robert Hughes, Messrs. James Williams, and Richard Jones, respecting the new chapel house, intended to be built, which talk occurred at my own fireside after the evening sermon and society, that a change in my situation of schoolmaster here loomed in the future; a hint was given and acquiesced in by the three, that it is *very undesirable* to use the chapel as a daily school house; and that therefore it be provided in the plan of the chapel house to build over it a loft for a schoolroom. From this intimation, it appears to me very plainly that the days for my keeping a daily school at Clynog are nearly numbered, which I conclude thus. It is not likely it will be convenient for me to become the tenant of the chapel house, even if it was offered me, consequently I could not avail of the aforesaid loft for a schoolroom as a part of my own premises, much less would any other tenant of the said house consent to admit into any part of his premises such intrusion, annoyance, and trouble as a daily school would occasion; in fact it is morally certain that no one would become a tenant on that condition. Therefore the house would not answer either school or chapel purposes; and rather than it should come to that, the school, of course, will have to be waived; the dislike of it in the chapel will have the effect gradually of discontinuing it there; so the chapel daily school will have to give way and cease. Thus I am at length, by the clear indication of divine providence, excluded from keeping school at church and chapel in Clynog, and must give it up here altogether in a year or two at most,—most likely in a year, if I don't find my own premises for keeping it.

8th.—Received a present of a hamper and basket from Meinwen Elwy, which contained,—hamper, a good number of very fine Vale of Clwyd apples, a hare from the Vale of Clwyd; basket, bread in several loaves, the minor loaves to be divided between Isaac Davies and self, share and share, &c. James went to see William Davies, Hendre, who was better, but confined to the fireside by an acute stitch. I wonder what this will come to. I had two or three striking dreams about Ellen the foregoing night, saw her dead first; having taken Lleuar Fawr unknown to me second; and pronounced with child by some companion of a female.

19th. — Letter to Miss Traiis. Mold papers and critique forwarded to Rev. Roger Edwards.

20th.—Letter to W. C. Williams Pwllheli, promising my service to the Pwllheli Literary Society, Easter.

22nd.—Started in the morning to Plas Du; took a ramble privately in the evening

round and at my native site. Totally erased! Slept there.

23rd.—Got medical prescription for my wife from Mr. J. Lloyd Thomas; diary from Mrs. Thomas. Exercised family prayer, and impressed on Mr. Thomas the propriety of family religion in head of families. Got William Robert Hughes' old books at Plas Du.

24th.—At Carnarvon. Mr. William Morris Williams, Dinorwig (Bronyfuches) presented me with 10s. for improving a song of his.

26th.—Preaching at Capel Uchaf. Attended the two o'clock sermon, the congregation very uproarious and excited; could not hear to any edification.

29th.—Letters to Nicander and Thomas Hughes, Machynlleth. Mr. Williams' (vicar) long and wordy letter about his "too late" letter to Pwllheli; such vindictive tendencies!

31st.—At home all day reading, finished "Idylls of the King." Letter from dear Miss M. A. W., Llandwrog. To God be the praise and glory for his wonderful dealings towards me and mine in grace the past eventful year.

I close the year with thanks to God for my son's convalescence in particular, and for his countless mercies and blessings to me and mine, but I look forward to the dark, ominous year coming in with painful apprehension and trembling foreboding as regards my poor wife, and the sequel I am afraid of. But God enable me to cast my load on him.

Eben Fardd died February 17th, 1863.

EBEN FARDD'S GRAVE.

ENOCH HUGHES.

By Daniel Owen,

Author of *The Autobiography of Rhys Lewis, Green Tomos, &c.*

Translated from the Welsh by the Hon. Claud Vivian.

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE CAPTAIN AND ENOCH.

THE Captain could not touch a morsel of breakfast, and Miss Trevor thought her father was either fretting and anxious about her at the prospect of Enoch being about to take her from him, or that he was in a state of repentance. She believed that the latter was the more likely, inasmuch as she saw, this morning, no trace of his having been drinking the previous night, after she had gone to bed, as she had seen, almost without exception, every morning throughout the year. She thought he had, at last, taken a turn, and her heart was full of thankfulness. And though she pretended that she was sorry to see him unable to eat, her heart fluttered with joy at the pleasant belief that something had occurred to make him see the sinfulness of his life. Little did she know what was discomposing the Captain's appetite. The Captain said to his daughter, after breakfast, that he had a lot of writing to do that morning, which was a hint to her that he wanted the parlour to himself. He didn't write a word. He walked up and down the room for hours, looking anxiously and frequently out of the window for Sam Lloyd. It was nearly dinner time before he saw Sam in the distance walking hurriedly towards Ty'nyrardd. His heart beat quickly as he saw Sam getting nearer. He feared, yet longed, to hear what Sam had to say. Before Sam had opened the gate of the garden, the Captain had opened the door of the house, and was trying to guess from Sam's face what his story would be. Sam looked joyful, and the Captain interpreted that as a good sign. After the two had gone into the parlour, and shut the door, the Captain asked, anxiously,—

"Well, Sam, what do you think?"

"All nonsense," said Sam, "he is not a bit like, and yet there is a sort of likeness in him. But he isn't him, I'll take my oath."

"Are you quite sure, Sam?" asked the Captain.

"As sure as I am alive," said Sam. "That man ain't much more than forty, and you know that that wouldn't be *his* age. No fear,—don't you be afraid,—make your mind easy. It's impossible,—just think what his age would be now?"

True," said the Captain, "but are you quite sure, Sam?"

"Perfectly sure, Captain,—no one can deceive *me*. It was nothing but a wild fancy that came into your head," said Sam.

"No doubt, Sam," said the Captain, "and thank God for it. I have had enough troubles without this. You have removed a great load from my mind, Sam, and were I not afraid that my daughter would notice that something had occurred, I would ask you to stay to dinner. Here,—take this crown piece, now, and go to the mine this afternoon. I have something to tell you some day, Sam."

Sam went away, pensively, for he was not nearly so sure in his mind as he had pretended to the Captain. But when he had seen how anxious and troubled he was, he had done his best to drive away his disquietude and give him peace, and Sam thought that there would be woe to him on the day when any misfortune happened to his old master and contemporary. And, indeed, Sam thought honestly,—though it was not an impossibility,—that the Captain had been frightened quite causelessly,—it was one of the most improbable things that could occur. At the same time Sam could not help pondering over things a great deal to-day, and the Captain's visit to him the previous night had been the cause of resuscitating events which he had, for a long time past, buried in his bosom,—and the burying of them had been a great advantage to Sam in his connection with the Captain.

The Captain felt a different man after he had got Sam Lloyd's account. He had, as he had told him, taken a heavy load off his mind, and he thought, now, that he could with safety take a glass of whiskey. He fetched the bottle from the cupboard, and rather than that Susie should get to know that he was taking it, by his calling for water, he determined to take it raw, which, by the way, was not much of a job for the Captain. However, when he had filled the glass, and was on the point of gulping it down, Susie came suddenly into the room to ask him what time he wanted to have his dinner. The Captain looked guilty and

fidgetty, and his daughter looked thoughtful and sad at seeing him starting again in his old habit so early in the morning, and that too when she had thought that some change had taken place in him, and that he had turned over a new leaf. Her heart felt when she saw the bottle on the table and the glass filled, and the Captain, perceiving what was running through her mind, said,—

"I don't care about any dinner at all, my child, for I don't, somehow, feel half well. And that's the reason why I am taking a drop of whiskey now to see if I shall feel a bit better for it. Indeed, I had determined last night, though I didn't tell you so, to stop touching it altogether. But the best doctors agree that it is dangerous for one who has been accustomed to take a small drop each day, to give it up too suddenly. And now I believe that, for I am sure that that is what has brought on this illness I have to-day. And as to dinner, I think that it will be better for you to make a cup of coffee for me; my stomach is too bad to take anything else. You might fry a bit of ham and an egg or two,—or something else, my child."

Saying "very well" Miss Trevor went away, sad and disappointed, and totally convinced that a "great change" had not taken place in her father yet. And her conviction was perfectly correct. At dinner, Miss Trevor asked her father the cause of Sam Lloyd's early visit, and the Captain replied, readily enough,—

"Sam, poor chap, came with bad news for me. The truth is, Susie, that Sam and I are, at the present time, quite convinced that we shan't get lead in Coed Madog. So far as time and the nature of things are concerned we ought to have got it before this, if it was to be got at all. But now, in spite of out utmost, we have given up all hope. That is the conclusion Sam and I came to this morning. How to break the news to Mr. Hughes, I don't know, but it must be done, and that at once. I know Mr. Hughes will not be ready to give up the mine, for I never saw anyone who had such a spirit for venturing. But I must use all my influence to persuade him to give up the place, for my conscience tells me that that is my duty. And, indeed, I can't myself afford to spend any more. I feel that it is beginning to tell on my means. There would be no harm in the world, Susie, if you were to say a word or two to him to the same effect."

Susie saw through things a great deal better than her father thought. She perceived at once that what she had said to him the previous night, namely, that she had promised to marry Enoch Hughes, was the reason for giving Coed Madog up. She was glad to hear this, for she had believed for a long time that they would never get lead in Coed Madog. And when she thought that she and Enoch would, at the expiration of a few weeks, be husband and wife, the determination of her father to throw up the mine was very acceptable to her, for she knew that Enoch was spending a heap of money every month on the venture. She agreed with her father's resolve and he praised her quickness in perceiving the position of things.

It became evident that there was not much discomposure in the Captain's stomach, but he did not go out of the house that day, because he had no inclination to go to the Brown Cow on account of certain reasons, and also because he was desirous of having a talk with Enoch, who was certain to pay a visit to Ty'nyrardd on that evening. Enoch came to his appointment faithfully enough, and he was quite astonished when Miss Trevor told him that her father was at home and wanted to talk to him about the mine, for it had been seldom that he had found him at home lately after dark. When Enoch went to the parlour, the Captain put a solemn look on his face, and said,—

"I have been wanting to see you, Mr. Hughes, for some weeks, and I have been most heartily afraid of seeing you. But I have fully determined to go through with this worry to-night."

Enoch laughed, for he was in excellent humour now-a-days, and said,—

"What in the world can be the reason for your being afraid of seeing me?"

"I'll tell you," said the Captain, "no matter what the consequences may be. I hope, Mr. Hughes, that after I have told you what I cannot feel any easiness in my conscience without telling; I hope, I say, that you will not look upon me as a dishonest or deceitful man, for I am neither the one nor the other. It is possible for the most upright man to fail in his endeavours and in his judgment, and though, so to speak, I can, if you will permit me, congratulate myself on not being specially remarkable for failing in my objects or my judgment, yet I do not maintain that I am entirely free and clean from the defects I have alluded to. Indeed, such men are few and far between, and I do not claim to be one of those few, though, so to speak, I flatter myself, that if I am not one of them, I am, if I do not deceive myself, one who is not very far removed from them. I think you know me sufficiently well to believe that if I did make a mistake I should not have done it intentionally, and that the mistake would not be attributable either, speaking generally, to a want of scientific knowledge, so far as that goes. But, perhaps, in my innocence, I might take too much for granted. Such a thing is possible, I know. But in order not to keep you

too long in expectation, or to be suffering anguish in my mind more than I ought,—and allow me to say that what I am going to tell you is the greatest sorrow I have ever had, and you know that I know something about great sorrows,—but this is the greatest sorrow, believe me,—in order not to keep you too long in ignorance, as I have said, it comes to this, Mr. Hughes,—you won't be so angry as to never forgive me after I have told it you, will you?"

"Go on Captain Trevor," said Enoch, seriously enough, for he had begun to believe, by this time, that the Captain was going to tell him he did not approve of his taking Miss Trevor for his wife.

"But I would like to have a promise from you, —when I think of what friends we have been,— that you will not be so angry as never to forgive me. But, I must confess that if you were, it would only be what I have deserved, though not quite what I have deserved either, for I'll take my oath that I have, in the course of our transactions, been perfectly honest so far as my conscience went. But this is it, Mr. Hughes, and it almost drives me mad, but a feeling of duty and the demands of a good conscience compel me to inform you of it. I have for the future given up all hope that we shall ever find any lead in Coed Madog, and on thinking of all the anxiety and worry, and of how sure I was in my mind that we would find lead there, and on thinking of all the money that you and I have spent,—though I must say that it's not what *I* but what *you* have spent that troubles me,—on thinking of all this, I say, I am nearly driven mad, and I am compelled to make the confession that I have made a mistake,—the *only* mistake in mining that I have made in my life,—but I am compelled to admit it. And now, Mr. Hughes, I am, in spite of all I can do, obliged to come to the conclusion that it would be folly for us to spend another farthing on the mine, and I want to persuade you to come to the same determination. But are you angry with me? Do you loathe and hate me with a complete and everlasting hatred, Mr. Hughes?"

"I have relied on you from the beginning, as you know, Captain Trevor," said Enoch, "and if you believe that to throw the whole thing up will be best, all right. The best of us make mistakes, and the man who speculates must expect disappointments and losses at times. There's no help for it, if that is the way things stand, and I don't care a single farthing about giving up working the mine if there is no hope of finding lead there."

"You kill me with your kindness, Mr. Hughes," said the Captain, putting his face between his hands, as though trying to cry, "but the money! A heap you have spent, dear Mr. Hughes."

"There's no help for it," said Enoch, "and don't fret about it, I haven't spent all yet."

"Thank God for that," said the Captain, without letting his head out of his hands. "To ruin Denman, poor fellow, was enough, without ruining you too. But I have been honest all through, God knows!"

"No one doubts it," said Enoch, "for you have lost money yourself, and the disappointment is as great for you as it is for me. We are not the first who have failed, and it is useless to grieve over what no one can help."

The Captain had gained his object, and after talking a great deal in the same strain, expressing over and over again his grief at fate's having gone against him until he had fully gained Enoch's sympathy, he said, when Enoch was on the point of going home,—

"Mr. Hughes, Susie has told me something that is as it were like so much oil on the wound of my disappointment in connection with the mine, —which, shortly, so as not to keep you, is that you have fallen in love with each other,—and that is not a thing to be wondered at,—and that it will terminate some day,—as such like matters usually do,—by your proceeding to be united together. And no matter what becomes of me in my old days, after I have been left alone, I must say that the news has gladdened me in no small degree; for it is too late in the day for me to study my own interest, and seeing my only daughter in the care of a sober, good, kind man, and one who is quite capable of keeping her above want, will he, to say the least, a help to me when the time comes,—and of necessity that time can not be far off,—to make use of the words of Scripture, if you will allow me so to speak,—'Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.' I shall be glad to think of you as my son in law, and that my daughter has been so lucky, but remember that I shall also consider that you too are just as lucky."

"Thank you for your good opinions of me," said Enoch, "and I'll do my best to be worthy of them. I know that you could not say anything too good about Miss Trevor,—she is the best girl in the world to my mind. And as regards leaving you alone, that's out of the question. If it is agreeable to you, Captain Trevor, you can live with me for the rest of your days, and I will do all in my power to make you happy."

"You kill me, I say, Mr. Hughes, with your kindness. But perhaps I shall not stand in need of any very great care and kindness from any one. Man proposes, God disposes,—but we will have a talk about that some other time."

Was the Captain, like Saul, among the prophets?

After spending a little time in Miss Trevor's company, Enoch went home a happy man,—so happy that he did not know how to be sufficiently thankful for his happiness.

CHAPTER L.

THE LAST VENTURE.

THE next morning, the Captain sent word to Sam Lloyd, telling him to inform the workmen of Coed Madog that, on account of some important reasons, the mine would stop working at the end of the week, and that their services would not be required till they heard further. "But remember," said the Captain, as an after thought, "that *you*, Sam, shall not be in want whilst I have a penny." This was bad news to the workmen, but it was only what they had expected for some time, and they had often felt surprised that they had been kept going on for so long.

The Captain did nothing, "so to speak," for a couple of days, except cogitate on and prepare plans in connection with his daughter's marriage. He had so much faith in his power of arranging matters that he was determined to have his own way in carrying out the arrangements of the wedding in such style as was suitable to the position of the bride, and as would give honour to the event in the sight of his neighbours. He spared neither cost nor trouble. His own position among his neighbours required dignity to be given to the event, and Mr. Hughes had plenty of means to pay the bill. He was remarkably merry, and especially kind to Miss Trevor, and he treated himself frequently to glasses of whiskey,—this was suitable to the circumstances in the Captain's opinion. He would have loved to have gone to the Brown Cow to his old companions and to have given them an artful hint about the great event that was to take place very soon. But he was waiting till the stranger went away, for he was obliged to confess, to himself, that the face of this man reminded him of something that he would prefer not to think about. At a considerable sacrifice the Captain had remained in the house for two days and two nights. On the third night such a longing for the company of the Brown Cow came over him that he was unable to resist it. "And for a certainty," said the Captain, to himself, "the old man will have gone for good by this time." And to the Brown Cow he went, where he got a warm greeting, and many were the inquiries about his health. To his great disappointment, however, the white-headed old gentleman was in his corner, and appeared quite unconscious of the Captain's coming into the room, but, as usual, was lost in his book. After having had the evidence of Sam Lloyd, and indeed, after he had himself had a second look at him, he did not seem so like as the Captain had thought he was the first time he had looked at him. Yet the stranger reminded him of a certain some one, and made him feel uncomfortable. The Captain did not stay late in the Brown Cow that night, and when he came home, Miss Trevor observed that he looked serious and anxious,—quite different to what he had been for two days. When she asked him the cause of his seriousness, he said,—

"Haven't you heard the news, Susie?"

"What news?" said Susie.

"Old Hugh Bryan, poor chap, is dead," said the Captain.

"What? old Mr. Bryan? Oh dear! oh dear!" said Susie, and a thousand things rushed into her mind. But Will Bryan was the first one that came to her mind. Where was he? Would he come home to bury his father? What sort of a man was he now? Was he as good looking as he used to be? How could she face him? Whilst these things were running through her mind some one knocked at the door, and she went to open it. It was a bright moonlight night, and Susie saw, when she had opened the door, a respectable and white-headed gentleman. The stranger wanted to see the Captain. Susie lead him into the parlour to her father. She was glad that some one had come to visit him so that she might get time to run and look after old Mrs. Bryan, for Susie could not forget the olden times. And it was well for her too that she formed this intention, for otherwise she would have been bound to have observed that when the old gentleman went into the parlour, her father's face grew as white as chalk, and that his legs were scarcely able to support him as he rose to receive his visitor.

Susie snatched up a cloak and threw it round her head, so that no one should recognize her, and ran to see after Mrs. Bryan in her sore trouble. She was there a long time,—nearly an hour,—and before she ran back, she had heard enough from the old woman to make her feel uneasy. But she had given her promise to Enoch, and nothing could happen to make her break that promise, come what might. On her turning the corner of the street when hurrying home, she stopped suddenly,—she saw her father and the gentleman coming towards her. She saw the two stand opposite the Cross Shop, and after a good deal of conversation she saw her father turn home without

so much as shaking hands with the gentleman, and the latter knocked at Enoch Hughes' door. This explained to her the note she had received from Enoch in the course of the day, stating that he had an appointment with a gentleman on this evening. Miss Trevor hastened home another way, so as to get home before her father. This was not a difficult task, for the old Captain walked slowly with his hands behind his back, and his eyes fixed on the ground, just as though his soul had been pulled out of him. Susie met him innocently in the lobby, and asked if he wanted her any more before she went to bed.

"No, my child," said the Captain, and his words were as though they came from the grave, but she did not notice their tone,—she had her own thoughts to worry her. From the multitude of her inward thoughts, Miss Trevor could not fall asleep for some hours, and though she listened attentively, she did not hear her father come to bed. At times she imagined she heard him walking up and down the parlour, but she thought afterwards that it was all imagination. The next morning she got up early as usual,—indeed she was down before Kitty, the servant. She went straight to the parlour, and was much alarmed at what she saw there. Her father lay on the sofa, and appeared as though sleeping heavily. On the table, at his side, there were two bottles of Scotch Whiskey,—empty. She saw too, the moment she went into the room, a letter on the mantle piece addressed to her. She put the letter in her pocket, and swept the empty bottles out of sight, for she did not like even Kitty to know that her father had been drinking heavily in the course of the night. After doing this, she did not exactly know whether it would be better to leave her father to sleep off his drunkenness or to awake him. But what if he were to sleep himself to death? She determined to awake him. She went up to him. He was sleeping very quietly, and she hesitated to disturb him. She put her hand lightly on his hand, and found that it was as cold as a piece of ice. She put her ear to his mouth. He was not breathing. The old Captain was, "so to speak," as dead as a door nail!

As a general rule, Miss Trevor's self possession was unsurpassed, and before now, she had many a time, under the most painful circumstances, shown a force of mind and such mastery over her feelings as to cause Kitty, the maid, to look upon her as a hard girl, when, as a matter of fact, it was not hardness at all, but strength of mind. But the moment she realized that her father was a corpse, she gave a scream that went through the whole house, and fell to the floor in a faint. This brought Kitty, half dressed, to the room in a second, and on perceiving the strange sight, and thinking that the Captain and Miss Trevor,—both of them together,—were stark dead, she shouted, as women do, with all the power of the jaws of her head, and rushed out of the house still screaming. This brought several people to the house within a few minutes, and someone ran for the doctor. Before the doctor arrived,—and as it happened, he was close by,—it was discovered that Miss Trevor was in a faint, but that the Captain had in truth gone over to the "vast majority." When the doctor made his appearance, the room was, as is usual, under such circumstances, full of people desirous of doing anything in their power, but with no power to do anything except take up the fresh air. After clearing everyone out except about two, the doctor turned his attention to the most serious object, namely, the Captain, and whilst he was at his task, Miss Trevor began to revive and soon came to herself. The doctor said,—it was a thing everyone knew already,—that the Captain was beyond doubt dead, and added,—which was a thing everyone did not know,—namely, that the cause of his death was heart disease, brought about by too much mental work. And after asking Miss Trevor a few questions about the circumstances, who gave him no reply, except that she had found her father just as he had found him, the doctor went away. By and bye the neighbours went away, and Miss Trevor and Kitty were left for a time alone. In her heavy trial, Miss Trevor thought of Enoch Hughes, and asked Kitty to go and fetch him, and if he had not heard it already, to break the terrible news to him as sparingly as she could so as not to frighten him. Whilst Kitty was going to the Cross Shop, Miss Trevor remembered about the letter, and in fear and trembling she opened it, and read,—

"My dear Susie,—

I write these words to you from fear that I shall not see to-morrow morning,—and indeed, so to speak, I do not care whether I see it or not, for, now, life is a heavy burden to me. My dear daughter, I love you dearly, but I know what you will think of your father in a few days' time, and I am most anxious that I should be taken away before I am obliged to face you and face my neighbours,—I feel sure I cannot do that, and I prefer dying to doing it. It is all up with me. My iniquity has been great and odious, and you will be surprised at my having been able to conceal it so long. But I am unable to conceal it any longer,—all will come out and at once too. God is pursuing me and I have no place to flee to. It is hard upon me, and I am almost stunned. I have tried to pray, but I cannot,—and it will

make no difference in my position whether I am here or in the other world before the morning. What a mercy that your mother has gone before me! Oh, why was it not possible for you to go before me too, before all this came to light! I can never expect you to forgive me,—it would be a miracle for you to be able to do so. My dear daughter, my conscience ached at having brought such an everlasting disgrace on your pure name. My life has been one string of deceit and hypocrisy, and my astonishment is that the world is so easy to deceive. I have deceived, - yes, even you, my dear daughter! The only good that has been left in me, for years past, is my love to you, my dear Susie; and I would like, for your sake, to be able to shed tears of fire, but I cannot; and that little good that has been left in me is now my greatest sorrow. But for it I might feel some of the sort of daring of a——. Well, I will not write the word. I will not torment your feelings, or occasion you unnecessary pain by describing what I have been or what I am now. Indeed, I doubt, if I ought to have said as much as I have to you, but I cannot depart without saying something to you for the last time,—I hope. What rends my heart worst,—if there is a worst,—is that Mr. Hughes cannot, under the circumstances that will come to light, marry you; it is impossible, and the thought of what will become of you, my dear Susie, sets my soul ablaze. Still, I hope he will be kind to you,—he cannot help it. God bless him and you too.

Of course if I am alive in the morning, and in my senses, you will not see this letter; but if I am dead,—and I hope that you will so find me,—read it to yourself, keep its contents to yourself, and burn it. And now, dear Susie, farewell for ever, —I hope.

Your wicked and unworthy father,

RICHARD TREVOR.

P.S.—If it's ever in your power at any time, to do a kindness to Sam Lloyd, do it; he was very faithful to me.—R.T."

Miss Trevor's eyes had grown misty before she had finished reading the letter, and as though unconsciously she threw it into the fire. The letter was in flames when Kitty returned to find Miss Trevor overwhelmed with sorrow, and whispering "Oh! Mr. Hughes! Where's Mr. Hughes, Kitty dear?"

"Mr. Hughes is very ill in bed, and a gentleman and the doctor have been with him all night," said Kitty, crying.

Another blow to Susie, poor thing, and though her self-possession was usually so great, a darkness came over her eyes and she knew nothing more till she found herself late that evening in her bed, and Kitty and a neighbour watching over her.

This was a sad day in Bethel,—as was ably reported by Didymus in the *County Chronicle* the following week, I remember. In one house lay the dead body of old Hugh Bryan,—a man who had once been a respected and successful tradesman, but by "venturing" for lead, had spent all his money, and a good deal of other people's money too, and who, afterwards, by hard work and the help of a loving son, had paid every farthing of his debts, and had lived on little, happy and contented. In another house lay all that was mortal of the renowned Captain Trevor,—a man noted for his uprightness, kindness, and influence, —one who had done a lot of good to the district by starting mining ventures, and so giving work to the people,—a man for whom respect in certain circles was unbounded. The hopes of a multitude had hung on him for years to come, but he had been taken suddenly from his labour to receive his reward! And how beautiful it was, as some of his admirers said,—for him to have been taken away in his sleep. Sudden death, sudden glory! What wonder was it,—seeing that the event was so sudden,- that his lovely daughter had been struck to the ground as it were? And what wonder too that the person whom,- if he had only lived a few weeks more,—the Captain had intended to welcome as his son in law, had been also laid low by the terrible event? The grief of the district and the surrounding country was great and deep. But such calamities must occur at times,—they cannot be prevented.

The next day, from a considerable distance, the train was carrying a certain person to Bethel,—not to undo what had happened, that was impossible,—but to pour a little oil on the troubled waters.

A NOTE ON DANIEL OWEN'S WORKS.

NEXT month this novel of Daniel Owen's will come to a close, and it is probable that Messrs. Hughes will publish the translation in book form.

Messrs. Hughes have just published an exceedingly useful illustrated edition of the *Dreflan*, uniform with *Rhys Lewis*, *Enoch Hughes*, and *Gwen Tomos*, all, of course, in the original Welsh.

Daniel Owen's last work,—the work of the last few days of his life,—will be published in the January number of *Cymru*.

THE ESTUARY OF THE MAWDDACH.
(From a photograph by H. Owen, Barmouth.)

SOME FEATURES IN THE PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY OF WALES.

By J. E. THOMAS, C.E., Wrexham.

II.—INLAND LAKES, &c.

BETWEEN the valleys of the Conway and the Dee, in Denbighshire, we find an important and interesting range of mountains known as Mynydd Hiraethog, quite in contrast with the rugged peaks of the adjoining counties of Merioneth and Carnarvon. The difference is owing partly no doubt to the prevalence of igneous masses in the latter, whilst Hiraethog mountains are the softer beds of shales and grits. The surface of the surrounding country is beautifully diversified and in many parts the scenery is highly picturesque. The highest points in the Hiraethog group are Moel Saesiog (1533 feet), and Mwdwl Eithin (1748 feet), and on its northern flanks, distant some four to five miles from Pentre Voelas, are two important lakes called Llyn Alwen and Llyn Aled. The latter is about sixty acres, and the former forty acres, in extent. From Llyn Aled a fine stream running through a charming valley, Dyffryn Aled, joins the Elwy; and from Llyn Alwen, a river of that name runs through an interesting country in an opposite or south-westerly direction by Llanfihangel Glyn Myfyr and Betws Gwerfyl Goch, joining the river Dee at Llangar, near Corwen. The greater part of the Hiraethog mountains, and especially near the lakes, are covered with black turf and heath, so that we have little or hardly any distinct traces or remains of glaciers, except boulders and the lakes themselves. The river Elwy has its source in the small lake called Llyn Moelfre, also on the same mountains and parish of Gwytherin.

Upon bleak and moory mountains, about two miles south of Afon Machno, is Llyn Conwy, about twenty acres in extent, and the source of the famous river of that name. The surroundings are by no means attractive, standing as it does at a high elevation amidst rugged rocks and bog. Pennant says that there were three islands in it, one of which was the haunt of the black-backed gulls during the breeding season. "They are so exceedingly fierce in defence of their young," he says, "that I knew of a man who was nearly drowned in an attempt to swim to their nests, being

so violently beaten by the old birds that he thought he escaped well with the dreadful bruises he received on all the upper parts of his body." Although the overflow of the stream at the lake is small, it soon gathers strength on its way to Betws y Coed and Llanrwst, where it becomes an important river.

Llyn y Morwynion is situated about one and a half miles east of Ffestiniog, near the road that leads from the latter place to Yspyty Ifan. And a mile northwards and the same distance eastwards of the Roman Road, or Sarn Helen, are Llyniau Gamallt, and between Manod Mawr, 2171 feet high, and Manod Bach mountains is Llyn Manod. All these lakes are at a high elevation, and afford unmistakable signs of their former glacial origin. They all drain into the lovely vale of Ffestiniog and Traeth Bach.

In connection with Llyn y Morwynion, —"The Maidens' Lake,"—there is a very interesting legend. The tradition relating to the monuments or Beddau Gwyr Ardudwy is classical, says Pennant, "nearly parallel with the rape of the Sabines." The men of Ardudwy, to populate their country, made an inroad into the Vale of Clwyd and laid violent hands on the fair ladies of the land. They carried them in safety to this place, where they were overtaken by the warriors of the vale. A fierce battle ensued and the men of Ardudwy were all slain; but the ravishers had somehow or other gained the hearts of their fair prey, so that on their defeat the maidens, rather than return home, rushed into an adjoining water called from the event Llyn y Morwynion, and there perished. That this spot has been the scene of a bloody conflict, Pennant thinks, admits of no doubt, the graves and *carneddau* prove it; and the circles evince that it was in the time when the ceremonies of druidism existed. The "Graves of the men of Ardudwy" are about a mile down the stream from the lake; but there are not any upright stones here now, as in the time that Pennant wrote..

Proceeding southwards, all that beautiful and interesting country lying between the Snowdon group of mountains on the one hand, and the Arenigs, the Manods, the Moelwyns, the Arans, and Cader Idris, and the sea coast, has been wholly occupied by immense glaciers; and within this area we find a large number of lakes, generally at the head of the several valleys that drain this wild and romantic region. "The western valleys," says Ramsay, "of the Cambrian mountains of Merionethshire, such as those of Afon Artro, Ardudwy, and Afon Ysgethin, are marked by deep grooves and striations pointing more or less westwards according to the trend of the valleys," this being the direction in which the glaciers moved to join the main glacier that then occupied Cardigan Bay.

One of the most interesting valleys in Merionethshire is that joining the coast near Llanbedr. Afon Artro drains the Graig Ddrwg mountains, having on its flanks the lakes of Llyn Eiddw Mawr, about twenty acres in extent; and Llyn Cwm Bychan, about the same extent; and Nantcol, leading to the Rhinogs and the noted pass of Bwlch Drws Ardudwy. Between the last named place and Cors y Gedol are two lakes celebrated for their fish. Llyn Bodlyn lies beneath an abrupt precipice at the head of Afon Ysgethin,—"backed by a splendid amphitheatre of hills, where the sensation of solitude can be enjoyed to perfection, for no human habitation is in view." It abounds with char-fish, affording in the season great diversion for the lovers of the art. Llyn Hywel, at the top of Nantcol, on the northern slopes of Llethr, is noted for a species of trout, mentioned by Giraldus Cambrensis as a most monstrous kind found in some of the Cambriam lakes. They certainly differ, says Pennant, from all other of the genus, having thick flatted and toad-shaped heads, with several other marks of deformity. On the plain containing these and another small lake called Llyn Irddyn,—a mile south-west from Llyn Bodlyn,—are numerous druidical remains, forming a very rare group of this class of antiquities. First appear two circles of loose stones, one about fifty six feet in diameter, and the other of smaller dimensions. Both have large upright stones placed at intervals among the lesser ones.

Bwlch Drws Ardudwy is situated be-

tween the mountains Rhinog Fawr and Rhinog Fach, and is famous amongst other things for its enormous accumulations of boulders, more so it is said than all the other passes in Wales put together. Pennant visited this spot and "found the horror of it far exceeding the most gloomy ideas that could be conceived of it. The sides," he says, "seem to have been rent by some mighty convulsion into a thousand precipices, forming at their top rows of shelves, which the peasants, comparing to the ranges of a dovecot, styled Cerrig Colomenod or 'The Rocks of the Pigeons.'"

During the glacial period the Mawddach valley and estuary was filled to a great depth with a huge glacier. Radiating currents came down from the tributary valleys and country of Gors Goch, Afon Eden, fed by the glaciers from Diphwys, Graig Ddrwg, Rhinog Fawr, and Cefn Cam, which were "filled to the brim with deep accumulations of snow and ice. One pressed southward to swell the estuary," "and another through the pass of Afon Treweryn between Arenig Fawr and Arenig Bach eastwards towards Bala and the valley of the Dee, there to be aided in the work of erosion by the glaciers that descended from either flank of Aran Fowddwy."*

It is evident to any student of physical science, if he carefully surveys the estuary of the Mawddach when the tide is full in, how natural it appears as an inland lake, and it is a fact that at the mouth of the estuary there are to be seen at low water "islet-like heathy bosses of rock, that stand out amid the marshy moss opposite Barmouth, which are merely *roches montonnées*,† once buried deep beneath the glacier that pressed forward to join the great northern glacier that then filled Cardigan Bay."

Bala Lake, or Llyn Tegid, is the largest natural lake in Wales, being over four miles in length and one mile across, and in area 1084 acres,‡ and to make its circuit by road is about eleven miles, a great treat to those who love beautiful scenery.

The name Tegid is said to be from Tegid Voel or Bald-headed Tegid, a chieftain who lived on its banks in the fifth century, more probably an old god.

Its origin is attributed to glacial action. "The greater part of the Silurian region on either side of Bala Lake," says Ramsay, "and of the Dee stood high above the level of the sea, from remote geological times, and formed a wide tableland, extending far to the south, and also to the east and north-east, and on its edges rose the more mountainous land, formed by the lower Silurian volcanic rocks, splendid relics of which still remain in the peaks of Cader Idris, the Arans, and the Arenigs. When, by the drainage of this old land, the Dee, induced by minor undulations of the ground, began to flow in its earliest channel, it is clear that its present source, Bala lake, had no existence; for whereas the river at that time must have flowed on a surface of land not less high than that on either side of the present valley near Corwen and Llangollen,—now, in places, from 1600 to 1800 feet high,—the surface of Bala lake is only 690 feet above the level of the sea, while the neighbouring watershed between the lake and Dolgellau is only 200 feet higher. As the river could not flow uphill, it is clear that in that early stage of its history the valley of the Dee about Bala must have been at least 1300 to 1400 feet higher than it is now, and consist of a mass of Silurian rocks a great part of which has since been removed by denudation."*

It is well-known that the largest fault in the British Isles runs through the middle of Bala Lake from the south-west to north-east; and it is reasonable to suppose that this fault, although occurring far back in the darkness of geological time, disturbed the rocks along its route, and so facilitating or predisposing the beds of matter to give way to the various denuding agents that operated through the ages. The formation of the lake, as we know it, must have occurred in comparatively recent times, and solely by the action of glaciers. The mouth or lower end of the lake is evidently dammed up by deposits of glacial remains, whilst the

* Ramsay.
† See last chapter for meaning.
‡ The Fyrnwy reservoir is 1121 acres.

* Physical Geology and Geography of Great Britain, Ramsay, p. 525.

bed of the lake, varying in depth up to 50 feet, must have been ground out by the continued erosion of the glacier.

Historical and other associations of Bala district are amongst the most interesting in Wales. Tomen y Bala is a large mound near the railway station. Some say that it is of Roman origin, and that it had a small fortress on its summit to secure the pass towards the sea, and to keep the mountaineers in subjection. "In future periods the Welsh took advantage of this and similar strongholds, to defend their country against their English invaders, making it one of their chain of fortified posts, which extended through the country to the coast on the confines of Flintshire."* From the summit a fine view is obtained of the surrounding scenery. On the right appears the two Arenigs, beyond them soar the lofty Arans with their two heads, Aran Mowddwy and Benllyn, and in the far distance rises Cader Idris.

The town and immediate neighbourhood of Bala have suffered a good deal from floods from time to time, arising from several causes combined. It was a saying with the old people,—

> "Bala aeth a Bala aiff,†
> A Llanfor fydd yn Llyn,"—

referring no doubt to the disastrous effects of the floods. Should there happen to be a heavy and continued downfall of rain, with a south-west gale, the lake has been known to rise many feet above its ordinary level. At the same time the confluence of the rivers, Dee and Treweryn, about a mile below the town becomes over charged with these floods, which cannot possibly get away as fast as it comes pouring from the mountains, the result being a backwater covering the whole of the district up to and including the town. Let us hope, however, that the day is far distant when such a catastrophe will happen as foreshadowed by our ancestors.

Near the north-western end of the lake is Caer Gai, an ancient stronghold traditionally associated with Cai Hir ap Cynyr, Spenser's Timon, the foster father of king Arthur, who was educated here according to tradition,—

> "His dwelling is low, in a valley greene,
> Under the foot of Rawran* mossy hore,
> From whence the river Dee, as silver cleene,
> His tombling billowes rolls with gentle rore;
> There all my daies he trained me up in virtuous love."

Caer Gai was also a Roman station from which several roads diverged. There are traces of ancient outworks still to be observed; and in 1885 "the ploughman of the farm came across a stone enclosed by trenches which, as the inscription showed, was a relic of the Roman occupation, and probably dated from about the year 105. With it were discovered fragments of pottery."† Here resided that eminent writer Mr. Rowland Vaughan, whose translation of Bishop Bayley's "Practice of Piety" and other works into Welsh con-

* Topo. and His. Des. of North Wales by Evans, p. 985.
† Bala has gone and will go again, and Llanfor will be a lake.

* Aran.
† "Gossiping Guide," p. 137.

LLYN TEGID AND THE TWO ARANS.

tributed greatly to improve the morals of the people.*

About a milè above Bala, on the same side of the lake, is Llanecil church. It is the parish church of Bala, and the churchyard contains the mortal remains of many a Welsh worthy. The Rev. Thomas Charles is there,—"Charles y Bala," as he is popularly known. Another celebrity lies in this churchyard,—the Rev. Evan Lloyd of Vron, a once popular poet, and a friend of Garrick and Jack Wilkes, "the latter of whom made his acquaintance in the King's Bench prison, and wrote his epitaph."

Tradition says that "once upon a time a foul murder was committed in Llanecil church, the person murdered having vainly sought protection at the altar. It is also related that in the beginning of the eighteenth century the rector wished to remove the rushes on which the people kneeled, but the congregation objected. He persisted, however, in clearing the church, and underneath the rushes discovered a large number of snakes, which had taken refuge from the inclemency of the weather. No further argument was needed to overcome the opposition of the congregation."†

At the head of the lake is the ancient village of Llanuwchllyn, and in the church here can be seen a well-preserved figure of a knight in armour.

Referring to the violent storms that have visited the district, the following account of one that occurred on the 20th June, 1781, when the whole district was inundated, is interesting as given by a provincial newspaper of those days.

"Last Wednesday a prodigious quantity of rain fell in the parish of Llanuwchllyn, near Bala, accompanied by lightning, which caused the river Twrch,—whose source is in the noted hill Bwlch y Groes, and falls into Llyn Tegid,—to overflow its banks in such a dreadful torrent as to sweep away every impediment; the melancholy marks of its destruction may be traced from Bwlch y Groes to the lake. Seventeen houses with the furniture, ten cows, and a vast number of sheep were carried away. Many fine meadows and cornfields were covered with gravel and slime so as to render the crops for this season of no value; one meadow in particular was heaped with huge stones, so as to render it not worthy to be cleared for cultivation. These stones were tumbled by the rapidity of the current several hundred yards, and are of the following prodigious dimensions, namely, one nineteen feet long, nine broad, and six deep; another, nineteen and a half feet by seven and a half, and six deep, which was split by the impetuosity of its motion, in striking upon another. Eight other stones, half the above size, were carried half a mile, and five bridges swept away in that parish. In one of the houses a poor woman, sick in bed, was drowned, the only person missing here; providentially the inhabitants of Pandy were timely alarmed, the consequence of a few minutes' delay would have proved fatal to the whole village, the houses and fine bridge at that place being erased, and no remains left. Two young women laying together in bed, one of them was killed by lightning, but the cap of the other only a little scorched."

Going down the south-eastern side of the lake, we come to the ancient church of Llangower, and near the end of the lake, where the river over-flows from it, is Castell Gronw, said to have been fortified in the time of Maelgwn Gwynedd. The bridge over the Dee here is called "Mwnwgl y Llyn" bridge, where Tennyson conned his illustration of the manner in which the tender love and care of Enid to the prince,—

> "Fill'd all the genial courses of his blood
> With deeper and with ever deeper love,
> As the south-west wind that blowing Bala lake
> Fills all the sacred Dee."

There is abundance of fish in the lake, although pike predominate. The gwyniad, found nowhere else in Wales, they say, is so called from the extreme whiteness of its scales. Lord Lyttleton liked the gwyniad so much that he "assures his friends it is so exquisitely delicate as to more than rival in flavour the lips of the fair maids of Bala."

The tradition in the neighbourhood is that the Dee passes through the lake with-

* Cambria Depicta.
† "Gossiping Guide," p. 136.

CADER IDRIS.

out mixing its waters, as the Rhone is fabled to serve the lake of Geneva. "The proof adduced is that salmon found in the river are never found in the lakes, nor the gwyniad except rarely in the river. But this is no conclusive argument, because fish as well as birds by instinct seek out and frequent these places most agreeable to them as haunts, and most convenient for their feeding and shelter."* The gwyniad is a gregarious fish, the *Salmo lavaretus* of Linnæus, and found in most Alpine lakes, and their greatest weight seldom exceeds three to four pounds. The fishery in former times had constituted part of the possessions belonging to Basingwerk Abbey; having been bestowed by Owen Brogyntyn on God and St. Mary through the medium of monks belonging to that house. It is now, of course, the sole property of Sir Watkin Williams Wynn.

* Top and His. Des. of North Wales by Rev. W. Evans, p. 936.

The following lines are from Churchyard's Worthies of Wales,—

"A poole there is thro' which the Dee doth passe,
Where is a fish that some a whiting call;
Where ne'er yet no salmon taken was,
Yet hath good store of other fishes all.
Above that poole, and so beneath that flood
Are salmon caught, and many a fish full good,
But in the same there will no salmon bee,
And near that poole you shall no whiting see."

Cader Idris and its surroundings present us with several lakes interesting in many ways, and bearing unmistakable traces of glacier phenomena. About a mile south-east of Arthog are Llyniau Creigeneu, near this place is Llys Bradwen, an ancient palace, "supposed to be that of Ednowain, who lived about the seventh century." This lake is a fine sheet of water, picturesquely situated under the curiously shaped hill Pared y Cefn Hir. There are two lakes near the summit, on the northern side,—Llyn y Gader and

Llyn Gafr, the former is an exceedingly fine sheet of water lying under the precipices of Cader. Crossing the summit, to the south side of the range is Llyn y Cae, situated undoubtedly in the site of an old crater, the surrounding igneous rocks being a sufficient proof of this. A most accurate representation of this lake and its surroundings is to be seen in Wilson's view of Cader Idris. A clear, loud, and distant echo repeats every shout that is made near the lake. About a mile and a half south from Llyn Cae is Tal y Llyn lake, about a mile in length and a quarter of a mile wide. It completely fills up the narrow valley into which the greatest part of the drainage of this side of Cader finds its way. This lake is the constant resort of fishermen, for it abounds with trout and other fish. A tourist, a few years ago, remarked that inside the comfortable inn, named the Ty'n y Cornel Royal Hotel, Piscator and Viator might do worse than sit down together with a dish of trout between them, which, if not cooked as luxuriously as at Bignon's or Durraud's, would be sure to gratify by its freshness, if eaten with that excellent sauce hunger. One of the quaintest and cosiest kitchens in North Wales, furnished unaffectedly in the old fashion, should be visited. Rooms like this, which serve the artistic traveller "for parlour and kitchen and all" are fast dying out.*

Over the church door, which is situated near the bottom of the lake, is the following curious Welsh inscription,—

"Anneddfawr sanctaidd noddfa—cor breiniol
Gerbron Duw, a'r dyrfa;
Er dim na thyred yma,
Y dyn, ond a meddwl da."

The following translation has been given,—

"A great and holy house of refuge—a royal quire
In the face of God, and the congregation;
Except with pure thoughts,
Man, come not hither."

About half a mile north of the lake, at a place called Llwyn Dôl Ithel, in the year 1684 was found, in digging turf about three yards deep, a coffin made of deal, about seven feet long, carved and gilt at both ends. Two skeletons, supposed to be of different sexes, were deposited in it, placed with the head of the one parallel to the feet of the other,—the bones were moist and tough and of unusual size, the thigh bones being 27 inches long.

Proceeding southwards we do not find in this direction any lakes of importance until we come to Llyn Llygad y Rheidol, on the northern side of Plynlimon. It is nearly surrounded by steep rocks, rising to a height of about 700 feet. It is about fifteen acres in extent, and of immense depth. Apparently the water looks as black as ink from the reflection of the rocky cliffs around, but in reality it is beautifully clear and of excellent quality. The good folk of Aberystwyth decided in 1880 to tap it for their water supply, a most wise step, and at a moderate cost. The quality was pronounced by Dr. Franklin to be almost equal to that of distilled water.

There are a few small lakes in the watershed of the Ystwyth,—Llyn Rhyddnant at Blaen Diluw, Llyn Gwngi, and Llyn Fyrddon Fawr. Some miles further south we come to the Teifi pools, five lakes in a group, but at different levels. They are famous for their silvery trout. These lakes drain into the Teifi valley. In the same district is Llyn Cynon, the head of the Claerwen river in the watershed of the Birmingham great water supply.

The most important lake in South Wales is that of Llangorse,—Llyn Safaddan,—near Brecon, the source of the river Llyfni that runs through Talgarth to joing the Wye near Glasbury. It is 350 acres in extent, it varies from 35 to 45 feet deep, and it lies at an altitude of 500 feet above the sea. There is good fishing here, especially pike, perch, and eels. Pike have been caught from thirty to forty pounds' weight. All persons having land on the shores of the lake have a right to keep a boat on it. Some few years ago this lake was fixed upon by the engineers concerned in the water supply of London from Wales, as the point from which the service conduits would run. It was proposed to make a large dam on the Llyfni, one and a half miles below the lake, 1800 feet long and 125 feet high, and thus raise the level of the existing lake 80 feet, and increase its area from 350

* Picturesque Wales, p. 52.

acres to 2250 acres, being more than double the area of either Bala or Lake Fyrnwy. There would be 46 feet in depth of storage, equal to four thousand six hundred million cubic feet, or twenty eight thousand seven hundred and fifty millions of gallons. The scheme is still before the London County Council.

LLYN SAFADDAN, BRECONSHIRE.

ISLWYN'S ENGLISH POEMS.*

I.—DE PROFUNDIS (Psalm cxxx.)

OUT of the depths have I cried unto thee,
Lord, hear my voice! Oh! be gracious to me!
If thou shouldest full reparation demand
For all our iniquities, Lord! who shall stand?
But there is forgiveness with thee, that thy word
May always be feared, by gratitude stirred.
I wait for the Lord, in his word do I hope, [grope,
My soul for his light through all darkness doth
My soul ever mourneth my Saviour's delay, [day.
And waits for the Lord, more than watch for the
Let Israel have hope in the Lord evermore,
For with him there's plenteous redemption in store.
And he shall perform what his grace doth begin,
Redeem us for ever from sorrow and sin.

II.—THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD (Psalm xxiii.)

THE Lord is my shepherd, the Lord is my guide,
I never shall want while he stands at my side;
With blissful composure he bids me lie down
In verdant green pastures prepared for his own;
He leads me beside the still waters of love
That flow from the throne of his glory above;
My soul he restoreth whenever I stray,
Repenting, I always regain the right way.
Though I walk through the valley of death far away,
I'll fear no evil, for thou art my stay;
Thy rod and thy staff shall for aye comfort me,
No harm can befall me while following thee;
In the face of mine enemies thou dost prepare
A table before me of heavenly fare;
With rich oil of gladness annointest my head
While my cup of salvation and joy runneth o'er,
By goodness and mercy my soul shall be led,
I'll dwell in the house of the Lord evermore.

III.—BY THE RIVERS OF BABYLON (Psalm cxxxvii.)

BY the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down,
And wept for fair Zion in ruin o'erthrown.
We hanged our harps on the willows beside [tide
These strange unknown waters, and thought of the
Of Jordan, and wept as we saw them re-hung
In the mirroring waters, all doubly unstrung.
For there they that carried us captive away
To cruel oppression a jest and a prey,
Required of us all, defiant and bold,—
"Sing us one of the sweet songs of Zion of old."
But how shall we sing 'neath oppression's deep brand,
How sing the Lord's song in a strange hostile land!
If I forget thee, O Salem, my home,
Or not thee remember wherever I roam,
May my right hand forget all her cunning and skill,
At the roof of my mouth may my dumb tongue stand still!
Remember, O Lord, those who did us betray,
Avenge Edom's crime in Jerusalem's day.
Oh daughter of Babylon, blest shall he be,
Who, as thou hast served us, yet shall serve thee.

* It is not intended to publish Islwyn's English poems in the volume now in the press. They are inserted here, mostly for the benefit of the student of literature.

IV.—THE SAVIOUR'S INVITATION.

I COME to thee, thou callest me,
Nor is my soul appalled
At deep election's mystery,
Enough that I am called.

The secret things belong to thee,
To thee I leave them all,
'Tis thine to know thine own decree,
Mine to obey thy call.

I come to thee, thou callest me,
Saviour! thou knowest all,
I only know that I should go
Wherever thou dost call.

The Book of Life, though sealed to me,
My soul has not appalled,
For in thine own true light I see
My name among the called.

My name among the called I read,
And, reading, I obey;
Oh! why should one so pressed with need
Another hour delay?

Why rack my soul with questions vain
Of things beyond my sphere,
When duty's path is straight and plain
Like morning bright and clear.

I come like Samuel of old,
And if thou chide at all,
I'll answer in the prophet's words
"I came, for thou didst call."

Thou wilt not turn me from thy door,
Though chief of sinners all,
Thy open hand with boundless store
Shall ever seal thy call.

I will not say within my heart
"Who shall to heaven ascend?"
Strengthened by grace, I'll do my part,—
With faith confession blend.

I'll ask no more, "Who shall descend
Down to the deep of death?"
It is enough if I but blend
Confession with true faith.

Though some of distant rivers dream
All virtuous to restore,
I'll wash me in the nearer stream
That passes by my door.

The word is nigh, Christ's blood divine
Flows by me night and day,
Why should I for vain cures repine,
Vain remedies far away?

V.—THE ETERNAL SPIRIT.

ETERNAL Spirit! oh descend,
And dwell within my heart!
O'er every thought thy rule extend,
And make each foe depart.

Thine interceding voice below,
With Jesus' voice above,
Shall raise my soul from depths of woe
To heights of endless love.

The Saviour's gone; Oh fill his place
Within my wailing heart,
Till I shall see him face to face,
No more to wail or part.

The tide of passion swelling high
Thy power can well control,
Thou canst the waves of hell defy
When bursting o'er my soul!

The guilt of sin has passed away,
But sin doth still remain,
Armed with thy strength I shall at length
Appear without a stain.

Eternal Spirit! I resign
To thee, will, heart, and mind,
Oh wash me in the blood divine,
Nor leave a stain behind.

The countless hosts whom thou hast led
To yon celestial shore,
Were once like me, with guilt o'erspread,
With sin's marks covered o'er.

But they were washed, were sanctified,
By Jesus' blood and name;
I live beside the same deep tide,
Oh wash my soul the same!

The robes of that celestial band
Were once all black as night,
They wore them through the pilgrim land,
'Twas thou didst wash them white.

Eternal Spirit! wash mine, too,
For every step I give
Through Baca's vale of tears, may I
Some stain behind me leave

Until, emerging from the flood
Of Jordan's foaming tide,
I stand a spotless child of God
Upon the other side.

VI.—CHRIST'S REIGN.

HE wore a crown of thorns one eve
When suffering for his own,
And for reward he did receive
His father David's throne.

The hand that held the mocking reed,
Holds in eternal sway
The sceptre of his Father God
High in eternal day.

And he shall reign for evermore,
And Jacob's house be blest
Beneath the shadow of his power,
With everlasting rest.

E'er widening with eternity
His kingdom shall extend,
Nor shall eternal ages see
Of his great reign an end.

All earthly thrones shall melt away,
All earth's dominions fall,
But he shall hold eternal sway
When they have vanished all.

Why should my soul fear any foe
  Within his vast domain?
Why fear death's deep sepulchral vale
  Now 'neath his nightly reign?

The hill of death is steep and high,
  But from the summit clear
The banners of his empire fly,
  And heaven itself is near.

I'll lay me down upon the sod,
  The grave shall nurse me well,
For thou dost hold, my Saviour-God,
  The keys of death and hell.

Upon the universal throne,
  Though robed in power divine,
Thou reignest only for thine own,
  Thou hast a heart like mine.

I come with boldness unto thee,
  For thou art all my own,
The soul of human sympathy
  On the Almighty's throne!

I come with boldness never known
  To Gabriel's holy mind,
For heart of man, and arm of God,
  In thee are both combined.

VII.—WORKING WHILE IT IS DAY.

LORD! let me do thy holy will,
  Assisted by thy grace,
The sun is low behind the hill,
  The night comes on apace.

Whate'er thou hast for me to do,
  Teach me to do it right,
Keep me to duty ever true,
  Working with all my might.

An erring step can never be
  Retraced,—'tis once for all,—
Then let us watch, all warily,
  Our footsteps as they fall.

He that observes the changing wind
  Shall never sow his seed,
He leaves his work undone behind,
  And lives in vain indeed.

At early morning sow thy seed,
  Nor hold thy hand at eve,
For one may prosper,—both, indeed,
  May richest harvests give.

Do thou the sowing with a heart
  Regardless of success,
Thy God will surely do his part,
  'Tis his alone to bless.

The rain is his, the sunshine, too,
  The dews of morn and eve,
Do thou thy best, and all the rest
  To his great providence leave.

VIII.—DOXOLOGY.

COME, let us raise the voice of praise,
  With heaven's adoring host,
To God the Father, God the Son,
  And God the Holy Ghost.

Let mortals raise the song of praise
  By heavenly choirs begun,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
  "Eternal Three in One!"

Let every one beneath the sun,
  With voice of endless praise,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
  Eternal anthems raise!

IX.—"HE SHALL BE SATISFIED."

HIS soul shall of her travail see
Of all the throes of Calvary;
This was the joy for which he died,
To be, as Saviour, satisfied.

Unnumbered hosts redeemed above,
Shall well reward his dying love;
And God shall swell salvation's tide,
Till Jesus' soul be satisfied.

More countless shall their numbers be
Than all the sands washed by the sea,
When love so deep, when love so wide
Shall be for ever satisfied.

Lord! will thy soul be satisfied,
If *mine* salvation be denied?
Shall Joseph's cup with joy run o'er,
Benjamin's empty evermore!

Saviour! around thy cross divine
My soul shall every hope entwine;
Can sinners die who cling to thee,
Or sink to hell from Calvary?

'Tis not thy Father's will that I,
Least of thy little ones, should die;
Nor shall salvation's work be done
Unmindful of thy little one.

When the archangel calleth loud
Thy saved ones' names from the last cloud,
May I among the host appear,
Softly respond, "Lord! I am here!"

X.—THE UNIVERSAL FOUNDATION (Eph. ii. 20).

THOUGH covered o'er with guilt,
  I lay with steady hand
My hope of life where prophets built,
  Where holy apostles stand.

Foundation deep and wide!
  Thou hast withstood the shock
Of all the ages' roaring tide,
  An everlasting rock!

And still thou dost remain,
  And still thou dost endure
High o'er destruction's foaming main,
  A shelter ever sure.

The ground has been well proved,
  For myriads here have built,
Nor have their souls been ever moved
  By roaring storms of guilt.

Where holy men of yore
  Eternal safety found,
I build where myriads built before
  The ages all around.

Though all unknown to fame,
I feel as safe as Paul,
My great foundation is the same,
There is but one for all.

Though I may never win
A martyr's shining crown,
I'll rest the same retreat within,
For Jesus is my own.

The humble cot's as safe
As palace on the rock,
And though surrounding tempests chafe,
Both shall withstand the shock.

When death's cold rains descend,
And winds of judgment blow,
My humble house shall never bend,
Though lowliest of the low.

Each stone in Zion's wall
Rests for eternity,
The same foundation gives to all
The same security.

XI.—THE MEDIATOR.

How should a sinner, all alone,
Appear at God's eternal throne!
How dwell with the devouring fire,
With everlasting burnings dire!

Oh shield me, Saviour! stand between
With thy mediation's holy screen!
Almighty Daysman! lay thine hand
Upon us both, and I shall stand!

For thou canst reach the throne divine,
And thou canst touch this heart of mine;
Thou art a perfect great High-Priest,
High as the highest, low as the least.

My soul can give her care to thee,
Thou knowest mine infirmity;
And God in thee is satisfied,
For thou his law hast magnified.

"Let Moses speak," so Israel cried,
"Another word and we had died!"
So prays my soul in agony,—
Dread Lord! let Jesus speak for me!

A word from him, and I am free,—
Time, death, and all eternity
Open their gates,—a royal road
Leads homewards to a Father,—God!

If Jesus take my guilty case,
I'll yet behold thee face to face!
I'll yet appear at thy dread throne
A ransomed sinner, all alone!

XII.—"MY FATHER AND YOUR FATHER."

TRIUMPHANT over death,
He still remaineth true
To all his followers, and saith
"All mine is yours too!"

He now ascends above
The realms of death and woe,
But takes with him the cords of love
Around us twined below.

The everlasting door
The Bridegroom opens wide,
And leaves it open evermore
For his ascending bride.

The King of Glory waits
His bride divinely fair,
Nor shall he close th' eternal gates
Until his church be there.

His Father is our own,
His God is our God still,
We all shall yet surround his throne,
And heaven with anthems fill.

The Father of our Lord
Shall bring us safely home,
Bound in one universal cord,
However far we roam.

If he is gone before,
'Tis only to prepare
Unfading mansions evermore
For all his brethren there.

XIII.—RISEN WITH CHRIST.

CALLED from the grave of guilt and sin,
To loftier spheres we soar;
God's spirit dwells our souls within,
God's image to restore.

Raised up with Christ, we ever seek
Those things which are above,
The things of earth we now forsake
And Christ hath all our love.

Raised up with Christ, by Christ made whole,
His image formed within,
The life of every risen soul
Is death to every sin.

Raised up with Christ, shall we retrace
The paths of sin again,
Forsake the heights of love and grace
For deeps of endless pain?

Raised up with Christ, we'll upward wend
Our lofty heavenward way,
Until the night of time shall end
In God's eternal day!

For we are dead, our life is hid
With Christ in God above,
And soon of all corruption rid,
We'll sing his endless love.

When Christ in glory shall appear
Upon his awful throne,
He'll call us from our graves to wear
Crowns glorious as his own.

Hail, morning of the ransomed bride,
Of consummated grace,
When we shall lay the glass aside,
And see him face to face.

XIV.—CHRIST MADE FOR US (1 Cor. i. 30, 31).

WHY should a guilty soul delay,
Saviour, to come to thee?
Why should I falter on the way
When thou wert made for me?

God made thee wisdom unto me,
My true unerring guide,
I am for ever just through thee,
Redeemed and sanctified.

Why for a moment hesitate
To seek thy grace so free,
When in thy mediatorial state
God made thee all for me.

For thirsty lips he made the spring
For ever full and free,
E'en so dost thou salvation bring,
So wert thou made for me.

E'en as he made his sun for all,
His grace is full and free,
For thou dost not the righteous call,
But sinners unto thee.

Why should a sinking man delay
To grasp th' extended rope,
Oh! why should I another day
Refuse my only hope!

Thus made for me, I come to thee,
And worship at thy feet,
For thou canst read my every need,
I am in thee complete.

XV.—ALL THINGS FOR GOOD (Rom. viii. 28).

ALL things together work for good
To those who love our God,
Who never have his will withstood,
Who bless his chiding rod.

Deep floods of tribulation may
Roll round them day and night,
They shall but cleanse their filth away,
And wash their garments white.

Though mourning take the place of mirth,
For loved ones 'neath the sod,
All shall but quench the love of earth,
And kindle love of God.

These mournful thoughts familiarize
Our souls with th' other shore,
'Tis holding converse with the skies,
Bridging death's river o'er.

They cross the Jordan one by one,
And we, who watch the tide,
Find our sweet associations gone
All to the other side.

Thus easy steps of love are laid
Far down the river, wide,
Oh, there are softer steps of love
Upon the other side.

Death after all is but the call
Of loved ones glorified,
To join them in eternal bliss
Upon the other side.

'Twill be the height of life to die,
Old friendships to restore!
How swiftly shall the winged soul fly
Where love has flown before!

XVI.—SLEEPING IN JESUS.

DEPARTED saints in Jesus sleep,
And round each silent tomb
Their guardian angels ever keep
Their vigils in the gloom.

Their task is done, their labour o'er,
Jesus has closed their eyes,
Their sacred dust is ever watched
By One that never dies.

Sweet ever is the sleep of those
Worn out in Jesus' cause,
Well have they earned their long repose,
Who loved his ways and laws.

The dead in Jesus shall awake
At the archangel's call,
And his almighty power shall break
Their mortal fetters all.

In weakness and dishonour sown,
They shall in glory rise,
And endless power and endless life
Shall waft them to the skies.

XVII.—GLORY TO THE LAMB.

SALVATION to our God! we'll cry
Until our dying hour;
Salvation to the Lamb on high,
Dominion, glory, power!

All glory to our God all wise,
Ascribe for evermore;
And crown the Lamb above the skies
With everlasting power!

Not unto us, almighty Lord,
Not unto us be praise;
We to thy name, with one accord,
Our swelling anthems raise.

Join every nation, every tribe,
Oh swell the anthem's tide!
All glory to the Lamb ascribe,
Who once for sinners died!

And when this mortal life is o'er
Beyond deep Jordan's flood,
We'll praise the Lamb for evermore
He washed us in his blood.

Eternal ages round the throne
Like moments brief shall fly,
While we ascribe to him alone
Eternal praise on high.

We *claim* immortal life above,
Demand eternal years,
If only to requite such love,
Such sufferings, pangs, and tears.

The gratitude due for love like this,
Sufficient proof shall be
Of sinners' claim to endless bliss,
And immortality!

JOSEPH EDWARDS, SCULPTOR.

By WILLIAM DAVIES *(Mynorydd)*.

XV.—BORDERLAND.

BEFORE passing to the final stage of Mr. Edwards' life, it is necessary to refer to that part of it which might be called "Borderland," for there is much mystery surrounding it.

Borderland.

When the Wellington memorial at Manchester was competed for in 1853, several designs were sent in, and the one selected was one that had been sent in by the late Matthew Noble. In a very short time an article appeared in the *Art Journal* complaining of the award. Several points of objection were made in connection with it, but the part that concerns us is the statement that Mr. Noble himself was *not* the artist who designed it; that he had a man in his employ for whom he (Mr. Noble) was only fit to beat up clay. The assistant referred to was our fellow countryman Joseph Edwards!

The objections to the award did not arise from want of artistic merit in the design. It was expected that an action for libel would have followed, but this did not take place. Several months afterwards an article appeared in the *Art Journal*, written by the editor, Mr. S. C. Hall, after a visit to Mr. Noble's studio. In that article some reference was made to the previous statement, which amounted to an apology, so no action for libel took place. Another significant result of this visit was a visit to Mr. Edwards' studio, and after that the proprietor of the *Art Journal* (Mr. Virtue) gave some commissions to Mr. Edwards, which have been referred to in a previous article in this series. I trust the reader has observed that all the important illustrations of his works which have appeared in WALES were from engravings issued in the *Art Journal*. Both the editor and proprietor set a high value on the artistic merits of his works. All this should be gratifying to our fellow countrymen.

Mr. Weekes visits Watkins.

Some years after the above events took place, the late Mr. Weekes, R.A., the sculptor, called at Mr. Watkins' photographic studio in Parliament Street, when Mr. Watkins drew his attention to a couple of bas-reliefs for the Thomas Hood memorial, of which he was secretary and Noble was the sculptor. Mr. Weekes at once said they were not the work of Noble, but of Joseph Edwards. Watkins said,—

"I hear it said that Edwards works at Mr. Noble's studio, but I have called there at all sorts of times, morning, noon, and evening, but I have not seen him there once."

"It is no use telling me," Mr. Weekes answered, "I know Edwards' style too well; I can tell his work, his touch, as certainly as I could one's handwriting."

"Well," said Mr. Watkins, "I can only conclude that Mr. Noble is a great admirer of Edwards' style, and evidently imitates it."

The Belt case.

We all remember the celebrated Belt libel case. I don't know what conclusion the public have come to on its merits. During that trial, the word "Sculptor's Ghost" was introduced, and Mr. Spielmann, in *The Magazine of Art* for May and July, 1894, has two articles entitled "The Artist's Ghost, a study in evolution." He enters into the subject in a scholarly manner, and in the course of his remarks he comes across our subject. He says,—"There is the notorious case of Noble, the great 'ghost' man *par excellence*, to whom we of a later day, it is said, owe the very style and title of 'Sculptor's Ghost.' It is commonly asserted that his assistant, Joseph Edwards, came to him nearly every night for sixteen years or so, arriving in the evening after the other assistants had gone, and leaving in the early hours of the morning, having worked up the busts chiefly from photographs taken by Watkins, with the result that he rarely failed to make an excellent portrait * * * * that Edwards also attended nearly every Sunday for the purpose of overhauling statues and other works in

progress in the general studio and carving shop, and that his assistants always referred to Edwards amongst themselves as 'the ghost.' Such, it is said, is the origin of the term, the precise expression being the invention of Bursill, one of Noble's assistants. And in much the same way Mr. Verheyden himself declared, in the trial of Bell v. Lawes, that he occupied precisely similar relations towards Richard Belt."

Mr. Noble's illness and death.

When Mr. Noble was in his last illness, he sent for Mr. Edwards, and asked him to superintend the completion of his works. This he did, and it involved a vast amount of correspondence, for in addition to finishing the works in hand, it involved the disposing of as many as possible of the original models of previous works, in order to realise as much as possible for the benefit of Mrs. Noble and the two sons. Of course no more commissions came in.

When the works were finished Mr. Edwards found himself, — for reasons which involved no discredit to himself,— in straitened circumstances. Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., got to hear of it, visited him to ascertain the facts, and then he advised Edwards to apply for the Turner bequest, which amounted to £50 per annum.

The following correspondence is the best explanation of the course he adopted, and of its successful result,—

APPLICATION FOR THE TURNER ANNUITY.

I.

40, ROBERT STREET, HAMPSTEAD ROAD,
July 8th, 1881.

DEAR MR. WOOLNER,

Letter to T. Woolner Esq., R.A.

Though having a dread of giving trouble, yet being anxious about the possible chance, perhaps, notwithstanding other applications, of receiving, through your kindness, a Turner annuity to brighten my present gloom, I venture most respectfully to send you a word in this way, rather than take the liberty of calling again so soon, and possibly at a very inconvenient moment to yourself,—about the most kindly promised letter from you to accompany my application on Monday next.

Indeed I might not venture to send even this slight intimation, did I not think the subject might most excusably, among the many claims upon your attention, be liable to escape your memory for a time, although I know well the boundlessness of your real desire to do good.

For the very great kindness which you and Mrs. Woolner were pleased to show me,

I remain,

Yours both, ever most gratefully,
JOSEPH EDWARDS.

II.

29, WELBECK STREET, W.
July 9th, 1881.

DEAR EDWARDS,

The enclosed will do, I think. It seemed best to add the name of Watts to *ensure* the weight of his name in your cause. I have known cases of defection at the last moment; I have taken care, therefore, to guard you against this. I hope you will get it; but should you not succeed at first, it can be brought on again the next vacancy, so pray be not dispirited.

Believe me truly yours,
THOMAS WOOLNER.

I had not forgotten, and meant to have written the letter to-morrow; but you were quite right to send me a nudge.

III.

To the President and Council of the Royal Academy.

29, WELBECK STREET, W.
July 9th, 1881.

GENTLEMEN,

I take the liberty of recommending Mr. Joseph Edwards as a candidate for the Turner Annuity. Mr. Edwards has been for, I believe, about fifty years an exhibitor at the Royal Academy. One of the last works he exhibited was a bust of Miss Edith Wynne, which appears to me to be one of the best female busts in English art.

Mr. Edwards is now sixty-eight years of age, and very delicate in health, and I hope may be considered by you eligible for the receipt of assistance from the fund at your disposal.

It is only fair to Mr. Edwards to say that this application was suggested to him

by Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., who, however, thought, as Mr. Edwards was a sculptor, and personally known to me, it would be better I should sign the application.

I am, gentlemen,
Your obedient servant,
THOMAS WOOLNER.

IV.

To the Secretary, Royal Academy of Arts.

40, ROBERT STREET, HAMPSTEAD ROAD,
July 11*th*, 1881.

DEAR SIR,

Herewith I most respectfully beg to enclose the Turner Annuity form of application you kindly sent me. It is filled up truthfully, and, I trust, satisfactorily. It is also signed, as required, by a Royal Academician,—Mr. Woolner,—who has known me well for many years, and who has most readily and kindly favoured me, as required, with the enclosed letter on the subject. His signature is accompanied by that of another sculptor, —Mr. Nelson,—who is greatly respected for his strict uprightness, as well as for his acknowledged ability in his department of art. He, too, has known me well for even a greater number of years than Mr. Woolner.

Should the President and Council of the Royal Academy, under my present circumstances, and in fairness to other applicants, be able to grant me the annuity, sought for, I trust, in the right spirit, it will be to me, indeed, a boon for which I shall ever feel deeply grateful.

Believe me, dear sir,
Yours very faithfully,
JOSEPH EDWARDS.

V.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS,
BURLINGTON HOUSE, W.
July 20*th*, 1881.

SIR,

I have the pleasure to inform you that you have been elected by the President and Council a Turner Annuitant.

The annuity is of the value of £50, and is paid quarterly by cheque, which will be forwarded to you by post.

In the event of any change of address, I have to request that you will inform the registrar of the same.

I am, sir,
Your obedient servant,
FRED A. EATON, Secretary.

Mr. J. Edwards.

VI.

40, ROBERT STREET, HAMPSTEAD ROAD.
December 27*th*, 1881.

DEAR SIR,

After a slight delay, through a severe cold, I now take first possible moment to acknowledge with the most heartfelt thanks the safe receipt of the Royal Academy's cheque for £12 10s., being the amount of the Turner annuity I thus receive for the quarter ending on the 24th instant. To attempt, at present, to express my profound sense of this great boon to me would be, indeed, beyond the power of any words of mine to succeed in properly. I therefore venture to leave silence do what words could not.

Believe me, dear sir,
Yours sincerely,
JOSEPH EDWARDS.

H. Eyre, Esq., Registrar.

A timely suggestion.

In the interval, between July and December, he called at Euston Road one day and gave my wife an account of his position. Mrs. Davies asked him if he had not made any provision for his old age? "No," he said, "but I have insured my life for rather a large sum, and the payment of the premium has been a heavy tax," and he declared that it would be beyond his power to do so very soon, and then of course it would lapse. He was a bachelor, so she suggested that in order to avoid such a disaster as the total loss, he should convert the insurance payable at death into a form of annuity, at the terms of the office. He was very grateful for the suggestion, and he acted on it,—but alas! he only received one instalment of that as well as the one from the Turner annuity.

Dr. Isambard Owen had consented to be his executor. He bequeathed all his models, and his books, to the Cymmrodorion Society.

He was taken seriously ill in a day or two after receiving the instalment of the Turner annuity. His two pupils, Winter and Merritt, were with him in his last moments. On Sunday, January 8th, 1882, he sent for Mr. Woolner, who came to him at once. The next morning Mr. Woolner told me of his severe illness, and I went to Robert Street, immediately; but Mr. Edwards had passed away in the early morning! It has been mentioned in the article on "Y Vord Gron" that he caught a chill at Sir Hugh Owen's funeral, and that was the beginning of the end no doubt.

The end.

He was buried at Highgate cemetery, very near his statue of Religion. A committee was formed, and about £70 was collected for a monument. The commission for this was given to his two pupils, Fred. Winter and Walter Merritt, and a simple but effective memorial in marble was erected, and it contains an admirable portrait in high relief of Joseph Edwards, and at the top his exquisite relief with its motto,—"Let love and truth prevail."

It would be difficult to find a more suitable maxim with which to conclude an account of so admirable a character. The pursuit of "Truth" was one that occupied much of his thoughts, and his great anxiety to avoid giving offence arose from his strong desire that "Love" should prevail.

ELLIS OWEN'S LETTERS.

Ellis Owen, Cefn y Meusydd, was at one time the Dr. Johnson of North Wales. He was respected and dreaded as the literary dictator of his day. A small farmer, in well to do circumstances, he could give his whole time to the study of Welsh grammar and antiquities, to the training of young bards, and to the founding of literary societies. The following letters were written by him to Mrs. Roche, of Tregunter, only daughter of W. A. Maddocks, the founder of Tremadog and Porthmadog.

CEFN Y MEUSYDD,
Friday, 5th January, 1855.

DEAR MADAM,

However useful, both as entertainment and curiosity, and however much happiness may be attained by comparing the past with our own times, it is a difficult task to find accuracy in the dark unrecorded times of history; and truth ought to be the principle in all our enquiries. This, I hope, will be a sufficient apology for my not replying sooner to your kind and interesting letter. Now what I shall observe will be only suggestions on your questions, to be authenticated or refuted by abler hands, who have had better opportunities from libraries, and as tourists, than I have had.

The Roman road from Mons Heriri to Segontium, or Tomen y Mur to Carnarvon, is yet an uncertainty; but it appears that the Romans traversed all the county from Tomen y Mur to Carnarvon, to Dolydd Elen, to Conovium or Cae Rhun, through ravines, over mountains, without a regular road, but a part now and then constructed for their purpose. There is a road at Penamnan, Dolyddelen, a Roman mound, and a Gwindy (winehouse) at the extremity of a ravine without any opening over the hill.

There is a tradition that Croesor took its name from Croesawr, cross or unlucky hour, and that there Helen was informed of the death of Constantine.

The difficulty of the Gymwynas,—the Aberglaslyn Pass,—makes it very probable that there was no regular communication. They might have gone by Llyn y Gader to Drws y Coed through the Vale of Nantlle to Carnarvon; but it was not a regular road, or there would be traces of mounds, coins, &c. Longueville Jones, in proof of the line going through Bettws Garmon, says there is a farm called Ystrad, connected, no doubt, with the old Roman road. The Welsh meaning of Ystrad is a flat vale or meadow, by the side of a lake or river, as Ystradlyn, Ystradwy. Cwm Ystrad y Llyn is Cwmstrallyn, near Moel Hedog; it has nothing but the resemblance in sound to make a street of it.

Now I have another line which I shall try to prove to the satisfaction of the best observers; that of, or from Tomen y Mur through Eifionnydd to Carnarvon. It was from Tomen y Mur down to Felenrhyd Farm,—"the yellow ford,"—to Penrhyn-

deudraeth, crossing Penrhyndeudraeth and fording Traeth Mawr at Rhydau Minffordd, a mile or thereabouts to the north of the embankment, going by or through Penmorva, and onward below Llanllyfni to Dinas Dinlle and Llandwrog to Carnarvon.

The proofs are the following,—Opposite Felenrhyd is a ford to cross Traeth Bach; on Penrhyndeudraeth there is a farm Tyddyn Isaf, on which a few years ago, in moving some stones, were found a great number, — about two quarts says my informant, and of which I have three on the table before me now,—of Roman coins of Constantinus, with two warriors on the reverse. The Minfordd fords were considered the best on Traeth Mawr, being harder, more shallow, though broader, and very easily forded by the Romans. There is Llidiart Ysbyty,—Hospital s Gate, — within a few yards to the west of Tremadoc, with its Bryn y Fynwent, or "Churchyard hill," where I have seen some graves opened. Although it belonged to knights of Jerusalem many years after, this proves it to be a route in use, and might be so since the time of the Romans. Three miles further on, at Dolbenmaen, there is a Roman mound. Two miles further there is another on a farm called Gwindy (the winehouse); within half a mile is Llys Din or Llysdinas, where a great many coins were dug, no doubt a Roman burying place.

I shall not mention Graianog, but the route is both natural and easy, much more sheltered than the Conovium line, being more to the south. There is sufficient evidence of its being used and traversed at Llandwrog and Llanwnda,—viz, Dinas Dinlle, Dinas y Prif, Tyddyn Elen, &c., &c. The Romans had their winehouses to keep their wine, and they are known as Gwindy in Dolydd Elen, Gwyndy near Dolbenmaen until to-day. Dear Madam, you will excuse me putting aside the British road, and other parts of your letter, for the present. Am yours most humbly,

ELLIS OWEN.

II.

Friday Night, 5th January, 1855.

DEAR MADAM,

The tide flowed up the Traeth as far as Dinas Ddu, about a quarter of a mile below Aberglaslyn bridge. I could ascertain the time the Beddgelert and Tanybwlch roads were made, but I have no data, not many years ago,—I would say thirty years.

The Eisteddfod of Tremadoc* I recollect, but on some account could not attend, the judge being David Thomas, the celebrated Dafydd Ddu Eryri, who composed an excellent *awdl* on the "Embankment," and rehearsed it there. The principal prize,—a silver cup,—was won by the inimitable Dewi Wyn, on "Amaethyddiaeth" (Agriculture), but he complained bitterly in the stanzas "Pan yro gwpan arian, &c." I believe Twm o'r Nant was not there; he was at Tan'rallt, when the chapel was opened by Mr. Charles of Bala, and composed a long list of englynion on Tremadoc and the vicinity, a copy of which came to my hand, which I sent to the Bangor paper, the *N. W. Gazette*, in which they appeared at the time. He stopped at Tan'rallt for a month, and the portrait at Tu Hwnt i'r Bwlch was then taken. I asked the late Mr. Williams how was it that Dewi Wynn had not the silver cup. He answered,—"I have seen it, but where it went I cannot tell; drops of gall fall from Dewi's fingers ever since when he meets me. He was disappointed three times, and he suffered much on that account, so much, although one of the richest men in Eifionnydd, that he was very miserable, and died a hypochondriac."

The British road takes a western direction from Tanybwlch, Tan ty Carnedd Hywel, Hendre Gwenllian, Park, between Cae Glas and Carth Llwynog, down the Aerddu to Bwlchgwernog, below Dol y Friog, through Nanmor by Bwlch Llechog to Aberglaslyn bridge, then along the Gymwynas to where the Beddgelert Inn is now, from there on the south side of the river Colwyn, below Meillionen, by Tyddyn Hafod Ruffydd, on the south side of Llyn y Gader to Drws y Coed, and from thence to Llanllyfni, through the Vale of Nantlle to Carnarvon. That there was such a road since this part of the Principality was inhabited is certain, to avoid the sands in different times. That it was partly used by the Romans is out of question; and

* The eisteddfod was held on the 17th September, 1811.

also after Wales was subjugated. There is a locality near Drws y Coed which goes by the name of something Marchnad,—perhaps the Market Vale; and very probably it was a place of buying and selling after the defeat of the Welsh by Edward I., who resided some time in the Vale of Nantlle. The Welsh, being timid, would not for some time go to Carnarvon, where so many Saxons were building the castle.

There are many anecdotes told concerning this road. The inhabitants of Merioneth are known to us as *deupen*, or "two-headed," and are considered very cunning. It had its beginning from the following insignificant custom. The Merioneth folks used to go to Carnarvon for corn through Beddgelert, riding one horse and leading another, when they would ask,—"Is here a place for the horses?" "How many?" "Deupen," would be the answer, "deupen" meaning twain, one man always having two horses; then in time the villagers, when they were seen coming, would say, "Here come the *deupens*."

In the time of Cromwell, the Welsh were very loyal, and almost to a man churchmen. One day, when the clergyman of Beddgelert was going from the village towards the bridge, he met a countryman, who took off his hat, and said,—

"Do you intend to go far that way, sir?"

"Only to Nanmor," was the reply.

"It is very dangerous," said he, "the men with the bad faith are coming, and are now about Trawsfynydd."

"Indeed," said he, "what faith is yours?"

"Hanged he who knows, said he, after gazing mutely for some time, pointing towards Nant Colwyn, "I am of the same faith as all the people of that Brook."

I hope much Mrs. Maddocks is getting better, and that the spring will revive her. I composed an englyn on the last day of the year. I cannot translate it well; you will excuse me for putting it here.

Y dydd olaf gaf i gyd—a rifir
Efo dyddiau'r cynfyd,
Mewn hanes ymhen ennyd
Bach, bydd gyda dyddiau'r byd.

With my good wishes for your happiness, and the welfare of the heir of Tre and Port Madoc.

I remain, dear madam,
Your humble servant,
ELLIS OWEN.

P.S.—There was a very interesting meeting at Porthmadoc Christmas Day, a reading meeting; no less than thirty-two little boys and girls read, with many of maturer ages. Small prizes for treatises on "How to amend the state of the labouring classes" were given. Eben Fardd gave the adjudication. They say that there were above eight hundred in the meeting.

III.

CEFN Y MEUSYDD,
Tuesday, March 20th, 1855.

DEAR MADAM,

The poetical works of Dewi Wyn, in a neat volume, with a portrait of the author, was published in 1841 by Parry of Chester, author of the "Cambrian Tourist," price 5s., edited by your humble correspondent. It may be had by all booksellers. As to Twm o'r Nant's, I am told that his whole works came from the Carmarthen press some years ago, and it may be had on application. The englynion composed at Tremadoc were printed in the then *North Wales Gazette*, and I have no doubt I have a copy, but very likely shall never see it. The following are the first, which I recollect,—

Canmoled ar led gwawr lydan—y byd,
Wybodawl ddoeth anian
Gwaith Madog oludog lân,
Ddrych eglur ardderchawglan.

Gwnaeth Dref i'w gartref ar gwr traeth,—a hon
Sy' hynod wasanaeth,
A chyfleusdra mwysdra maeth
I waelion wneyd bywioliaeth.

Y Dref a wnae'n gref rhwng gro—a chreigiau,
Uwch rhwygiad pob taro,
A grymusder brasder bro
Mór a thir i'w merth euro.

And so on to the number of above twenty, I suppose. Those were the most accurate of his compositions; as he was not over careful with his versification.

The letter you enquired in about the Eifionnydd Literary Society I showed to one of the old members, and it had such influence that they met several times on

the subject, and asked me to allow them to come back to Cefn y Meusydd.

The members are very talented. Two young men gained prizes for treatises at the Christmas Portmadoc meeting, two others for treatises and poetical stanzas at Tremadoc lately. They are new members, and Tegidon as well; now we claim some renown. Little did you, madam, think that your sensible observations would have such influence here.

The Eifionnydd Society for the Prosecution of Offenders, established at Tremadoc thirty seven years ago, met this year at Penmorfa, and is very strong, having above one hundred members. There was not at Penmorfa any of those who attended the first meeting except the secretary.

I could not recollect at the moment how they called the place where a market was held, near Drws y Coed, on the British road; but I have since ascertained it was called Cwm Marchnad. It will be lost for ever, very soon; old people who lived at Clogwyn y Gwin opposite, to the north, had the name Cwm Marchnad well known. Edward I. probably held this market with his new subjects, who were timid at first.

Bron Gynan, the inn, was called after Cynan, a descendant of Prince Owen Gwynedd; and there is a Gwely Wyrion Cynan in the township of Pennant, Eifionnydd, which means the "tenements" or "estate of the grandsons of Cynan." It was there that the Society held its annual meeting at Penmorfa, and the place belonged to the Owenses of Clenenney, afterwards of Porkington, now W. Ormsby Gore, Esq., M.P. Now it is better known as Bwlch y Fedwen.

The Emperor Nicholas is no more; what politician can foretell what will become of the war hereafter?

We have had a severe winter now, and farming operations are much retarded; it is milder but very wet to-day.

Great many old people died this winter hereabout, and a severe cold attacked almost every age.

How is Mrs. Maddocks? Does the young gentleman grow? Hoping you and yours are well, I remain, dear madam,

Your humble servant,

ELLIS OWEN.

P.S. — Rev. Daniel Silvan Evans, of Llangian, and the Rev. John Williams, Llan y Mowddwy, intend collecting and publishing the works of the most celebrated Welsh bards, such as Iolo Goch (Edward Lloyd), the Bard of Owen, Glyndyfrdwy; Ieuan Brydydd Hir, &c. But to what use, when they say that the Welsh language has had its day?

IV.

CEFN Y MEUSYDD,
Thursday, November 9th, 1854.

DEAR MADAM,

I am glad to find that you are making the collection, it will be both interesting and valuable; without your doing it, most probably it would soon be with the past. I had a mind to write the history of Tremadoc some years ago, and Mr. Williams encouraged me; but if I recollect well, he said that a Mr. Archer or some other person was writing it in English; and I thought immediately that he would be furnished with documents and dates that I could not easily obtain. I hope you have that MS. from Tu Hwnt i'r Bwlch (if it was made). It would be very precious to posterity, as it becomes more important year after year, when such improvements continually take place both at the Port and Tremadoc. Allow me to suggest how it would be done.

Tremadoc and it founder purchasing the estate, an Act of Parliament, and making a road from Capel Curig to Porthdinlleyn, the first embankment from Ynystywyn to Porth-treuddyn building, Tan'rallt, Morfa Lodge, Tu Hwnt i'r Bwlch, Tremadoc, with its stay-little inn, and Samuel Bartlett; an Act and making that national undertaking, the embankment joining Carnarvon to Merioneth, building the Tremadoc Hall, church, chapel, &c., &c., &c.

Although I recollect all these doings, it seems a century ago, but it cannot be more than fifty seven or fifty eight years. My father was dead before establishing a Bible Society. The Lleyn and Eifionnydd was one at first, and in referring to the books, I find that in the year 1814 the Tremadoc branch was established,—H. Seager Esq., and myself were joint

secretaries. After twenty one years Mr. Seager went to Liverpool, and I was the secretary for twenty six years after myself. Being tired with so much to be done,—being secretary to eight different societies,—I retired from many of the societies. After the demise of Maurice Jones, Esq., the first president, I was chosen his successor at Tremadoc.

I was so much interested in your affairs, that I observed in the papers the fate of little Gwen! and the birth of a son at Tregunter!

I am sorry to find that Mr. Maddocks' health is but indifferent. I thank you much for your kind inquiry after my health, which is, and always has been, very good.

The yield is not so good as was expected after such a bountiful harvest, both oats and barley are light; potatoes are better than in former years.

Our meeting has been given up; last year we had a conversation about renewing it again; the good effect of it will last as long as any of the members survive. There is not one of them without marks of superior knowledge to that of their neighbours.

Talhaiarn was here from the Madoc Eisteddfod; he is a genius, a Welsh and English poet, an excellent orator, and a downright independent man. He is the life of society. Carnhuànawc's *Remains* I have not, nor do I buy any new publications, as I have volumes that I shall never read; nor have I anyone to give my books to. I am almost dead to everything, but I find more health and recreation in following my farming business than in anything else.

VAVASOR POWELL.

I.—Notes by the Rev. R. Jenkin Jones, M.A.

I.—AN ESTIMATE.

"HE was a zealous itinerant preacher and gave great trouble to loyalists and churchmen, was often in bonds and drew his last breath in the Fleet prison.

"He was a person of good natural parts, but a grand schismatic, a busy-body, pragmatical, bold, and an indefatigable enemy to monarchy and episcopacy."—Bliss' Wood's *Athen. Oxon.* III., 915.

II.—INSCRIPTION IN BUNHILL-FIELDS BURYING GROUND.

"On the plank of an altar monument of freestone, at the west, was the following inscription engraven, made by Mr. Ed. Bagshaw, before mentioned, but now, by the injury of the weather, worn out,—

"Vavasor Powell, a successful teacher of the past, a sincere witness of the present, and an useful example of so many, obtained mercy to be faithful, for which being called to several prisons, he was there tried, and would not accept deliverance, expecting a better resurrection. In hope of which he finished this life and testimony together, in the 11th year of his imprisonment, and in the 53rd year of his age, October 27th, An. 1671

"In vain oppressors do themselves perplex
To find out arts how they the Saints may vex;
Death spoils their plots, and sets the oppressed free;
Thus Vavasor obtained true liberty.
Christ him released, and now he's joyned among
The martyred souls with whom he cries, How long!"—Rev. vi. 10.

III.—SOURCES OF INFORMATION.

1. "The life and death of Mr. Vavasor Powell, &c., with eligies and epitaphs by his friends, printed in the year MDCLXXI."

2. "Hanes Bywyd a marwolaeth y Parchedig Mr. Fafasor, &c. Caerfyrddin, J. Ross, MDCCLXXII."

In an appendix there are eight hymns, and among them,—

"Beth sydd imi yn y byd,
Gorthrymderau mawr o hyd, &c,"

in four eight lined stanzas. Because of their being placed in the book, it has been supposed that Vavasor Powell is their author. It should be remembered, however, that there is nothing answering to them in the English edition of 1671. It

is more than probable, though they are a very faithful description of Vavasor Powell's feelings, that their author is Morgan Rhys of Llanfynydd.

3. The article by Principal Gordon of Manchester in the *Dictionary of National Biography* is worthy of notice.

IV.—A HYMN ON THE SABBOTH [SIC.] DAY.

There are hymns by Vavasor Powell in the English biography. The following is on page 95,—

The rest of rests to all is Christ in whom I do rejoice,
His day a Sabboth is to all; 'tis not mine but his choice.
He rose and rested on that day to show his work was done,
His blest example is my rule, his candle is my sun,
This is the queen of days to me; for 'tis my King's birth-day;
He was begotten from the dead that I might live for aye;
Not live in lust to do my will, but live to please my Lord,
To preach his word, and sit at board 'mong saints of one accord,
To pray and preach, to sing and praise, to meditate and talk
From day dawning unto dark night, should be our work and walk.

VAVASOR POWELL.

II.

By REV. E. J. NEWELL, M.A., The College, Porthcawl.

Author of *The History of the Welsh Church.*

VAVASOR POWELL was born at Knucklas in Radnorshire. That he knew Welsh is proved by the certificate, dated September 11th, 1646, given him by the committee of ministers, which states that he was commissioned "to exercise his gifts in his own countrey of Wales, he also having the language thereof." As the editor has already mentioned, there is a cheap and interesting life of Vavasor Powell by the Rev. David Davies. Its price in paper covers is 1s. 4d., and it is published by Alexander and Shepheard, London. It is well written and contains the results of considerable research. Of course it is highly eulogistic, and some of its remarks ought perhaps to be taken with some grains of salt, the number of which may vary according to the taste and fancy of the reader. An account of Vavasor Powell is also contained in Dr. Rees' *History of Protestant Nonconformity in Wales*, pp. 100-107, and another in Williams' *Eminent Welshmen*. A very different account from that of the Rev. David Davies is given by Dr. Walker in his *Sufferings of the Clergy*, pp. 147-149, which is borrowed from *Strena Vavasoriensis*, published in 1654, and written by the Rev. Alexander Griffiths. I think also that there is a life of Vavasor Powell in the *Montgomeryshire Worthies* of Mr. Richard Williams, but I have not the book with me, and I have mislaid my notes of it. Some time ago I saw an advertisement of an early life, entitled *The Life and Death of Vavasor Powell*, and published in 1671, in a bookseller's catalogue, for half-a-crown, but although I telegraphed immediately to secure it, I failed to do so, and have not come across it since. His works are occasionally advertised at low prices; I have picked up recently *Christ and Moses' Excellency* and *Common Prayer-Book no Divine Service*. The latter is a most interesting book and worthy of study by all who wish to understand the controversies of the seventeenth century. It contains all manner of objections against "that Idol," as the author terms the Book of Common Prayer, the use of which he considers to be contrary to the second commandment, and which he urges "to be done with as the Brazen Serpent was by Hezekiah." Among other objections he enumerates "Calling the Lord's Day and other the days of the week by the names of the old Saxon Idols, as Sunday from the sun, &c., contrary to Exod. xxiii. 13; Hos ii. 17," and allowing the people, *even the women*, to say, "Good Lord, deliver us; We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord," "which is contrary to I. Tim. ii. 11, 12." Of course there are other weightier objections adduced than these. The edition which I have (of 1661) contains also *Arguments to prove that Lord Bishops, or Diocesan Bishops, &c., and their authority, are contrary to the Word of God*, which the Rev. David Davies enumerates as a separate work of Powell. I ought perhaps to add that Edwards, in *Gangraena* III. 97, gives an adverse account of "Master Powell."

CAIO AND ITS CAVES

III.

By the Rev. D. Cunllo Davies, Dowlais.

THE village of Pumpsaint is on the high road leading from Lampeter to Llandovery. Its cottages, a few in number, are prim and pretty. Its population is made up of the usual number of persons who follow trades and professions indispensable to the country side. The village has pretty gardens and flower beds. These, together with a fine avenue of giant oak and birch, form a pleasing relief to the traveller's mind as he drives to the nearest town. Within sight of the quiet hamlet is Maestroyddin Fawr,—the birth-place of Dr. Roger Williams, of Providence Island.

It was within a short distance of Pumpsaint that the eccentric minister Kilsby Jones was born. It was here amidst the rugged hills that for many years his erratic genius was fostered, and where his freedom of speech was tutored by the freeness of the mountain air. His father is well remembered as the friend of the widow and orphan, and as the genial companion of many a farmer in the capacity of pastor of the Independent church at Ffald y Brenin. Many are the tales that are now recounted of the escapades of the younger Kilsby when at school, and when commencing to preach. If the memory of the old people serves them aright it would appear that he was of a very shy disposition. Being tall he would, in preaching in the farm-houses of the neighbourhood, be glad to hide his head between two flitches of bacon that were in course of drying under the kitchen loft.

The great-grandfather of Professor Rhys Davids, the eminent authority on Hinduism, was an inhabitant of the same vicinity. He lived at Garthlwyd. His name was John Davies, and he was familiarly known as Jac Garthlwyd. He had a large family, but though not in affluent circumstances, he had a great love for education, and gave two of his sons the best training Wales afforded at the time. The younger son, Samuel, was for many years the minister of a Protestant church in Rotterdam. He died there, and was buried among the people that he had spent his life in ministering to. The other son William, receiving an invitation to a Congregational church, made his home in Swansea. His career, though brief, was a brilliant one. He died leaving a widow and one son, the son being the Rev. T. W. Davids of Colchester, and ex-chairman of the Congregational Union of England and Wales. John Davies of Garthlwyd was buried at Ffald y Brenin in 1841, and a few of the old people now living well remember his funeral.

The name Pumpsant, meaning "the five saints," has allied to it several curious legends. The best known, the one accepted as accounting for the name, has been handed down to us in connection with a curious stone now lying near the Ogofau Lodge. It has five concavities, and the legend says that they were worn out of the stone by the uneasy heads of five young saints.

They were on a pilgrimage to a synod presided over by Dewi Sant. Whether it was the synod of Llanddewi Brefi, where Pelagius was vanquished, or not, we are not told. However, they came from a long distance, and when they arrived at Caio, they were very hungry and fatigued with the journey. Like Jacob of old they took a huge boulder for a pillow, and under the blue vault of heaven a deep sleep fell upon them. All at once the sky darkened, and nature throughout presented a ghastly front, which augured a tempest on a disastrous scale. The thunder rolled, the lightning flashed and every element seemed bent to show its wrath in its most gigantic dimensions. But they slept on. Neither the storm nor the thought of this journey could awaken them. What time the thunder abated, and whether it was some Ino Leucothea, who beheld the fierce contention, caused the elements to retire, it is

no part of the legend to say. However, when they awoke, their heads had worn a cavity in their pillow, and the stone has been known since as the stone of the five saints.

They were not permitted to resume their journey. The malignant wizard of the caves snatched them, bore them away, and imprisoned them in the inner recesses of his cavern home. Here they remain in the chains of enchantment, until the era arrives when the diocese will be blessed with a pious bishop.

On the opposite side of the valley a church was erected to the memory of the sleeping saints, and it appears that their memory was so fondly cherished that the sinners who attended the church became, like their patron saints, a dormant church. For many an age the worshippers nodded over their prayers and slept under insipid sermons, and their church is now in ruins, and scarcely a vestige remains. Such is the lore of the people concerning this sublime vicinity. The romantic and the beautiful are so intermingled as to lend itself readily to the weaving of a legend, and the solemnity of the scene, with the strange reverberations of sound from crag to crag, help to perpetuate belief in it.

There were two churches in this neighbourhood, besides the one at Caio village, namely, the church of Pumpsaint, and Cwrt y Cadno. On the road side, as we approach the latter village, there is an old yew tree. This, together with a peculiar soil surrounding it, undoubtedly mark the spot where originally a church dedicated to an unknown saint stood, surrounded by a grave yard. The probability is that the church of Pumpsaint was evidently not dedicated to the sleeping pilgrims, but to the five tutelar saints of Wales, and the stone was used, not as a pillow, but as a block for the quartz crushers of the ancient gold mine of Caio.

IV.

THE romantic district called, from the number of its caves and levels, the Ogofau, is on the left bank of the river Cothy, on the Dolaucothy estate. The grugedness of the place betokens a scene of great labour and turmoil in some age long gone by. After viewing the caves, one is at once impressed with the idea that the Ogofau was mined for its precious metal, and judging from the roughness of the cave walls, we conclude that the miners knew nothing of the modern methods of mining.

There are two classes of caves found in the old workings of the Ogofau, which cannot be more fully denominated than the Briton and Roman caves. The former were evidently worked from the surface as a shaft, and the latter from the side as a level. The Britons cleared the soil off the rock, when a vein of quartz was struck, and a huge fire of oak boughs or turf was kindled on the bare surface. After being left to burn for many hours, until the rock was sufficiently heated, water was showered over it, resulting in the mouldering and crumbling of the mass to the depth of many feet. Our ancestors, having nothing but plain nature to aid them, proceeded with a stone hammer and crushed the raw material in cavities worn out of stones. The old Pumpsaint stone is probably a relic of this period of arduous labour. The system was incomplete at best, but that the Britons succeeded in assaying the gold, and in making ornamental articles of it, seems certain from the references we find in the old British poems. The old chieftains at the battle of Cattraeth marched to battle ornamented with golden torques, as will appear from Thomas Gray's translation of Aneurin's Gododin,—

> "To Cattraeth's vale in glittering row
> Twice two hundred warriors go;
> Ev'ry warrior's golden neck
> Chains of regal honours deck;
> Wreathed in many a golden link
> From the golden cup they drink."

From Owen's Llywarch Hen, I cite the following,—

> "A golden shield on the shoulder of Urien."
>
> "When I was at the age of yonder youth, who wears the golden spurs."

If the old motto "the truth against the world" has any significance and meaning among the British bards, we may rely on their testimony in stating that gold was

not an unknown metal even during the first centuries of the Christian era. If they had gold, where did they get it from? The rocks of the Ogofau bear witness to the mining of gold, when Roman devices were unknown, and we may safely conclude that some of the precious metal that encircled the chieftain's neck, and embellished his armour, came from the caves of Ogofau.

Interesting discoveries have been made from time to time in the vicinity. In the "Proceedings of the Geological Institute, 1850," we find Judge Johnes of Dolaucothy stating that various articles of gold were discovered about 1796 or 1797. Among them was a chain of peculiar design. The links are slender, but the gold is so pure and fine that it will stretch out to a great length, without fear of snapping. It was turned up by the ploughshare, and is now to be seen at Dolaucothy. In 1819 a gold *fibula*,—an ornament resembling a wheel made of wire was found in a field within a quarter of a mile to the old Roman road leading from Llanfair ar y Bryn to Llanio.

The Roman caves have arched roofs and perpendicular walls, and are in every way similar to Roman caves found in other districts. They were worked with edged tools, and penetrate the hill to a distance of one hundred yards. School boys used to wander into the innermost recesses of the caves in the days gone by, and we recall our experiences of the fear that seized us, when a big boy put out the lights, with a deadly awe. The legends told us at our mother's knee used to exercise a mighty influence over us. We used to imagine that Arthur and his soldiers were safely lodged somewhere in the bosom of the hill awaiting the dawn of a better era in our land. We yearned to touch the bell, that we might see the host awaking, but we never found the door that led to the yawning cavern. "And Arthur sleeps on."

Gwenno's cave contains a deep well. When a stone was thrown down this well, a peculiar sound was heard. It very much resembled the sound of a small body falling from step to step, and this has given currency to a legend that some great wizard who inhabits the cave, tired of being disturbed by the eyes of men prying into his haunts, called a sheet of water into his service to guard the door of his house below the well. The water of the well possessed medicinal properties, and pilgrims from many parts came here annually to seek relief from their various diseases. On one occasion a young damsel, hailing from Llandovery, who was afflicted with an incurable malady, came here to bathe in the waters. Her curiosity and daring nature induced her to go beyond the ordinary limits to explore the remote parts of the cave. She disappeared and was never seen afterwards. Believing that the representatives of evil dwelt within, the boldest heart failed and no one attempted her recovery. Whether Gwenno was drowned or snatched into the cells of the wizard, the legend does not say, but her spirit can be seen on a stormy night hovering on a lofty pinnacle, called "the belfry of the evil one;" she cries in doleful tones to the passers by to inform her friends and family of her untimely fate in the following words,—

> "'Dos di cyn y bore,
> Oddiyma i Ynysyborde,
> D'wed di wrth Gwenwgan
> Pan farw Gwenllian."

Among the curiosities of historical interest worthy of note are the two inscribed stones of Pantypolion. The inscription of the Roman stone, as existing in the time of Bishop Llwyd, was,—

> Servatus FIDÆI PATRIEQUE SEMPER AMATOR HIC PAULINUS JACIT CULTOR PIENTISIMUS ÆQUI.

And on the second inscribed stone at the same time there was,—

> TALORI ADVENTI MAGVERAGI FILIUS.

The letters are very much obliterated by to-day, and only portions of words can be made out. The Roman stone is in two, one portion was discovered many years ago under the threshold of a barn, and the other part was found afterwards in a wall. The stone originally stood on end in a field called Cae Polin, and the last component of the word is evidently derived from the name Paulinus of the inscription. Being a "Preserver of the Faith," he was evidently an ecclesiastical personage of

some note, and it would be absurd to draw any conclusion as to his nationality from the fact that he bore a Roman name, as the British often borrowed such names as Claudia, Agricola, Eleutherus, &c.

He could not have been the semi-legendary king of Penychen in central Morgannwg, unless epitaphs were framed with as little heed to character as in our day, and Paulinus the converter of Northumbria had no connection with Wales. The Welsh account ignores the conversion by him, and ascribes it to Rhun the son of Urien, and grandfather of Rheienmellt the wife of Oswy. The character of the inscription and the character of the person described in it, point to the Paulinus who taught Dewi Sant. He was a native of Penychen, and emigrated to Brittany, where he was called St. Pol Aurelien, and he has left his name in the celebrated St. Pol De Leon. Did he die on the journey to Llanddewi as he accompanied his famous disciple to the synod, and was he buried here on the side of the Roman road, or had he a school here? We cannot answer, but the people of Caio are proud that their ground holds the dust until the sound of the last trump of one of the most eminent pioneers of religion in our old Wales.

Nothing, practically, is known of the other stone. It can be the monument of Adwen or Advent. The name is found in the genealogies of a Jesus College MS., and published in the Cymmrodor, Vol. viii., by Messrs. Gwenogfryn Evans and Egerton Phillimore.

The stone referred to in our last article in connection with the rebellion under Boadicea is now probably in the wall of Dynevor Park, at Llandeilo. Mr. Rhys Davies of Brecon writes that it was taken from Trecastle Hill, where it was found near a public house called the Heath Cock. It was removed from here by a Mr. Latham, supervisor of excise in 1767. The only letters which are legible now are IMP and CASSIANO. It is described in the *Archaeologia Cambrensis*, Vol., iv., and Gough gives the inscription as,—

IMPERATORI NOSTRO MARCO CASSIANO LATINO POSTUMO PIO FELICI AUG.

Within a mile of the Ogofau is Pwlltinbyd, the home of Lewis Glyn Cothy, who sang the history of his time in verse. His poetry is beautiful, and unhappily it is little read to-day. His works were published from MSS. by the London Cymmrodorion Society. He lived during four reigns,—Henry VI. to Henry VII. The greater part of his poetical works were dedicated to Jasper Earl of Pembroke, in whose service he spent many years. Sarn Helen is the name given to those fragments of the Roman road that traverses the valley. It is believed that it was so called after Helen the mother of Constantine the Great.

IOLO MORGANNWG.

EXTRACT FROM JOHN THOMAS' (*Ieuan Ddu*) "CAMBRIA UPON TWO STICKS," CANTO I.

"IOLO, the author of a thousand hymns,
Though prejudice his brightest traits now dims,
Time, e'en by Pantycelyn Seraph's rhyme,
Will show that Iolo's yet is more sublime;
Yea, all his psalms, as future time will tell
Most like the hallowed songs of Israel.
Bard and Historian,—O! that Wales had more
Like him, who, as they hope in song to soar,
Would dare the realms of science to explore.
Ye hopes of Cambria, do not this forget,
When learned Burgess with our Iolo met,—
The mitred bishop with the poor Welsh bard,—
Burgess best knew why bishops might regard
That man their equal, him whose wealth of mind
Was dug from heaps where school-apes nothing find.
And as he eyed the bard in his full size,—
Him whom Welshmen thought he might despise,
He in his carriage took,—placed by his side,
And afterwards,—e'en with a pupil's pride,—
From aged Iolo took a bard's degree,
As Christ would by a John baptized be.
There was a learned man's example set,
For all whose love makes them themselves forget;
And doubtless he the same could do by Pugh,
And Owen Myfyr, for their worth he knew;
But Iolo's talk was incense after dew.
When Burgess patronized and Iolo ruled,
A zeal was kindled not soon to be cooled;
And titled noblemen awoke to feel
That Cambrian talent to them did appeal
For signs of love and praise, too long withheld
From men who ne'er against them had rebelled."

QUERIES AND REPLIES

QUERIES.

CXXVIII. SIR HUGH EVANS.—Sioned Pryse, in WALES for September, writes of Campbell's letters identifying (or at any rate, attempting to do so) Shakespeare's immortal Welshman with Sir Hugh Evans of the Priory, Brecon. Where in Campbell's works are these to be found? Would it be possible to reproduce them, or extracts from them, in WALES?

Rev. Thomas Price (Carnhuanawc),—also quoted by Sioned Pryse,—refers to "The Whimsicalities of old Sir Hugh" of Brecon. Can any instances of these now be given? TŴR.

CXXIX. Whilst spending my holidays in the vicinity of Glan Conwy I visited an ancient relic there, known as the "Cromlech" or "Druidical Stone." I enquired of some of the inhabitants whether there was anything important connected with it at any time, but could not obtain any information. The name seems to suggest something historical, and I shall feel obliged if some of your readers could enlighten me upon the matter.
Manchester. A. C. J.

CXXX. Would anyone identify the places in the interesting "Friend's Journal" which appeared in WALES, say Mr. Edward Griffiths of Dolgellau? Where are Newtown (in Montgomeryshire, or that near Wem), "Vock Savage," &c. T. H. J.

CXXXI. Is there anything known about Roger Woodhouse, who gained the prize for a congregational tune at the Powys Eisteddfod of 1824 (where Eben Fardd got the chair for his *Dinistr Jerusalem*), and who composed an anthem in memory of Rev. John Jenkins *(Ifor Ceri)* in 1829?

CXXXII. Above the front door of a very old house, now in ruins, at Rhydlydan, near Pentrevoelas, the following inscription,—very well cut in the fine sandstone to be found at Cefnbrith, a mile away, may be seen,—

"Mount y randevoo, 1648."

Immediately above it is a vertical sun dial. Can any of your readers supply an explanation of this matter?

Its position at the junction of the old Holyhead, Corwen, Bala, and Denbigh roads, would rather favour the idea that it might have been a "rendezvous" for either Cavalier or Roundhead forces during the sieges of Denbigh, &c., by General Mytton. It is not far from the birthplaces of Baron Robert Price of Giler, and the notorious Dr. Ellis Price of Plas Iolyn (Dr. Coch).

There are no local traditions in connection with the old house. It is to be hoped that the owner will not allow such valuable relics to be destroyed.
T. ELIAS.

REPLIES.

120. Real humour may be found in the following six authors,—Ellis Wynn o Lasynys, in the *Bardd Cwsg;* Theophilus Evans, in the *Drych y Prif Oesoedd;* Ceiriog; Mynyddog; Myfyr Emlyn, in *Dafydd Evans Ffynnonhenry;* Daniel Owen.

I allow that Theophilus Evans' humour is not of the type of Bret Harte; it is the dry picturesque humour of a style that made *Drych y Prif Oesoedd* at one time the most popular book in Wales.

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113. In October, 1742, one John Gambold, M.A., who was a native of Puncheston, near Haverfordwest, joined the Moravian Brethren. He then held the living of Stanton Harcourt, Oxfordshire, which he relinquished, and returned to his native county. He kept a school for some time at Haverfordwest, and preached. He subsequently removed to London, where he settled as pastor of the church in Fetter Lane; and in 1754 was ordained as a Moravian bishop. In 1768 he returned to Haverfordwest, where he died September 15th, 1777. He published several Moravian works.* Presumably he established churches of that persuasion. It is stated in *Y Goleuad* for September 23rd, 1896, that the Calvinistic Methodists at Pendine, Carmarthenshire, have hitherto rented a small chapel belonging to the Moravian Brethren.
T. H. J.

113. A short account of the Moravians of Drws y Coed, in Carnarvonshire, is given in the article on "Diwygiadau Beddgelert," in the *Llenor*, Book I.

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123. Replies by the Rev. R. Jenkin Jones and the Rev. E. J. Newell will be found on page 515. They will be followed by specimens of contemporary descriptions of public disputes between Vavasor Powel and Dr. Griffiths.

ENGLYNION.—C. Jones asks whether *englynion* can be written in English, and whether those written in Welsh have anything to do with modern questions. By the same post I happened to receive, from Cariadfab, of Skewen, the following two *englynion*. The subject is certainly modern enough. It is "The Armenian Atrocities."

Armenia, thy bitter moaning,—in vain
For revenge is pleading;
What a curse to let a king,
Base fiend, be so offending!

Murder, hunger, and anguish,—seem to him
Somewhat worth to relish;
But Europe, let us hope and wish,
Will, ere long, his rule relinquish.

* "Geir. Cen. Cymru" (O. Jones).

A GLIMPSE OF LONG AGO.

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF A TOURNAMENT AND TILT GIVEN NEAR CAREW CASTLE BY SIR RHYS AP THOMAS.

By Miss F. T. Picton-Warlow, Ewenny Priory.

CAREW CASTLE, in the county of Pembrokeshire, is situated in a paddock, surrounded on three sides by water, and on the fourth side by a road, which leads down to the village of Carew. In part of this ground, at a short distance from the castle, there lay an open space of ground covered with verdant grass, where, in years long past, Sir Rhys ap Thomas held a great tilt and tournament in honour of his being admitted as a member of the illustrious Order of the Garter, and in commemoration of the anniversary of St. George. This show was the first on record in the Principality of Wales. When Sir Rhys had made known his intention, many noble and valorous gentlemen came together from all parts of Wales, some to do honour to the great Sir Rhys, and others to test their might in deeds of arms. Now of those who presented themselves as competitors in the coming joust, Sir Griffith Rhys, his own son, was the first to present himself, then came Sir Thomas Perrott and Sir John Wogan, men of great valour and near neighbours of Sir Rhys; also there came forward Arnold Butler, John Morgan, Richard Griffiths, and Griffith Dunn, all men of great strength and valour; and besides these came many more both from North and South Wales. And a more goodly company had never before been gathered together within Wales. All these great men were lodged within the castle of Carew, and besides these were many more of good rank and quality, who came as spectators of the great spectacle. For these people were placed tents and pavilions in the park near the castle, in which they were all lodged according to their rank and quality.

The festival and time of rejoicing lasted for five full days. On the eve of St. George, April 21st, which was the first day of the tournament, Sir Rhys held a review of the company, and chose out five hundred of the goodliest men amongst them, and divided them into five companies of one hundred each, over whom he placed as captains, David Ceffil Cwtta and John,—these were two of his brothers,—Arnold Butler, Richard Griffith, and John Morgan, who were all men of tried ability. The next day, being the day after the eve, April 22nd, these five captains drew up their companies in the tournament field, where they exercised them in all points, just as if they were about to go forth on some great and notable enterprise, in which show the whole of that day was spent.

The third day, being St. George's day, April 23rd, the drums and trumpets were sounded loudly, so that their notes, prolonged by woods and hills, were heard to echo far. At these martial sounds every man betook himself to the charge fully armed. First of all the chosen captains led out their companies fully armed at all points. Then followed Sir Rhys on a goodly charger, and before him rode two pages and a herald richly clad. Then came the rest of the gentlemen, being all bravely mounted in a decent and seemly manner. They then passed on to the bishop's palace at Lamphey, about a mile distant from Carew. "At their coming thither, they bade good morrow to the bishop in the language of soldiers, with arquebusses, muskets, and callivers; and then, dividing themselves, they made a lane for Sir Rhys to pass onwards to the gates, which (as yet) were not suffered to be opened." When he approached, the bishop's subsidiaries,—for so the matter had been arranged,—came out of the wicket, asking who he was, why in arms, and the cause of his coming thither? To which Sir Rhys replied that he was one of the knights of St. George, who ever showed himself to be a true protector and patron of Martialists, and therefore he held it most suitable to his profession, especially on that very day, which was dedicated to that renowned saint, to appear in harness and military

array. Notwithstanding, he bade the messenger to assure the bishop that he was a man of peace, who came hither to pray for the peace and rest of St. George's soul, and for the welfare and prosperity of his most gracious master, who was sole sovereign of that Order of which he himself was but an unworthy companion, in which hearty and healthy exercise he earnestly desired that the bishop would be pleased to come with him. "No doubt," replied the messenger, "but my lord, besides the duty of his calling, will easily assent to such pious and religious notions; yet, ere I give you admittance, it is necessary you change your habit, it being a thing ill becoming our scholastical and unmilitary life, and the sacredness of this place, to consent and join in devotion with the rough and all-disturbing disciple of Mars. In the meantime I will report to my lord the sum of your desires." Hereupon Sir Rhys rode into the bishop's park, where there was purposely provided for him a fair tent, over which were written the words,—"Cedant arma togae." There he alighted, and immediately arrayed himself in the livery of St. George, and after a short repose he walked down afoot to the bishop's palace, having before him a trumpeter and a herald at arms, and behind him came two pages bearing his train, and the choicest of the gentlemen to be his associates; and the rest, during the time of the ceremony, made merry, for there was plenty of wine and other necessary provisions laid out for them at the bishop's charge. Drawing near to the gate, Sir Rhys bade the trumpets to sound the relay, to give notice of his approach. Then was the gate flung open wide to let him enter. There the bishop, with many other great churchmen, received him; and, having bidden him welcome, they walked forward in solemn procession, "canentes et supplicantes," twice or thrice round the court, and then to chapel. There Sir Rhys halted till the first squire was placed and the bishop had taken his seat. Soon came the herald and ushered in Sir Rhys; when almost in the middle they turned about, and both made two low bows to the kings, and so in like manner when Sir Rhys went to his seat. Then the bishop read divine service; and many new hymns and anthems, especially composed for that ceremony, were sung. And when the service was performed, Sir Rhys departed, taking with him the bishop, abbot, and prior to dinner, after which he returned to Carew in the same decent and comely manner as he had set out.

Drawing near, the captains saluted the castle with a brave volley of shots, which were returned again from the walls, which being done, they marched in with their soldiers to the park, and each one then departed to his own tent. When these were provided for, Sir Rhys, with a company of the better sort of his guests, returned to the castle amidst the sound of drums, trumpets, and other warlike music.

Over the gate of the castle was hung a fair banner, emblazoned with the images of St. George and St. David embracing one another. And underneath was written the motto,—

"Nodo plusquam Gordiano."

In the front court stood two hundred tall and goodly men dressed all in blue coats, and these men formed a lane into the lesser court, and so they passed on into the great hall. At the upper end, and under a cloth of state, was placed a table for the king alone; then, lower down on one side of the hall, one for Sir Rhys alone, and on the other side, one for the other gentlemen. Now soon trumpets sounded, and the herald called for the king's service, whereupon presently all the gentlemen went to wait on the sewer. Now Sir Rhys had appointed his son as sewer, for he had been brought up in the court, and so had some advantage in grace and courtliness. Sir William Herbert was the carver, and Griffith of Penrhyn the cupbearer. Then amidst much music, meat was set on the king's table, while the bishop stood on the right and Sir Rhys on the left. Then when the meat was spread out, they bowed to the king's chair, and the bishop having said grace, they departed to their own places. Then when the meal was finished, the king's chair being turned, every man was at liberty to put on his hat. Then Sir Rhys took the bishop to a table, and gave him a mess all by himself, and then sat himself down at another. Meanwhile

the gentlemen stood, till the first course was served, so as to do Sir Rhys more honour. Then the king's sewer and two of his fellow officers and those gentlemen called waiters, went to the king's reversion, where they drank the health of the king, the queen, and the princes, to the playing of harps and other music.

Soon afterwards Sir Rhys returned to the field, where Sir William Herbert proclaimed a challenge, for the honour of the ladies, which was to take place on the next day, and in which four were to contend against four. This challenge was soon accepted by Sir Griffith Rhys, on whose side were arrayed Robert Salisburie, Jenkin Mansell, and Vaughan of Tretower; while on Sir Herbert's side were, besides himself, Sir Thomas Perrott, Sir William Wogan, and Sir Griffith Dunn. The ordering of the whole affair was left to Sir Rhys, who was also appointed judge, which being done, they repaired to chapel, and thence to supper, at which meal the same ceremony was enacted as at the dinner.

(To be continued.)

STRAY LEAVES.

THE students of the University College of Wales were delighted with Mr. Leslie Stephen's address on "Centralization in Literature." To hear that provincialism is the strength of literature greatly pleased the undergraduates of a newly founded "provincial university."

Save for political purposes,—purposes entirely beyond my ken,—I do not believe in centralization. The excessive centralization of the eighteenth century, caused by the foreign wars, well-nigh destroyed literature and thought. And when the revival came, it was the protest of the provinces against the London literary clubs, of Wordsworth and Cowper and Chatterton against the dictatorship of Dr. Johnson, of north and east and west against the domineering capital.

If progress is to be made, our institutions should be well scattered. Let Aberystwyth be the seat of the University College of Wales, Cardiff of the University College of South Wales, Bangor of the University College of North Wales, Swansea of the University Office, Newtown of an Agricultural Museum, Carnarvon of a Historical Museum, &c. Provincialism, even though in its unregenerated state it is but a kind of clannish prejudice, is the hope of great things.

After writing the above I have heard, on the best authority, that the Carnarvon people will provide the necessary office accommodation for the University Offices, if their historic town be accepted as the seat of the University of Wales. In this offer, they will probably find that Swansea and Newport, if not other places, will remain their formidable rivals.

Mr. R. L. Davies, of Newport, calls my attention to a curious coincidence. In the Rev. E. O. Jones' "Welsh Lyrics of the Nineteenth Century" there is a translation of Caledfryn's "Cuckoo." The translation is more than a mere echo of "To the Cuckoo," which was written by S. Logan or Michael Bruce. One stanza in the English poem (1748-1778) runs thus,—

> "Sweet bird, thy bower is ever green,
> Thy sky is ever clear,
> Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
> No winter in thy year."

In the "Welsh Lyrics" Caledfryn's poem is thus translated,—

> "For thee the hedgerows aye are green,
> Thy skies are always clear;
> There is no sorrow in thy song,
> Nor winter in thy year."

My opinion is that Caledfryn read the poem, and reproduced it after a long time, consciously or unconsciously; if the former, the editor or printer of his poems did not know that it was not original. I have often mistaken a copied poem for an original one in trying to edit a poet's remains. At any rate, the close similarity of the translation to the old English song shows what an expert translator Mr. Jones is. He did not know, of course, that the poem was not original. Its origin was pointed out to him by Dr. Grosart, who will undoubtedly clear up the whole mystery.

27 HENRY VIII., CAP. 26 *(continued.)*

THE following clauses refer to innovations in the government of the newly-formed shires, and to the representation of all of them in Parliament.

XXI-XXIV. The sheriffs of Monmouth, Brecknock, Radnor, Montgomery, and Denbigh, can demand surety from suspected persons, as they do in the three shires of North Wales; and all persons so bound must appear,—and from Glamorgan, Carmarthen, Pembroke, and Cardigan as well, —at the next sessions.

XXV. Where the lord marcher used to have forfeitures of tenants, let him now have one half paid him by the sheriff.

Hundreds.

XXVI. A commission is to be appointed to divide the new shires,—Carmarthen, Pembroke, Cardigan, Monmouth, Brecknock, Radnor, Montgomery, Glamorgan, and Denbigh,—into hundreds; and the hundreds are to be used and taken "as in every other shire within this realm of England."

Laws.

XXVII. A commission is to be appointed to "enquire and search out by all ways and means that they can, all and singular laws, usages, and customs used within the said dominion and country of Wales."

Representation in Parliament.

XXVIII-XXIX. Monmouthshire is to be represented in Parliament by two knights, and Monmouth by one burgess; every other shire in Wales is to be represented by one knight, and every borough being a shire town by one burgess, except the shire town of Merioneth. The elections are to be as in the English shires.

Rights of lords.

XXX. Lord marchers keep their privileges and retain their profits. They hold their courts as before,—courts baron, court leets, and law days; wherein they retain their waife, straife, infanthef, outfanthef, treasure trove, deodands, goods, and chattels of felons and persons condemned or outlawed for felony or murder, wreck, wharfage, customs of strangers.

XXXI-XXXIV. This Act is not to interfere with laws in force in the three shires of North Wales, or with the privileges of the Duchy of Lancaster in Wales; it is not to put an end to any patent of office, fee, or annuity. The Earl of Worcester is to remain Justice of Glamorgan. The Acts made before, for the trial of treason, murder, and felony, in the marches or adjoining English shires, are to remain in force.

XXXV. Where lands used to be divided among male heirs, let them be so divided still.

XXXVI. The king during the next three years, may suspend or revoke any part of this act; and such suspension or revocation will be as effectual as if done by act of Parliament. The king, during the next five years, may erect as many courts and justices in Wales as he will; provided nothing is done prejudicial to existing officers,—the protonotary and clerk of the crown; Sir Walter Devereux, and Lord Ferrers of Chartley, concerning the offices of Chamberlain of South Wales, Stewardship of lordship of Builth, and Receivership of the same lordship.

28 HENRY VIII., CAP. 3.

The king is given authority, during three years, to allot newly the towns in the shires and marches of Wales.

CAP. 6.

Welshmen are to be punished for making affrays in the counties of Hereford, Gloucester, and Salop.

32 HENRY VIII., CAP. 4.

Treasons committed in Wales shall be tried where and by what commissioners as the king shall assign.

CAP. 43.

Chester Sessions.

The sessions kept in Chester, eight or nine times a year,—"by mean whereof the said appearance and attendance cometh so often and thick together that at many times they cannot

depart from the one court, and attend their business scarcely one day, or sometimes less, but they must again ride to serve the other court, which is too painful, chargeable, intolerable, and importune for any man to sustain and abide,"—sessions are to be held twice in the year only.

33 HENRY VIII., CAP. 3.

Folding of cloths.

"Where a certain kind of Welsh cloths, called Whites, Russets, and Kennets, made and wrought in North Wales and Orcester hundred, adjoining to North Wales, of long time have been and be so craftily and hard rolled together that the buyer thereof cannot perceive nor discern the untrue making and breadth thereof, to the great loss, deceit, and impoverishing of the king's true and loving subjects," such Welsh cloths must henceforth be folded either in pleats or cutlets, on pain of forfeiture,—one half to the king and the other half to the informer.

CAP. 12.

Hope, St. Asaph, Hawarden, are to belong, not to Denbighshire, but to Flint, as of old; Moldsdale, Mereford, and Oseley are also to belong to Flint. But the inhabitants are to pay tallage where they have paid it before. St. Asaph is to be part of the hundred of Rhuddlan; the others of the hundred of Moldsdale.

34 HENRY VIII., CAP. 10.

The weight, length, breadth, and goodness of Welsh friezes and cottons made in the shires of Carmarthen, Cardigan, and Pembroke are regulated.

34 AND 35 HENRY VIII., CAP. 26.

This very long statute is very briefly summarised where it is merely explanatory of what has gone before.

Justices.

Division into twelve shires; division of new shires into hundreds; President and Council of Wales; Great Sessions to be held twice a year,—Justice of Chester in Denbigh, Flint, and Montgomery; Justice of North Wales in Carnarvon, Merioneth, and Anglesey; one person, learned in the law of England, appointed by the king, in Carmarthen, Pembroke, and Cardigan; and another in Radnor, Brecknock, and Glamorgan.

These justices are to hold all manner of crown pleas and pleas of assize,—treasons, murders, felonies, riots, routs, unlawful assemblies, extortions, embraceries, maintenances, concealments, contempts, and all other offences and evil deeds.

The sessions shall endure six days.

The original seal, devised by the king, of Merioneth, Carnarvon, and Anglesey to be in the custody of the Chamberlain of North Wales; of Carmarthen, Pembroke, and Cardigan in that of the Chamberlain of South Wales; of Brecknock, Radnor, and Glamorgan in that of the Steward and Chamberlain of Brecknock; of Denbigh and Montgomery in that of the Steward and Chamberlain of Denbigh; the seal of Chester shall stand for the seal of Flint.

Old Courts.

Stewards of manors may hold courts leet, law days, and turns as before; but shall not enquire of felony. Officers of corporate towns may hold pleas, but according to the laws of England, not according to any Welsh customs.

Within seven years the king may dissolve or create boroughs.

The officers of the courts are,—prenotaries in each justices' session; a marshall and a crier in circuits named by the justices.

Officers.

Every shire is to have its justices of the peace, *Custos Rotulorum*. They are not to be more than eight in one shire, and must be of good name and fame. They shall hold their sessions, two at least being present, four times a year, and on other occasions when required.

The king appoints a sheriff, out of three names submitted by the President, Council, and Justices. Escheators shall be named in every shire by the Lord Treasurer, on the advice of the President and Justices. Two coroners are to be elected in each shire. Two constables are to be appointed by the justices in each hundred. The sheriffs are to provide gaols as near the king's castles as possible.

The duties of the sheriffs are recapitulated.

Abertanad is taken from Merioneth, and annexed to Salop.

No manner of persons shall, without lawful authority, make any rumours, tumults, or unlawful assemblies in Wales, save for the pursuing of murderers or felons.

The land.

All lands in Wales shall be English tenure; "and not to be partable among heirs males made after the custom of gavel-kind, as heretofore in divers parts of Wales hath been used." All persons may sell or demise their land after the manner of England. Lands held for five years are to remain the property of the holder until an action is brought and determined.

Haverford may send a burgess to Parliament; and is made a county in itself, separated from Pembrokeshire.

Bewdley becomes part of Worcestershire; Llantrisant, Usterloys, and Laugharn of Carmarthenshire. The Radnor shire court is to be held at New Radnor and Presteign alternately; never at Rhaiadr Gwy.

The aulneger in Wales, William Webbe, is to take a fixed nominated sum as subsidy on friezes, cotton, broad-cloth, and kerseys; he is not to charge anything made for home-wearing, or given to servants.

Manufacturers.

ABOUT BOOKS.

THE life of Brittany is attracting more and more attention. Renan and Souvestre have been the cause of awakening France to the beauty of the thought of this recently acquired part of their land; and Villemarqué, Luzel, Le Braz, and others have been doing, and are doing, much to make its legends and songs the possession of mankind for all time.

I have just had two books about Brittany,—which, so far, I have only been able to glance at.

M. le Braz's book,* a collection of Breton beliefs and usages in connection with death, is a thick volume of over five hundred pages, with a very full and interesting introduction by M. L. Marillier. The collection of death tales,—mostly from Cardiganshire,—that appeared in *Cymru* some time ago, might be compared with some of these Breton ones. I hope to have the pleasure soon of taking my readers through some of these engrossing and weird legends.

The other book is a charming volume of Breton tales, re-told for British readers by Edith Wingate Rinder.* Once in this volume, we are, as it were, in the midst of Brittany,—not in a French watering place, but right in the heart of the Brittany of legend and superstition. "The Menhirs of Plouhenek," "The Shroud of Marie-Yvonne," "Yann the Minstrel," "Telin Rumengol,"—the very names of the tales suggest to a Welshman that he will find here his own traditions in another form; and this hope he will find fully realised, for many a subtle touch will remind him of the most famous stories of his own old literature. The style of the book is very pleasing, but the authoress does not claim originality in material. "They are," she says, "translated from, or based upon the writings of Breton folklorists." This adds to the interest of the volume. The printer has done his work well, and the volume would be a very desirable present. It is one of the pretty six shilling volumes of the "Celtic Library,"—others of the series being *Lyra Celtica* (A. and W. Sharp), *The*

* *La Légende de la Mort en Basse Bretagne*; croyances, traditions, et usages, des Bretons Armoricains, par A le Braz, avec une introduction de L. Morillier. Paris, Honoré Champion, 9, Quai Voltaire.

* *The Shadow of Arvor*; legendary romances and folk tales of Brittany, translated and re-told by Edith Wingate Binder. Patrick Geddes and Colleagues, The Lawn Market, Edinburgh.

Fiddler of Carne (Ernest Rhys), *The Sin Eater* and *The Washers of the Ford* (Fiona Macleod).

A recent number of *Great Thoughts* has an account of an interview, more sensible and more valuable than these accounts usually are, with Mr. W. Edwards Tirebuck, the Welsh novelist. I copy one bit out of the conversation,—

"In reading your works," I said, "it has been impressed upon me that you wrote with a solemn purpose, and not merely for gain or fame. Is this so?"

"One cannot avoid purpose," said Mr. Tirebuck with great earnestness. "Some affect to do so; some even think they do so; but it is there all the same. The logical results of feelings and thoughts will out; if not by design, by induction. Science itself is full of ethics. The ultimate result always is, Do this, or Don't do that. The maker of soap is the maker of morals, though his first purpose may be ten per cent. And as the parable is a development of the proverb, the novel is a development of the parable,—whether we will or no; and if the parable is in place in the sermon, I do not see why the sermon is not in place in the parable. Indeed, they are inseparable. Speak of art as we may, within art there is the inevitable logic of ethics,—in other words, of life. Shortly after the publication of 'Miss Grace of All Souls," I was asked if I were willing to stand for Parliament; but I concluded that I could work more effectually in the republic of letters, in the parliament of print."

I hope some of Mr. Edwards Tirebuck's books will be translated into Welsh before long. I believe that I have heard rumours that *Sweetheart Gwen* will put on a Welsh dress.

Y Teulu is a weekly magazine published by P. M. Evans & Son of Holywell. I wonder whether the magazine and newspaper can be combined nowadays. I believe not. The old Welsh magazines,—the *Brython*, *Gwyliedydd*, *Gwladgarwr*, &c,—were such a combination; and their terse bits of political news,—terse because paper and ink were dear,—are very interesting to read nowadays. There is room for the *Teulu* if its pages show signs of originality; if is to be a scrap-book of translations from the English evening papers, then it is not required. The first number is certainly good, and I hope its level will be maintained.

Women's magazines have never succeeded in Wales. They have always been austere and their articles too sermon-like,—that may be the reason. On the other hand there is a danger in thinking that women desire the sensational and vapid only. Ieuan Gwynedd began with the *Gymraes*; Granogwen followed with the *Frythones*; now Ceridwen Peris brings out a new *Cymraes*. It is published by E. W. Evans of Dolgellau. I know what it deserves; but I do not know whether it will succeed. Much depends, nowadays, on paper, ink, and illustrations; thoughtful articles and good poetry will not, in themselves, bring success.

Messrs. Hughes will, in January, publish the first number of a Welsh magazine called *Heddyw*. Its field will be the Wales of to-day,—what is done in every part of Wales, and what is not done, for the amelioration of the condition of the people. Libraries, forestry, gardening, sanitation, a higher taste in home decoration, orchestral music, architecture,—these and a great many other subjects have long been waiting for a magazine to air and discuss them. It will be profusely illustrated, and will undoubtedly enhance the already high reputation of this firm of printers.

There has been much inquiry about novels, written in English, illustrating Welsh life. Many have been published, and many more will be published shortly. H. R. Allenson, of Pater Noster Row, London, will publish soon the *Village Idylls* of Alfred Thomas, in a six shilling volume, uniform with *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* and *Auld Licht Idylls*. The readers of WALES have read a few of the Welsh *Idylls*, and will, I have no doubt, give their countryman's volume a hearty welcome.

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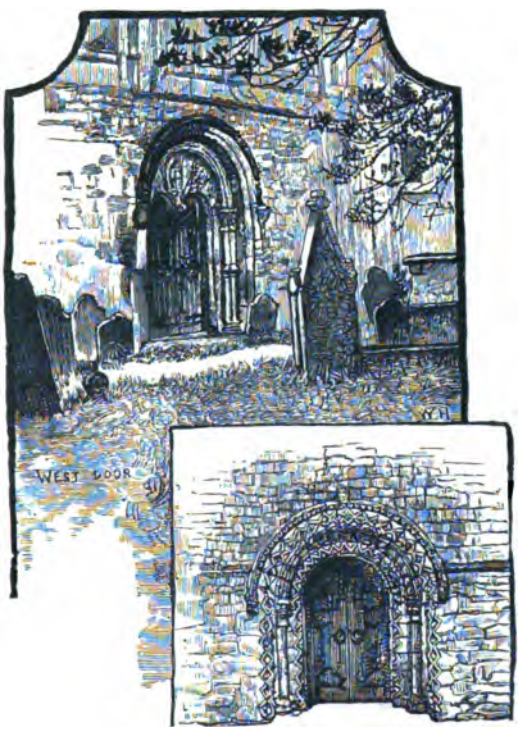

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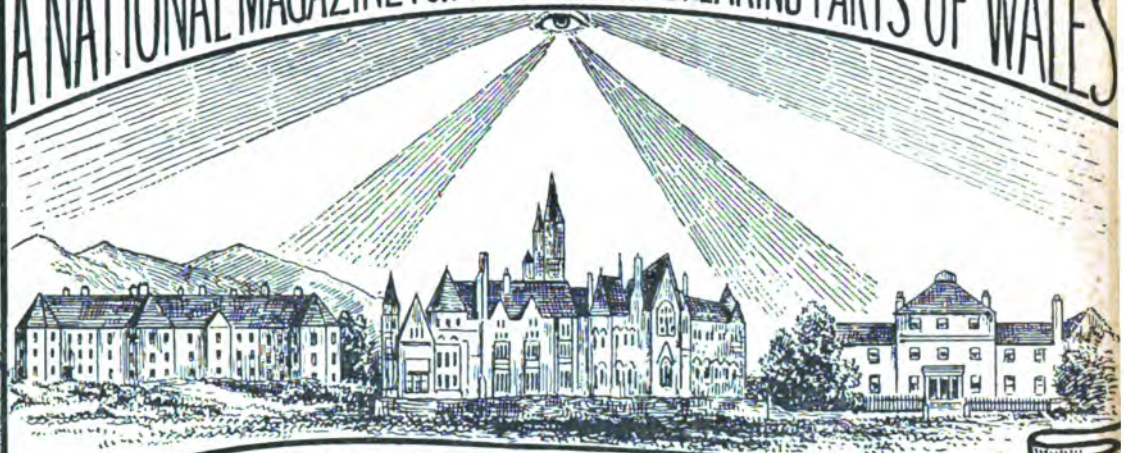

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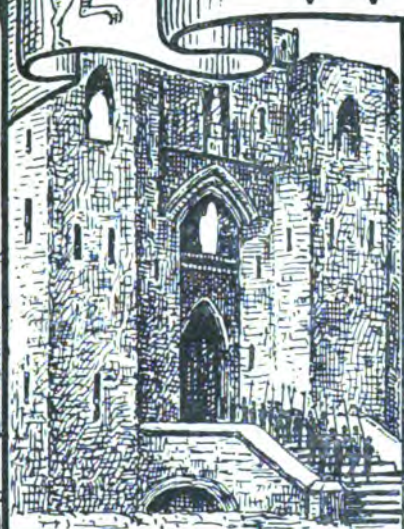

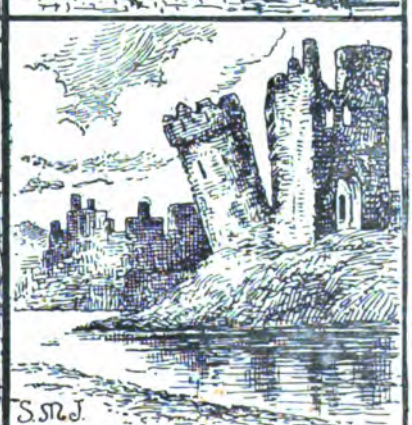

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PEACE ON EARTH.

A CAROL.

By R. BRYAN.

PEACE ON EARTH, GOODWILL TO MEN,
Sang the angel host of old,
Love divine,
On earth doth shine,
In the manger Christ behold.

PEACE ON EARTH, GOODWILL TO MEN;
Sages too proclaim the cry;
Age by age,
Thus call the sage,
Leave, O men, your follies by.

PEACE ON EARTH, GOODWILL TO MEN,
Love and mercy men remind
Of the deed
To lessen need,—
God's goodwill to all mankind.

PEACE ON EARTH, GOODWILL TO MEN,
Shall resound from sun to sun;
Time so hale,
With age will fail,
Ere the glorious theme be done.

PEACE ON EARTH, GOODWILL TO MEN,
Earth and stars and heavens fall,
From the tomb
Men rise to doom,
God remaineth All in All.

ISLWYN'S ENGLISH POEMS.*

XVIII.—THE FAREWELL WALK.

MANY years have rolled away
Since the blissful summer day
When we took our farewell walk,
When the winds were hushed on the shore,
Listening to our farewell talk,—
Sweet accents heard no more.

The billows that roll in that fairy bay
Seem, even now, to remember the day;
In my charmed ears they seem to talk
Of the farewell day, of the farewell walk,
Oh! why did I feel I should soon be forlorn,
When the rose of health did thy cheek adorn?

Why did I feel by that lonely main
As if we never should meet again?
Nature, appalled, seemed to hold her breath
At the shadow of thy coming death;
I thought not of death, yet I could not help feeling
That we were together *then* for the last evening.

I was called too soon, in an hour too trying,
To see thee languish, to watch thee dying.
Is it possible, can it be
That thou never rememberest me?

No! For heaven, tho' never so prized,
Is only earth immortalized.
Give a good man the past glorified,
And he shall for ever be satisfied.

I'd not have a future, tho' never so vast,
That should be all severed from loves of the past;
I feel sometimes I could gladly die
For the joy of meeting thee on high;
But I dare not think much of that blissful hour,
It doth "this mortal" so overpower.
Oh! visit thou often the border land,
For I am approaching; beside me stand!
And when I emerge from Jordan's flood,
Receive me, beloved, to home and God!

If glorified spirits may hither stray,
We shall yet visit that fairy bay,
And read of life's volume that closing page,
When we shall be millions of years of age.
We shall yet look back on a well-ended past,
For if "Death" be an enemy, he is "THE LAST!"

XIX.—MY SISTER.

THY star had set, thy course was run,
Ere I began this mortal race;
Why is thy name so sweet to one
Who never saw thy face?

* These additional poems, of the existence of which I was not aware, were kindly sent me by an old friend, Mr. John Morgan, solicitor, Cardiff.

Full many a spring had greened the sod
  Ere I commenced this life of woe;
Thou hadst been long at home in God,
  Why should I love thee so?

It seems as though I knew thee well,
  As though that angel-hand of thine
With grasp of love tongue ne'er can tell
  Had once been locked in mine.

What is the secret of thy spell
  Upon this wearied soul of mine?
Why should my thoughts for ever dwell
  Upon thee, and in grief repine?

When I emerge from Jordan's tide,
Be ready on the other side;
Thou needest not thy sweet name tell,
For, sister! I shall know thee well.

XX.—Jesus Wept.

When he saw the sisters meek
  Weeping o'er the well-known hearth,
Tears bedewed his holy cheek,
  'Twas his only home on earth.

When he saw the chair well known
Vacant, opposite his own,
Then his mighty spirit grieved,
For beloved ones so bereaved.

Then he realised the pain
Death brings always in his train;
Then he felt the bitter end,
What it is to lose a friend.

Did the loved one only sleep,
  That the man divine might feel
What it was, for once, to weep,
  Under death's all-slaying heel!

Did the brother only sleep,
That a God might learn to weep,
Learn with men to sympathize,
Now, when reigning in the skies!

Jesus wept. Oh tell me why,
  When he had the power to save,
When the light of victory
  Dawned already on the grave;

When a breath could sweep away
  Worlds from off that lifeless clay,
When the eyes that wept each tear
  Saw the resurrection near.

Jesus wept, and all for ye,
  Sisters, helpless in your woe;
It was only sympathy,
  For bereaved ones laid so low.

Still he asks a worm like me,—
  "Where have ye the loved one laid?"
Still I answer,—"Come and see!"
  And my fears are all allayed.

For he cometh still more near
  In his promise and his word,
And we never doubt or fear
  When his voice has once been heard.

XXI.—Life.

Oh! mighty over-shadowing tree,
Where is the hand that planted thee?
  The plant lives on,
  The planter gone.

Oh! mighty castle by the sea,
Where is the hand that builded thee?
  The building stands, the plant lives on,
  The builder and the planter gone!

How dost thou, patriarchal oak,
Defy each storm, each lightning stroke,
When a passing breath by us called death,
Thy planter's strength for ever broke.
  Thy wood lives on,
  The woodman gone!

The warrior from the picture springs!
  Valiant and bold,
The painted bell in my ear rings,
  By genius tolled,
    Rings ever on
  As if to toll
  For the silent soul
    Of the artist gone!

Why should the nobler life decay,
Oh! why should man pass *first* away;
Why should the humbler growths live on
Unceasing, when the nobler's gone?
Oh! patriarchal oak, I envy thee
Far thou shalt many an unborn century see,
The funerals of ages shall pass by,
  While I
  May ere to-morrow die.

The world is very happy, I would fain
Among such joys for ages yet remain;
Thou shalt remain tho' void of love as heart,
But I, the soul of love, must soon depart.

There must be yet a happier future state,
If not, creation is a blunder. Fate
Is kinder to a senseless forest tree,
  Far kinder, than to me.

Oh! why were such affections given me,
Affection that could clasp eternity?
Why build a ship for so small a stake,
  So small a lake?

Islwyn's Poetical Works.

The volume of Islwyn's Poetical Works is now rapidly approaching completion, and every effort will be made to send his copy to every subscriber before the old year is out. Between seven and eight hundred pages have already been printed. Every new order must be accompanied by a subscription of half a guinea; and I have already appealed to the subscribers in Cymru to forward their subscriptions at their earliest convenience. I ask this favour to save expense as much as possible, as I know the volume will be published at a loss.

ENOCH HUGHES.

By Daniel Owen,

Author of *The Autobiography of Rhys Lewis, Green Tomos, &c.*

Translated from the Welsh by the Hon. Claud Vivian.

CHAPTER LI.

THE AMERICAN.

NOW, in order to explain the last chapter, and indeed, to throw a little light on the whole of the events of this story,—a story that it is time for me now to bring to an end,—I must narrate what took place between the American and Enoch Hughes on the night that Captain Trevor died. In the course of his stay in the Brown Cow the stranger had, as has been said before, been accustomed to call almost daily at the Cross Shop to buy cigars, for he was an incessant smoker; and many an interesting conversation had taken place between Enoch and him. It was clear to Enoch that he was a man who had seen a lot of the world, and he had learnt something from him every time he talked to him. But the chief subject of their conversation every time used to be America, and no matter what point they began with the old gentleman took care to finish up with the "big Continent of the west." He had talked so much about the country, and was so full of its praises, that Enoch had almost become anxious to go there, and if it had not been for certain circumstances which he knew of doubtless he would have determined to go to America. Early in the morning of the day the old gentleman was going to visit Captain Trevor, he intimated his wish to have an hour's conversation with Enoch on a matter of business after the shop was shut. Enoch considered this a considerable honour, and had invited the stranger to supper on that night, and he had gratefully accepted the invitation. According to Enoch's directions, Miss Bevan, his house-keeper, prepared as good a supper as anyone could want, for she was a clever girl and was fully appreciated by Enoch. As has been narrated, the old gentleman went straight from Ty'nyrardd to the Cross Shop, and in the course of the supper Enoch and he conversed about one thing and another, merrily enough. After the supper was finished, and the two had lighted their cigars, the gentleman said, in Welsh,—(and it was the first word of Welsh that Enoch had heard from him, and he opened his eyes in astonishment when he realized that he was a Welshman),—

"I said to you this morning, Mr. Hughes, that I wanted to speak a word with you privately. I am a Welshman as you see, and on considering the little Welsh that I have heard for so many years, I fancy you will say that I have not become a Dic Shon Dafydd. I left Wales many years ago, —more than you can remember. I was driven from this country by trouble. I was not poor,—well, indeed, I think that I was considered pretty well off. I had, before I went away, buried my parents, and my only brother, and my two sisters. I had been married for many years, and I had one daughter, and I believe that I can say that there was not in the district a prettier or more virtuous girl,"—(here the old man's eyes moistened, and something came into his throat so that he could not go on for a moment or two). By and bye, he continued,—"Excuse me, Mr. Hughes, the time comes back vividly to my mind. After a short illness my wife died. This was a terrible blow to me. I felt that I was getting more and more alone every day, and that my friends,—those who were true friends to me,—were in another world, and at times, I longed to be able to go to them. But I had my daughter with me still, and to me at that time, she was of more value than the whole world put together. As I have said before, so dear was she in my sight that I thought that there was not her equal anywhere. My business was pretty large, and I had with me a young man,—well, some fifteen years younger than I,—clever and sharp,—looking after it when I was not able, in consequence of troubles, to pay much attention to it. I entrusted the whole of it to him, and he lived in my house, and was looked upon as one of us. I was for some time in low spirits, and did not care for the affairs of this world. After a time,—mercifully time restores men,—I came to myself, and began to look at my books. I saw at once that everything had not been carried on straightly, and the young man I have mentioned saw that I had discovered this. He did not come to the office the next morning, and when I made enquiries about him I found that he had left the country. This created a doubt in me and I devoted myself to looking into my circumstances day and night. I very soon found out that the young man I had thought so much of

had defrauded me of three hundred pounds. It was late at night when I came home after making this discovery, and I was, as you may imagine, frightened and angry, and my intention was to put the matter into the hands of the police at once. I told all to my daughter, for to her alone could I talk about the matter at the time. She was much frightened and put her arms round my neck, and beseeched me with copious tears not to speak to anyone about the matter,—three hundred pounds was not much to me, and she begged me to recollect all his services and fidelity. I listened to her, but little did I know, at that time, the reason for her pleading for him. I winked at it all, and no one has ever heard a word of the matter from that day till this, for I could not refuse any wish of my daughter,—she was my all at that time. But the cup of my sorrow had not been filled yet. The bitterest and the greatest trial,—the one more unbearable than all the other troubles put together,—was awaiting me. I will not go into details. But try to imagine my feelings, when, one day, I realized that it had not been enough for the young man to steal three hundred pounds from me, but that he had also deceived and abased my daughter. A small grandson was born to me before I knew or suspected anything. It nearly made me go out of mind, and I have thousands of times been thankful that the villain who had been the cause of my wrongs was not within my reach, otherwise I am sure I should have strangled him, even if I had known that I should have been hanged for it the next day. I did not look at or speak to my daughter for a month,—I was mad, I know,—and what anguish this occasioned her and me afterwards, God alone knows. Indeed, for I must tell you all, I never again spoke a word to her. I went to see her a few minutes before she died; and how lovely she was even in the clutches of death"—(At this point the old gentleman broke down again, and Enoch was not one bit more hard hearted.)—"She begged me to forgive her, and said other things that my feelings do not,—though since then three and thirty years have passed,—suffer me to relate. I was like a fool, stubborn! But I kissed her twice, and I have thanked God a thousand times for having done that. It is, now, my only consolation. My daughter took this as a sign that I had forgiven her,—a heavenly smile spread over her dear face, and her spirit took flight. For some time I was like a madman, and in my madness I sold all that I owned. After putting the child under the care of an old woman and giving her something,—not a quarter enough,—for her trouble, I went to America. But I failed to leave my sorrows behind me in Wales,—they were with me over yonder just the same. I saw that the only cure for me was to give myself entirely up to business. I had been accustomed to give all my mind to business. After a time, this cured me of my sorrow, except that it came, now and then, during years, like a shower on me. I had a fair amount of money when I went to America, and I made a lot there at my business. About nine months ago, I gave up the business,—my age required me to do so,—I felt that I was not as of old,—with the intention of living comfortable on my fortune. But I could not; in spite of every device I was not happy. I had more time to think about the old matters. In the end I determined to return to Wales to enquire about my grandson, if he was alive. I thought that that was the only amends I could make for my folly. I dertermined that no one should recognize me till I came across my grandson, and if he were worth acknowledging, that I would make him my heir. Now, Mr. Hughes, I have put this determination into action, and I am glad to inform you that, after two months' quiet search, I some months ago, came across my grandson, and found him to be a man who was respected among his neighbours, —a man that I will not have to be ashamed of when he comes with me to America to be a companion to me in my old days, and to inherit my wealth."

"Thank God," said Enoch, from the bottom of his heart. "But let me hear, sir, how you came across him?"

"I will tell you that some other time, Mr. Hughes. *You* are my grandson,—I am your grandfather," said the old gentleman, laying his face between his hands on the table.

It is not necessary to say that Enoch was amazed, and when the reader recollects how weak his nerves were, it is unnecessary also to say that the announcement was more than he could stand. By and bye, his grandfather continued,—

"But I have only told half the story. When I came back to Wales, I did not imagine, or wish to come across your father. I had thought that the devil would have made a job of him long ago, for I had handed him over to his keeping before I had left home. But he is a long time taking him. Your father is the man,—if he is worthy of the name of man,—who calls himself Captain Trevor. That was not his baptismal name. His true name is Enoch Hughes; and you were called by his name by old Mrs. Amos. I recognized him on the first night I went to the Brown Cow. But in order to be sure, I took time to enquire and make secret investigations, and to look more carefully at him. He is your father, I am sorry to say, he is one of the worst scoundrels on the face of the earth, as I told him to-night in his own

house. And if it were not for you and his pretty daughter I would put him away safe enough before to-morrow night. Do not the toes of one of your feet stick together? So do his, if you go and look. This, I know, is a terrible blow to you, though I, on the other hand, look on it as a most providential thing that I came here in time to prevent you marrying your sister. But do not give way,—show that you are a man,—this was bound to come to light, and you ought to be thankful for it. Hold up your head, my dear boy, —come,—don't give way to your feelings."

It was very easy to say "don't give way," but Enoch felt that he had been stabbed to the heart, and did give way. Mr. Davies did not know his grandson, or know how sensitive he was, or he would have made the disclosure to him more sparingly. Enoch had to lie down on the sofa, and looked so ill as to cause some alarm to his grandfather. He rang the bell for Miss Bevan, and asked her to fetch a doctor at once, which she did. Enoch was carried to his bed, and his grandfather and Miss Bevan and the doctor attended him during the night.

CHAPTER LII.

THE LAST LOOK.

THE next morning, Enoch felt a little better, and doubtless he would have been able to leave his bed if it had not been that Miss Bevan came suddenly into the room and informed him that Captain Trevor had been found dead on the sofa that morning. This was a second cause of agitation to his feelings, but Mr. Davies, his grandfather, received the news without astonishment and with a smile, and said quietly, as though to himself,—"I knew he would die in his clothes." It was about Susie that Enoch thought incessantly, and though his love for her,—after realizing that she was his sister,—had changed in character, it was not an atom less. His heart was almost breaking from sympathy with her in her trouble, and many times in the course of that day, he sent Miss Bevan, his housekeeper, to Ty'nyrardd, to enquire about her. What tormented Enoch was how he could inform Miss Trevor about their relationship, and about what his grandfather had told him. His grandfather understood his trouble, and said,—

"Leave that to me, my boy, I know that you are in a great trouble and worry, but after we have put the sod over that old Captain, we will set about the matter. Everything is sure to end well, for all this is only the way of Providence and of God for bringing things to view, and to their right places. I feel more happy at this moment than I have been for three and thirty years."

Enoch, poor fellow, could not feel as his grandfather felt,—the latter had brought on him a bitter experience, and yet he could not help thinking how providential his coming to Bethel had been,—and if he had waited a month or two more without making his appearance what a horrible disaster would have taken place. Considerable ease was afforded to Enoch's mind when his grandfather said to him,—

"There is not any one alive that knows of the circumstances I narrated to you, my boy, and 'the Captain,' as this district calls him, has had an everlasting silence put on him, and for your sake and for the sake of his daughter, we must keep it all to ourselves. Of course, we cannot help giving some explanation in a discreet way, to Miss Hughes,—that is Miss Trevor,—and we must make some arrangement about her, because of the engagement there was between you. I am glad to learn that she is a sensible girl, and will know how to behave when she gets to understand matters, if indeed her father has not informed her of them already, for I was there last night."

Enoch tried all he could to get well in order to go to console Miss Trevor, and his grandfather too did his best for him, for it was at the Cross Shop that the old man was now staying. Enoch failed to get strength enough to go out until the day of the Captain's funeral. But Susie had not been left alone. There had been another young man there for the last two days who had taken every care of her, and though he had arrived under painful circumstances of his own, he had afforded a great deal of comfort to her. Was Susie unfaithful to Enoch? No fear. Her word was as good as a law. But Will was so kind, and so nice looking, and had so much to say, and so, and so, &c., &c.

It had been intended to bury the Captain and Hugh Bryan on the same day, but as the former was swelling it was necessary to bury him a day earlier. Leaving his grandfather with a box of cigars at his side in the parlour of the Cross Shop, Enoch took his way, with difficulty, to Ty'nyrardd about the time that the funeral was to take place. Of course, it was with new and curious feelings that he started out to see Miss Trevor, and he was never more surprised in his life than when he found her in the little parlour sitting on the sofa, like an image, with her hand in the hand of Will Bryan, who was seated by her side. As soon as Enoch made his appearance, Susie snatched her hand free, and looked him straight in the face,

as though trying to say,—"Do not doubt me, Mr. Hughes, I am keeping faithful to you." She grasped his hand, broke out crying bitterly, and said, in a half choking voice, addressing Enoch,—"Will, here's the best man in the world."

Enoch and Will shook hands in a friendly way, for, under existing circumstances, there was not an atom of envy in Enoch's bosom towards Will, and Will, too, was enough of a gentleman, after having heard from his mother that Susie and Enoch were engaged to be married, to feel kindly and warmly disposed towards him. But before they could say a few words to each other, there came the confusion and noise of the coffin being carried down from the attic, and of someone etching chairs, and Mr. Brown, the parson, with his book, appeared at the door. Will and Enoch walked alongside each other in the funeral procession, and the latter felt how small and inconsiderable he was by the side of Will, and how much better a match for Susie Will would make than he. Will thought about the old Captain whom they were that day bearing to his long home. What a change it would be to him to be obliged to be silent; and if he had not "altered like the deuce" from the time when he had known him, Will felt sure that the first thing old Trevor would do,—wherever he was in the other world,—would be to try to persuade someone to "speculate." Will honestly considered that his gaffer,—that is his father, who would be buried the next day,—would have a better chance of promotion than the Captain. Of course he didn't say this, but things like this ran through Will's mind at the funeral.

Whilst they were standing round the grave, and Mr. Brown was reading about the certain hope of everlasting life for his dear brother, Will happened to raise his head, and whom did he see, dressed in clean clothes, but Thomas Bartley. Thomas, being of opinion that the neighbourhood was getting a happy deliverance on that day, had come out in his very best suit for the funeral,—namely, in the suit that he had worn when he went to Bala to see Rhys Lewis. The black-dress coat did not look a pin the worse, and the big white collar was as stiff as ever. When Will saw him Thomas was holding his big beaver hat to his right ear, as though he was listening to what it had to say, and he looked extremely devotional. The sight of him was the best treat Will had had for years, and a thousand amusing recollections came into his mind, so that he had to hide his face lest people should think that he was making a joke of so solemn an event. Thomas too had discovered Will, and as soon as ever the service was over, he strode up to him, and shaking hands with him heartily, said,—

"Well, old chum! And so you have come to sight at last, then? Eh? Where have you been hanging out? Eh?"

"In Birmingham last, Thomas," said Will.

"I 'spects so. I knew'd as how it was in one of those there countries over the sea as you were, or we should have heard tell some'ut of you afore now. Do you know what, you have got to be a strapping fine chap in looks. Do you intend staying a bit?"

"I shall be here for a short time, anyhow. How is Barbara, Thomas?" asked Will.

"She's acomplaining all'us of her limbs, you see, terrible bad. You will come over yonder, won't you? You'll have a lot to tell us now, I'll warrant. There's some grub in the house, remember. Don't make yourself a stranger."

"No fear, Thomas. I will come there as soon as this affair is over," said Will.

"Yes, and it's a big affair too, and it's lucky that it's only once it happens in a man's life, or I don't know what would become of us," said Thomas.

Two days afterwards, that is, on the day after Hugh Bryan's funeral, Enoch and his grandfather went to Ty'nyrardd. The grandfather undertook the unpleasant duty of explaining to Miss Trevor her relationship with Enoch. Before going there, Enoch and his grandfather, in order to spare Miss Trevor's feelings, had determined not to say anything about her father's dishonesty whilst he was in Mr. Davies' service, for there was no good object to be gained by kicking a man that was down. The interview lasted for some hours, but it would be useless for me to relate its history, for there was a very great deal of crying and lamentation, and it is not pleasant to write about such things. Enoch did one thing then that, though it is a most astonishing fact to state,—he had not done before,—he kissed Miss Trevor. All's well that ends well.

After some days Miss Trevor sold the furniture of Ty'nyrardd and everything that had belonged to her father, and went to live in the Cross Shop, taking Kitty with her. Mr. Davies continued to live with Enoch, and Will Bryan divided his time between consoling his widowed mother, and amusing the family,—for there was a family there now,—of the Cross Shop. At the end of a few weeks, Mr. Davies began to get uneasy about returning to America, and yet he was not willing to do this before seeing matters put on a safe and lasting condition. Events were hurried on. One morning, without any of the neighbours knowing anything about the matter, Will and Susie were made husband and wife in the old parish church. Enoch acted as best man and Miss Bevan as brides-

maid, and Enoch's grandfather gave away the bride. When the ceremony was over, Will and Susie started to go away, but Mr. Brown and Mr. Davies called out at once,—"Stop! we haven't done yet,"—and Enoch said,—"One good turn deserves another." Will was transformed into the best man and Susie into the bridesmaid, and Enoch and Miss Bevan were married then and there. This had been kept an entire secret between Mr. Brown, Mr. Davies, Enoch, and his new love. The company, including Mr. Brown, returned to the Cross Shop, to enjoy a most excellent breakfast. There was only one thing wanting in the preparations even according to Mr. Brown's reckoning,—and he privately mentioned it to Enoch,—

"You ought to have given us a little wine, Mr. Hughes, on an occasion like this, in all sense. But you Calvinists never do know how to do things really first class, though you have the means to do so."

Enoch himself felt that there was something wanting, but he scarcely believed that the want was in the direction Mr. Brown mentioned. The two married couples, with Kitty and Mr. Davies, went away by the mid-day train. At the end of a week Will and his wife returned to the Cross Shop, but neither Enoch nor his wife, nor Mr. Davies, nor Kitty, were seen any more in Bethel.

Will, now, was the owner of the big Cross Shop. How the shop became his, no one has a right to know, and I am not going to tell. He took his old mother to it, to live with them, and Susie was extremely kind to her as long as she lived. Like his predecessor Will Bryan was a successful tradesman, and at once became a man of influence in the town. The first winter after his return to his old home, he gave, in the Methodist schoolroom, a series of lectures which made him a great name. The subject of the lectures was "Human nature." Will used the title "Human nature" rather than "The nature of man," so as to meet the different literary proclivities of the different sects. The schoolroom was crowded every night that Will lectured, though entrance was obtained only through sixpenny tickets. Thomas Bartley took two tickets for each lecture,—one for himself and one for Barbara,—though Barbara, poor woman, could not go over the door sill for "pain in her joints." Thomas' fidelity in attending the lectures had been so great that Will resolved to get him to act as chairman for the last lecture of the series, and the old brother of Twmpath felt that this was a great honour, but it created an undying hatred of envy in Sam Lloyd's breast towards him. A night without its like was the night when Thomas Bartley was chairman. Seven hundred tickets were bought, though the schoolroom only held two hundred. Will's lectures, written down in shorthand, are among my papers some where, if I can come across them. But as the experiences of Enoch Hughes is the subject of my story, and he, now, is living the life of a gentleman in Chicago, where he is greatly respected, it is as well that I should conclude this story here as any where else, and perhaps some will say that I ought to have ended it long ago.

[FINIS.]

THE NIGHT-FALL.

[FROM THE WELSH.]

Cysgodion nos ymledent dros y tir, &c., by REV. W. THOMAS *(Gwilym Marles)*, 1834-1879.

THE shades of night were spreading o'er the earth,
The evening breezes whispering in the grove,
And through the branches, bright as at her birth,
Fair Venus twinkled,—still the star of love;
The noble river as it downward rolled,
Went gently murmuring o'er its gravelly bed;
While silence, eloquent as 'twas of old,
The beauteous valley slowly overspread.

'Twas th' hour of worship, and I felt as 'twere
All nature round me lowly bowed the knee;
Her bounteous bosom swelling into prayer,
Her lips a-bursting into holy glee;
Streams purling here, responding streams below,
And strains melodious echoing the grove,
The temple-ceiling of the sky aglow,
With its ten thousand shining lights above.

Peace filled my heart, while sitting in the grove,
From distant scenes of youth thoughts came to me,
Thoughts that were radiant with the light of love,
And with the smiles of sweet tranquility;
But soon those happy reminiscences
Transcended were by present greater joy;
For on that evening and amid those trees,
I felt what heaven is,—pure, without alloy.

T. C. U

PWLL UFFERN.
(From a photograph by Oswyn St. L. Davies, Esq.)

CAIO AND ITS CAVES.

V.

By the Rev. D. CUNLLO DAVIES, Dowlais.

THAT the Romans had an important station at Caio, that their stay here was longer than was usual for them, and that the vicinity was the scene of many a bloodshed, is clearly evident from what is seen around us to-day. Could these *tumuli* but speak, and could these caves only deliver up their secrets, we would undoubtedly be able to write the history of important transactions in life and property between the Roman and the Silurian Briton. Mr. Eliezer Williams speaks of small red bricks that have been turned up by the ploughshare, with the initials of Roman names inscribed on them. They are unknown to-day. Whether this is due to the ploughboy's want of observation, or to their non-existence, we cannot definitely say, but we must respect the authority of Mr. Williams for the statement. The bricks would form another link in the history of the "Red Town," and the letters they bore would mark its occupier as being a Roman. Before the bridge leading to the village and the embankment were built, no one could but see that the spot on which Caio stands was eminently adapted for a fortress. It is surrounded on three sides by a ravine. On two sides the brook Annell flows, and on the third side, except during periods of drought, the Frena flows rapidly to join its sister in the meadow below. These would form a natural ditch, the high knoll to the north would form a natural watch tower, and the mountains beyond would safeguard the interests of the town better than a legion of soldiers.

The old farmhouse of MAESNEUADD, on the outskirts of the village, implies by its name that it has marked the situation of something greater than a quiet country homestead. A Roman town had its towers and turreted walls, and it also had its hall or palace, where the chief official lived. Roman remains show us no traces of a fixed municipal life. The occupation of Britain was military in character, and though municipal life and duties were attended with gorgeous pomp and dignity, yet the life of the army was tenfold more so. Every military station bore the impress of Rome and the Cæsars. Anybody could say that its administration was

a copy of that which swayed the world in the "eternal city." Can the NEUADD not be some vestige of a Roman governor's palace? It would be surrounded by open space, and this fact would explain the MAES. Such is the village historian's belief; and since it has been believed through the different generations, I feel that I have no heart to offer one criticism.

It is a peculiar fact that many of the inhabitants bear Roman names. Antony is not an uncommon Christian name; and one talented individual of the line always claims his descent from Mark Antony, one of the Roman triumvirs after the death of Julius Cæsar. Being able to quote with dignity some portions of the play in which his illustrious namesake figured, one feels a kind of moral compulsion to believe the story.

Another personage, who figured prominently among the good people of the parish, was one Paulinus, an itinerant umbrella mender. He was generally known as the "Dicky Du," from the fact that he always spoke of a favourite black rooster he had in his possession under that name. He was a great favourite among the younger portion of the coummunity, as he generally carried about with him toffee of peculiar flavour, and whose composition we never questioned. It melted away in our mouths much sooner than it would take a chemist to reduce it to its component parts. Though made of unknown materials, through its medium he generally found a way to our hearts, and the sweets generally managed to bring forth a basin of good leek broth from our fond mothers.

While speaking of some of the old characters, it would ill become me to pass by some of the other oddities that flourished in the time of our youth. David Edwards, known all over South Wales as DIO PEN POINYN, was a pauper who lived in Cwmcothi. True to time, he was always seen on a Thursday at one o'clock, marching over the hill down to the village to meet the relieving officer of the Union. I can see him coming this moment, —a tall man, six feet and an inch or two long, in moleskin trousers, that just managed to reach the tops of his wooden clogs. Stockings he had none, their place was taken up with straw; an old overcoat, with immense pockets, covered all, and the crowning point of all was an old battered silk hat. With a long stick clutched at the middle, one could not well forget the odd figure that he cut. On these Thursdays, when meeting the representatives of the Union, he would act as an agent for all the paupers that dwelt in his district in bringing back their relief money and any articles of provision that they would need for the week. To see Dio loading at the village shop was a sight never to be forgotten. The slender figure that had entered the neighbourhood an hour before was now a man of immense proportions. The pockets inside and outside his coat were stuffed to their utmost capacities. Baskets he hated. Their use by women, he said, was always a sign of pride, and umbrellas were too frail for this ancient son of Caio. Whenever his weekly load was too much for his pockets to contain, he always unearthed a by no means clean canvas bag, and whenever it rained, the same bag would come in useful as a cape over his shoulders. Adaptation to circumstances and environment was one of his strong points, and honesty was one of his cardinal virtues. Farmers sent him to the banker to Lampeter, and they knew from experience that they could trust Dio. On many an occasion he carried fifty sovereigns to the bank, and though he would have ten miles to walk, he would willingly do so for a small pittance of sixpence. Whenever a casting was required for the mill, he was always in requisition in bringing it from the foundry. Though he would have messages for all the country at half the tradesmen of the town, and though he never kept a note book, for the good reason that he could not reckon reading and writing as one of his accomplishments, he never was known to make a mistake.

No one seemed to be able to know his age. The oldest people, when interrogated, nodded their heads and said they could only remember him as he was during the last days of his pilgrimage. If we,—the children,—debated the question of Dio's age, the name of Methuselah would always

creep into our disquisitions, and the problem would be shelved without a solution.

He had a peculiar cough. It was a clear, whistling cough. He had it during summer and winter, and did not appear to bear any relation to a cold or a sore throat. It was a loud cough. If the old man passed along the road, even if we were a hundred yards away from him, we would hear that loud whistling clearing of the throat. It used to be the signal for all the schoolboys to congregate together and see him passing along, for his visit was a weekly event in our history of no small importance. We liked to see him, and had some inward reverence for him and his eccentricities. In proof of this, nobody ever dreamt of snowballing Dio during the winter, and this was out of pure respect for him. However, it was on a Thursday afternoon, during the fall of the year, that he came, as usual, into the village, and we heard his coughing, but it was so different. We looked each other in the face, and our eyes were dimmed, for we knew it was death, it was so strange; and in a few Sundays it was announced in all the chapels that the familiar figure had passed away, and that his mortal remains would be buried during the week. A large sum of money was found in his old house. Dozens of fourpenny pieces, hundreds of old ounce pennies, and some guineas were discovered in all kinds of nooks and corners, and were of course appropriated by the Union authorities. He was of a respectable family, noble blood ran in his veins, and it was generally understood that if Dio's heart was opened, the image of one of Caio's fairest daughters would be found impressed upon it so deeply that eternity itself can never erase. it. He never told the secret, and it will be locked until the morning when all the secrets of men shall be proclaimed before the judgment seat.

Two of his contemporaries were BILLO NANO and TWM SWEEP. They were of a religious turn of mind; and though not much information could be gleaned from them on any topic of general import, they were great men in prayer. Well do I remember hiding in one of the out-houses of the farm, where Thomas had come for the night, in order that I might hear him offering up his sacrifice of praise before retiring for the night under the shadow of the Almighty wing, among the straw. The servant boys from all the country around would be there, and after the old man's closing sentences would be delivered, they would all part in silence, stricken with awe. Many a time we wondered at his power in prayer, and often have we asked the question,—How could this mysterious person enter so completely within the veil? How was this untutored soul so lost in the ecstasies of prayer? And the only answer that satisfied us completely was,—"Because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes." He is gone, and no stone marks his resting place, but the parish lost a good sweep and the country a familiar figure that was always welcome.

BILLO was of a more theological mind. His religion, unlike that of Thomas the recluse, was of a social kind. He would follow the "stranger from North Wales" that itinerated through the country, and would be regular in his attendance at all the church meetings. His prayers were always long, and the request for him to lead was generally prefaced by a desire that he should be brief. Once, however, that he got "hold of the ropes of promise," he would not willingly let them go out of his hands, and he must needs appeal for the Jews and the Royal Family. It appears that he had read the old Puritan Gurnal, as he generally quoted some of the telling words of the *Christian in Complete Armour*.

DIO'R ENWYN, W. H. LLEWELYN, and ROGER PENDERYN, other oddities, belonged to a different category. They were the terror of children, and their names would have the same influence over our youthful hearts as the mention of a ghost or bogie. Dio was the mildest of the trio, and earned the sobriquet attached to his name through his fondness for buttermilk. Before the days of the iron horse, the messages of the country, and the traffic between Glamorganshire and our county, were carried on by these persons and the carriers, who took the produce of the country to the works.

"DOCTOR HARRIS," CWRTYCADNO, was an astrologer and a wizard, and these qualifications he made great use of in dispensing medicine to a large practice. He was at the height of his popularity during the thirties and the forties. The sick and sorrowful came to enquire of his oracles from all parts of Wales; and from the testimony of the oldest people, we must conclude that he was eminently successful in his cures. Lunatics were brought to him from the most distant parts of Pembrokeshire and Radnorshire, and he had a wonderful power over them. Hundreds that would be lodged in lunatic asylums to-day were sent home completely cured. The course of treatment would include what he would term the water treatment, and this would, to all appearance, be one of his chief methods. He would take the afflicted to the brink of the river and fire an old flint revolver. This would frighten his patient to such a degree that he would fall into the pool. He assumed the power of charming away pain from any part of the body, and was so successful that people believed thoroughly that he was in league with the Evil One. His fame had spread abroad, and "Dr. Harris" was a familiar name through the length and breadth of the land. Imagine, then, the patient coming on horseback for a distance of twenty miles to consult him. His imagination is full of strange stories, and he is prepared to believe almost anything. Entering the improvised surgery, he sees the doctor, a man of rough exterior, medium height, and geniality of countenance of the most winning kind. One knows the dire influence of seeing the dentist's instruments, when the fate of an old molar is in the balance, and one can readily imagine the effect on a patient's mind of seeing the gloomy surroundings of the room where the consultation takes place in Cwrt y Cadno. On a table there are some dozens of odd volumes. Some are open, and one can see most peculiar hieroglyphics and tables. A few are tied with shoe strings, others are clasped with heavy brass, and one is actually padlocked. A quiet talk as to the cause and position of the ailment would unawares to the sick man disclose most valuable information. Then the doctor consulted the tomes, brewed a concoction of herbs, and assured the patient that he would be cured through his knowledge of astrology. Every medical man knows the influence of imagination on disease, and every nurse understands the effect of a doctor's geniality in the sick chamber; and in taking the darkness of the period, the general ignorance of the people, and the craftiness of the old man as our data, we are tempted to say that we have the key to the secret of his great success in treating those who came to him for cure.

His materia medica consisted almost entirely of herbs, and he was more successful in curing pulmonary diseases than dislocations, tumours, and cancer. As far as we can gather, he evidently had spent some portions of his time at an hospital. One thing is certain,—he was an educated man. His handwriting and diction are neat and polished. There are several Greek books among his remains, but whether he understood them, or kept them for the purposes of charm, nobody seems to know. At least once a year he would spend a day in the wood, and when a circle had been cleared, he would read long portions from the padlocked volume. Of the three or four that would accompany him, nobody understood him, and he never explained the purpose of the observance, but the whole country would call it the day "he sold himself to the Devil."

Hundreds of stories are told of him, and are believed zealously to the present day. He was the hero of the day, and his profession of practising the black arts brought him a great popularity. His two sons, John and Henry, followed him in the work of his life, and were quite as successful. The three lie buried in Caio churchyard, and to all appearance their dust has never been disturbed by any of the evil ones.

Beyond the doctor's home are the Cothy Falls. The common name given them is Pwll Uffern,—"the pit of hell." The water of the river falls over a great height, and seethes and foams after descending in the basin of the rock beneath. It is one of the finest falls in Wales, and is certainly situated in one of the most romantic spots.

A celebrated antiquary, who had investigated the old Roman aqueduct leading from the PWLL to the OGOFAU, attempted to cross the Cothy at this point, and there being no bridge, mounted on the back of his guide. The middle of the stream was reached in safety, but when the pair had arrived there, the guide began to totter under his burden, and he and his rider fell into the flood. A peasant who had watched the incident from the opposite bank, rushed in and saved them both from a watery grave. An old Welsh epigram explains the occurrence as a concerted plan between the guide and his rescuer. They thought they could go down lower into his pocket by exciting his fears than by his generosity. In the words of the legend, the milch cow withholds her milk until the udder is moistened. I give the epigram as given in the form of a translation in Williams' English works (1840),—

"What blundering guides, how ill they tread,
To roll in mud so clear ahead;
To plunge,—who starts not at the sight?—
In streams like these so great a knight!
Strange guides, for verse as strange a theme,
To guide a stranger to a stream,
Thus on their backs a man to bear
Into the flood and drop him there;
Who dropp'd him had their views no doubt,
As well as those who helped him out;
Dry shod he hardly pays the swain,
But dipp'd he pays as well again.
Thus by sly milkmaids we are told
That dry teats oft the milk withhold;
But if you wet them, well, you know,
The silver streams profusely flow."

From Pwll Uffern, the water was conducted through a wide aqueduct along a ridge of the mountain for a distance of nearly ten miles. They are the most extraordinary Roman works of the kind in Britain, and the labour that must have been expended on their execution is marvellous. The water was probably used at the old Roman gold mine, and was stored in a capacious reservoir on the hill above the OGOFAU. On the side of the canal are the ruins of an old mill, called Melin y Milwyr, and the people of Caio will tell us that it is the site of an old mill used by the Roman soldiery to grind the cereals of the country for their consumption.

The district is full of the remains of former ages, and it is space that forbids my rambling further. However, I cannot close these sketches without mentioning two peculiar heaps of stone found on the mountain above the village. They are known as CRUGIAU'R LADIS. Two ladies from London were exiled from their homes and lived in the district. The change from the busy life of the town to the quiet country was so great, and they being so desirous of seeing the great city, into which they dared not return, they betook themselves to gather heaps of stone together, to build a Babel heavenward, from the top of which they could see London from the land of exile. So reads the legend. The heaps are very large, and probably mark the resting place of some illustrious dead. They have never been disturbed, and whoever would care for the labour would probably be rewarded with some rich relics of a bye-gone age.

With its wealth of legends and romance of scenery, there is no district in Wales that is more interesting to the antiquarian, more abundant of the footprints of other ages, and more full of the spirit of the past than Caio. Its odd characters, described by a powerful pen, would live for ever in our history; and perhaps some Scott will rise some day and leave their memories as an heritage for the Wales that is to come.

[FINIS.]

A NEW EDITION OF THE OLDEST MABINOGION.

MR. GWENOGFRYN EVANS will find time almost immediately to publish the four oldest *Mabinogion*. The new volume will be a reduced facsimile of his now famous edition of these ever interesting tales; and so it will be a diplomatic reproduction of that part of the Red Book of Hergest in which they are written. The price of the volume will be something under half a crown; but, if some two thousand copies can be sold, the price will be still further reduced. Those who wish to obtain a copy of a very beautiful and valuable book should write to J. Gwenogfryn Evans, M.A., 7, Clarendon Villas, Oxford.

SOME FEATURES IN THE PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY OF WALES.

By J. E. Thomas, C.E., Wrexham.

III.—VALLEYS AND THEIR RIVERS.

THESE beautiful rivers and their tributaries that meander through the valleys of Wales are in many ways very remarkable. They are so both as regards their probable origin and subsequent history as well as their diversified and romantic scenery. It is an acknowledged fact that the rock formations of Wales are numerous and interesting, exceptionally so, and to this fact may be attributed, to a great extent at all events, the varied, and in many instances, unsurpassed landscape of river and mountain scenery. Each of our valleys, as well as the rivers that flow through them, has its own distinctive characteristics.

"It is difficult or almost impossible even approximately to settle precisely what are the geological dates of the valleys through which many rivers run."* Professor Ramsay, however, determined to solve the question; and after much labour and research he has succeeded in giving us approximately the geological date of the origin of the chief valleys in Wales. That they are in the main the result of long ages or eras of continued water action, scientifically termed denudation, as well as of atmospheric degradation continued from the dim past of geologic history, is now admitted by most authorities; that in more recent times the valleys were made deeper and more like their present general contour by the action of glaciers is also admitted. All the main Welsh valleys and their tributaries present ample evidence of both denudation and glacial erosion, and other modifications. These remains are abundant and unmistakable.

The question may be asked how it is that rivers and brooks are more numerous and copious in Wales than in the other parts of England. The answer is obvious, that the rainfall is much greater in the Welsh hills than in the central and other parts of the country. Upon the higher mountain groups of Wales the rainfall has registered over one hundred inches per annum, and the average of the low lands of Wales would be from forty to fifty inches; whilst in the eastern and southern counties of England it does not average more than twenty five inches.

Again,—how is the rainfall so heavy in Wales? The answer here is also obvious. The prevailing winds on our western shores is from the south-west, I may venture to say for at least eight months in the year. These prevalent winds come laden with moisture from the sea where the Gulf stream flows. "Now the watery vapour in the air," says Ramsay, "that rises from the heated water of the Gulf stream is carried to the British coast by the prevalent west and south-west winds and is partly intercepted on its passage eastwards by the mountains which rise in the west of Ireland and Great Britain." The reason for the heavy rainfall in Wales is "that the air, laden with moisture from the Atlantic, rises with the winds against the western flanks of the mountains into the colder regions of the atmosphere, and the air also expanding at these heights, rain is precipitated there, and upon adjacent lands. The same is the case in Scotland, where the Highland mountains on the west produce a little effect; and thus, partly because it is the first land that the wind laden with

* Phys. Geo. and Geog. of Great Britain, p. 496.

moisture reaches, and partly because of the mountains, it happens that a greater amount of rain is precipitated in the western than on the eastern part of our island."

The rivers that flow westerly, although numerous, are not so important as others on the east, for the simple reason that their source is on an average only about twenty miles from the coast. The division line or water-shed, as it is usually called, between east and west approaches the western coast within twelve miles in some places, and this point is often 1500 to 2000 feet above the sea. It will be seen how it is that some of our rivers dash towards the sea at a terrific pace, causing in the course of long ages the various falls and cascades we so often meet with among our mountains and valleys.

Let us look at the valleys and rivers on the western water-shed.

The Seiont falls into the sea at Carnarvon, from which place to Llyn Padarn this tortuous valley has been scooped out in deep glacial drift which covers a great part of the country between the Menai Straits and the Snowdon range. The river drains the whole of the pass of Llanberis; and as it proceeds from Llyn Padarn towards the sea the valley becomes deeper and deeper, affording here and there some interesting bits of scenery. Caer Seiont is, as is generally known, the ancient British name of Carnarvon,—the Segontium of the Romans.

To the south, about three miles, the river Gwyrfai falls into Carnarvon Bay. The valley of the Gwyrfai leads through Bettws Garmon,—includes Llyn Cwellyn, and extends to the summit or water-shed at Rhyd-ddu, four miles from Beddgelert. A narrow gauge railway extends from Dinas, a station on the Carnarvonshire railway, up to Rhyd-ddu; and it is well worth travelling, for the sake of the many views that are to be seen as the railway creeps up along its winding course, passing Nant Mill with its water-fall, and the old bridge on the left, and the bold precipices of Craig Cwm Bychan to the right.

On the same coast, about two miles north of Clynog, the river Llyfni enters the sea. It rises on the northern slopes of Y Garn, passes through Llyn y Dywarchen and Llyniau Nant y Llef, then passes through Llanllyfni to the general coast line.

There are no important rivers in the south-western or Lleyn district of Carnarvonshire. The chief are the Soch, west of, and the Eirch, east of Pwllheli. The Dwyfawr and Dwyfach are the best of these, and they fall into a common estuary near Criccieth. They rise in the high ground between Llwyd Mawr and Moel Hebog. Nearly the whole of the promontory is drained southwards into Cardigan Bay, the high ridge or water-shed of this part of the country is within a short distance of the north-western coast. This will explain why all the rivers run into Cardigan Bay.

The next river to the south is the Glaslyn, having its source in the very heart of Snowdon in a small lake of the same name, and at an altitude of over 2000 feet. This river passes through what may be justly and aply called classic ground, where the geologist, the artist, the angler, and antiquarian have for generations been delighted, and it will yet continue to be for a long time to come the resort of those in search of the beautiful in nature. From Glaslyn lake it takes an easterly direction, and enters the famous Llyn Llydaw, afterwards tumbling in a series of cascades through Cwm Dyli,—one of the most extraordinary valleys in Wales,—into Nant Gwynant, then suddenly taking a south-westerly direction through Llyn Gwynant and Llyn y Dinas to Beddgelert, and here it is joined by the river Colwyn. A mile and a half from the latter place is the renowned pass of Pont Aberglaslyn,—the most romantic and beautiful pass in this country. "The scenery which centres in this famous bridge may without affectation be described as sublime in character; that is, it might be mistaken for several scenes in the Alps,—and those amongst the most beautiful,—in miniature, notably points on the roads which lead from the end of the Swiss lakes to the great passes into Italy. Judged from this standard, it may also be fairly urged that what the Welsh scenes lose in size and grandeur it very nearly recovers in the beauty and purity of its stream and the rich colouring of its rocks."*

* Thorough Guide Series, North Wales, part 1, p. 174.

"Here we passed," says Mr. Wyndham, "the grandeur of the scene before us impressed a silent admiration on our senses. We at length moved slowly onward contemplating the wonderful chasm. An impending craggy cliff at least eight hundred feet high, projects from every part of its broken front, stupendous rocks of the most capricious forms, and shadows a most translucid torrent, which rages like a cataract amid the huge ruins, fallen from the mountain. The disjointed fragments of the opposite declivity, crushing their mouldering props, seem scarcely prevented from overwhelming the narrow ridge, which forms the road on the brink of the flood. The romantic imagination of Salvator Rosa was never fired with a more tremendous idea, nor has his extravagant pencil ever produced a bolder precipice.* It is generally believed that it was in this pass that several of the Welsh princes received from Archbishop Baldwin the sign of the cross. Giraldus Cambrensis is said to refer to the spot when he remarked,—'This territory of Conan, and particularly Merioneth, is the rudest and roughest district of all Wales; the ridges of its mountains are very high and narrow, terminating in sharp peaks, and so irregularly jumbled together that if the shepherds conversing together from their summits should agree to meet, they could scarcely effect their purpose in the course of the whole day.'"†

The river Dwyryd flows through the beautiful Festiniog valley,—bringing with it Afon Prysor,—and entering the bay by Traeth Bach, whilst the Glaslyn joins by Traeth Mawr.

The river Mawddach, and its tributaries the Wnion, and the Eden, the Cain and others, is one of the largest and most important on the west coast. Its origin is far up in the mountains of Craig y Dinas and Rhobell Fawr, and in its course to the estuary it is joined by Afon Gain and Afon Eden, which drain a very large area of country, including the eastern slopes of Graig Ddrwg. There are many points of great interest along these valleys.

The charming Ganllwyd is just north of Cymmer (or Vaner) abbey a "Cistercian establishment, founded A.D. 1198 by Griffith and Meredyth, lords of Merioneth and sons of Cynan, who was the son of Owain Gwynedd Prince of North Wales." It was dissolved by Henry VIII. Proceeding further north up this lovely valley we come to Ty'n y Groes, a delightful spot, chiefly visited for the sake of its waterfalls. Pistyll y Cain and Rhaidr Du falls are very fine.

The river Wnion is the chief tributary of the Mawddach on the north-east side of the country and which it joins about two miles west of Dolgelley. It rises on the northern slopes of Aran Fawddwy and is fed also from the southern slopes of Rhobell Fawr. The course of the river is for the greater part of its length from Drws y Nant to Dolgelley in a deep chasm of rocks, the impetuous rush of the currents against its rocky bed and sides have during long ages given the valley a wild and picturesque appearance, more especially so as the whole district is beautifully studded with woods.

Between the estuaries of the Mawddach and Dovey there is the interesting river Dysynni with its tributary, Afon Felindre or River Mathew, draining the southern slopes of Cader Idris and the many tributary valleys which they pass on their way to the sea, a distance of about twelve miles. This valley is full of interest geographically and historically. "The whole way is musical with birds; and the botanist will be delayed by ever new discoveries of rare plants, royal and maiden-hair ferns and the staghorn and other mosses." Near Tal y Bont bridge over the Dysynni was the Manor House, once in the possession of Prince Llywelyn. It was from this house in 1275 that he wrote his letters to the Archbishops of York and Canterbury and their suffragans in council in London, and where, twenty years later,—1295,—Edward I. dated a charter. About half a mile south of the bridge is a tumulus called Tomen Ddreiniog. About three miles higher up the valley is the Bird Rock,—Craig y Deryn, the resort of the cormorant, the hawk, and other feathered bandits,—a strong-based promontory of igneous rocks, that have

* A Gentleman's Tour thro' Monmouthshire and Wales, p. 136.
† Hoare's Giraldus, Vol. II., p. 78.

withstood the grinding glacier and the various other denuding agencies for long ages before even the dawn of history, and now present to us their bold and interesting features. The Bird Rock is precipitous on two sides, but may be climbed up on the other. Bugle-players can "set the wild echoes flying" with a few clear notes loudly blown from the rocky height "and if a tune be played, whole bars of the music will be chorused by the surrounding hills. Naturalists who study the habits of predatory wild fowl frequenting this rock may be interested in observing the habits of the old cormorants, some of which are known to be blind, and cannot therefore fly far from their ledges, though habit and instinct enable them to wheel short circuits round about. They depend on the younger birds for their food, and their screams when these foragers return to disgorge the prey are loud and harsh."* Proceeding up the valley some short distance we meet the ruined walls of Caer-berllan Castle. It is the mountain-ringed seat of the Veres; and Castell y Bere is its right name. Mr. Clark, author of "Mediæval Military Architecture" says,—"Deep in the defiles upon the western flank of Cader Idris is the Castle of Bere, the remains of which fell into the friendly hands of the late Mr. Wynne of Peniarth, who has shown that the building was of the early English period of architecture, and unusually ornate in its details. How an early castle came to be placed so far from the border and in a position by no means abounding in the means of subsistence, is a mystery." It was probably once a royal fortress, and it is certain that Edward I. paid a visit here.

The river Dovey or Dyfi is of considerable importance. It is nineteen miles in length, and has a drainage area, or catchment basin, of two hundred and fifteen square miles. Its source is on the Arans, and on its way past Dinas Mawddwy, Cemmaes, and Machynlleth, it is joined by many tributaries, so that when it reaches the estuary it is an important river. The scenery from the coast to the source is diversified and interesting, the Llyfnant valley being one of the attractions. From Cemmaes to Dinas the river scenes are beautiful; but to the north east from Dinas the aspect is more wild and romantic.

From this estuary to the south of Wales the scenery becomes less rugged, for the rivers run through valleys formed wholly of sedimentary rocks, and not mixed with igneous matter, as it is to the north. The beds are therefore less disturbed, and all seems quieter than amongst the wild scenes of Cader and Snowdonia. Still, as already stated, each valley and river have their distinctive characteristics.

The next rivers, still proceeding southwards, of any importance, are the Rheidol and Ystwyth, which have their origin in the Plinlimon group of mountains, and enter the sea at Aberystwyth. It is commonly asserted by the old residents of this "queen of watering places" that the Rheidol, instead of as at present joining the Ystwyth, ran direct somewhere in the direction of Terrace Road right into the sea in front of the Marine Parade, and excavations for sewers and foundations of buildings in this locality show that the alluvial and other deposits there found confirm this. For four or five miles from the coast the silver Rheidol steals through the valley "enclosed by lofty banks, oak-wooded in places, and then presenting scenes of husbandry." As we proceed up Cwm Rheidol the valley becomes very narrow, the steep slopes on both sides, well wooded, tower up into the sky many hundreds of feet. In the deep chasm immediately opposite the Devil's Bridge Hotel, the river Mynach,—the waters of which form the celebrated falls,—join the Rheidol, and upon heavy rains it is a fine sight to witness this junction. The river here turns almost at right angles, going due north to Ponterwyd, and finally to Llyn Llygad y Rheidol and the western slopes of Plinlimon. Between the Mynach and Ponterwyd the river runs through a deep, narrow chasm, the noise of the currents passing over rocky cascades and through narrow passages being at times very loud, giving one a most striking and fearful charm amidst the loneliness of the place. From Ponterwyd to the source at Llyn Llygad Rheidol, the valley becomes

* Picturesque Wales, p. 48.

more open, and the river accessible at all parts.

The falls of the Mynach are very striking, its roaring tide hidden from the eye by the deep shades of the surrounding underwood. The total height of the series of falls is three hundred and fourteen feet, the greatest fall is one hundred and fourteen feet, at the bottom of which is the Devil's Punch Bowl. Although the rocks of this district consist of Llandeilo flags and slates, and are of a comparatively hard slaty nature, still the continued action of the winter storms and rushing currents going on from age to age, dashing against the rocks, alter very considerably,—if to us apparently imperceptibly,—the general outline of the bed of the river and the general scenery. The Welsh name given to the bridge is Pont ar Fynach, or the "bridge on the Mynach." How it came to be called Devil's Bridge, or, as the Welsh sometimes say, "Pont y Gwr Drwg," is an open question. We have only tradition to go by. "Wordsworth, who was here in 1824, has left on record his impressions of the scene in a sonnet. Wordsworth, it is true, saw the falls to perfection after heavy rain, but at all times the glen at the Devil's Bridge is one of the most remarkable scenes in Wales."* This bridge was probably erected by the monks of Strata Florida. "Legendary history points to the fact that the monks had as much to do with the devil in bygone ages as, according to the ultra-Protestant theory, they have now-a-days." One writer thinks that the bridge was built by the Knights Hospitallers, who at one time were large owners of property in the neighbourhood. There is a double bridge, one over the other at different levels of about twenty feet. The lower arch is partly natural, the one above on which the road runs having been erected in 1753 by the county magistrates. There is the legend about Old Megan Llandunach and his Satanic Majesty. The old woman had lost her cow, which was discovered on the opposite side of the ravine or deep chasm. The devil agreed to join the two rocks and make a pass over, on condition that the first thing that crossed should belong to him. To this old Megan consented, and when the arch was finished, she threw a crust of bread she had in her pocket across the bridge, when her dog bolted after it. "Says she,—'The dog's yours, crafty sir.' The devil looked queer and scratched his ear." So old Megan saved herself and sold his majesty.

The valley of the Ystwyth runs parallel almost to the Rheidol at varying distances of three to five miles southwards, and is about twenty five miles in length, from the coast to Blaen Ystwyth, which is a few miles east of Cwm Ystwyth. The valley is a broad one as far up as Llanafan, but from this point past Yspyty Ystwyth, Pont Rhyd y Groes, and Hafod, to Pentre Brwynant, it is narrower, and, in places, much contracted in space and in very deep chasms, particularly so at a point opposite Yspyty and under the dressing floors of the Lisburne mines, a place called "Pigeon's Rock." The depth of the ravine at this point must be over one hundred feet, and to span the opening is apparently an easy matter. That this chasm has been gradually made by the continued action of water, assisted by atmospheric and other agencies, admits of no doubt. Let us imagine the effect of restoring this opening to the ordinary level of the road close by. What would be the effect? We should have a magnificent inland lake extending up the valley far into the Hafod grounds and towards Cwm Ystwyth. Scores of such lakes have existed during and after the close of the last glacial period in all parts of Wales, but have been drained away in the course of time by denudation and other causes.

Cwmystwyth is within three miles of Blaenystwyth. For many generations this Cwm has been amongst the busiest and most thriving of valleys in connection with its lead-mining industry; but alas! there are no pit heads or engines now to be seen, nothing to show the former greatness of the works. Only the spoil banks remain, and the only noise now to be heard here is the rustling of the mountain streams and the bleating of the sheep. Unfortunately for the mining industry, there have been many other valleys in

* "Gossiping Guide," p. 36.

Wales similarly situated during the past ten to fifteen years.

The valley of the Teifi is the next we come to, and it is more important than any we have yet considered. The Teifi has always been considered as one of the most important rivers in Wales. From its source in the group of mountains around Teifi lakes to the sea it is seventy miles long, and drains an area of 389 square miles. The royal commissioners of 1860 were assured that the aggregate annual value of salmon caught in this river amounted to £3,000 a year. This in itself would make it important. The whole course of the Teifi, and the country for some miles on both sides of the valley is formed of rocks of the Llandeilo formation, chiefly shales, flags, and grits. Professor Ramsay says that the Teifi in Cardiganshire and the Towy in Carmarthenshire run in part of their courses along lines running in the direction of the strike of soft Llandeilo flags, sometimes slaty and easily worn down by water, their valleys being bounded on either side by hills to a great extent formed of the harder Silurian grits.

At the head of the valley and surrounded by lofty mountains on the north and east sides stand the ruins of Strata Florida Abbey. The monks of old never failed to select the most beautiful spots in the country for their retreat, and so it is here. A more ancient abbey called Ystrad Fflur is said to have stood on the banks of the river Fflur, two miles to the south, and when the greater foundation arose in the twelfth century it is supposed the monks latinized the old name. It is not known who were the founders either of the old abbey or of the more recent one. We find that it was occupied by Henry Prince of Wales during the wars of Owen Glyn Dwr, and it is also said to have been destroyed at a much earlier date during Edwards I.'s reign. In Henry VIII.'s time it suffered in common with similar institutions in the country. "The legendary history of the abbey is large. Poets sang there, and princes were buried within its precincts."* Within the last few years,—1887,—owing to extensive excavations under the direction of Mr. Stephen W. Williams of Rhayader, a great part of the old ruins has been exposed. Several chapels and the chapter house and a number of monks' graves of early date were cleared. The details have been declared to be equal to those of our finest English cathedrals, and doubtless this abbey has been one of the "largest and grandest of the ecclesiastical buildings of Wales."

On the opposite or western side of the valley is Ystrad Meurig, where is situated one of the oldest grammar schools in Wales, and a great many eminent Welshmen commenced their career at this place. There are also the ruins of a Norman castle here. Between the railway station Strata Florida and Tregaron, the valley is very wide, and covered for the greater part of the area with a good thickness of peat from four to ten feet in thickness, and in some parts it is quite impassable. This immense bog must have been formed in comparatively recent times, that is, during the great change that took place on the gradual disappearance of the glaciers and a general amelioration of climate favourable to the growth of vegetation. Beneath this bog, not only here, but all over Wales where such bogs exist, we invariably find a thick deposit of fine blue clay, the result of the gradual wearing away of the argillaceous rocks of the country. After leaving Tregaron district, the "Teify brawls along the rocky channel through scenes of uncanny wildness, until it reaches the deep wooded valley in which nestles the clean little town of Lampeter, thence through a bare and rather uninteresting country by Llanfihangel and Newcastle Emlyn to the old county town of Cardigan, beyond which some remarkably fine rock and woodland scenery is met with near the once famous abbey of St. Dogmael's, the ruins of which still exist. At Cilgerran Castle, the river widens, and flows on in a broad full stream, shut in on the one side by precipitous cliffs, and bordered on the other by high banks, clothed with wood and foliage, until it nears Cardigan Head, when it flows out into the sea."*

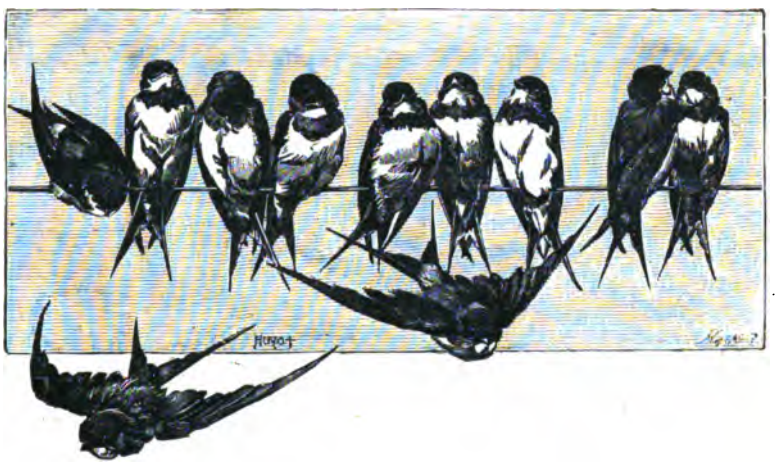
Between the Teifi valley and the coast is a charming valley, through which the

* Gossiping Guide, p. 35.

* James Croston, F.S.A.

river Aeron runs, entering the sea at Aberaeron. It is about fifteen miles long, having a number of tributaries, and drains a district nearly one hundred square miles. It is beautifully wooded in parts, and presents here and there some charming scenes.

Crossing over the Teifi watershed into Pembrokeshire, we have no rivers of importance; the river Nevern enters into Newport Bay, and the river Gwaun into Fishguard Bay. The chief rivers of Pembrokeshire are the two Cleddau, which, with the exception of the two rivers above named, drain the greater part of this county. They run in a southerly direction, and join at Aber Daugleddau, or Milford Haven, the finest land-locked harbour in the world.



A GLIMPSE OF LONG AGO.

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF A TOURNAMENT AND TILT GIVEN NEAR CAREW CASTLE BY SIR RHYS AP THOMAS.

By Mr. F. T. Picton-Warlow, Ewenny Priory.

II.

THE next day, April 24th, Sir Rhys was summoned to his place as judge by a loud and shrill trumpet blast, and so he went to the field, preceded by two pages on horseback, and followed by a herald and two trumpeters. And he, himself, was arrayed in gilt armour, and was mounted on a horse richly barbed and trapped, and on each side walked two footmen, and there were also two hundred men in blue livery, some going before and some coming after. And so he came to the jousting ground, at each end of which were tents for the combatants to rest in. Then, when the time was come, the combatants were summoned by a trumpet blast. The first to appear from the challengers was Sir William Herbert, preceded by a trumpeter and a page bearing his shield, which bore the motto,—"Et quae non fecimus ipsi." Then followed Robert Salisburie, on whose shield was blazoned a giant running at a pigmy, and which bore the motto,—"Pudet congredi cum homine vinci parato." Thirdly came Jenkin Mansell, with the motto,—'Perit sine adversario virtus." Lastly came Vaughan of Tretower, whose motto was,—"Ingens gloria calcar habit." The first to appear on behalf of the defendants was Sir Griffith Rhys, whose shield bore the words,—"Et vincere pulchrum." Sir Thomas Perrott chose for his motto,—"Sinon invenio singulos pares, pluribus simul objicior." Sir William Wogan on his part bore a more humble motto, namely,—

"Profuit hoc vincente capi;" while Sir Griffith Dunn chose,—"Industrioso otium poena." The combatants then rode two or three times round the ground; and as they passed along, each page gives his master's shield to the judge. And then the parties divided, and took up their position at each end of the ground. Thereupon the trumpets sounded, and the first two champions put their lances into their rests, and so ran their six courses, and in like manner the others charged one against the other with equal ardour, avoiding many a shrewd counter buff among them, and performing the devoirs with much judgment and ability. Then all on a sudden dropping their spears, they fell to tourney with their swords, which sight was by far the most pleasing to those watching; and although many hard blows were taken and given between them, no great hurt came to any of them. When they had finished their devoirs with spear and sword, they embraced one another, and so went to the judge to hear his decision. Sir Rhys, whose office it was to judge, after great deliberation, grew doubtful in opinion, for some of them who had excelled with the sword, had proved less powerless with the spear, while some who had shown to advantage with the spear were found wanting in the sword practices. This caused such great difficulty to Sir Rhys that, first having praised them for their brave show and skilful performances, concluded by advising them to take their praise of those dames whose honour they had that day upheld.

Thus ended the enjoyments and exercises of the morning, and so, as they were wont, they proceeded to divine service, and then to dinner, at which meal they lacked nothing that might give them all assurance of a hearty welcome. On this day Robert Salisburie, Jenkin Mansell, and Vaughan of Tretower, were appointed to the honorary offices of cupbearer, carver, and sewer; for Sir Rhys arranged these things thus, so that there might be no cause of envy. After they had dined, they went to visit the captains in their tents; they found all the men engaged in some exercise, some were wrestling, some hurling the bar, some taking the pike, and some running at the quintain, and all striving to outstrip one another in some action worthy of the name of a soldier. In these exercises the evening passed away.

At supper that evening Sir Griffith Rhys, in the presence of his father, made challenge to Sir William Herbert, four to four, at the ring next morning, for a supper, which the losers should pay at Carmarthen for their farewell at parting. To this challenge Sir William agreed, on the condition that the young heirs of Penhryn and Gwydyr, who had not taken part in the other tournament on account of their greenness, the eldest being not above sixteen years of age, might take part in this. To this arrangement Sir Rhys willingly gave his consent.

On the next day they repaired to the lists, where, at the sound of the trumpets, the rival knights ran their six courses as on the previous day, with so little difference as to perplex the nicest judgment, but at length Sir Rhys gave decision against his son,—for so it had been arranged between them before the fight,—and so Sir Griffith was to show them the town of Carmarthen, and entertain them with the best fare that town could command, which at that time was thought very good. And after this they went to dinner, observing the same ceremony as before, and on this day Sir Thomas held the office of sewer, Sir William Wogan of cupbearer, and Sir Griffith Owen of carver.

After dinner Sir Rhys led his guests to the park, where they went a hunting, and they slew divers fat bucks, all of which Sir Rhys bestowed on them to go for part of the feast at Carmarthen. That evening, after supper, a comedy was acted by some of Sir Rhys' own servants, in which manner these majestical sights and triumphs were concluded.

This meeting was for years called the "Pilgrimage of St. George to St. David," and this thing is noteworthy, that, for five days, amongst at least a thousand people, no quarrel of any kind took place, for Sir Rhys had taken such care for the well ordering of what he intended for the commemoration of the famous and glorious sovereign of the garter, whereof he felt he was an unworthy companion.

A WELSH COURTSHIP.

By Asta.

HIDDEN among the hills which rise on the western side of the beautiful and fertile valley of the Clwyd is a small, white-washed cottage, thatch-roofed and lattice-windowed. Hardy, practical hands built the little house, for the long low front and the old-fashioned entrance-door faced towards the north east, and at the back of the house, and in the southern corner, grow the fruit trees, some of which now, in the autumn time, bend beneath their burden of apples or pears. The fierce north winds blowing in from the Irish sea sweep across the little stony yard before the house, and ruffle the surface of the duck-pond, high over which a sturdy storm-tossed ash tree bends its branches.

And the winds were wailing and howling round the house one late afternoon in autumn many years ago, when the night was already beginning to close in about the hills; and within its sheltering walls the bright fire-light began to creep and flicker and dance about the little kitchen. It played about the plates and dishes on the old dresser opposite, on the door which led into the best bedroom, on the old-fashioned ornaments, china dogs, and high-heeled glass slippers, stiffly arranged on a small table under the window which looked out upon the yard, and away beyond, upon the darkening hills of the Clwydian range. It crept in and out of the cups and saucers, neatly piled up on the other table under the window which looked out upon the orchard, where the trees moved restlessly as the wind rushed by. It lit up the white face of the kitchen clock, and flung its ruddiest glow on the polished hearth-stool nearest home, and on the old settle, whose high back faced the door, and acted as a screen to shield the quiet hearth from the tempestuous storm which raged without, and on its occupant, a picturesque old woman, reading in the fading light out of a large Welsh Bible bound in brown leather. It shone on her snowy cap and silver hair, and on her placid face,—a fine old Welsh face,—with a firm mouth and tender eyes.

At her feet, on the home-made hearth-rug, lay a young girl with dark hair and mobile features, playing with a black kitten, whose neck was gaily decorated with a bow of scarlet ribbon. These were the only occupants of the kitchen, and of the house itself. A large kettle hung from a chain suspended over the fire, and made cheerful music, while the young girl, who had a sweet and sunny face,—one of those rare faces which are also sweet and sunny in repose, — crooned scraps of fanciful nonsense to the kitten.

"Poor puss! Don't you like the pretty ribbon? No; you mustn't pull it off. Leave it alone. You must get used to it, like grown-up people get used to their new frocks and gowns. Edward Jones must see you in it, and see what a welcome I gave you. You are not like the potatoes and cabbages and things he generally brings. We don't store you away and eat you up, and there is nothing left except peelings for the pig. I can *talk* to you, and play with you, and—and—tease you—just a little. You are not solemn and sober. You like to hear all sorts of silly things, don't you? You are silly yourself sometimes,—*nicely* silly, of course,—and you don't go and gossip to all the other cats, and ask vexing questions, like girls do, and say impertinent things."

Her soft murmur was interrupted by a sound from the settle, and the old woman broke in, in her slow, unhurried way,—

"Dear me!" she said, letting the Bible sink upon her lap, and laying her spectacles on the open page, "dear me!" with a modulating emphasis on the first word, "I remember Mr. Elias preaching on this text, years ago, in Denbigh." She paused between each sentence with closed eyes. "Yes, sure! He preached from the Psalms."

"Which Psalm, I wonder?" murmured the young girl, while the old woman gazed into the bright fire with unseeing eyes, her thoughts wandering slowly backwards into the past. "Perhaps the one Edward Jones read when he brought you here."

She rolled the kitten over on its back, while the fire-light played upon them more and more brightly in the decreasing daylight. "I wonder do many young men bring their Bibles with them when they go to their neighbours' houses! Or do they talk? But Edward Jones can't talk much. He has nothing to say. And—and—I can't talk to him either much. Not like to you. He would think it so silly. And I like to listen when he reads. I like the Prophets and the Psalms. The Epistles are so hard. But I like John's Epistles,—some of them. Why doesn't he read some of those? They are easier to understand,—some of them."

"Yes, yes!" said the grandmother, turning her eyes from the fire to the hearthrug. "How the years pass away! It was long before you were born, my dear. When I was,—let me see,—when I was only a little older than you are now,——"

"We weren't even in the world then, pussey, do you hear?" said Mary, softly. "We are only silly young things, you and I. When we are old, quite *old*, I a dear old grandmother like Nain, and you a sober old cat, and—yes—then we will *all* be old, and Edward Jones with grey hair."

"All the world was full of his coming," went on Nain, still busied with the past. "They were talking of nothing else for weeks before.

"Where was it, you say?"

"In Denbigh, my dear; in the sassiwn in Denbigh. Marged Jones and I, we walked ten miles across the hills to Denbigh to hear him. She was Edward Jones' grandmother, my dear. Mother to his father. Old Marged Jones you used to call her. But she was young then. A young wife and mother. She married young, poor thing. And the old woman paused, with eyes fixed on the glowing coals. "Yes," she continued, "we had to get up very early to be there in time. We had to get all the work finished and be in Denbigh before ten in the morning, when the preaching was on the field. All the world flocked to hear him. Old and young went. Marged took the children with her,—the little boy,—Edward's father, my dear,—and the little girl, a baby in arms. But we carried her all the way, for Marged said she would like her to say when she was an old woman that she had heard the great Mr. Elias."

There was silence. The kitten sported with the hem of the old woman's gown all unnoticed. Mary's eyes were absently gazing into the fire. Her thoughts had followed those of the old grandmother into the misty past.

"And I remember one old woman, too," she continued smiling. "She was eighty years of age and more, and quite deaf. But she rode on a donkey down from the hills you see. She would not stay at home alone, she said, when her old eyes might see the great Mr. Elias. I often think if he had not been such a *good* man, he would have been very ugly. But the grace of God was on his face, and made it very beautiful. If you want to be pretty, my dear, be good, be good. It is an old woman's recipe, but it is a good one."

Mary turned to the kitten with a sigh.

"But it isn't easy," she said in a low voice, "is it? There are so *many* things. And, I wonder, what does it really mean to be good?"

She was silent. An expression of puzzled thoughtfulness crept over her expressive face. But the old woman went on; and how the glowing hours of her simple youth returned!—

"And the singing!" she said, "the singing! I never heard such a singing. I never shall hear it again. My days are drawing to their end. Old Caersalem! It was as if they never could stop. Even the old woman, she heard it. The tears came into her eyes, you see, and fell down her cheeks. The sound had reminded her of the days of her youth."

The kettle sang cosily; no murmur of the wild storm reached the grandmother or disturbed these old memories. But a sense of oppression fell on Mary. To grow so old! Not to hear, or run, or sing any more . . . Never to run through the green fields any more, pussy, with the wind blowing through the trees . . . Old and grey, and perhaps lonely . . . Grown too old to come and see one another, too deaf to hear him read or talk; and she drew a long sigh. But the old woman did not hear. The

shadowy figures of the past absorbed her thoughts.

"Dear, dear!" she said again, with the long inflection of the first word, "Mr. Rees was in the same meeting there. Mr. Henry Rees! He was a young man then. He was born in the same year with me, you see. A good man, a great man, my dear! Never forget that you have heard him. And he is dead. He died when the spring was coming. All are dead! Marged Jones, too. She died,—let me see. It is now five years, poor thing. And her son, little Johnnie, and his wife, poor Edward's parents, burnt to a cinder in the train in Abergele. Poor lad! And now his sister thinking of getting married. He will be very lonely in his farm all by himself. He is a good man, my dear, and remembers his Creator in the days of his youth. He is like his father was before him. Slow of his words too. But a man is sometimes not worse for that, my dear."

The past receded, and the present took its place. "Lonely," thought Mary. She did not say it to the kitten, for her grandmother's tender eyes were upon her. "I didn't think he would be lonely. He has his Bible. He only cares for the chapel and his farm. He is not like a girl." There was another silence, and the past re-asserted its sway. The old woman laughed softly to herself.

"What is it, Nain?" asked Mary, with a faint smile born of sympathy on her own pretty face.

"I was thinking of his father, my dear, Edward's father, when he was a little boy with his mother in the field in Denbigh. There were daisies growing in the grass, and nothing would do but he must have them. And his mother telling him,—'Look, cariad, look at the preacher, that you may see him, and remember him.' But little Johnnie could see nothing but daisies, daisies, and he gathered his little hands full. Yes, sure! Poor lad! He gathers the daisies now on the hills of Caersalem."

How dark the night had grown! How the wind wailed and rattled the latch of the door! Who had told her once that when the wind so wailed it was the spirits of those who had died in Abergele on that terrible day, moaning among the hills? Oh why does not somebody come, someone who will drive away these shadows, and bring life and youth into the still house?

A curious impatience seized the young girl. Subtle definitions of the word "loneliness" began to steal around her heart.

There was silenee again in the bright little kitchen. The old grandmother was again lost in memories of the past. Suddenly the kettle boiled over, and Mary with an impatient sigh, like one who flings away an unpleasant thought, sprang up and lifted it from the fire.

"I will light the candles," she said, "and get some work to do instead of wasting my time like this;" but as she spoke her quick ears distinguished amidst the howling of the wind, the sound of knocking at the door. She stepped round the high-backed screen and opened the upper half of the door, which flew violently against her, blown by the force of the wind.

"Come in! Come in!" she said, quickly, "before the wind does any harm. Is it you, Mr. Jones? Come through all this weather! Come in. Nain will be very glad to see you."

And she closed the door quickly behind a young man, awkward and embarrassed, with a fair honest face, now flushed with the wind, and very homely features, who thus entreated stepped slowly into the dancing fire-light. He held his hat in one hand, and in the other a Bible and a bunch of scarlet hips which he had gathered from the hedges when he started on his way.

"Well! Good evening," he said, awkwardly, placing his hat and the berries on the table among the china and glass ornaments. The Bible he retained in his hand as he came slowly round the settle. "I thought I would just call in like, to see how Mrs. Roberts is getting on," he said, and the old woman, roused from her dreams, looked up and welcomed him in the warm Welsh way,—

"Dear me! Edward Jones! Is that you? Have you come to see the old woman?" she said, smiling brightly. "Mary, my dear, reach a chair. There! There! Now sit down by the fire and

warm yourself. What is the weather like, to-night? It is a pleasant evening for a walk, isn't it? It is not raining."

A gust of wind flew round the house, and a vague sense of the deep calm in which this delicate-souled old woman spent her days flickered through his simple mind.

"No," he said, "it doesn't rain."

Mary took up her old position on the hearthrug, kneeling before the fire with the black kitten pressed against her cheek. The shadows had passed away from her sunny face.

"You seem to be great friends," he said, in his cumbersome fashion. He noticed the scarlet bow, and it gave him a kind of indefinable pleasure. But he could not speak of it.

"Yes," she answered, "we are great friends;" and then added, shyly, "you know they say a black cat always brings luck."

"Do they?" he said. "Well! I hope she will. Does—does she ever scratch?" he asked, after a pause.

"Oh, no!" she answered, as the kitten took a bold spring from her shoulder to his knee, and stood there waving her tail slowly to and fro. "She never scratches."

"I am glad of that," he said, stroking her small back with his rough hand. And there was another long pause. Then he said in his blundering way,—"I should not like anything from me to hurt you." The kitten sprang to the settle, and the grandmother took up the simple thread of conversation.

"I am sure you are very busy at the farm," she said. "Your sister leaving you now so soon. I hope she will be very happy in her new home."

"Yes, I hope so too," he answered. "She is remembering to you very much. She thinks of coming to see you as soon as she can make the time."

This was a long speech coming from him.

"Thank you! Thank you," said the old woman. "I shall be very glad to see her! Very glad to see her."

There was another silence. Mary's young heart was drawing comfort and warmth from his last words to her. He had never spoken so to her before, and they sounded doubly sweet with the storm blustering without, and that curious longing only half stilled. The kitten was playing hide and seek with the flickering lights and shadows in the little kitchen. The young man gazed into the fire, and battled with his sense of duty.

The old woman's dreams of the past had given place to a quiet observation of the present. She was not the first to break the stillness. Edward Jones spoke.

"Shall I read you a chapter out of the Bible this evening?" he asked, diffidently. "I thought, perhaps, just one of the Psalms. Jane will be expecting me home."

Jane was his sister.

The grandmother did not understand the words, but something of the brightness fell from Mary's face, and the longing of her heart grew stronger. But she rose from the fire, and only said,—"I will light the candles so that you can see." To refuse to listen to the Bible! The possibility had never occurred to her innocent soul.

He watched her moving about, and the love which never clothed itself in words shone eloquently on his simple face. She placed the candles on the table by the orchard window, and he moved his chair from the fire to the light, and she took her knitting and sat down soberly in a chair opposite her grandmother.

"Never mind me, my dear," the old woman had said. "Tell me what you are going to read. I will follow in my thoughts."

The grey influence of the night seemed to rest on all, for the young man opened his Bible at the ninetieth Psalm. The fine Psalm, which is usually read at the burial of the dead, made the grandmother smile delicately in the fire-light. The humour of the situation touched her.

"Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place from generation to generation." The Welsh words sounded through the room, Mary's needles flashed with their rapid movements, and a shadow rested on the mobile face. Her grandmother's eyes, which were still keen of sight, watched her attentively, the shadow fell into their tender depths. She looked again into the fire, and fragments of thoughts formed

themselves into words and wound in and out of the solemn verses of the Psalm.

"He is almost *too* sober, *too* set; almost unnaturally so for his years. Well! he has had trouble to age him. They will give to one another. She will give him youth. Some men grow younger with age. But he weighs her down; she is not herself with him. In the old days they came a-courting differently. What a summer it was! How fair the roses were. He had no Bible with him then, and he was a good man, and died a deacon,—yes."

"The days of our life are three score years and ten," smote through the stillness.

"I should like to see the child settled *soon*," thought on the old woman. "She would make a man happy and be a good careful wife, although she is but young and fond of laughter and play, like all young things should be. Well, a woman should manage these things herself best. It is not wise to meddle over much. And the child is bright, and knows her own heart; and the Lord is over us all. He will manage things better than a stupid old woman like me."

"And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us,"—the Psalm was reaching its close,—"Yea, the work of our hands establish thou it." The young man closed the book and rose from the table.

"Well!" he said, "I must be going now. Jane will be expecting me."

"Well, we won't keep you," said the grandmother. "She will want to see the most of you in these last days. Remember us to her kindly, and thank you for coming."

"Thank you," the young man said, and turned away to look for his hat. Mary put her knitting aside, and accompanied him to the door. He paused there and said,—"Well! good night. Perhaps I shall see you again, soon."

A sudden frenzy of anger and impatience shook her heart. Such a thing had never happened in all her life before. "I don't know," she said, opening the door with nervous haste. "I don't know, I'm sure. Perhaps I shall go to my aunt in Ruthin for the winter. I think I *hate* this place," and her eyes blazed with the sudden passion as she closed the door quickly in the face of the wind, and pushed him out into the stormy darkness, leaving him to find his lonely way home with a feeling of bewilderment working in his slow brain, and a strange anxiety tugging at his heart. Her tempest of anger died as suddenly as it was born. She stood with the latch of the door in her hand, full of wonder at her unexpected words. Leave Nain! Go to Ruthin! What could have put such an idea into her head. She turned into the kitchen, and her eyes fell on the scarlet berries. She took them up tenderly and carefully. Suddenly the old sunny brightness flashed into her face, for every thorn had been cut away. "I would not like anything from me to hurt you," she remembered he had said in his simple way.

The next morning the minister,—some thoughtless people were beginning to speak of him now as "the old minister,"—was sitting in his modest study preparing an article on "Welsh Hymnology" for the *Trysorfa*, and was busy turning over the leaves of back numbers of the *Traethodydd* in search of a memoir of Anne Griffiths, which he distinctly remembered reading a few,—well, comparatively few,—years ago. He was interrupted by a knock at his door, and the little servant ushered in Edward Jones. He seemed even more awkward than usual this morning. At least so the minister thought, as he rose to greet him in his kindly way.

"A beautiful morning," he said, indicating a chair, "after the storm last night. I hope you suffered no damages on account of it."

"No," said the young man, seating himself on the edge of the chair, and placing his hat on the floor beside him.

"That's right! that's right!" said the minister.

"And they are all well with you?"

"Yes, thank you. They are all pretty well."

"I saw your sister in the prayer meeting on Monday," pursued the minister, endeavouring to find some clue to the object of the young man's visit. "She will be a great loss to the congregation. Still, we mustn't complain. She will be an equal gain to some other," he added, smiling.

"Yes," answered Edward Jones.

"You must be on the look-out for a wife now," went on the minister with kindly encouragement. "You must find someone to take your sister's place."

Edward Jones fidgetted and played nervously with his fingers. "Well—I *have* been thinking," he broke out, and then stopped short.

The minister lifted his eyebrows, and then went on quietly,—"I think you would do very wisely," he said, "and a man need not go far to find a good wife in these parts."

Edward Jones took the sentence very literally.

"No," he said, bluntly, moving still nearer the edge of his chair, and looking fixedly into the fire. "I don't go further than to Mary Roberts."

The minister was pleased,—capable, bright, energetic, a regular chapel goer, and a winsome maiden withal.

"Very nice," he said, "very nice. Well? And have you spoken to her about the matter?"

"Well!" said Edward Jones, drawing in a long breath, and taking his courage in both hands, "it is like this now. I wasn't thinking of getting married at all like until last spring, and not then neither. I never thought about such a thing, and I mistrusted her pretty ways. But when she came so regular to chapel, and the way lonesome through the fields, and perhaps a bull, we used to speak about the meetings and the sermons. And then I took to going there of an evening like, and I read a chapter or two out of the Bible. But it's been going on like this for months now, and I don't get no nearer, and the winter coming on, the nights long, and she speaking of going to her aunt in Ruthin," and he turned his anxious face towards the minister, who repeated, thoughtfully,—

"H'm, going to Ruthin! But you haven't exactly *said* anything to her of your intentions then?" he asked again, very kindly.

"Well! no! not exactly as you may say now," the young man answered simply, "except for the reading out of the Bible."

"Yes, yes; to be sure," said the minister, turning to move a book from the edge of the table. "Very nice,"—a mirthful smile was creeping round the corners of his kindly mouth. "Very nice, indeed," he repeated. "A beautiful thought. Out of what part of the Bible did you read?"

"Well! we began to read out of Samuel and the Kings, but it didn't seem to interest her somehow, and then I tried the Epistles. Some of them are not easy to understand. And then somehow lately I read more from Isaiah and the Psalms," he continued, slowly.

The minister smiled again, and rose and stood with his back before the fire, and looked out of the window where some late monthly roses were nodding their heads in the breeze. Then he looked at Edward Jones, and cleared his throat as if before a sermon, and said,—

"It was a very beautiful thought of yours to clothe your feeling for her in the most sacred words you knew. When she is an older woman she will look back upon it and understand, and will be very glad and proud. But she is young now, *young*, and longs for something—— Well! what shall I say now? For something *close*, something *near*, some words which come from your own heart, and will go straight to hers. For the Bible is not the only language in which the great God speaks. He writes his words, too, every day on human hearts, and his pen," said the minister, making use of homely metaphor, "the pen which he likes best to use, is love. Love of all kinds, and especially a pure love like yours. When you go to her again, take your Bible with you but leave it in your pocket, near your heart, and speak to her in the words which your heart will tell you, the words which He has written there. And may His blessing abide upon you," said the good old minister, tenderly, "abide upon you *both*."

There was silence when he ended. Then Edward Jones rose. Those last words seemed to make them already almost one. He felt it in his vague way, and it brought warmth and comfort to his heart, and a brightness to his face. But it brought no eloquence to his lips.

"Thank you," he said awkwardly, twisting his hat in his hands. "Thank

you. I hope I have not kept you waiting too long. Good morning," and he turned to go.

But the minister grasped his hand quite heartily, and bestowed a smile full of genial human sympathy upon him. "Good morning," he said, "and don't forget that I expect to be the first to hear your good news."

And he was.

THE MISTLETOE.

By George Rees, Aberystwyth, author of *Llawlyfr Llysieuaeth.*

PROBABLY no plant is hallowed with so many associations and legends of hoar antiquity as the mistletoe. Many a strange tradition and familiar custom which is associated with it at the present time has come down from those early days when the ancient druid followed the rites of his mystic faith in sacred groves amid the hills of Wales; and when the vengeful Norse warrior, animated with grim hopes of Valhalla, traversed the icy seas. It has been regarded with sacred awe from time immemorial by Celt and Gaul alike. It has exerted a deep and widespread religious influence over those ancient races long before the coming of the Roman and the Saxon.

The mistletoe is a parasite, growing in bushes, from three to five feet in diameter, on various trees, such as the apple, oak, and the white thorn. Its roots penetrate the bark and tissue of its host, and absorb their food-materials ready made. Its flowers, which appear in the spring, are small and inconspicuous, and have the sexes separate on different plants. The fruit, which is a small pearly berry, ripens in the winter. The distribution of the plant is effected by means of the glutinous berries weich become attached to trees, in the chinks and crevices of which their seed soon germinates. This distribution is aided by, and ever dependent upon, the agency of birds which feed upon the berries and carry the seed from one branch or tree to another. This short botanical digression on the habit and mode of dissemination of the mistletoe is introduced as it,—beyond doubt,—accounts for the traditional origin of the plant. One tradition maintains the mistletoe to be of divine origin; and that it first grew on certain trees from seed deposited thereon by birds, as messengers of the gods. Another legendary story,—noticed by Lord Bacon,—says that a certain bird called the "missel birds" fed upon a particular kind of seed, which, failing to digest, it threw out whole, and the seed, finding fitting lodgment on the boughs of trees germinated and produced the mistletoe.

The derivation of the word mistletoe, like many of the mysterious usages of the plant itself, does not seem to be clearly established. Some trace it to earlier forms of the words *mist* and *twig*; and find a reason for the name in the fact that it ripens its fruit in the winter,—the season of mist. Others take it to be derived from an Anglo-Saxon word *mistl*, signifying, different, and *twig*; owing to the fact that it always differs from its host, that is, the tree it grows upon. The ancient druids, however, called it "All-heal;" because they considered it to be a sovereign remedy for all diseases on man and beast. They, moreover, maintained that it had descended from heaven, being on a branch, and having no earthly roots. Many and strange were the mysterious druidical and superstitious uses of this plant. It was so religiously revered by the druids that it was ordained to be cut with a golden sickle, and only by the priest, clothed in white, and at certain fixed times. Hugh Davies records in his "Welsh Botanology," puplished in 1813, that he did not see a single specimen of the mistletoe in Anglesea,

the principal seat of the ancient druids. Indeed, such instances of its rarity have led some to entertain a doubt that the druidic mistletoe was not the plant so called at present, but another, which on the downfall of their worship was as ruthlessly distroyed as the priests themselves. We may also note here that another plant, the Tutsan, at one time enjoyed the reputation of being a panacea, and that it won its name for the same reason as the mistletoe won that of "All-heal."

In Wales, during the middle ages and long after, the mistletoe was still in high repute as a remedy for all the ills that flesh is heir to. The celebrated physicians of Myddfai, who flourished during the earlier part of the thirteenth century, dwelt at length upon its unlimited virtues in their professional treatise. It is there prescribed that,—"In any case of bodily debility, whether in the nerves, joints, back, head, or brain, stomach, heart, lungs, or kidneys," we are to "take three spoonfuls of the decoction" of mistletoe, "and mix with boiling water, ale, mead, or milk; then add to a good draught thereof a spoonful of the powder (also made of mistletoe), which should be drank in the morning fasting." To make the potion agreeable, they promise the most enviable of blessings by adding that "the man who takes a spoonful thereof daily in his drink will enjoy uninterrupted health, strength of body, and manly vigour." The generosity of the princely old physicians does not end in thus simply taking their patients into their confidence; for they kindly direct that "the best places to procure them," namely, the mistletoe berries, "is Monmouthshire, Somersetshire, Breconshire, and Shropshire. And the best time to gather them is in the depth of winter, from the feast of St. Andrew to Candlemas; and it is also well to gather the green herb from the feast of St. James to the calends of November."

The belief in its medicinal properties was by no means confined to Wales and the physicians of Myddfai; for, in England, we find that Sir Thomas Browne, of *Religio Medici* fame, and Culpepper, the herbalist, credited it with many and wonderful healing powers; and it is said to be even still in favour on the continent as a preventative of nightmare.

The Swiss also considered the mistletoe to be of divine origin, and called it the "thunder besom," as it was supposed to protect the homesteads from fire; and for the same reason it has long been customary to suspend it in farmhouses in Sweden. In the same country a belief is also current that it possesses preservative properties against sickness and poisons, and finger-rings,—to be worn as charms,— are made of its wood.

According to the Scandinavian myth, the blind god Hader,—who presided over darkness,—prompted by the evil spirit Loki, shot Balder to death with an arrow made of mistletoe. Balder, who was the favourite of the gods, was restored to life, and the mistletoe given to the goddess of love to keep, and everyone who passed under it received a kiss as a proof that it was the emblem of love, and not of death. These old beliefs and legends explain the present day custom of hanging the mistletoe, and the accompanying festive functions. It is believed that the reason for the exclusion of the mistletoe from church decorations is to be found in the secular character of these festive celebrations, and its long association with pagan worship. Its disrepute with the church may also, to some extent, be discovered in the name *Herbe de la Croix*, bestowed upon it in Brittany. A curious legend, recorded by Baring Gould, tells us that the mistletoe, which supplied the wood for the cross, and is now a mere parasite with slender stem, was, before the crucifixion, a fine forest tree, and that its present condition is a lasting monument of the disgrace it brought on itself through its ignominious use. The gloomy shivering of the aspen leaf, and the trembling of the poplar, are also assigned by the legends to the same cause. Undoubtedly, to some like legend, a certain tree owes that unenviable and formidable Welsh name,—Pren-y-crogodd-y-gwr-drwg-ei-fam-arno,* which beats any compound ever "made in Germany."

* I have not been able so far to identify this tree. My informant, who heard the name in his boyhood, thought it bore resemblance to the poplar. A recent correspondent in *The Oswestry Advertizer*, however, says it is the spindle tree.

A COLLIER'S CHRISTMAS.

By Howell Victor.

A COLLIER'S cottage is decked with holly,
At the snowed up window robins peep in;
Each day they have come pleading for pity
With carols and their Yuletide merry din.
All the folks are preparin' for Christmas,
The lolipops, geese, puddings, and their joys,
Not a house in the neighbourhood is greenless,
The children are all busy with their toys.
And our Jack was to be married—Christmas,—
Aye, and with a regular fine turn out
His ge'l, well, she was the pertiest lass
In Rhondda or the country round about;
Her name was Sally, and I had known her,
Aye, an' loved her ere since we went to school,
But she loved Jack better than his brother,
Yet still I loved her, loved her like a fool.

But the village is all in confusion,
In the morning all were happy and gay,
Now every where wails an' lamentation
And the little children have ceased to play.
Old men with grey hair an' poor village boys
Rush hither and thither with colliers' wives,
Night-men wakened by the terrible noise
Run to the rescue of their comrades' lives.

'Twas an explosion in Rhondda Valley,
Eleven hundred on us chaps were unfound,
We'd big orders on from the great city,
And I was one o' the men underground.
Lookin' toward Christmas in the coal mine,
Yes, on my knees in a damp drenchin' hole
I thought of the Christmas with its sunshine
While I was cutting away at the coal;
Diggin' for black diamonds and thinkin'
Of the day that would make Sally Jack's wife,
Picturin' the turn out an' the weddin'
And the gerl that I had loved all my life.
Then there came that awful, fearful, warnin',
I should think it was about three o'clock,
I heard a clap like thunder rumblin'
And I felt the coal tremble with the shock.
What was the matter not one of us knew,
But guessing the worst we all on us rush'd
Through the falling coal, and terrified grew,
While many were hem'd mid the coal and [crushed.

Away down the level danglin' my light
Who should I see but my young brother, Jack;
When a frantic horse ran by in his flight
He kicked me right on the bone of my back,
Then I stagger'd and fell forward moanin'
In my agony helpless as a post,
'Round us were dozens of others groanin'
An' we all on us thought as we were lost.

So I said to Jack, my young brother,—
"Don't mind me, lad, but Christmas and the wife,
An' for the sake o' the bairns an' mother,
Go, rush away to the shaft for your life."
But somehow Jack, quicker than words could say,
Lifted me up into his arms and ran,
What horrid sights we saw on the way,
How many a dying and mangled man!

The mine's on fire, and it blazes like hell,
No one can save it, but what of the dead
Comrades, "comrades," that I have known so well.
"Brother, you must leave me go back," Jack [said;
Then he carried me into siding D
Where in safety at ease I might lay,
While back he rush'd for the others like me
Who were then lying helpless down the way.
Back, back, into that tomb of death and fire,
Away back, into that exploded mine
Fighting for the life of a son and sire
While a hideous death was the only sign.
No sooner than Jack had turn'd his back,
Timbers gave way and the roof of the hole
Fell in with a terrible crash by Jack,
Then all seem'd buried alive in coal.
How unjust, I thought, what a Christmas day
The toilers of that Welsh village would see,
Eleven hundred colliers lost and pay
With their lives for work, aye, like Jack and me.

That's all I remember until I 'woke
On the stretcher, being carried away [broke,
Through crowds of the women whose hearts were
Aye, with homes that were broken that day;
Forward rushed eagerly frantic mothers
As each wounded bread-winner left the mine,
"Stand back, for God's sake," shouted the colliers
Then they carried me away through the line.

When I got home the day was just breakin'
The little birds were beginnin' to play,
My poor mother on her knees was praying,
And they told me it was Christmas day;
Then they told me as how they had found me
And that it was Jack as had saved my life,
How for six days he had dug toward me
With his hands, and a small pick, and a knife;
And how on the sev'nth day my comrades sang,—
"Oh brother, Christ, thou Saviour of my soul,"
How the cry of despair to a cheer rang, [coal.
And how the last clink was heard through the
Then my thoughts wander'd back to the Christmas,
And as how I had been jealous, an' then
Of the weddin' of Jack an' Sal, sweet lass,
While Jack stood like a hero 'mid the men.

So I swore I'd be a hero, too,
In my own little world of love, an' then
After a year, I saw the weddin' through,
And Jack got on like a king with the men.

But there, this talk of Jack, myself, and Sal,
'Tis not what I meant to reach your ears;
'Twas the sufferings of my comrades, old pal,
And the women in anguish and tears.
My comrades, old Shonies, they've lost their lives,
And their earnings were not very grand;
Who then will help their widows? They were wives
Of the bravest and the best in the land.

WHIMS AND ODDITIES OF A ZIG-ZAG PHILOSOPHER.

II.—IN PRAISE OF AN OLD MAID.

MARY MORGAN was an old maid, who lived in one of the most rural parts of Wales; but she was not, by any means, old maidish. This arose from the fact that she was an old maid by choice; for she had been courted by a playmate, but had refused to share with him the joys and troubles of life. Her lover had afterwards married, and dwelt not far off in a farm of his own. When I came to know Hugh Owen, his wife had died, and had left behind her two beautiful little children, who were the solace and delight of Mary Morgan. They used to romp about the house, and come in and out as if it were their own, and as if Mary Morgan had nothing to do but to attend to their whims and desires.

The village of Brynteg, where she lived, is unique; and it only awaits for a chronicler to make it famous. The life there is the same now as it was fifty years ago, and is likely to remain the same for many a long day. But it is not ignorant of the strife and struggle of the great world. A grammar school was founded in it by an old Welsh poet, and remains open until to-day. It is not a school for boys, but rather a school for men. On one side one may see a farmer's lad striving to learn to read English, that he may be able to understand the periodicals of the day, and to follow better current politics. Not far off is a young quarryman, who has saved a little money, seeking to be taught enough to qualify him for the position of understeward in the quarry. Opposite, we behold a young man who has his eye upon the ministry, but whose education has been neglected, and who is now trying his best to acquire sufficient Latin and Greek to enable him to go to Bala for theology. The conditions of life are different from those of any other country.

Mary Morgan had absorbed all the best features of the village life, and had become as unique as the village itself. She kept the Chapel House, and, in addition, boarded a few students who came to the school. Her life was lonely and weird, and yet she seemed to enjoy it in her own quaint and quiet way. She had lost her mother fourteen years before I knew her, and until a very short time before her own death she never had been in the village, nor had she entered her old home, which was always in sight. Yet she never grumbled, and she sympathised with everything,—both sorrowful and hopeful. The Bible was her favourite book, but it was not used as a text book to prove certain doctrines, but as a book in which are recorded the lives of the best men and the deepest experiences of long ages. I never knew anyone who read her Bible as she did, nor ever knew anyone who was so filled with its spirit. This made her catholic in her tastes and sympathies. I have never known anyone who understood the Bible, and who read it from the intense interest it created in him, who was not wide in his sympathies and catholic in his tastes. Of course, I have known men who are extremely learned in the Bible, but who are, at the same time, very narrow and bigoted. The secret is, that they never have felt the throbbing of the heart, nor the impulses of the men whose history is set down in it, and they only use it as a code book for their own peculiar views. Mary Morgan never tried to reconcile statements that cannot be reconciled. She had found out that there are some problems that cannot be solved, and some questions that cannot be answered, and had placed them neatly on a vacant shelf in her mind, never more to be disturbed. She brooded over the practical questions of life, and possessed such an insight into the spiritual world that cannot be acquired except by close communion with the Eternal Spirit. She was one of those souls who prepare themselves and listen for the voice of God to be spoken unto them. On many a wintry evening would I sit by the fireside, half the time, perhaps, in silence, yet disturbed by her expressing herself in some original

manner, and uttering forth thoughts deeper than could be got by any mere book learning. Truly could it be seen from her, as it could be seen from Dante, that she was one who had suffered the torments of hell. Afterwards have I repeated her sayings word for word to large assemblies, and cultured listeners have been struck by the rarity and originality of her ideas. During my stay there was published a most learned and well meditated commentary on a very difficult book of the New Testament, by a distinguished and scholarly writer. I was reading its brilliant and new exposition of a certain verse, and was struck by its clearness and depth of thought. The same evening I was sitting by the fireside with Mary Morgan, and, after a short time, this very verse came under discussion. I asked her how she understood it, and to my astonishment she gave the same explanation as the learned commentator had given. There could be no question of plagiarism; for she could not read a word of English, and had seen no one who could have told her. It must have been the outcome of her own ripe and spiritual experience. I am indebted to her for the awakening of my soul far more than to any of my teachers. It was the pure, simple voice of a nature that had been often in communion with the unseen, and whose experience was worth more than the learning of the schools.

She never forgot a student, and followed his footsteps afterwards, when he had entered upon the active work of life, as if he were her only child. She was more of a mother than a landlady. Sometimes, in the fulness of early manhood, I wandered miles from home, was overtaken by darkness, and the lateness of the hour fell upon me unawares. I have never returned home but that she was waiting to receive me, and ready with her cup of tea, which was then so refreshing.

One summer, I went with my little sister to visit her, and on a certain night I had wandered far from home, so that it was late when I arrived at the chapel house. A lady friend who stayed with Mary Morgan had tried to persuade her to go to rest. "No," she had said, "Goronwy is certain to come before long." I arrived, and found Myfanwy fast asleep in her lap, and Mary Morgan watching over her as if she was afraid some harm might befall her, and with such a guardian I was confident of the divine protection. The memory of her is so vivid, that I seem to see her move about and to hear her voice,—so soothing and yet so inspiring. She was quiet and far from aggressive; but though she listened to everyone, yet would take her own way. She never resented any advice given her, yet never have I known her to deviate from her former plan of action, and, which is more wonderful, she was always right. She had brooded over the question so vividly that she had seen every side of it before anybody knew she was thinking of it. She was very intense, and if circumstances had moved her strongly, her name would have been heard all over the land. But it is a question whether her influence would have been greater, or her reward brighter. Unless she be in heaven, it will be found empty. If anyone dared to bring any charge against her, Satan himself, I believe, would be moved to display her goodness, for he could not live in comfort with her. She was not so full of sentiment nor as religious as some people I know; but she *was* Christ-like. She did not claim a high degree of holiness and then disregard the common moralities and duties of life as something beneath her. The duty next to hand was her greatest duty, and she consecrated everything to the service of the Saviour. Sunday was no more God's day to her than other days of the week, except that it gave her more leisure than others to read and reflect. In her, lying dormant, was the power to become a Joan of Arc, if her country had needed it. But such a dream had never been awakened in her. She never knew what she was capable of, and never thought that she was anything out of the common. When you asked her, she would try her best to persuade you that her life was worthless, but this only displayed its reality and purity.

She understood the national spirit of the Jews, and, therefore, I never saw her afraid of any criticism of their literature. I have known men and women, who

deemed themselves her superiors, shudder and tremble at questions she was quite familiar with.

She was inspired by the present day national awakening of the Welsh, and her whole soul was filled with righteous indignation if anybody, in her presence, dared to throw the slightest slur on the movement. Her sympathies were world-wide, and nothing to her was unclean or unholy that promoted the advance of her country. I have known her to read some of the most dry-as-dust articles in our Welsh periodicals; but she was charmed by some of the delightful outpourings of this latter day literary revival.

The only thing she could not forgive was insincerity and frivolity. Many a time has she rebuked the boys, as she called the students, for trifling their time away and making love to young girls who could not possibly be of any service to them in their future life. She declared it to be a sin for a young man to destroy his chance of being useful in life by taking an unsuitable partner. She had seen so many misplaced affections and sorrowful separations so as to justify all her advice, yet it was never given in any tone of superiority, and one was forced to take it and act upon it by the intensity of its truth, which carried conviction with it. Never by anyone was it said that she was hated for her rebuke. "Her failings leaned to virtue's side." She never uttered an opinion in the presence of strangers, if not asked. Even, when asked, as a rule, she said that she did not know. Some thought that this arose from pride and an independent spirit, but she was only anxious not to thrust herself upon any company until she was really needed. When we meet in life with so many who presume so much on the ignorance of others, and who believe that no one else knows as much as they profess to know, her life, like a stately palm in a desert place, increases in beauty. Her society was as bracing as the sea and mountain air of her native village.

She never prattled about her inward experiences because she needed not the sympathy of words. She had once a brother who long ago had gone to America to seek his fortune, and in whose children and grand children, though never seen, she took the keenest interest. With her alone did they correspond, and her death broke one of those subtle bonds which unite together the people on both sides of the Great Ocean. It was real sympathy of hearts, and although she always had somebody else to write her letters, and to put her thoughts into English, yet, her sayings were so unique, that they were felt to be deeper than the commonplaces of more sordid minds. She communicated to others as if by spiritual magnetism that divine inspiration which so abundantly filled her own heart. No one could guess how much she knew of the affairs of her fellow creatures; but all secrets were safely locked up in her own breast. I have told her things which I would not have told my mother, and have repeated things which, if disclosed, would bring down upon me the ridicule of the world. They were as safe within her when she was alive, as they are now that she is dead. She kept me from many a false step, and inspired me with many a noble ambition, which, disregarding the affairs of the world, is moved by the holiest thoughts. Her life might be called monotonous; but it was the monotony of nature, which is always refreshing; or like the mountain stream, which is ever the same, and yet how different, as the seasons go by. She had seen generation after generation of students pass through her life, and each one was created anew as they came in contact with her.

Every morning we had breakfast at eight and dinner at twelve. Every evening we drank tea at four and had supper at eight. Day after day were the Scriptures read, morning and evening, and prayer offered for the blessings of night and day. Never were we too busy to stay a few moments on the chance of a stray word of advice, or a stimulating remark from Mary Morgan.

At that time there were four of us staying there together. How different were our natures and desires! How deftly she managed each one of us! We had our meals together in a room which faced the sea, two on each side of the table

and Mary Morgan at the head of it. The four are still living, but how different has been the story of our lives, and how far apart do we now reside! It is difficult to find out what things we had in common.

Frank Owen had come from a quarry district, and in his boyhood had served his time as a quarryman. He had always been of a retiring nature, was as simple as a child and as plain spoken. He had no secrets which he could keep, and was as transparent as glass. He could toil terribly, and yet his mind was as ponderous as his body, and when he was ready for real work, it was time to prepare for some other duty. He resembled nothing more than the huge crags of his native home, which are difficult to move, but which at last came down with such a force that they clear everything before them. He had felt keenly the influence of a short lived intense religious revival, and was full of deep-seated passion. While staying at Brynteg, for the first time in his life, he fell in love, and clung, like ivy, to the object of his affection, because he madly dreamt that we were jealous.

William Jones was quite a different character, and one whom I could never get along with. He was polite and polished to affectation, and velvety to the very tips of his fingers. He was deep and far from simple, and knew to perfection the art of wriggling his way, in a stealthy, underhanded manner, into favour. He had been brought up in a large city, and had introduced the most objectional manners of that city into the quiet repose of this obscure village.

Robert Williams was a jolly good-natured fellow, fond of every kind of fun and ready for every frolic, and anxious to take a share in any practical joke of an innocent kind. His true nature was hidden under a vein of humour, and yet he had not an atom of deceit in his heart.

I, myself, was the fourth; and I am a typical Iberian of the mercurial sort, restless, anxious, full of worry and ambition, and building, continually, castles in the air. We were a queer lot; but Mary Morgan never failed to manage us, and we were all bound to respect and honour her.

She has died; but her wisdom, and ingenious manner of treating us, will never be forgotten. She showed Frank Owen that every one was not so pure minded and simple as he was, although she wished it were so. Many a time has she hinted that a man may go about in fine raiment, and yet be full of deceit and manners; but I doubt very much whether William Jones ever saw that she referred to him. She would with her keen shaft of wit disclose the true character of Robert Williams, who always used to be delighted with her adroitness. She has restrained me effectually, more than once, when, in my impulsive manner, I tried to banter them all. She is now dead and buried in the churchyard of that quiet village, nigh forgotten by the world, so that many who knew her may read this sketch without thinking of her. But her life will be for ever green in the kingdom of heaven.

Some time before she died she expressed a desire to leave the Chapel House and to go back to her old home, where her sister now lived and where she herself had been bred and born. In two days after she had thought of it, she wrested herself away and disturbed the peace and quietude of twenty five years. It was only a short distance, but how shall I describe the pang of leaving, as she felt it? She had to confess before her small world, which often times is more critical than a larger, that her day was over, that her strength had failed, that her ambition had dissolved, that her life work was done. To pass away is easy for some men and women, who believe rightly or wrongly that they have performed some great work in life. How difficult for her, who deemed herself such an unworthy servant! She was driven home in a small phaeton, and it was a great day in the village. Such a day had never been known before in the annals of that quiet neighbourhood. She bore the removal well enough as long as lookers on were close by. But when all her kind friends had disappeared and she found herself alone in the house she had dreaded to enter ever since her mother's death, she could no longer bear up, and she wept bitterly. The intensity of her feel-

ings was nearly the cause of her death. The woman that bewails most and weeps over cares, is likely to forget them sooner than the one who keeps pondering over them. Mary Morgan kept these things in her heart and died under them. The last letter I sent her from a distant land, was found under her pillow wet with tears. I feel that I have now a guardian angel who shields me from harm, and who whispers soothing thoughts in my ears. How unreal it is to say that Mary Morgan is no more, when she exists in a deeper sense to me than she did before! Her spirit hovers around me and helps me to bear my troubles.

QUERIES.

CXXXIII. THE SURGEON OF THE "DISCOVERY."—Thomas Edwards (*Twm o'r Nant*) has, in his *Gardd o Gerddi*, an "Awdl o ddiolchgarwch am Ysgrifell Arian, neu Bin Ysgrifennu, a dderbyniwyd gan y Dr. Dafydd Samwel, un o Aelodau Cymdeithas y Gwyneddigion yn Llundain," in notes to which he says that Dr. Samwel (or Samuel, I suppose) was surgeon of *The Discovery* at the time of Captain Cook's death, and also that to his grandfather,—the Rev. Mr. Ed. Samwel, of Llangar, near Corwen,—"our country is much indebted for his divine poetical pieces, and faithful translations, and his vast knowledge in the British language."

I should like,—

(1) Any further details of the Surgeon Samwel's life.

(2) Some account of the Society of "Gwyneddigion."

(3) Some account of the surgeon's learned grandfather and his literary labours.

LLWYN.

CXXXIV. THE WELSH POETICAL MEASURES.—Has anything been published giving some account,—in English,—of these? LLAN.

REPLIES.

133. REV. ED. SAMUEL OF LLANGAR.—Since writing my query concerning Dr. Samuel of *The Discovery* and his grandfather, the Rev. Ed. Samuel of Llangar, I think I find it partly answered,—so far as concerns the latter,—by the entry in *Eben Fardd's Diary* for April 7th, 1859 (in WALES for November,—

". . . . lent him a copy (MS.) of the account of the Rev. Edward Samuel of Cwt y Defaid by Dan. Silvan Evans, prefixed to Edward Samuel's translations of Hugo Grotius, edited by Silvan Evans . . . ."

I suppose that the translator of Grotius here referred to is he of whom Twm o'r Nant wrote.

LLWYN.

133. The church of Llangar can be seen from the train,—it is quite close to the railway,—on the right hand as one goes from Corwen to Cynwyd. The translator knew well what Welsh style was; and he was also, to tell the whole truth, not unlearned in the excellences of Welsh beer. The chief facts concerning him may be seen in Gwilym Lleyn's *Llyfryddiaeth y Cymry*, or in Mr. Ashton's *Hanes Llenyddiaeth Gymreig*. I have heard much about the surgeon, and hope that those who know his history will answer the first part of Llwyn's question as fully as possible.

I have received many queries concerning the Report and Evidence of the Welsh Land Commission. The volumes are now obtainable. I would strongly recommend that every public library in Wales should be provided with the volumes at once. Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode, East Harding Street, London, E.C., provide them. They are,—

REPORT, one volume of 962 pages, price 10s. 6d.
APPENDICES TO REPORT, 507 pages, price 5s. 4d.
EVIDENCE, five volumes, varying in price according to size.

The volumes form a veritable modern Domesday Book. To the student of Welsh life the volumes of evidence are a mine of wealth; almost every type of character in modern Wales appears, a very grim or a very abject reality, sometimes repulsive, and sometimes very lovable. The report and appendices give what is practically a history of Wales, a most interesting description of the fauna and flora of the country, and a very masterly statement of the land question in all its bearings. Taken as a whole, we get in the seven volumes the most perfect picture of modern Wales obtainable.

Mr Lleufer Thomas' *Digest* is referred to on another page. It gives a very interesting account of the commissioners, the procedure, and the cost of the Commission.

SHAKESPEARE'S CELTIC MEN.

By Beatrice E. Boone.

THERE is no trifling or evasion with nature. The law that "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he reap," holds good as well of the spiritual as of the material world, and as well of the history of nations and races as of individuals. When, therefore, we find that in the struggle and stress of existence one race has increased and multiplied until it overshadows the earth, and that another race, at one time equally fitted, to outward appearance, for the conflict of life, has dwindled till little of it remains, the different conditions are not to be attributed to chance but to inexorable law.

It is not true that

> "Nature, with equal mind,
> Sees all her sons at play,
> Sees man control the wind,
> The wind sweep man away."

At the very outset some are handicapped in the race. Laws, over which man has no control,—heredity, temperament, environment,—hold him in their pitiless grasp. It is as impossible for him to evade these as to decide whether or no he will come into existence at all.

> "Born into life! we bring
> A bias with us here;
> And, when here, each new thing
> Affects as we come near. [chime."
> To tunes we did not call, our being must keep

Some such reflections must inevitably be made by anyone considering to-day the widely different histories of the Celtic and Teutonic races. An old Irish ballad, touching off the distinctive characteristics of various nations, celebrates

> "For dulness the creeping Saxons,
> For beauty and amorousness the Gaedhills."

Must it not have seemed at that time that the latter had been far more highly favoured than the former by nature, and that in the long run the advantage would lie with them? But time has proved differently, and the susceptible beauty-loving Celt bore in his nature a flaw that was to prove his undoing. Nature had work for him to do which he has done; his influence remains inextricably woven into the character of the victorious races, but he himself has almost passed away. The question now to be settled is, whether Shakespeare, whom fame has allowed to be the "mouthpiece of nature," was aware of this fact in his treatment of Celtic character.

The best answer is, perhaps, to place side by side Fluellen and his "fellow-countryman" Henry V., as set forth in the play which bears the name of the latter.

Wherein does Fluellen differ from "his kinsman,"—for so Henry denominates himself? He is a noble character, valiant by general report, generous, quick to appreciate merit, just and merciful. And all these qualities are found in Henry too, only with more added. Where Fluellen fails is in the power of self-control, of adapting himself to circumstances, a power essential in the man who is to succeed.

It is true he does postpone the vengeance on Pistol, because the insult was given "in a place where I could not breed no contention with him;" but his general character is, by common consent, "choleric,"—

> "Hot as gunpowder,
> And quickly will return an injury."

What he thinks he must speak, whether it be only abuse of an officer,—"He is an ass, I will verify as much in his peard; he has no more directions in the two disciplines of the wars than is a puppy dog,"—or censure of the king's acts,—"'Tis as arrant a piece of knavery, mark you now, as can be offered." "I need not to be ashamed of your majesty, praised be God, so long as your majesty is an honest man."

But Henry's dignity is above vengeance; he pardons the man who, through drink, spoke treasonable words against him; he utters no words of indignation on the receipt of the tennis balls,—an insult which, one can imagine, would have driven Cymbeline or Lear into a transport of passion.

He has the two sides of his nature, the

grave and the frivolous, alike under his control, and can compel either, at will, to be subordinated. He is not the slave of the impulse of the moment.

> "Herein will I imitate the sun,
> Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
> To smother up his beauty from the world,
> That when he please again to be himself,
> Being wanted, he may be more wondered at
> By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
> Of vapours that did seem to strangle him."

"Balance, measure, patience," the eternal elements of success, are lacking in the pure Celt. He is full of animal energy, a creature of impulse, light-hearted, childishly vain, affectionate, poetical, but indolent, credulous, irresolute.

In Glendower,* the hot-tempered egotistic braggart, we have an instance of the character seen at its worst.

"I am not in the roll of common men," he says, "as all the courses of my life do show," and proceeds to weary his listeners' patience by accounts of the fiery shapes, and cressets seen, and earthquakes felt at his birth; tales of the

> "Moldwarp and the ant,
> Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies,
> And of a dragon and a finless fish,
> A clip-winged griffin and a moulten raven,
> A couching lion and a ramping cat,
> And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff."

The collision between the minds of such a man and that of Hotspur is naturally violent.—

> "I can call spirits from the vasty deep,"

Glendower pompously affirms (as a child sets off the number of his father's possessions to excite the envy of his companions).

> "Why so can I, or so can any man,"

replies Hotspur,

> "But will they come when you do call for them?"

> GLEN.: "Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command the devil."
> HOTS.: "And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil,
> By telling truth."

But to do him justice, Glendower, as Mortimer affirms, does "curb himself even of his natural scope," when Hotspur crosses his temper.

> "I warrant you, that man is not alive,
> Might so have tempted him as you have done,
> Without the taste of danger and reproof."

In Evans, the Welsh parson of the "Merry Wives of Windsor," whose broken English is designed to cause merriment among the groundlings, we have a specimen of the most sublime uninterestingness to which man is capable of attaining. In his words there is found but little meaning, nothing mars the even flow of syllables. "It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it; and there is also another device in my prain which preadventure, prings goot discretions with it." "Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar as I do despise one that is false, or as I despise one that is not true." But the ruling intention is moral,—

> "Sir John Falstaff, serve Got and leave your desires, and fairies will not pinse you."

So peace be with him! In the nineteenth century Sir Hugh Evans would be considered an object of general avoidance, generally known as a "bore." An old Roman writer said, somewhat severely, that "the Celts boldly challenge danger while future but lose their courage before its presence." In the rhapsodising Macbeth we have an illustration of the statement. After meditating the crime for so long beforehand, and even discussing it with his wife,—when the fateful moment at last comes, he is irresolute, anxious to postpone it indefinitely,—

> "Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'
> Like the poor cat i' the adage."

Here as ever, it is the Celtic woman who leads the man. It is her superior presence of mind and force of will that nerve the man to the deed. She alone truly reads his character,—

> "Thou wouldst be great,
> Art not without ambition, but without
> The illness should attend it; what thou wouldst highly
> That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false
> And yet wouldst wrongly win,—thou'ldst have
> That which rather thou dost fear to do
> Than wish'st should be undone. Hie thee hither
> That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
> And chastise with the valour of my tongue
> All that impedes thee from the golden round."

* With all due deference to Miss Boone's authority, I read in Shakespeare the greatest admiration for the majestic character of Owen Glendower.—ED.

It is her presence of mind alone that carries them through the terrible crime. Macbeth shrinks and wavers unable to decide to do or to refrain; and "his face is as a book" to all who wish to read his thoughts. It is her presence of mind again that saves both in the banquet scene, when, quite "unmanned by folly," Macbeth's excited vision conjures up Banquo's ghost. Macbeth has not the entire force of will to be either sinner or saint. He "mars all by these startings." A thorough and resolute criminal such as Richard III. would not have been so harassed in his mind by the 'scorpions' of conscience. Full of that rebellion against the despotism of fact characteristic of the Celt he will not accept the consequences of the crime, but moans that his

> "Way of life
> Is fall'n into the sere, the yellow leaf,
> And that which should accompany old age,
> As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
> I must nor look to have."

Thus even in crime the Celt fails,—from his lack of self-control, resoluteness, and perseverance.

The same "rebellion against the despotism of fact" characterises Lear, a man of wilder passions and less sentiment than Macbeth, but of equal incapacity for self-control.

"He hath ever but slenderly known himself," say the daughters. "The best and soundest of his time hath been but rash," and in old age he reaps the terrible harvest of the youthful passions,—in madness.

The causes of the tragedy,—the king's selfishness, impatience, and lack of penetration are emphasized from the first. The imbecility that would measure affection by abundance of words,—that could insult a daughter's love so far as to ask,—

> "What can you say to draw a third
> More opulent than your sisters?"

can scarcely be imagined. But granted that and the hasty temper which instantly disinherits the daughter for refusing to comply with such a request, and banishes the faithful follower who tries to mediate, the rest of the tragedy inevitably follows.

The fault in Cordelia, he says,—

> "Like an engine, wrenched my frame of nature
> From the fixed place, drew from my heart all love
> And added to the gall."

And the same powerlessness to control himself appears when he turns upon the other two daughters after their unnatural conduct,—

> "O let not women's weapons, water drops,
> Stain my man's cheeks. No, you unnatural hags,
> I will have such revenges on you both
> That all the world shall——I will do such things
> What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be
> The terrors of the earth. You think, I'll weep;
> No I'll not weep——
> O fool, I shall go mad!"

There is always the harping on the same string,—"I gave you all,"—therefore you should love me.

Goneril will allow him to retain fifty knights in the pitiful bargaining over the retinue, while Regan will only grant twenty five,—

> "Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty,
> *And thou art twice her love.*"

What is the lesson that Lear has to learn, but that love only can beget love. This love he has never truly given to his children, and it is only when Cordelia with her heavenly pity and measureless stores of silent devotion, comes forward in the hour of need to "wind up the untuned and jarring senses" that the heart of the old king is born anew.

> "You must bear with me,
> I am a very foolish fond old man,
> Fourscore and upwards, not an hour more or less,
> And, to deal plainly,
> I fear I am not in my perfect mind."

And again the old theme,—

> "I know you do not love me; for your sisters
> Have as I do remember, done me wrong,
> *You have some cause, they have not.*"

One revelation of the true love is vouchsafed him in Cordelia, the love that is beyond selfish motive and passionate impulse, ere the wandering wits are lost in the darkness again.

> "Vex not his ghost. O let him pass! he hates him
> That would upon the rack of this tough world
> Stretch him out longer!"

We pass next to the colourless and vacillating Cymbeline in whom again lack of self-control and selfishness are the prevailing

features. He utters few words, and even in those there is nothing that reveals any depth of character. He is swayed completely by those around him; passes instantly from hatred of Imogen to hatred of his queen,—as from love to that hatred,—

> "O most delicate fiend,
> Who is't can read a woman——
> Mine eyes
> Were not in fault, for she was beautiful,
> Mine ears that heard her flattery, nor my heart
> That thought her like her seeming; it had been vicious
> To have mistrusted her."

His incapacity for any real feeling appears in his incidental remarks; as when he says to Imogen on the recovery of her long lost brothers,—

> "Thou hast lost by this a kingdom!"
> "No my lord," she replies,
> "I have got two worlds by it."

He reveals the want of feeling when on the same occasion he observes,—

> "I lost my children
> If these be they, I know not how to wish
> A pair of worthier sons."

A pair of shoes might have been lost and found with much the same intensity of emotion. His concluding thoughts are rather with the proposed feastings, and celebrations of the peace, than with his newly found children.

In the two sons Guiderius and Arviragus we have more attractive specimens of Celtic nature, seen in its fresh impulsiveness, its valour, its sweetness, and keenness of emotion.

The youths, ignorant of their noble birth, are pining after richer and fuller life,—

> "We have seen nothing;
> We are beastly; subtle as the fox for prey;
> Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat;
> Our valour is to chase what flies; our cage
> We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird
> And sing our bondage freely."

In valour Guiderius excels, in poetic sensitiveness Arviragus, whose speech seems to his brother mere "playing in wenchlike words." With his natural impulsiveness Guiderius slays Cloten the queen's son, heedless of consequences,—

> "With his own sword,
> Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en
> His head from him. I'll throw it into the creek
> Behind our rock, and let it to the sea,
> And tell the fishes he's the queen's son, Cloten;
> That's all I reck."

BELARIUS: "I fear 'twill be revenged.
Would Polydore, thou hadst not done it, though valour
Becomes thee well enough."

ARVIRAGUS: "Would I had done't,
So the revenge alone pursued me!"

And their gentleness is seen in their welcome of Imogen in the disguise of Fidele, and their grief for her loss. They well deserve the praise of Belarius,—

> "O thou goddess,
> Thou divine nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
> In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
> As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
> Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,
> Their royal blood enchaf'd, as the rud'st wind,
> That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
> And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonder
> That an invisible instinct should frame them
> To royalty unlearned; honour untaught;
> Civility not seen from other; valour,
> That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
> As if it had been sow'd."

But it is round the strength and will of Imogen that the play centres,—Imogen, in whom all the peculiar beauties of Celtic character meet,—sensitiveness, impulse, sweetness, love of beauty, ideality,—but in whom the various elements are combined and balanced, so that no one quality in excess mars the harmonious unity. It is always thus in Shakespeare; the men in whom one quality predominates must fail,—Hamlet, Antony, Romeo, Brutus, Coriolanus. It is only the evenly-balanced, practical, broad-minded, strong-willed natures, such as Theseus, Cassius, Henry V., Prospero, who succeed. Fluellen, Evans, Glendower, Macbeth, Lear, Cymbeline, fail, because nature never forgives the infraction of her laws. Those who "rebel against the despotism of fact," must by fact be crushed.

It has been said that "there are two classes of men in the world,—those who use the right means for effecting their ends, who, if they want fruit, plant fruit trees; and secondly, those who will accept the fact, who try to get fruit by various ingenious methods, only not by planting fruit trees." The Celtic man does not plant the fruit trees, and nature knows this; and Shakespeare knew it.

35 HENRY VIII., CAP. 11.

THE knights of the shire are to have four shillings, and the members for the boroughs two shillings, for every day the Parliament is holden, and for every day reasonably spent in coming and going. The sheriff and the mayor are respectively to levy the amount required from county and borough.

1 EDWARD VI., CAP. 10.

Proclamation out of any court in London against any inhabitant of Wales or Cheshire to go to sheriff of the place he abides in, not to sheriff of adjoining English county as before.

1 MARY, SESSIO TERTIA, CAP. 11.

Commissioners of Sewers,—"substantial and indifferent persons," whose office was created in the twentieth year of Henry VIII.,—were given power "to reform the great hurt, nuisance, and losses, that cometh and chanceth to the queen's highness and her subjects, by reason of sand rising out of the sea, and driven to land by storms and winds, whereby much good ground lying on the sea coasts in sundry places of this realm, and especially in the county of Glamorgan, is covered with such sand rising out of the sea that there cometh no profit of the same." The Commissioners are to take measures for the withstanding the "outrageous course and rage of the sea."

1 AND 2 PHILIP AND MARY, CAP. 15.

The rights of lords marchers are confirmed as granted by Henry VIII. (27, cap. 26). Lords spiritual also,—"bishops and other ecclesiastical persons being lords marchers,—are to enjoy the same privileges and profits.

Under Elizabeth, many industrial and commercial regulations are modified, as far as Wales is concerned; generally, the old customs of Wales are allowed to remain.

5 ELIZABETH, CAP. 12.

Badgers of corn,—*i.e.*, those who buy and sell again,—and drovers of cattle are to be licensed. Those who trade or drive without license are to be fined by the justices of the peace,—one half of the fine to go to the queen and one half to the informer.

5 ELIZABETH, CAP. 28.

By whose order the Bible and Book of Common Prayer shall be translated into the Welsh language.

This statute, being of the greatest interest to all Welshmen, is printed entire.

"The Bishops of Hereford, Saint Davies, Asaph, Bangor, and Landaff, and their successors shall take such order amongst themselves for the souls' health of the flocks committed to their charge within Wales, that the whole Bible, containing the New Testament and the Old, with the Book of Common Prayer and Administration of the Sacraments, as is now used within the Realm in English, to be truly and exactly translated into the British or Welsh tongue;

(2) And that the same translated, being by them viewed, perused, and allowed, be imprinted to such number at the least, that one of every sort may be had for every Cathedral, Collegiate, and Parish Church, and Chapel of Ease, in such places and countries of every the said dioceses where that tongue is commonly spoken or used, before the first day of March, Anno Dom., one thousand five hundred sixty-six.

(3) And that from that day forth the whole divine service shall be used and said by the curates and ministers throughout all the said dioceses where the Welsh tongue is commonly used, in the said British or Welsh tongue, in such manner and form as is now used in the English tongue, and differing nothing in any order or form from the English book.

(4) For the which books so imprinted the parishioners of every of the said parishes shall pay the one half or moiety, and the parson and vicar of every of the said parishes (where both be) or else the

one of them, where there is but one, shall pay the other half or moiety.

(5) The prices of which book shall be appointed and rated by the said bishops and their successors, or by three of them at the least.

(6) The which things if the said bishops or their successors neglect to do, then every one of them shall forfeit to the Queen's Majesty, her heirs and successors, the sum of forty pounds, to be levied of their goods and chattels.

II. And one book containing the Bible, and one other Book of Common Prayer in the English tongue, shall be brought and had in every church throughout Wales in which the Bible and Book of Common Prayer in Welsh is to be had by force of this Act (if there be none already) before the first day of March, one thousand five hundred sixty-six; (2) and the same book to remain in such convenient places within the said churches, that such as understand them may resort at all convenient times to read and peruse the same; and also such as do not understand the said language may, by conferring both tongues together, the sooner attain to the knowledge of the English tongue; anything in this Act to the contrary notwithstanding."

18 ELIZABETH, CAP. 7.

For the more speedy hearing of suits, the queen is given power to appoint justices in addition to the old ones,—two or more instead of one.

27 ELIZABETH, CAP. 11.

Glamorgan and Cardiff are jointly to re-edify the bridge over the Taff, the county paying five parts out of six, and the town one.

1 JAMES I., CAP. 22, § 53.

The Act for the regulation of the leather industry is stated to extend to Wales.

3 JAMES I., CAP. 12, § 4.

The Act for protecting sea-fish,—prohibiting the destruction of spawn or fry by the new weirs, and prohibiting certain kinds of "nets and engines,"—is not to apply to Anglesey.

3 JAMES I., CAP. 28.

Gloucester and Monmouth are to repair Chepstow Bridge conjointly. The "great bridge of wood" is declared to be the chief passage from South Wales into London, Bristol, and other parts.

21 JAMES I., CAP. 9.

"Whereas the trade of making Welsh clothes, cottons, frizes, linings, and plains, within the Principality and Dominion of Wales, is, and hath been of long continuance, in the using and exercising whereof many thousands of the poorer sort of the inhabitants there in precedent ages have been set on work in spinning, carding, weaving, fulling, cottoning, and shearing, whereby they (having free liberty to sell them to whom and where they would) not only relieved and maintained themselves and their families in good sort, but also grew to such wealth and means of living, as they were thereby enabled to pay and discharge all duties, mises, charges, subsidies, and taxations which were upon them imposed or rated in their several counties, parishes, and places wherein they dwelled for the relief of the poor, and for the service of the king and the commonwealth; (2) and whereas also the drapers of the town of Shrewsbury, in the county of Salop, have of late obtained some orders restraint, whereby the inhabitants of Wales find themselves much prejudiced in the freedom of the markets for buying and selling of their clothes, to their great damage, as was verified by the general voice of the knights and burgesses of the twelve shires of Wales, and of the county of Monmouth.

It is enacted that all inhabitants of Wales, not being aliens, may buy and sell Welsh cloth, cottons. etc., freely."

12 CHARLES II., CAP. 32.

No sheep, wool, fuller's-earth, or clay are to be exported into Scotland.

This is the end of the series of English laws relating to Wales. The most important have been enumerated, but not all. The Council of Wales was abolished; later on the Great Sessions disappeared, and Wales came under the same laws as any part of England.

In another volume will be traced the rise of separate legislation for Wales.

THE MYSTERY OF CANTFFRWD.

A TALE OF THE WELSH MOUNTAINS.

I.

WILD Wales! How many are the secrets contained in the bosoms of your hills and mountains; and what volumes of romance your rivulets could tell!

Nestling under one of the hoary peaks of Snowdonia lies the little village of Eurog. Sequestered from the hum of busy towns and cities, its inhabitants live in a state of blissful content.

But once, in long days gone by, the step of grim tragedy was heard even there.

Fairest of its fair daughters was Bessie Evans, and noblest of its young men was Tom Jones.

Such a pair seemed born for each other, as the village gossips used to say, and they were admired by all, but by Will Tomos.

Will was the son of a flourishing farmer in the neighbourhood, and was one of the many who had fallen victims to Bessie's charms, and the sight of another in her company was gall to his jealous heart.

II.

Pen Cribog separates Eurog from its companion village Dinas, and at the foot of the mountain the busy little Cantffrwd winds its way to the sea.

Over this mountain Bessie was returning home, late on Christmas night, 183—. She had been to Dinas to an eisteddfod,—one of those literary meetings which fill a Welshman's soul with rapture.

Her lover had been called away earlier in the evening to a mother's death-bed, and so she was returning alone.

Half way over the mountain she was met by Will Tomos. Affable ever, she sweetly wished him "Good night," and passed on. Will followed. Renewing the conversation, he taunted her about her absent lover, but Bessie was silent.

Then little by little he enforced his own claims to her love, and finally asked her to marry him.

Bessie had listened quietly, but at last her pure soul rebelled against the tempter's wiles.

How lovely she looked there in the still pale moonlight! Silvery as the ripple of the Cantffrwd beneath was her voice; her modesty like unto the blushing mountain flower at her feet, her radiance vied with fair Luna's reflection on the water below, —but above all was the sublime purity of her faithful love.

One haughty glance through those flashing eyes gave to Will Tomos an unmistakable answer. But still he continued his amour.

And still Bessie was firm.

While their talk had been thus protracted, their steps had wandered almost to the brink of a precipice which stood frowning on the clear pool below.

Will had been driven to desperation by Bessie's firmness; and as they now halted, he seized her arm with a fierce grip.

Once again he asked her love, but Bessie, now awed and almost fainting, still answered, "No."

With a wild thrust he pushed her from him. Bessie reeled, stumbled, and fell over the rocky cliff to the waters below.

For one brief moment, Will Tomos stood, surveying his foul deed, as if half-inclined to follow, but his coward heart failed him, and he turned away.

He sought the seaport at Aber and a little steam boat leaving that harbour that grey December morning had on board Will Tomos, the murderer and the exile.

III.

Forty years had passed since the above events, and it was Christmas again. A stranger had been seen to visit the little churchyard of Eurog during the day. Some of the gravestones seemed to have a special charm for him.

Towards evening he had been seen ascending Pen Cribog; and early next morning a hat, recognised as belonging to the visitor of the day before, was borne to Eurog by the flow of Cantffrwd.

Search was made, and a body, fearfully mangled, was found in the very pool where forty years ago the lifeless, yet beautiful, corpse of Bessie Evans had been found.

Thus was the murder of an innocent girl avenged, and to this day the simple dwellers of Eurog look upon that pool in Cantffrwd with respectful awe.

NEW BOOKS.

I HAVE been favoured with an advance copy of Mr. Alfred Thomas' "In the Land of the Harp and Feathers." The publisher, Mr. H. R. Allenson, 30, Paternoster Row, London, offers the book in an exceedingly attractive form, the type and paper and binding being everything that one could desire. The book will be in the market about the beginning of December; and it will undoubtedly be well received. It is a very successful attempt at delineating the best features of Welsh village life, by one who is in thorough sympathy with it.

The biography of the Rev. W. Roberts, of Llanrwst, has just been published by Mr. E. W. Evans, of Dolgellau. It is written by the Rev. E. Davies, of Trefriw, and is very full of human interest.

Mr. Lleufer Thomas needs no introduction in any part of Wales. His report on the Welsh agricultural labourer is among the most interesting and readable of blue books; and the ponderous volumes of the Welsh Land Commission show fresh evidence of his indefatigable labour and thorough knowledge of everything connected with agricultural Wales.

Mr. Thomas has done most signal service by preparing an excellent and invaluable volume,—"The Welsh Land Commission, a digest of its report." It is published at the offices of the *Western Mail*, Cardiff, at four shillings. It puts the report before us very clearly and incisively. Every landowner and farmer should have it.

Mr. W. Llywelyn Williams has a Welsh novel in the press, I hear.

A FAVOURITE WELSH HYMN.

"*O tyred, Arglwydd mawr.*"

DESCEND, O Lord of Love,
With blessings from above,
Sweet heavenly showers;
That germs of heavenly grace
May in our hearts find place,
And blossom on apace
In desert bowers.

O Saviour of the world,
Descend with flag unfurled,
The noon is past;
O, let us see thy grace
Swift filling every trace
Of earth's remotest place,
A torrent vast.

END VOL. III.

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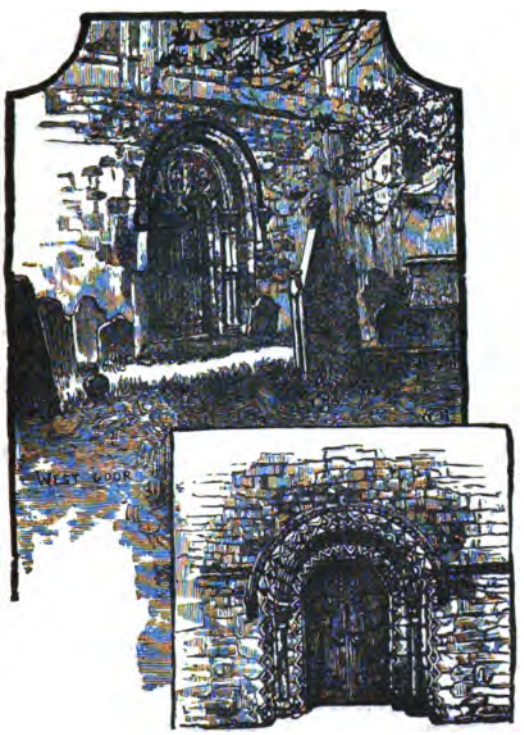

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